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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, DRAMA, MUSIC, ART, AND FINANCE

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VOLUME LXXXVIII

FROM JANUARY 1, 1909, TO JUNE 30, 1909

NEW YORK

NEW YORK EVENING POST COMPANY

1909

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JANUARY TO JUNE, 1909

(Nos. 2271–2295.)

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ERRATA.

P. 121, col. 1, line 6, for "Fredrich," read "Friedrich."
P. 147, col. 2, line 14, for "M. B. Slingerland," read "M. V. Slingerland."
P. 175, col. 2, line 65, for "Points" read "Pints."
P. 220, col. 1, line 70, for "truths" read "breaks."
P. 220, col. 2, lines 22, 23, for "Rabbi Ben Ezra" read "Karshish."
P. 259, col. 1, line 48, for "father" read "brother."
P. 259, col. 1, line 49, dele "these and."
P. 259, col. 2, line 1, dele "were schoolboys."
P. 259, col. 2, line 2, for "Schumann not" read "Schumann were not."
P. 310, col. 2, line 8, for "Gerbert" read "Gerhart."
P. 335, col. 2, line 41, for "Revista" read "Rivista."
P. 361, col. 2, line 36, for "and" read "which is."
P. 361, col. 2, line 52, for "Revista" read "Rivista."
P. 369, col. 3, line 54, for "Ressegna" read "Rassegna."
P. 558, col. 2, line 32, for "external" read "eternal."
Vol. LXXXVII, p. 586, col. 2, line 49, for "Tela tirata" read "lacis."

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1909.

The Week.

In the press dispatches summarizing the decision of the Supreme Court, in the 80-cent gas case, several large principles stand out, as they doubtless will in the complete opinion. The power of the State to regulate public-service corporations is implicitly affirmed in the broadest way. There is no limit, except that of confiscation of property. But it is not enough merely to allege that a given measure will be confiscatory in effect. The fact must be proved. That the Consolidated Gas Company had not clearly demonstrated that gas at 80 cents would deprive it of a due return on its capital, is the main reason assigned by the Supreme Court for dismissing the injunction of the lower court against the enforcement of the law. As to what is that reasonable return upon capital into which no Legislature can cut, the court fixed no rule. According to the decision, the rate may vary according to time and locality. The court suggests, in this particular case, 6 per cent. But what is its capital? That was the very point hotly in debate, both before the Legislative committee, the Master who heard evidence, and Judge Hough. The company claimed property worth $90,000,000. The Master cut this down to $83,000,000, and Judge Hough further reduced the sum to about $60,000,000. On this matter, the Supreme Court makes no pronouncement in its decision. It does, however, fix one or two principles governing the proper estimate of capitalization: "The rate proposed must be with reference to the value of the property at the time when the rate takes effect." That is to say, the gas company is entitled to a due return, for example, on the land which it owns, and the return must be upon the present value of the land, not merely upon the sum which was paid for it. This principle, if applied throughout to plant, mains, etc., would make the cost of reproduction, not necessarily actual investment, the standard of valuation.

One vexed question remains—the capitalization of the company's franchises. These the court allows, or appears to allow (we must wait for the full opinion), as fixed by the constituent companies themselves, at the time of consolidation, namely, $7,781,000. At any rate, the court says that such a valuation having been made "pursuant to the statute," "the State should not now be heard to question the value of the franchises." But the court is careful to limit itself to the particular case before it. The questions respecting the capitalization of franchises in general it expressly leaves "undecided." But these questions are of the highest importance. If a public-service corporation can go, "pursuant to the statute," and fix any value it pleases upon its franchise, then the public is helpless—except in one way. It cannot by legislation compel lower rates from the company, for to do that would be to confiscate its property, if a swollen valuation of its franchises is legally a part of that property; but it can construct parallel enterprises of its own. Lax permission to capitalize franchises, at inflated values, is then a direct encouragement to municipal ownership. That was doubtless in the minds of the framers of the New York Public Service Commissions Law of 1907, when they forbade the capitalization of franchises altogether. That, of course, governed only the future; but it is plainly desirable that the same principle should be applied, so far as possible, to corporations organized before the measure of Gov. Hughes became the law of the State. The new era upon which the States have entered in regard to regulation of public-service corporations promises to be a long one, filled with interesting and beneficial experiments. With the way for them now fully opened, legally, the idea of municipal and government ownership should recede further and further into the background.

The President's versatility and supple political talent come out once more in the special message on the Secret Service which he sent to the House of Representatives. Throughout, he roars with a most welcome gentleness. His words give the lie to the stories from Washington that Mr. Roosevelt was spoiling for a fight with Congress; that he was "collecting ammunition" for a savage bombardment, out of which many Congressmen would emerge badly hurt. The actual bombardment turns out to be only with cotton wool. The President is both soft-spoken and grieved. He has been misunderstood. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to charge Congress or any members of it with corrupt motives or acts. Let him explain. What he said was true, as intended, but had been misinterpreted. Anyhow, he begged Congress to join him in letting those unhappy bye-gones be bye-gones, and in striving to reorganize the whole government detective service so as to make it a real terror to evil-doers. The message thus conceived may be taken as an apology, a plea in abatement, or a clever bit of tactics. All depends, we should say, upon the temper of Congress. If disposed to meet Mr. Roosevelt half way, it could drop the whole matter with a resolution of satisfaction that the President had not meant what his words seemed to mean, and intended no insult to Congress. But this is hardly to be expected. The feelings of Congressmen were mightily stirred up by Mr. Roosevelt's original language, and further action may be urged as necessary to vindicate the wounded dignity of Congress.

Mr. Taft has again expressed his ardent hope that the South may soon begin to divide on political lines, like the rest of the country. It is plain that he means to make the breaking up of the solid South a main policy of his Administration. He said on Saturday that he plans, early in his term of office, to visit the leading Southern cities. Beyond doubt he will get the heartiest of welcomes. The South takes to him personally, and likes his political ideas. Just now it is peculiarly effusive, partly because it looks upon him as a guest, and partly because it is glad to show how much it dislikes Bryan. The opportunity of the next President, therefore, to do something to bring about more normal political conditions in the Southern States, will be inviting. It will, however, have its perils. Mr. Taft has already shown, by his letter on the Maryland suffrage proposals, that he is not ready to consent to injustice to the negroes in order to curry favor with the South.

It is to be hoped, also, that he will not allow appeals to be made, in his name, to the cupidity of Southern protectionists, or to the itch of office-holders. Getting office is what is really meant by many when they talk about restoring to the South her old place in "the councils of the nation." But if, avoiding all these political pitfalls, Mr. Taft shall be able to make Southerners see the folly of always voting one ticket, he will have deserved well, not only of the South, but of the whole country.

It is good news that C. P. Taft has been induced to forego his aspirations to enter the Senate. Not only Ohio, but the country, is to be felicitated. If Senator Foraker was to be displaced—and that was inevitable—it was incumbent on the State to select a successor who should have something like his ability. Apparently, this truth has finally penetrated the minds of the powers that control the Republican organization of Ohio. This means the election of Congressman Burton. His success will be a great victory for public opinion over the machine; for it is clear that, while the bosses, big and little, were against him, the people of Ohio were for him. Not the least hearty congratulations are due to W. H. Taft. He will be freed from that most serious embarrassment—having a brother near the throne.

The Senate's approval of the bill appropriating $400,000 for the purchase or erection of a building in Paris, to be used as a residence for the American Ambassador, means, in all probability, that within a reasonable time the United States will own embassies in all the important capitals. From many points of view this is altogether desirable. The strongest argument in favor of the change is that it will enable the American diplomats to live in accordance with their station and the custom of their diplomatic associates. By relieving them of the added expense, it may be, too, that we can lure back into the diplomatic service men whose chief distinction is not their wealth.

The designation of Rear-Admiral Capps, the chief naval constructor, as acting head of the bureau of steam engineering in the Navy Department is the first step toward that consolidation of bureaus which has so long been needed. It is final proof of our contention that many reforms could be accomplished within the Department wholly without legislative aid or authority. Eventually, there should be but two bureaus, one of *matériel* and one of *personnel*, and then the Department will be organized more like a private business of the same scope. We cannot, however, help feeling some regret that the discredited chief naval constructor should be the one to inaugurate the system. His blunders in the construction of our recent battleships and his obstinate standing by these blunders, in the face of the prevailing sentiment among naval experts, make it unfortunate that he is to be the link between his own bureau and that of steam engineering, which is manned throughout by line and generally by sea-going officers. When the cruiser Yankee went on the rocks last autumn, Mr. Capps conceived the brilliant idea of floating her by pouring cement into her until the holes were covered. But he and his subordinates failed to ascertain that a jagged rock projected into the Yankee's hold. After cement worth $125,000 had been emptied into the boat, it was discovered that the total effect had been to cement the Yankee to the rock, and Mr. Arbuckle's wreckers had as their first duty the undoing of this folly. If this is not a scandal of magnitude, what could be?

The inaugural address of Gov. Hughes was no perfunctory affair. It revealed the fact that he has been reflecting deeply upon the nature and needs of the government of this State. The Governor did not, it is true, anticipate the recommendations of his message this week, but he gave the general outline of his programme, and a distinct intimation of the spirit in which he means to carry it out. Not greedy of power, he yet will not shrink from the full responsibilities of his office. In his quiet statement that the Governor is the representative of the people, and that, "in common with all representative officers, it is his privilege to justify his position to the people to whom he is accountable," there is evidence that he will take no backward step in his plan of going to the people, if the Legislature will not heed. Nor were the Governor's powers of analysis ever better applied than in his description of the real reason why it is desired to keep control of the party in the hands of a snug little close corporation. It is, said Mr. Hughes, in order that the domination of selfish interests may be made easy, and that protection may be given to "those who find profit in law-breaking." The entire address was in the Governor's best vein of seriousness, with an edge of vigor that undoubtedly portends further valiant efforts on his part to render, in his own words, "loyal service to the people."

As truth will come out even in an affidavit, according to the saying of an English judge, so it sometimes comes out in a public document. House Document No. 1,208, of the present session of Congress, contains the correspondence leading up to the appointment of an American delegate to the recent International Copyright Congress at Berlin. In pointing out to the Secretary of State the fact that the United States had no right to be represented, because we have not adopted the Berne Convention relative to literary property, the Librarian of Congress suggested that this government regard itself as a "non-union participant." The phrase falls pat with current terminology. It seems to make us a "scab" among the nations, in the matter of copyright. Unfortunately, that is very much what we are. The leading civilized nations have formed a union to protect literary and artistic property, but we have refused to join it. Under labor-union practice, they are entitled to attack and outlaw us; but instead of that, they are courteous enough to receive us at their Congresses as a "non-union participant." Their hope undoubtedly is to kill us with kindness, or lead us to see the error of our ways and adhere to the Berne Convention with the rest.

Full accounts of the meeting in Bath, Maine, last week, in behalf of Charles W. Morse, show it to have been an extraordinary outpouring of the best citizens to testify to their regard for a convicted criminal. The Mayor of the city presided, and merchants, shipbuilders, and bankers were present to prove their undiminished confidence in "a most loyal son of Bath," "in his hour of trouble." The resolutions from which these phrases are cited, are a remarkable hodge-podge. They recite that Morse

was "innocent of any criminal act or intent," but at the same time, ask only that the reviewing court give him "the benefit of every reasonable doubt," and free him, if possible, from a "disproportionate" sentence of fifteen years, which, "to a man of Mr. Morse's age, is practically a life sentence." But the underlying sentiment is the really significant thing. Mr. Morse has been good to Bath, therefore he cannot be a bad man. In short, all moral and legal principles are to be lost sight of, when it is a question of "sympathy." A set of burglars passing resolutions in the interest of a "pal" could not be more indifferent to law and justice than these eminent citizens of a New England city. The least they can do is to refrain from any criticism of labor leaders, or any other class, who seek to have orderly legal process set aside, because it hurts their friends.

One of the worst of literary offenders is the critic who drags up out of the gray sink of oblivion men and books of no importance to current life. He is fairly open to protest, even though he revives a few pleasant things, as Walter P. Eaton has done while resuscitating Frederick Goddard Tuckerman in the January *Forum*. This Massachusetts lawyer of the mid-nineteenth century did not sing for the world. He cared so little to please that he neglected the elementary technique of his art. His admirer says there is not a perfectly formed sonnet—let alone a perfectly conceived one—in his one thin volume; and the sonnet was his favorite medium. Often he surrenders rhyme and rhythm. His messages are primitive: the old love of sunsets and rain, the puzzled pain over life's mysteries, grief for a departed wife. Almost every line is the voice of a simple nature-lover humming to himself in his garden, while, far away to the South, the civil war rages. There is scarcely a thought that has not been sung a thousand times before and since more exquisitely. On this score Tuckerman himself was probably not deceived. Humbly he accepts oblivion in the Berkshires and learns to like it, almost to pray for it:

> I walk, unknowing where or why;
> Or idly lie beneath the pine,
> And bite the dry brown threads, and lie
> And think a life well lost is mine.

Shall we not let him be well lost? Between gentlemen, it is worse than rude to tear the winding sheet from a decently interred minor poet. It is unfair to the singer himself, and still more so to latter-day readers. The limping sonneteer, the echoer of platitudes, may have been a delightful gentleman; his conversation or his intimate life may have revealed a soul above stanzas; but, revived in a later age, he falls an easy prey to the critic, the historian, or—most dismal!—the sentimentalist. Better for his good name and peace, had the spell of forgetfulness never been broken.

Lord Cromer has been trying hard of late to show wherein the recent nationalistic stirrings in Egypt differ from those in Turkey, which have been so welcomed by the English people. Not long ago, at the time when several natives were executed at Denshawi for an attack upon British officers, Lord Cromer said that the basis of the trouble in Egypt was not political but religious; that the agitators aimed at Pan-Islamism, and therefore were to be repressed unless the situation of all Christians in Africa was to become dangerous. But to-day Lord Cromer avers that happenings in India, Persia, Turkey, and Egypt bear out an old prophecy of his that "intercourse with Europe would cause the bond of nationality to be substituted for that of religion." So it is a matter of nationality rather than of religion, after all. More than that, Lord Cromer thinks now that the first effect of the popular movement in Turkey has been to discourage the Pan-Islamists in Egypt. That is, a realized desire for self-government and a constitution in Turkey has not stimulated that dangerous fanaticism which was to make every European in Africa sleep upon his arms, but has weakened it. As the Manchester *Guardian* points out, the net result upon Egypt of the Turkish upheaval is that the "demand for popular reform has been strengthened and the stock European objections to it weakened."

Lord Cromer insists, however, that the difference between conditions in Turkey and Egypt, is that the "Turkish movement was based on solid grievances; the Egyptian on sentiment." But there was a great deal of sentiment in the uprising of the Young Turks—a sentimental desire to have a voice in their government, and it is precisely this same sentiment that is causing the stirring in Egypt. The only difference is that in the one case the Turks were misruled by Turks, while in Egypt the people are well ruled by the British. Human nature is so constituted, however, that people of all climes prefer being plundered by their own, even if it be a Tammany Hall, rather than being well-governed by lordly persons of a different race and religion. That view does not suggest itself to Lord Cromer; but it is the secret of the Egyptian unrest, if not of that marvellous aspiration for modern institutions throughout the East, an aspiration which, because of its essentially democratic character, has such a great promise for all the world. Lord Cromer goes so far as to declare that he would become an ardent Egyptian constitutionalist at once if somebody could "show him a prospect that an Egyptian constitution could be created which would truly represent the views and interests of all the inhabitants of the Nile Valley," safeguard the rights of Turkey, and inspire the confidence of Europe. Well, in the light of recent events such a constitution does not sound so impossible.

After prolonged debates in Parliament and in the press, the French Chamber has refused by a vote of 330 to 221 to sanction the abolition of the death penalty. The majority is not so overwhelming as to discourage those who believe in the essential wrongfulness of capital punishment and its inefficiency as a deterrent of serious crime. The French Chamber acted undoubtedly under the stress of something like panic, induced by a succession of revolting assassinations, and a general increase of crime which has been attributed to the practical suspension of capital punishment through the exercise of Presidential clemency. As a matter of fact, the period of years taken to show an increase in crime is altogether too short. The case for abolition of the death penalty is pleaded in the *International* by Lino Ferriani, Italian *procureur-général*. In Italy, he asserts, where no sentence of death has been carried out since the time of King Humbert, the number of serious crimes is decreasing, "even in those districts disposed from early times to violent crimes owing to the ignorance and poverty of the population."

THE EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY.

The news of what may turn out to be the most terrible single calamity Europe and America have ever known failed to make at first a sufficiently deep impression on the minds of men. We of the modern world are spoiled for high emotion. We are so accustomed to have the little events of the day trumpeted that the great shock finds our senses dulled. The adventures of Harry Thaw are spread over three pages, and the Mediterranean catastrophe takes no more space. The lie manufactured in the newspaper office is proclaimed as loudly as the tragic destruction of San Francisco or St. Pierre. It is not that we have lost the sense of wonder, but that we are called upon twice and thrice a day to wonder at the petty ignominies and events of the market-place, the saloon, and the gutter. Add to this the fact that in this country, especially, our sense of the value of human life has become cheapened. Where Europe thrills at the loss of a dozen lives, we have grown accustomed to a yearly toll of thousands in mine and on railway. But if the newspapers have taken the edge off our emotions, they have immeasurably widened the range of our interest. In China, in Africa, in South America, men can no longer suffer or perish without the world's knowledge. And in such a disaster as has befallen the Italian people, the brotherhood of man becomes something more than a phrase.

Yet here again our country occupies a position apart. Other nations can give devastated South Italy food and money. In these measures of temporary relief we, too, can join, as Russia, China, Japan, and Martinique will testify. But for the means of permanent recuperation it is to the New World that Europe's unfortunates look. Europe can help in the crisis, but she cannot absorb the beggared Calabrians and Sicilians, who are sure to seek a new livelihood across the seas. Thousands will go to Argentina and Brazil, many to Tripoli, but the greater number of refugees will come to this country. Trade unions and champions of Anglo-Saxon dominance may cry out in horror, yet it is at times like these that America rises truest to her historic mission. This country has been peopled and nourished by the famines, the massacres, and the oppressions of the Old World. It is still the natural asylum for the victims of Kishenev and Calabria.

In so far as Italy herself is concerned, the vast calamity is made worse by the fact that it has stricken the region which could least bear it. It will tend to emphasize the line of separation between the northern and southern parts of the Kingdom, which constitutes one of the greatest impediments to Italy's progress, remarkable though that has been. In their economic condition, in education, in nearly every form of advancement, the people of the old kingdom of the Two Sicilies are far behind their northern neighbors. Now there must come years of poverty and disorganization. Sicily loses its second largest city. In Sicily and Calabria a population of nearly 5,000,000 is brought to the verge of destitution. The effect must be felt in turn throughout Italy. When the government must lend its aid, instead of collecting taxes, the burden on other parts of the kingdom will grow appreciably heavier. But it must be added that admirable courage and resourcefulness have marked Italy's history since unification.

The enormous loss of life was due in part to the congestion of the population. Italy as a whole supports 305 inhabitants to its every square mile. In Sicily the ratio is 375; and about unhappy Messina the ratio rose to 456. We think of Sicily as so exclusively an agricultural country—the land of wheat, oil, and citron—that it is surprising to find over one-fourth of its population of some 3,800,000 congregated in cities having more than 25,000 inhabitants. The soil is parcelled out among great landowners, holders of the ancient *latifundia*, who, with their tenants and sub-tenants, crowd together in the cities, when the week's or the season's cultivation is done. That a tremendous earthquake coming upon such human congestion should work immense loss of life, was inevitable.

Will the dreadful fate of Messina, of Reggio di Calabria, of numerous smaller towns that have gone the way of earthquake, fire, and flood, doom them as sites for future human habitation? Not if the example of other similar disasters may be taken into account. Man's capacity for getting used to living on a volcano's edge, actually as well as metaphorically, is an illustration both of the potency of habit and of the optimism inherent in human nature. Or, if we wish, we can call it a sublimated pessimism, a disenchantment which recognizes that death lurks as well on prairie and sandy ocean beach as on volcanic formations; so why take the trouble? It would seem that Messina has had ample warning and foretaste of what has befallen her, yet for twenty-seven hundred years people have gone on believing that the blow would not come in their time, or would fall on their neighbors, never on them. Great cities are founded on sites offering some natural advantage or other, and it seems likely that the value of Messina's harbor, like that of San Francisco's, will continue to outweigh the danger of earthquake. And, after all, nature, which works havoc, can also be kind. She has untold riches. The wealth of the world increases rapidly, and within two decades a devastated San Francisco or Messina may rise complete again from its ashes.

SICILY.

After the common compassion of human nature, the Sicilian disaster must have brought to many minds a sense of tragic incongruity. The very name of Sicily is a forgetfulness of the present and an evocation of long romance; and suddenly into this charmed memory there breaks the outrageous reality that is always waiting at the heart of the world. Travellers in that island, looking down on the columns of great temples that have lain for ages among the flowers, muse sentimentally on the beauty of decay; and in a moment the actual forces of ruin are at work, cruel and hideous and not at all considerate of sentiment. Even the dryasdust historian has been beguiled of his dulness by the Sicilian legend, and we have heard that Freeman, bearded pedant as he was, would wander over the hills in a kind of childlike trance. And well he might, for he walked in fairyland.

On that island, in the gray dawn of romance and history, Odysseus, blown into the Western seas far from his Ithacan home, landed with his men, and by a cunning stratagem outwitted the Cyclops. Through the Strait of Messina also he sailed between the two rocks whose monstrous rage reads like the reminiscence of some volcanic catastro-

phe of the far past or the vague prophecy of some disaster to come:

We groaning sailed the strait. Here Scylla lay,
And there divine Charybdis, with huge throat
Gorging salt waves, which when she cast away
She spumed with hisses (as when fire makes hot
Some cauldron) and the steamy froth upshot
Wide o'er both rocks. But when she gorged again,
Drunk with abysmal gurglings, one might note
The dark sands of the immeasurable main
Gleam iron-blue. The rocks loud bellowing roared amain.

There, too, Æneas landed, fleeing from Troy to Italy. There his aged father died and was buried. On that strand the games were celebrated, and from this beach the women of the band looked out over the deep sea, sighing over the toils still before them, and plotting to surrender the promise of an eternal city for present ease. Their words, it is said, were often on the lips of Littré, the lexicographer, as without rest he finished one task and prepared for another:

Heu tot vada fessis
Et tantum superesse maris!

From legend Sicily emerges for a while into history that is almost as romantic: Phalaris and his brazen bull, whose terrors the great Bentley renewed in England when he smote the pretenders to learning; the battle of Himera—fought, as was popularly believed, on the same day as Salamis—when the Carthaginians, losing a hundred and fifty thousand men dead on the field, left the western sea to Greece as the Persians left the eastern; the ruthless destruction of the Athenian army at Syracuse, which ended forever the supremacy of Athens.

And then from the clash of armies we pass, not again to adventurous romance, but to a literature that weaves a conscious, voluntary spell. Some of Pindar's greatest odes were written for the Sicilian lords victorious in the games, and in his lines we still see the young men of Greece, as we see them in the sculpture of Phidias, moving in procession with the gods, themselves divinely fair and proud. In the court of Hieron at Syracuse might be seen, perhaps at one table, Epicharmus, Æschylus, Simonides, Bacchylides, and Pindar; and in the same city Plato undertook to bring down to earth the laws of his ideal republic—and lost his pains. But if Plato failed philosophically to make Sicily the wedding-place of the real and the ideal, another visitor from the East succeeded. Since Theocritus, a scholar from Cos, wrote his idyls of the Sicilian goatherds and fishermen, Sicily, like Arcadia, has been the magic pastoral land of the poets. In this secret valley the sorceress sang her midnight imprecations to the moon:

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.
Hushed are the voices of the winds and seas;
But O not hushed the voice of my despair.

In that wattled hut the two fishermen dreamed of catching golden fish. On this strip of windy beach sat the Cyclops Polypheme, piping his songs of love to the ocean nymph Galatea, while she leaped in the foam and pelted his dog with apples. So completely was the island identified with these pastoral tales, that Virgil mingles the names of Sicily and Arcadia together as if they were one land—or no land:

There forests murmur aye, and pines discourse;
And lovelorn swains, and Pan, who first reclaimed
From idleness the reed, hath audience there.
Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady.

In that no-man's land Virgil places the one incident that seems to be reminiscent of his own youth in northern Italy:

Within our orchard-walls I saw thee first,
A wee child with her mother—(I was sent
To guide you)—gathering apples wet with dew.
Ten years and one I scarce had numbered then;
Could scarce on tiptoe reach the brittle boughs.
I saw, I fell, I was myself no more.

By an odd coincidence, these lines with their close of almost mystical passion—

Ut vidi, ut perii! ut me malus abstulit error!—

were picked out by both Voltaire and Macaulay as the best in all Virgil's works.

Modern poets, writers of epic and pastoral and drama, have carried on the tradition to the present day. Milton, wishing to find a symbol for Paradise, could not do better than compare his garden with

. . . that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered—

as indeed Paradise is but an Arcadian dream among the Jews. Matthew Arnold's most romantic scene is from the summit of Ætna, looking over

. . . that other fainter sea, far down,
O'er whose lit floor a road of moonbeams leads
To Ætna's Liparean sister-fires
And the long dusky line of Italy.

And so again we meet with romance playing above these forces of ruin, and the mind returns to the actual devastation of the land. Who shall read the lesson of this incongruity of fancy and reality? Who shall tell the moral of the present event? In a moment a whole people is obliterated, "as a wet sponge obliterates a painting," our trust in evolution and some far-off divine event seems, in the sight of such things, like another idle vision of the poets.

A EUROPEAN CONFERENCE.

The movement of events within Turkey has diverted attention from general international politics in the Near East, which only a few weeks ago threatened a serious crisis. We, who watch European affairs from a distance, content to make broad estimates for comparatively long stretches of time, cannot see the problem in the same way that Europe does. To her, the minute shifting and balancing of diplomatic business carry serious meaning from day to day. As we look upon it here, there is no reason why Austria's annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina should provoke war. The deed is done, and Europe, including Turkey, is prepared to recognize the accomplished fact, provided certain concessions and rectifications are made. Such readjustment can be arranged either through a European conference or through separate negotiation among the various states. But the latter procedure is, on the face of it, so cumbrous, so adapted to intrigue and counter-intrigue, and so likely to excite irritation, that from the first the calling of a conference has seemed inevitable. All this aside from the fact that Austria's undoing of the work of one European congress naturally calls for another congress to lend its sanction to what has been done.

Austrian diplomats have, it is true, been fencing and delaying. Thus the Turkish boycott on Austrian goods served as an excuse for protracting negotiations. Austria would not discuss the question of a settlement with Turkey until the boycott was suspended. Then, when in that matter the Turkish gov-

ernment assumed the correct attitude and was ready to begin parley once more, Austria experienced a sudden change of mind. She was reported to have conceded Turkey's claim to an indemnity, was supposed to be negotiating on that basis, when all at once she decided that an indemnity she would not pay, and a conference—well, a conference she might like or mightn't, she wasn't quite sure yet. Thus the affair seems to stand at present, and thus Europe, following, as we have said, the almost hourly fluctuations and rather vague "an if I woulds" and "an if I mights" of professional diplomacy, is inclined to be somewhat disheartened at the slow progress towards a definite understanding. The Paris *Temps*, which, as the inspired voice of the French government, came out, the first organ in Europe, for a conference, now speaks in disenchantment. Where do we stand, it asks. True, "it will never be too late to turn pessimist," but the *Temps* feels quite sure "that it is much too soon to play the optimist," and can only deplore the sad waste of time, "ten weeks lost for agreement and pacification, ten weeks of useless *pourparlers*, and ineffective intercommunication of views, ten weeks of impotent diplomacy. Europe, regarded as a moral entity, does not move forward at all."

Looking, however, beyond the vicissitudes of the day, it seems probable that a conference for settlement of the Near Eastern question will meet. As early as the middle of October, France, Great Britain, and Russia had come to an agreement not only on the necessity of a conference, but upon a common programme. To this programme, it is true, Russia has been adding demands of her own in her private negotiations with Austria, but that does not affect the question of a conference in itself. Italy's position was clearly formulated in the early days of December, when Foreign Minister Tittoni declared formally to the Chamber that "changes effected in international agreements are not to be seriously thought of until they have secured the ratification of all contracting parties." Of Germany's attitude there was, and still is, some doubt. Von Bülow has stated in the Reichstag that he agrees with Sir Edward Grey in thinking that a conference "may be a great sedative or an exciting stimulant. We wish that it may act as a sedative." Von Bülow added that in any case Germany would stand by its ally, but the general inclination is to interpret his pronouncement as in favor of a congress.

If Europe, then, is pessimistic, it is not with regard to the chances of a conference, but with regard to its outcome—as to the terms which the conference will attempt to impose upon Austria and the terms which Austria will accept. Austria is apparently determined to make no concessions to the Servian population within or without her boundaries. Russia is believed to be insisting on such concessions—substantial compensation of some kind to Servia and Montenegro, and guarantees for the incorporated population of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Agreement upon the former point would not appear difficult; on the latter Austria will probably remain firm, since she can hardly permit a foreign Power to question her conduct towards her own subjects. Turkey will ask for money. That concession should not be difficult, since the Ottoman government can damage Austrian commerce to an amount greater than any indemnity that might be suggested. As for the programme drawn up by England, France, and Russia, in October, of its nine points, only one will be combated by Austria—territorial compensation to Servia and Montenegro by a "rectification" of the boundary between Bosnia-Herzegovina and Novi-Bazar. Yet greater interests than these have been disposed of by general conferences. Tangible ground for pessimism is therefore very slight.

FIFTY YEARS OF DARWINISM.

American scientists celebrated at Baltimore last Friday the centenary of Darwin, and the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "The Origin of Species." Many came to praise, and some, very likely, to bury him. Buried, at any rate, his speculations about pangenesis may easily be under the shovelfuls of counter-hypotheses which have since been proposed or come into vogue—Kölliker's saltation, Nägeli's automatic perfecting principle, De Vries's mutants, and so on. It is, of course, the prerogative of a great pioneering genius to leave some minor errors which give dozens of smaller men a chance for fame in correcting them. This has been eminently true in Darwin's case; there has been a flood of articles and pamphlets and books setting right his observations at this point or that, and checking off or enlarging his facts. Furthermore, we are told that Darwin was not so original as has been asserted. His theory was foreshadowed by poets like Lucretius, Emerson, and Tennyson, was anticipated by Lamarck, entered into Spencer's philosophizing, was hit upon independently by Wallace. All true, but what does it signify? Where others dreamed, Darwin saw and showed the actual fact. For guesses, he gave proofs. We know what Huxley thought of the gossamer spinnings of Herbert Spencer, compared with the solid structures of Charles Darwin. Not to those who dimly groped at truths "darkly joined, deep-seated in our mystic frame" do we yield all honor, but to the man who made them current coin.

Honest Darwinians will admit that much nonsense has been uttered in Darwin's name, and that his doctrines have been tortured into baneful shapes and cruel applications. It is true that the shibboleths of Darwinism have often been used to darken counsel by words without wisdom. Under the pretence of making it strictly Darwinian, education has sometimes been turned into a travesty. Similarly, morality has been described as merely a "protective coloring," or a device of the strong to keep the weak in subjection. The truth has been defined as only the idea that outlives its rivals. Murderous competition has been defended because nature is shown by Darwin to favor the swift and the powerful. For these and other perversions of his teachings he has been, and doubtless will be again, charged with responsibility. But what does all this matter?

With every allowance or needed concession, it remains undeniable that Charles Darwin compelled two generations to think in terms of his thought. No really educated man, no scholar in whatever branch of learning, has been able to expel from his mind the ideas which Darwin lodged there. His great conceptions of descent with modification, and of environment and struggle as the chief causes of variation, have permeated not only science, but history, religion, and all studies of society and of politics. We cannot get away from them. Even if we try intelligently to attack Darwinism, we have to do it

with the weapons of Darwinism. This is greatness enough for any thinker. He may have been wrong in a given theory, but he at least taught men for fifty years how to theorize. Setting aside all his discoveries for the moment, and admitting that he put no infallible organon into the hands of thinkers, and did not solve the ultimate mysteries of the universe, he yet forced his contemporaries, and the generation following his own, to make their thoughts flow in the moulds which he first shaped. We can no more avoid thinking in terms of evolution than we can cease breathing.

This second nature, mentally, which Darwin imposed upon the world was born partly of his themes and partly of his method. His subjects were of universal human interest. How the earth about us and man upon it came to be what they are, is a question which concerns every man with a soul above the clods. Thus Darwin was sure of his audience; and, having got it, he gripped its attention by a supreme exhibition of scientific method. Vast and patient labor in accumulating the facts, each one tested in a very passion for accuracy and a profound belief in "salvation by verification"; then the employment of the highest powers of the scientific imagination, controlled by the severest canons of deductive logic; finally, a cautious marking out of causes and of consequences—this was the work of Darwin as exponent of the scientific way of attacking difficult problems. It was a model by which the whole world was impressed, and to which it has more and more sought to conform. Darwinism as a body of doctrines men may qualify or reject; but the methods of Darwin they cannot disavow, without writing themselves down champions of inaccuracy and apostles of loose thinking.

The indirect, subtle, and almost unperceived effects of Darwin's teachings are more remarkable than his direct achievements. He wrote very little, explicitly, about theology, yet he modified it from skin to heart. Charles Darwin never figured as a polemic, but his doctrine has, to many a man, been like a sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit. Old beliefs vanished, not because Darwin attacked them, but because they could not live in the mental atmosphere which he created. It is true that one doctrine of theology he directly attacked and destroyed—the doctrine of special creation. All frank and intelligent theologians now admit that the old argument of final causes—the argument from design, the argument of Paley and the "Christian Evidences" generally—can no longer be employed. But to many another article of the orthodox faith did the dissolving acid of Darwin's scientific method quietly spread. It was not that he combated it; it simply evaporated and disappeared before him. Men could not always give an exact account of what had happened to their creeds. They simply knew that Darwin had given them a new way of looking at everything, and had made many old things pass away, for them, forever.

On its practical side, Darwinism has undoubtedly had a depressing effect upon some who could not see or could not bear the whole truth. The reign of natural law may seem to crush out individual initiative, and to make mercy and justice sound like idle words. But this is only so long as we do not perceive that natural law covers human energy, too, and shows it how best to wreak itself. In the new way of looking at things, which came to the world from Darwin, there is hope and cheer, if we but take the matter aright. Only consider what his doctrine of the shaping power of environment is leading us to do in bettering the conditions of the poor, the defective, the prone to crime. His demonstration that circumstances may make or break a man, is a clarion call to humanitarian zeal. And his teaching of the infinite variability of species, and of the indefinite progress which man may make in the cultivation of humane and moral qualities, is one that looks distinctly to the perfectibility of the race.

GROWTH OF THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY.

The annual automobile show in this city indicates that the automobile "craze" has not abated in this year of financial depression. Indeed, the bad times seem to have helped the manufacturers in several directions. Some weak and ill-managed concerns have gone to the wall, and others have consolidated to their mutual benefit; while the prices of the product of still others have fairly been cut in half. This is emphatically a case where lowered cost means an increase of business. The automobile has long since passed out of its original classification as a toy of the rich. It has become as much a necessity as the trolley car, and the bounds of its usefulness have not yet been reached; the farmers of the West, for instance, are only just beginning to understand the financial advantage in being able to make quick delivery of produce or to send rapidly to town for some sudden need. As soon as a standard cheap car can be produced, of a simple type, that does not require special mechanical aptitude in the operator, and that may be run inexpensively, there will be no limit to the automobile market. Already there are cars for $500 and $750 that give excellent service: and the extraordinary drop in the price of tires, in some cases from $96 to $37, has cut down the maintenance charge which bore most heavily upon the motorist of slender means.

Hitherto, the manufacturers have found it difficult to supply the demand; the check the industry has received will probably enable them to catch up. In the future, then, there will be more care in the construction of cars, a greater desire to produce strong and simple engines, and that striving after improvements which is the greatest benefit of keen competition. Hitherto, almost anything called an automobile has sold, and sold easily. The whole movement now is towards the production of motor-cars that shall have in their names a recognized certificate of merit. Some of the more popular cars have already attained to this fortunate position, but even the specimens of the best of them are very unequal. The American mechanic, although more versatile and self-reliant than the French or German, is not so thorough; hence cars that follow each other out of the same factory sometimes give very different grades of service to the purchasers, and the fault is not altogether with the chauffeurs.

The industry, in brief, has needed an opportunity to "settle down" and to get through some of the phases of growth inevitable when one considers what an infant it is in years, and what a giant in respect to the capital invested. The value of the American motor-car product in 1907 reached the astounding figure of $100,000,000. This is the output

of some 253 manufacturers, of whom nearly 100 are of importance in the trade. Yet the business is only ten years old on this side of the ocean. Naturally, so sudden an expansion has brought with it evils, both in manufacture and marketing—witness the extravagant salaries and commissions, the needless outlays for press agents and racing cars. But, all in all, these excesses of prosperity are easily curable, and the fact remains that within a decade the skill and ingenuity of American workmen are producing cars that compete with the best foreign makes, as appears from the steady annual decrease in the value of imported cars.

We are not of the opinion that the automobile trade would be seriously disturbed even if the present tariff of 45 per cent. ad valorem were wholly done away with in the coming revision. As the Italian Chamber of Commerce of this city pointed out to the Ways and Means Committee:

> In no other country is the material entering the manufacture of automobiles—viz., steel, iron, brass, wood, leather, rubber, glass, etc.—cheaper or as cheap as in the United States, and this economic advantage, securing already to domestic manufacturers a natural protection, is more than sufficient to counterbalance any difference in the cost of labor, especially considering that in this line of manufacture, requiring specially skilled labor, the difference between wages paid abroad and in this country is by no means notable, if at all existent.

In addition there are, of course, the freight rates and insurance premiums to be taken into account. Moreover, many foreign cars built for European conditions are unfitted for use in America, especially in rural districts, such as those of the Middle West, where the roads are of a kind wholly undreamed of in Europe. Indeed, it is the mud of these highways that accounts for the high-wheel automobile buggies many farmers are now using. Again, foreign competition is as great a stimulus to American inventors and makers as is the domestic, and such competition is likely to prevent the formation of an automobile Trust. Moreover, as Charles H. Sherrill pointed out to the Ways and Means Committee, our New York city carriage-makers might have been driven to the wall by the rise of the automobile, but for the fact that American bodies have been placed on 90 per cent. of the imported chassis. As the value of all the chassis entered at the port of New York aggregated $16,896,983.71 for the four years ended June 30, 1908, an idea may be obtained of what the 90 per cent. of this business has meant to our carriage-makers.

However the tariff be adjusted, the opportunities for American makers, we repeat, are enormous. The field for low-priced cars is theirs exclusively, and with the $500 car they may yet invade Europe. If any one doubts that the final disappearance of all horse-pulled vehicles except for pleasure-driving is near at hand, let him walk up Fifth Avenue some afternoon. The success of the taxicab is driving "back to the country" many a well-worn cab-horse. The commercial automobile is only at the beginning of its development—another great chance for the manufacturer. Already large concerns like the General Electric Company and the American Locomotive Company are attacking the problem, and some of the best makers of high-priced cars are likewise turning their attention to this matter.

A TEACHER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Benjamin Franklin Clarke, professor emeritus of mechanical engineering, and for more than forty years a member of the Brown faculty, died in Providence last week. This, with two or three lines more, was all the New York papers printed, and indeed all the event was worth as mere news, but those of us whose memories run back a generation or more cannot but be moved by the fact that these words recorded the passing of another of the few surviving college teachers of the old school. They were—we are beginning now to speak of them in the past tense—seldom great scholars or distinguished investigators; but they were faithful and competent instructors, men of cultivation and high character, whose influence was exceedingly wholesome. Of this class Professor Clarke was an excellent example. In discussing his labors and achievements we have in mind not so much the individual as the type; and our object is not to praise those who have passed beyond the reach of our voices, but rather to express our gratitude to those of that rapidly dwindling company who are yet with us.

He came to his work when as yet the function of the highly trained specialist was scarcely understood by our educators. Nearly every college chair was occupied by a professor who was, as the phrase is, expected to fill a whole bench. One man would often have as his field mathematics and all the natural sciences; another, all the modern languages; another, all the classics; and still another, literature, metaphysics, ethics, and economics. The scholarship which was possible under such circumstances—unless the professor were a man of uncommon energy and capacity—was rather elementary. The teacher had gone but a little way beyond the point to which he carried his classes. Graduate study was hardly known in America; and the youth who had taken his bachelor's degree with credit, was thought to be fairly prepared for a position in the faculty. The modern discipline is, of course, far superior. Three or four years of research, crowned by a doctor's degree, afford a technical equipment with which that of forty or fifty years ago is not to be compared. Our young Ph.D.'s know more of their subjects than many of their predecessors ever dreamed of acquiring. And yet, if the young Ph.D. has the defect of his virtue—an intense narrowness that makes for erudition rather than wisdom—the old teacher had the virtue of his defects, that is, a wide range of interest and sympathy that gave him ripeness and wisdom and made him an effective instructor and leader of youth. He could play many parts, and play them well. Professor Clarke, for instance, was twice drafted to act as president of Brown, for a year each time. The duties of a *locum tenens* were delicate and difficult; but he discharged them admirably. Tact, firmness, poise, judgment, grasp of multifarious details, dignity and appropriateness in public utterances—these features of his administration would hardly be looked for in the latter-day mathematician of the straitest sect.

From what we have said, it is clear that the strength of the old-fashioned teacher lay in his personality rather than in his attainments. Whether one learned much from him or not—and how little actual knowledge one gets from the best of colleges and teachers!—it was a good thing to be with him. By example as well as by precept, he inculcated the sound gospel of attacking one's tasks steadily and without whimpering. Boys were not expected to like their lessons, but they were expected to learn them—thoroughly. "Hinnessey," says Mr. Dooley, "it doesn't matter what

a boy rades so long as he hates it." That view would have seemed rather extreme to Professor Clarke; but once at the end of a weary day he remarked that the kindergarten seemed to have produced freshmen who thought everything must be made amusing, and he feared that illustrated stereopticon lectures would soon be the only means of capturing the wandering attention of these lads. At any rate, he would have agreed with Horace D. Taft, who declared in a recent issue of the *Yale Alumni Weekly:*

> There is in this life a great deal of work to be done that is dry, hard, and uninteresting, and a vital part of a boy's education, if not the vital part, is the learning to do hard things, even drudgery, with courage, determination, a sense of duty, and even cheerfulness.

It was his sense of faithfulness to duty that filled the pupils of Professor Clarke as well as his colleagues with profound respect for him and a genuine affection.

These lofty ideals of conduct and character are not destroyed by the process of specialization, but in emphasizing as strongly as our college authorities do the necessity of technical acquirement, they appear now and then to neglect the weightier matters of the law. Sane men can have no quarrel with research and the advancement of science; but in this world there are other ends also to be served. At Baltimore last week Prof. Edward L. Nichols said very truly: "We need not merely research in the universities, but universities for research." There is a distinction, however, between the university and the college; and the corollary to Professor Nichols's theorem is: "We need not merely good teaching in the colleges, but colleges devoted to good teaching." The term good teaching includes not only proper drill in the various branches of the curriculum, but that more potent instruction and inspiration that come from contact with men of moral as well as intellectual substance. We hope, then, that in the visible reaction against excessive specialization, our colleges may remember one great source of their strength in the past, may be more content to leave to the university those graduate studies that belong to the university, to stick less rigorously for the Ph.D. as the essential qualification for a place in the faculty, and to set a higher value on men of general cultivation and fine character; in short, to keep alive that race of teachers of the old school which, as the death of such men as Professor Clarke reminds us, is now threatened with extinction.

THE ECONOMISTS AND SOCIOLOGISTS.

Atlantic City, December 31.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the American Economic Association was held in Atlantic City December 28 to 31. Three smaller bodies, the American Sociological Society, the American Statistical Society, and the American Association for Labor Legislation, convened at the same time and place. Several joint sessions were devoted to subjects of common interest. The economists and the students of social science canvassed jointly the theme of Modern Industry and Family Life, while Employers' Liability, Industrial Insurance, and Public Boards of Arbitration provided matter to engage at once the attention of the economist and the reformer of labor laws. The experiment of meeting at a place where no academic institution exists to play the rôle of host was generally pronounced successful. There was no disruption of the programme by intruding luncheons, receptions, and private dinner parties.

On the closing night the Economic Association held a public dinner attended by over a hundred. There was an excellent commingling of speeches by economists and jurists. Three of the judges of the Supreme Court of New Jersey spoke, and Judge J. B. Dill acted as toastmaster. The annual address of the retiring president, Prof. Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania (previously printed in the *Economic Bulletin*), was devoted to "The Making of Economic Literature." Though the prescription offered by Professor Patten will hardly be endorsed in its entirety by many economists, its central thesis—the avoidance of over-elaborated technical hypothesis and the primacy of a first-hand acquaintance with the facts of the market—is highly salutary. More disputable perhaps is Professor Patten's ambition to exorcise the economist from the library and to convert him into a journalist pure and simple with a hankering for the purple patch and the telling phrase. One advantage of printing the address in advance of its delivery was seen in the well-considered and judicial discussion it evoked. If the critics had not had time to reflect after reading it, a testy and perhaps a diverting, but a profitless debate would probably have ensued.

The chief paper on pure economic theory was read by Prof. J. B. Clark of Columbia, on "Collective Bargaining." In essence it was a reply to the query whether law-abiding labor unions which make no attempt at monopoly through the closed shop or the closed union "can materially help men to get as much as the true standard of wages requires." (The "true standard" of wages, according to Professor Clark, is the value of the marginal product of social labor.) The conclusion drawn was that union treasuries allow the unionists to hold out longer in case of an eventual strike, and thus to drive a better bargain for the speedier adjustment of their pay to the value of their product. When rival employers invade the territory of the employer whose mills are shut down, "the enforced yielding point of the employer comes earlier" than that of the men. Unfortunately there was not time for full discussion—indeed "all eternity's too short" for threshing out most of the issues raised in these meetings —but several suggestive criticisms were offered to the solution presented or the philosophy on which the solution was based. Prof. A. C. Miller of the University of California, contended against the view that the wage-earners are the only class whose actual pay lags behind the values they create. Prof. T. S. Adams of the University of Wisconsin was inclined to challenge the naïve productivity theory of wages out and out, insisting that bargaining power was an essential determinant of wage-contracts, and differed essentially from objective productivity. A real contribution to the facts of collective bargaining was made by Prof. G. E. Barnett of Johns Hopkins. He made it clear that as regards money wages the individual worker unaided can often enforce his claim to a warranted advance, but that collective bargaining alone can force concessions in the duration of the working day and in other conditions under which labor is performed.

The joint session to consider legislation affecting laborers was opened by an address by Prof. H. W. Farnam of Yale, president of the Association for Labor Legislation. He distinguished sharply between legislation passed in the interest of race preservation, and legislation designed to bestow benefit on operatives at the expense of other classes. Laws of the first kind are illustrated by enactments for the protection of women and children in factories. Laws of the second kind are such as impose on employers the insurance of their employees. Race preservation, or what has been dubbed "posteritism," he held, was amply justified. The chief drawback to sane legislation in this matter is found in the fact that "of all the industries of the United States lawmaking is perhaps the most backward." Legislation of the second sort was pronounced generally fraught with risk. It was a rather notable fact that the assumption seemed to go without protest that additional protective labor legislation was necessary. Some of its

practical difficulties, from the point of view of the statute draughtsman, were pointed out by Prof. M. O. Lorenz of Wisconsin; and F. L. Hoffman, Newark, N. J., insisted on the imperative necessity of making a trustworthy statistical inventory of industrial accidents and the attendant illness before embarking on a policy of industrial insurance.

In the joint session with the Sociological Society the chief interest centred in the papers descriptive of the recent social census of Pittsburgh. These papers were very much in point since the general topic for discussion was the influence of modern industry and city life upon the family. Miss Margaret F. Byington took Homestead for her text, to which she has devoted some weeks of intensive study. She spoke discriminatingly from personal knowledge, well analyzed, and certainly presented a sombre picture of the reaction of the industrial conditions upon the home life of the workers. The general purpose and results of the Pittsburgh Survey were summed up by Dr. Edward T. Devine. The aim of the survey was to offer "a structural exhibit of the community as a whole," and the extent of the investigation was rendered possible through the assistance of the Sage Foundation. It was enough to make the ears of a sensitive protectionist tingle to hear this exposure of the economic life of his Mecca. The spot of all others on earth where the worker's wage should be highest is found to be characterized first, by "an altogether incredible amount of overwork by everybody, best typified by the twelve-hour shift seven days in the week in the steel mills and on railways"; second, by "low wages for the great majority of the laborers employed by the mills, so low as to be inadequate to the maintenance of a normal American standard of living; wages adjusted to the single man in the lodging house, not to the responsible head of a family"; third, "still lower wages for women"; fourth, "an absentee capitalism with bad effects, strikingly analogous to those of absentee landlordism"; and—thrown in to make good measure—such trifles as over a thousand deaths annually from typhoid fever and industrial accidents. The terrible indictment concluded by painting "the contrast between the prosperity on the one hand of the most prosperous of all the communities of our western civilization" with "the neglect of life, of health, of physical vigor, even of industrial efficiency." Only once during the sessions of the association was there any spontaneous demonstration of approval. That outburst greeted the declaration:

> Not by gifts of libraries, galleries, technical schools, and parks, but by the cessation of toil one day in seven and sixteen hours in the twenty-four, by the increase of wages, by the sparing of lives, by the prevention of accidents, and by raising the standards of domestic life, should the surplus come back to the people of the community in which it is created.

The unusually long programme included three other general sessions devoted respectively to Tariff Revision, the Establishment in the United States of a Central Bank, and the Public Regulation of Security Issues by Corporations. The paper on the Tariff by Prof. H. C. Emery of Yale, was frankly opportunist. Historically, he maintained, the crusade against protection had been a failure so far as it had been founded on the consumer's interest. Free trade, he contended, had prevailed only when urged by the selfish interest of special groups of producers. The moral he deduced was that economists should cooperate with producers who are now anxious to abate duties. Such coöperation on the economists' part need not blind him to the motives of those now urging tariff reduction, nor to the false philosophy of international trade on which the reduction is based. Years back such a proposal would probably have evoked heated repudiation, but nowadays among economists, so far as tariff reform is concerned,

> . . . despair itself is mild,

and the discussion wandered on to the relative merits of maximum and minimum tariffs which N. I. Stone of the United States Bureau of Statistics weighed against the system of special reciprocating commercial treaties.

The two leading papers on the establishment of a Central Bank were contributed by Paul M. Warburg of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., New York, and by Horace White, New York. In general they both supported the project. Mr. White advocated it rather on the ground that the jealousy of our country bankers would render an analogue to the Canadian system politically unattainable in this country. To Mr. Warburg the Ceutral Bank has demonstrated its feasibility by virtue of its workings abroad. Of special interest in Mr. Warburg's portrayal of our situation was his insistence on the absence of "modern and readily saleable [commercial] paper which in critical times we can offer to foreign markets" for re-discount. This, with our bond-secured currency and our decentralized reserves, and the unfounded prejudice against anything bearing the name of a "Central Bank" are the *cruces* of the deplorable state of our banking system. Mr. White did not attempt the detailed construction of a Central Bank as did Mr. Warburg; but his caustic scoring of those who have come to regard "clearing house certificates and rubber stamps" as "desirable *per se*" . . . "as something like Pond's extract, or Peruna, which should always be kept in the house," was deliciously incisive.

The concluding session was taken up by an able but detailed paper by Prof. C. J. Bullock of Harvard, who argued that legal restrictions imposed in Massachusetts on the issue of securities by transportation companies had driven capital from the State, and arrested the growth of needed railroad facilities in New England generally. The Hon. Milo R. Maltbie of the Public Service Commission of New York, of the First District, broke a lance for the public regulation of security issues by railway companies. Mr. Justice Swayze of the New Jersey Supreme Court outlined the New Jersey law in the premises, and expressed a qualified skepticism as to the efficacy of minute restrictions by statute or administrative commission upon the terms of such issues.

The next annual meeting of the Economists is to be held in New York City, and will be devoted to celebrating the quarter centennial anniversary of the founding of the association at Saratoga in 1885. The incoming president is Prof. Davis R. Dewey, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Prof. T. N. Carver of Harvard University was elected secretary and treasurer.

W. M. D.

THE HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATIONS.

Richmond, Va., December 31.

Socially, the annual meetings of the American Historical and American Political Science Associations at Washington and Richmond, December 28-31, were notably successful. The hotel arrangements, permitting the great majority of members to live for the time being under one roof, facilitated the personal conference which forms so large a part of the value of these meetings; for it must be admitted that the obligation to listen to papers and discussions sits less and less heavily upon the members as the years go by. In both cities there was the usual generous provision of private and corporate hospitality, including at Washington a reception at the British Embassy, and at Richmond the courtesy of the New Year's festivities at the Westmoreland. The rich historic interest of Richmond and vicinity made a strong appeal, and an excursion to the University of Virginia at the close of the sessions attracted many.

The programme of papers and conferences, while, as usual, full of variety and information, developed fewer distinctive excellencies than has sometimes been the case, or than the announced titles would in some cases lead one to suppose. Of the presidential addresses, that of Ambassador Bryce before the Political Science Association, on "The Relations of Political Science to History

and to Practice," naturally awakened the greater anticipation. In a way at once luminous and philosophical, Mr. Bryce pointed out the essential limitations of the respective fields of history and political science, and the futility of looking to political science for conclusive guidance in matters of public conduct. Both may, both indeed must, use the accepted scientific methods of observation, comparison, and deduction, but neither can profess to be in the full sense a science. As for the elaborate speculations about the nature of the state with which the literature of political science so greatly abounds, Mr. Bryce had emphatic, though courteous, condemnation, rightly reminding his hearers that facts, not theories, are the things to which they should most attend. The presidential address of Prof. George B. Adams of Yale before the historians, on "History and the Philosophy of History," while in large part to the same effect, called particular attention to the invasion of the field of history by political science, economics, sociology, and other branches of inquiry, with all of which, affording as they do a "common standing-ground for all workers at what are really common tasks," the historian ought to sympathize, while sticking to his own task of ascertaining what actually happened. That the facts thus ascertained tend to prove some theory of history, the historian may well believe, even though imperfect knowledge may prevent a complete verification of the theory. The frank admission that history is, and must always remain, a leading branch of literature, was a refreshing note for a time in which the flood of ill-written monographs portends the worship of another "dismal science" of historical composition.

It is rather a significant commentary on the nature of historical study in this country that so many of the most interesting and valuable papers presented at these meetings should be in the field of European history; and the programme this year was no exception. Prof. C. H. Haskins of Harvard, in an extremely suggestive paper on "Normandy under William the Conqueror," showed how considerable was the political and social development of Normandy before the English conquest, and how markedly certain Norman institutions, especially the registration of land and the system of local magistrates, influenced political development in England. Prof. Oliver H. Richardson of Yale, speaking on "Religious Toleration in Brandenburg-Prussia under the Great Elector, and Its Material Rewards," developed the thesis of religious toleration as both a political and an economic necessity for the growth of the Prussian state; Dr. Ernst Daenell of Kiel discussed the leading ideas of the Hanseatic commercial system; and Prof. C. W. Colby of McGill appraised with commendation the public life of Chatham.

The field of American history was accorded two formal sessions, at one of which the important subject of the use of census data and newspapers as historical material was discussed, while the other presented contrasted criticisms of the Wilderness campaign by Gen. Edward P. Alexander of the Confederate army, Col. William R. Livermore, the well-known writer on military history, and Major Eben Swift of the present General Staff. Besides these formal sessions, five conferences gave opportunity for the consideration of a considerable range of American topics. A conference on geography discussed the influence of the geography of the South Atlantic States on their history; that on history in secondary schools debated, with singular inconclusiveness, the need of modifying the recommendations of the Committee of Seven on that subject. A conference on the problems of State and local historical societies, a subject to which the Historical Association has given, of late, special attention, developed practical suggestions regarding cooperation, the use of photography in archive and historical work, and the conduct of historical exhibitions. Three conferences on research in English, American colonial and Revolutionary, and Southern history, respectively, brought out some of the larger opportunities for investigation in these several fields, with special reference to bibliographical conditions.

Mr. Bryce's injunction to beware of prophecy, served to emphasize the generally practical character of the proceedings of the Political Science Association. A striking though hardly profound paper by Prof. S. B. Leacock of McGill, on the limitations of Federal government, did, indeed, suggest the ultimate breakdown of Federal government, if such problems of uniform and consistent control of labor and capital as have lately arisen continue to press; but, with this exception, the leading papers confined themselves chiefly to the description of phenomena. A complete enumeration of papers and writers would be too extended for inclusion here, but reference should be made to a group of papers on recent constitutional development in New England, the Middle West, Michigan, and Virginia. Prof. J. A. C. Chandler of Richmond College, discussing in this connection the Constitution of Virginia, adopted in 1902, pointed out that under the new system of registration no man could be denied the right to vote who could read and write his application and properly mark his ballot, and that more than one-fourth of those who could have registered under the old Constitution are now disqualified, including in this number both whites and blacks. Interesting and timely, also, was a group of papers on certain active agencies in the betterment of municipal administration, in which the New York Public Service Commission and Bureau of Municipal Research, the Boston Finance Commission, and the National Municipal League, were described and appraised; and another group on the increase of Federal influence and power in the United States, as illustrated by Federal control of commerce and the growing interference with State activities by the Federal courts. The international law section was distinctly up-to-date, with a paper on aërial navigation in its relation to international law, by Arthur K. Kuhn of New York city. Stranger things might happen than that the nations should before long have to consider, as was facetiously suggested, something akin to a three-mile limit in dealing with airships.

The material and scholarly activities of the two associations show healthy growth. The Historical Association adds to its established undertakings the proposed publication, in uniform annual volumes, of the Justin Winsor and Herbert B. Adams prize essays. The Justin Winsor prize was awarded to Prof. C. E. Carter of Illinois College, for a monograph on "The Influence of Great Britain in the Settlement of the Illinois Country." Both associations meet next year at New York.

PHILOLOGISTS AND ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT TORONTO.

Toronto, December 31.

The joint meeting of the American Philological Association and the Archæological Institute of America, held December 28-31, at the University of Toronto, was noteworthy in more ways than one. In the first place, the societies had never before met outside of the political boundaries of their country, and the acquaintance of their members with the Canadian universities had been very slight. The meeting did much to quicken mutual recognition and friendship between colleagues working along similar lines on either side of the national *limes*.

Another noteworthy feature was the admission by the council to affiliation with the Archæological Institute of America of five newly formed Canadian societies, that give promise of much vigorous life. They will be organized, at their own desire, as a Canadian branch of the Institute, but this provision will not interfere with the essential equality of all the societies of the Institute, Canadian and American, as harmonious members of one great international association. Several newly-born American societies were also admitted;

and the work of the Institute, in both the native and the foreign areas of research, was reported as in most flourishing condition. In connection with the School of American Archæology, an interesting item is the approval of an offer by the territorial government of New Mexico to give for the permanent quarters of the school the old Governor's Palace at Santa Fé, which has been occupied by a long succession of Spanish and American rulers of the surrounding country. A museum of antiquities of the Southwest will be installed within the ancient walls. The school at Jerusalem is also well on the way toward the acquisition of a home of its own in that city. It has amply justified its existence by the execution of much good work, with a surprisingly small expenditure of money. Prof. Robert F. Harper of the University of Chicago is the director for the present year. The school at Athens reports excellent progress with work in that city, as well as at Corinth, and chronicles some striking excavations on a small island off the north coast of Crete, of which much will doubtless be heard hereafter. The school at Rome has published a second volume of papers (see the *Nation* of December 3, 1908, p. 554), and has other important investigations approaching completion.

The united societies telegraphed to the Italian government resolutions of sympathy on the disaster that has befallen the region about which so much of their interest is centred, and promptly started a subscription in behalf of the sufferers. They also joined substantially all the learned societies of the country in formally petitioning Congress for the abolition of the import duty on scientific books published in English. The feeling was, of course, unanimous that the duty is nothing less than a burdensome tax on that portion of the population best deserving assistance instead of hindrance in the struggle after knowledge.

The papers presented before the societies were almost too numerous, but many of them were of high interest and importance. As usual, they covered a wide range of subjects, and a goodly number treated of previously unpublished material. It is impossible even to mention all of those deserving especial commemoration. Three on themes less usually discussed in such meetings may be briefly noted. Prof. J. H. Breasted, recently returned from the Nubian expedition of the University of Chicago—the first in that district since the invention of photography—called attention to the existence in the Temple of Soleb of a connecting link between the basilica-like (higher nave and lower flanking aisles) construction of the well-known temple at Karnak, and the ordinary structure of high pylon and lower walls that is seen in so many Egyptian temples. A. L. Frothingham of Princeton, N. J., presented arguments in favor of the identification of the porphyry sarcophagus of the Empress Helena, in the Vatican Museum, with the sarcophagus of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The communication of Prof. George Hempl of Leland Stanford on his solution of the centuries-old problem of the Etruscan language (and also of the Venetic and Old Sabellian dialects), which had already been flamboyantly exploited in the daily papers throughout the continent, was naturally received with great interest and attention. The stubborn riddle, according to his letter, yielded to him with hardly a struggle. The conflict began one morning, and was ended before bedtime that night. The more slow-moving minds of the assembled philologists did not so readily succumb. The conclusions regarding, for example, the lexicography of the Etruscan language, reached by the patient study of many men for many years, and the comparison of manifold inscriptions, did not seem to deserve summary rejection, until many more than fifty selected inscriptions, mostly brief, had been examined by the new light, and the arguments of other scholars carefully discussed. A fuller publication of Professor Hempl's views will be calmly awaited, and, meanwhile, *Procul, o procul, este profani!*

The most generally interesting session of the societies was the memorial meeting, in honor of Charles Eliot Norton, the first president of the Archæological Institute. Dr. Edward W. Emerson of Concord, Mass., read a paper analyzing the character of Mr. Norton as man and scholar with perfect acuteness and sympathy, and in exquisite form and manner. He was followed by Prof. William Fenwick Harris of Harvard, who described the service of Mr. Norton to liberal studies in America. The address of Mr. Harris was worthy of the high company it kept.

The two societies meet again in joint session a year hence, at Baltimore, and the Philological Association showed its regard for Prof. Basil L. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins by electing him to serve a second time as president—an honor rarely awarded. The Philological Association appointed a large and representative committee to consider further the question brought before it last year of a possible uniform scheme of requirements in Latin for admission to American colleges.

MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

PRINCETON, N. J., December 30.

Owing to the good attendance and to the admirable management of the local committee of the Princeton faculty, the twenty-sixth meeting of the Modern Language Association held here December 28-30, was one of the most successful in recent years. The majority of the papers were about equally divided between English and French, whereas German, Italian, and Spanish were represented by two or three apiece. There was a fairly even distribution between literary and philological subjects. But one contribution was strictly linguistic, that of Prof. A. M. Elliott of Johns Hopkins, on the origin of "Chauvin," which was read only in part, owing to the absence of its author. Some papers should have been relegated to the innocuous list of those "read by title": what is confessedly a mere collection of facts, bibliographical or philological, should not be inflicted even upon those whose sense of duty leads them to sit out a complete session. It seems, too, a doubtful practice to present anything not a genuine contribution to knowledge. A restatement of discovered truth or a discussion that throws no new light upon already published work is hardly in place at such a meeting.

The address by the president of the association, Prof. F. M. Warren of Yale, was a plea for the study of mediæval Latin. Though the subject seemed to go beyond the work of the association as defined by the constitution, it was kept within bounds by being shown to be contributory to a fuller and more exact knowledge of the beginnings of French literature. In the valley of the Loire at the close of the tenth century, the period of the early renaissance, many Latin tropes and hymns were written and have been preserved. These furnish a basis for a study of the ideas of the people which come to us in no other form, except the most fragmentary. Thus this Latin is the connecting link between the old literature and the new. A very interesting discussion of French literature at the other extreme of its development was presented by Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia. He attempted to explain the phenomenon that English readers often find French poetry less satisfying than Italian or German. Three reasons were suggested: First, the extreme clarity of the French tongue left nothing to the imagination, none of that vagueness which to the English consciousness is part of the very emotions themselves; second, the absence of pronounced rhythm in French verse deprives it of that emotional appeal which always goes with the rise and fall of passion from the days of primitive man to the present: the very monotony of the verse strikes the English ear as unappealing; third, words primary in effect to the French often seem secondary to us, since the simple Anglo-Saxon words are almost universally used to present the fundamental emotions: Romance words serve for the secondary emotions.

Two papers, one slightly connected with the romantic movement, the other treating of a direct influence upon this movement, were read respectively by

Dr. R. D. Havens of the University of Rochester and Prof. E. E. Hale, jr., of Union College. The former showed that along with the influence of Milton's octosyllabics upon the romantic poetry of the eighteenth century went the no less certain influence of his sonnets upon the sonneteers of the century. The sonnet was not written to anything like the same extent as poems of melancholy inspired by "Il Penseroso," but it showed the Miltonic influence where it appeared. It was Miltonic in form, in contrast to the Elizabethan and the Italian, as well as in content, since it was concerned not with love, but with some special event or emotion. The other paper dealt with the influence of Salvator Rosa upon the work of the early romantics. The delight in the wild and the fierce aspects of nature, later called picturesque and romantic, was in marked contrast to the conventional landscape of the century. This was, in part at least, due to Salvator Rosa, as was shown by quotations from Henry McKenzie, Mrs. Radcliffe, Horace Walpole, and Scott, all of whom refer directly to him and show that they were more or less consciously affected by his wild and rugged landscapes.

A paper of general interest was that of Prof. C. von Klenze of Brown, on the history of the varying attitude of the Europeans, especially Germans and French, towards the United States, from the middle of the eighteenth century to the present time. The Roussellian love for wild nature joined during the American Revolution with the newly arisen democratic fervor and love for the simple life to make America appear as the very embodiment of the highest human aspirations, as seen especially in the work of Chateaubriand. With the waning of romanticism a reaction set in with Lenau, and nothing too violent could be said in detestation of the United States. In the second half of the nineteenth century, however, the civil war and the writings of Emerson revealed to Europe a nobler side of American life, and towards the end of the century the rise of industrialism and the Spanish war compelled attention, to be followed by the close of the century by the critical studies of Bryce, Münsterberg, and—as Prof. A. Schinz of Bryn Mawr pointed out in the discussion that followed the reading of the paper—of De Tocqueville. The fuller knowledge of the country by the peasant class was also indicated by Prof. M. D. Learned, of the University of Pennsylvania, who remarked that several thousands of pensioned soldiers have returned to Germany and have given more exact information of this country than the learned class get from books.

Among the papers more special in character was Percy Long's discussion of the personal allegory in Lyly's "Endimion," a theory which he rejected as untenable with the exception of the usual identification of Cynthia with Elizabeth. He preferred to treat the leading characters as representatives of the usual *dramatis personæ* of Platonic love. Cynthia is heavenly, or Platonic, beauty, Endimion is heavenly love, Tellus is earthly beauty, and Corsites is earthly love. Such an interpretation fits in with the plot and the characterization of the play, as all personal identifications fail to do.

In the business meeting of the association it was recommended that a test of the candidate's ability to speak French and German and to interpret them when spoken be required for admission to college. It was also recommended that steps be taken to bring about closer relations between the association and the Carnegie Institution of Washington. A resolution was passed petitioning Congress to remove the duties upon works of art and their reproductions including photographs, upon all books printed in foreign countries, and upon scientific instruments intended for the private use of investigators. Prof. M. D. Learned of the University of Pennsylvania was elected president for the coming year. The other officers are: Vice-presidents, G. Gruener, Yale; E. W. Olmsted, Cornell; and W. A. Neilson, Harvard; secretary, C. H. Grandgent, Harvard; treasurer, W. G. Howard, Harvard; executive council: A. Fortier, Tulane; Charles Harris, Western Reserve; John M. Manly, University of Chicago; C. A. Smith, University of North Carolina; George Hempl, Leland Stanford; Lewis F. Mott, College of the City of New York; and Henry A Todd, Columbia.

The most enjoyable feature of the whole meeting was undoubtedly the brilliant and witty address of ex-President F. L. Patton before the association in the grill-room of the Princeton Inn on Tuesday evening. J. W. T.

Chicago, December 30.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Central Division of the Modern Language Association was held in the Northwestern University Building, Chicago, December 28-30, with a large attendance. The admirable address of welcome of Dean T. F. Holgate was followed by the address of the chairman, Prof. Oliver Farrar Emerson, of Western Reserve, a finished and judicious paper, on "The American Scholar and the Modern Languages." The programme contained thirty-nine papers, including eleven read by title, and the range of subjects was gratifyingly broad. As usual, the Germanic side was the most fully represented, with fourteen contributions. Ten were devoted to English, eight to the Romance languages, two to Celtic, and five were of a general character. Both in the Germanic and the English, there was a marked tendency to deal with modern literature, a large number of the topics being chosen from the nineteenth century. In the main, the discussion of the papers left something to be desired in the matter of definiteness. In the meeting of the English section the discussion of the introductory college course was continued from two years before. In spite of some disagreement in matters of detail, the consensus of opinion appeared to be in favor of a rather full course, combining lectures with class discussion and written work. The chief point of disagreement was in the proportion of time to be devoted to the earlier periods, the suggestions ranging from a study of Old English in translation to a practical ignoring of the writers before Chaucer. In the case of one institution, marked interest in Beowulf and other early works was noted among sophomores. The length of time devoted to the course varied from two hours a week to four. In the German section, the chief attention was paid to methods of teaching the spoken language; and in the French section, in addition to the discussion of methods, a paper was read on the opportunities for the study of Romance languages in Europe and America. The following officers were elected: Chairman, A. G. Canfield of Michigan; executive committee, Otto Heller of Washington University, H. A. Smith of Wisconsin; and C. G. Dunlap of Kansas. C. R. Wilson of Iowa University was reëlected secretary for a term of four years. The next meeting will be held at Iowa City.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A "Bibliography of Henry David Thoreau," compiled by Francis H. Allen, has just been added to the series of bibliographics of American Authors, published by Houghton Mifflin Co. This is a volume of 220 pages printed for the most part on only one side of the sheet, with the frontispiece a portrait of Thoreau not heretofore reproduced. Thoreau's life-work was his journal. His first two books, "A Week" and "Walden," the only ones printed before his death, were for the most part merely selections from the journals. He sent the leaves to the printers, copying over again into a new book the portions he did not use, giving them the title, "Gleanings, or What Time Has Not Reaped of My Journal." After his death his contributions to periodicals, further extended selections from the journal, and his letters were collected by his friends and printed. Finally, in 1906, the journals were printed *in extenso*, as written. Mr. Allen's bibliography comprises Thoreau's books, selections from his writings, articles, and poems first issued in magazines, biographies, books, and periodicals containing biographical or critical matter about Thoreau, and records of sale at auction of the more important items. The work is well done, and is an important addition to the series.

The sale of the third part of Henry W. Poor's library will be held by the Anderson Auction Co. of this city on January 12-14. This section includes a number of choice books. There is one Caxton, an imperfect copy (containing 301 out of 450 leaves) of Higden's "Polychronicon" (1482). This is probably the most common of all Caxtons, but perfect copies are extremely rare. Indeed, Gordon Duff, the latest writer on Caxton and his books, is unable to find a single copy absolutely perfect, with all the five blank leaves. The Poor example, formerly Bishop Hurst's, brought $1,400 at the sale of his library in 1905. Among other incunabula are the Sermons of Saint Bernard, printed in 1481 by the Brothers of the Common Life at the first press established in Brussels, and a Latin Bible, Koburger, Nuremburg (1477). The sixteenth and seventeenth century English books include Bacon's "Of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning" (1605), first edition; Bourne's "Regiment for the Sea" (1584); Braithwaite's "Two Lancashire Lovers" (1640); Chaucer's Works (1598 and 1687); Daniel's "First Foure Bookes of the Civile Wars" (1595); Dekker's "Magnificent Entertainment given to King James" (1604); Coryat's "Odcombian Banquet" (1611); Selden's "Table Talk" (1689); Drummond's "Poems" (1656); Fraunce's "Lawier's Logike" (1588), the book from which Shakespeare is supposed to have acquired his legal knowledge; Gower's "Confessione Amantis' (1554); Katherine Philips's "Poems" (1664), first edition; John Taylor's "Workes" (1630), with the engraved title by Cockson; and Waller's "Poems" (1645), one of the four editions issued that year and generally called the "first genuine edition." Of later English authors there are the first edition of Goldsmith's first book," "Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Galleys of France for his Religion" (1758); the very rare "Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer" (1796), by Charles Lloyd, including a poem by Charles Lamb; various first editions, including some of the rarer titles, of Edward FitzGerald, Andrew Lang, Mathew Arnold, and Oscar Wilde. Of American authors, first editions of Bryant, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, Eugene Field, and others are included. A few items of historical Americana are notable: the Italian Cortez, Venice (1524), but, as usual, lacking the plan of the city of Mexico; the first edition of "The Federalist" (1788); Smith's "History of New York" (1757), first edition, in the original sheep; Smith's "History of Canada" (1815), 2 vols., uncut; and the two American editions of Burns's Poems (Philadelphia and New York, 1788). This part also includes many publications of book-clubs and private presses issued in limited editions.

The Merwin Clayton Sales Co. of this city will sell, on January 12 and 13, a collection of books including minor Americana, local histories, Burns's Poems (Berwick, 1801), and first editions of American authors. With this catalogue was sent out a mimeographed price list of the sale of December 15 and 16, and similar price lists of future important sales will be distributed to customers.

Correspondence.

APPEAL FOR THE ITALIAN SUFFERERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Canadian and American membership of the Archæological Institute of America and of the American Philological Association, in their meeting here, have opened a subscription for the relief of the Italian sufferers; and they beg all persons whose lives have been enriched by the memories of the Ionian Sea, to join with them. Checks may be sent to Prof. Frank Gardner Moore, secretary, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. The money will be forwarded, through Director Jesse Benedict Carter, of the American School in Rome, to the Italian government.

Elmer Truesdell Merrill,
Frank Gardner Moore,
C. U. Clark,
Committee.

Toronto, Ontario, December 30.

A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE FOR "HAMLET."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The flood of discussion concerning "Hamlet" seems to indicate that this is the least clear of Shakespeare's dramas; but no one, I believe, has pointed out that the main reason for its obscurity is the unfitness of the pure drama as a literary form for the treatment of such a subject. Hamlet is a problematic character. His motives, his real purposes, are so puzzling as to lead to important differences of opinion among even the most noted critics. Not even to Horatio can he unburden himself fully. And Shakespeare admits the inadequacy of his exposition of Hamlet's personality by resorting, in four notable instances, to that clumsy device, the soliloquy. In no other play does he find himself driven to so many lines addressed merely to vacancy; and this may therefore fairly be regarded as tantamount to a confession of defeat. Shakespeare probably realized that, fascinating as he had made the problem, he had not indicated any clear solution. And this because in the pure drama it was impossible for him to explain so subtle and complex a character.

By a grim irony of fate it was reserved for a man with an almost hopeless reputation for obscurity to discover the proper literary form for the analysis of a problematic character. Browning, in his dramatic monologues, is much clearer than Shakespeare in "Hamlet." After reading Caponsacchi's luminous monologue in "The Ring and the Book," it is not necessary to ask, What manner of man is this? Though the accusations of enemies had seemed to prove him to be a lascivious hypocrite, this impression is eradicated by his speech before the court—a speech the effect of which upon the judges is admirably indicated by Browning—and the devotion, the idealism, of this "soldier-saint" become incontestable.

Now turn back to Hamlet. Had he survived the arrest of "that fell sergeant, Death," long enough to defend himself by a speech to the populace, by whom Shakespeare assures us he was so beloved, would there have been any danger of his leaving "a wounded name" behind him? Does not Shakespeare's device of making Hamlet prevent Horatio from committing suicide, in order that Horatio may render clear to the king's subjects the true course of events, prove that a dramatic monologue was necessary in such a case? But did even Horatio know his friend well enough to take the task of explanation from his shoulders? The spiritual isolation of Hamlet, his apparent inability to find any one who can understand him to the full, is the source of much of the pathos in the play. The inadequacy of Ophelia is felt almost at the outset. Horatio is the recipient of confidences; but to him also the secret of Hamlet's wonderful personality—perhaps closely akin to Shakespeare's own—is "within the centre hid." Not only does this hero's soul pass to the "undiscovered country" at his tragic death, but that soul is during his whole life an undiscovered country to both friends and enemies. Claudius comes nearest to discovering him at one point; yet how little does even that smooth villain understand! Only Hamlet could make Hamlet clear; and by missing the monologue form Shakespeare has failed to make this solution possible.

One may readily admit that it is solely from the point of view of clearness that "Hamlet" would have been improved by a transfer to the new literary form suggested. Doubtless the result of such an experiment would have been less interesting, less complex in its study of human life, and would not have given Shakespeare an opportunity to show his consummate skill in painting a large canvas. It was Browning's inability to handle a great number of characters and to develop an action patiently and flawlessly from inception to crisis which led him to adopt the dramatic monologue; for it was only after several failures in the pure drama that he found himself, in the alternative form. But his success in this new form is admitted even by the most rabid Tennysonian. How infinitely tantalizing, then, are the possibilities opened to us when we fancy the results, had Browning made a new Hamlet.

Harry T. Baker.

Beloit College, Wis., December 23.

"FOUGHT TO A FRAZZLE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the interesting and extremely suggestive volume, by Eliza Frances Andrews, recently published and entitled, "The War-Time Journal of a Georgia Girl," is the following (p. 133):

> I might take more credit to myself for keeping Lent, if I had anything to wear, but my one new dress isn't made up yet, and everything else I have is too frazzled out to wear.

This is a diary entry of April 5, 1865. Gen. Gordon, of Georgia, used his expression, well-known to all students of our Civil War literature, and which presumably suggested the phrase to President Roosevelt—"Tell Gen. Lee that my corps is fought to a frazzle"—about the tenth of the same month, or within a week of the date of Miss Andrews's diary record.

A few lines further on, Miss Andrews records that her sister's "hair that she lost last fall, from typhoid fever, has grown out curly, and her head is frizzled beautifully all over." The last term is,

of course, familiar as connected with certain methods both of cooking, and of dressing the hair. The companion word, "frazzle," it is apparent, was a term in common use with Southern women in connection with their dress, and was somewhat equivalent to "frayed out."

The noticeable thing now, however, is this example-of-record of the use of the word "frazzle" in its proper colloquial sense by a girl in Georgia almost at the very time Gen. Gordon was using it in Virginia in connection with his battle-worn army corps. C. F. A.

Boston, January 4.

[The "New English Dictionary" describes "frazzle" as dialectic, and used in the United States. It gives the following citations, the first of which is forty years earlier than that quoted by our correspondent:

Robert Forby, "The Vocabulary of East Anglia": *Frazle*, to unravel or rend cloth. *Frazlings*, the threads of cloth torn or unravelled.

1893. *American Missionary:* One's garments get frazzled in the grass; one's mind and body and spiritual sense sometimes become frazzled, torn to pieces, good for nothing.

1894. Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch*, January 2: Two years ago his nerves were worn to a frazzle over an attempt made to levy a tax.

1895. *Nebraska State Journal*, June 23: Every one believed that Thomas would . . . plant the frazzled banner of the distillers in its place.—Ed. Nation.]

TARIFF AND REVENUE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "The belated diversion the high tariff people are trying to make, in their anxiety about the revenue," by pointing to the existing deficit, according to your editorial of December 24, recalls the fact that the McKinley act of 1890 was entitled "An Act to Reduce the Revenue and for Other Purposes." That law was the high tariff response to the demand of Mr. Cleveland's message of December, 1897, for a reduction of duties because of the then increasing surplus under the much lower tariff of the law of 1883. The remedy then administered by protectionism for the condition which then confronted the country was to raise the duties so as to make them prohibitory, and so reduce the revenue, resulting from the act of 1883. The remedy now, when a deficit, instead of a surplus confronts us, would seem to be, as you suggest, to reduce the present duties; and this was the remedy prescribed by the high tariff doctors of 1890. Charles B. Wilby.

Cincinnati, December 30.

THE HETCH HETCHY VALLEY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* and its readers can, by a prompt appeal to Congress, assist in the effort to preserve for the public one of the most remarkable of our national parks. I refer to the one embracing Hetch Hetchy valley and its watershed, in California. This, with the neighboring Yosemite, probably has no superior for grandeur of natural scenery. But a united and determined effort is now being made to batter down the protection of the national park boundaries, to the end that its water resources may be commercially utilized. The farmers on the lowlands claim a large part of the flow for irrigation, and can, if they will, impound it without entering the park; individuals and corporations wish to develop electric power plants; but San Francisco leads the fight by demanding that Hetch Hetchy be converted into a reservoir to supply her with water.

San Francisco exerted great pressure upon the Secretary of the Interior, who yielded, in a moment of weakness. He granted what was asked, under some limitations; but these limitations are not regarded seriously by the San Francisco promoters, who confidently intend to eliminate all restrictions. If San Francisco had no other source of water supply she would be justified in taking this course; but this is only one of a dozen sources that are available, and of all these, this is the only one that is important to protect, because of its remarkable scenic value. The Sierra pours a vast flood upon the great valleys of central California, and gives ample opportunity for enormous development for municipal supply, for irrigation, and for electrical power.

Hetch Hetchy is not well known, as yet, even in California, as it has been somewhat difficult of access. Its walls rise some 3,000 feet. The towering granite is marked by several waterfalls of great height and remarkable beauty. Its floor is comparatively level, having a meadow at the lower end, and the upper covered with great ferns. It is shaded by a primeval forest, among which are giant pines and firs, 200 feet high. The Tuolumne River flows clear and placid through the middle of the valley, with the beauty of an emerald. The floor of the valley has an elevation of some 3,000 feet; but at its head the cañon of the river rises rapidly between tremendous granite walls, which at one point extend 5,000 feet above the stream, that races and roars along its bed in a continuous series of rapids and waterfalls. This cañon can be made accessible to the public by trails. Some twenty miles above the Hetch Hetchy the cañon terminates and the river flows quietly through the Tuolumne meadows, which are some ten miles long, and vary from one to two miles in width. The meadows are surrounded by mountains having peaks covered with perpetual snow. In this neighborhood are Mt. Dana, Mt. Ritter, and Mt. Lyell, the two latter rising above 13,000 feet, and each bearing small glaciers. The entire region is finely timbered, up to the snow line, and intersected by many beautiful streams. Here and there are found the little Alpine meadows, grass-carpeted and spangled with flowers, which are the gems of the high Sierra.

This wonderful region was explored by John Muir and his eloquent pen has done much to make it known. To him is due the chief credit of having the best of it included within a national park, presumably safe from invasion for all time. Indeed, had it not been so preserved for the public, San Francisco would have had no opportunity to acquire it, as it would have been appropriated long since for other purposes. And if San Francisco succeeds in ousting the public from the rights which have been reserved for all, she eventually will demand the exclusion of tourist and camper from the entire drainage to prevent contamination of the water supply; just as armed guards now expel intruders on the drainage of its present supply.

This region is part of the rich heritage of the older States of the Union, as well as of California. They should help to preserve it, by demanding action on the part of their representatives in Congress. There is urgent need for such support, for the controlling Californian sentiment is deplorably avaricious and utilitarian. The chief promoters of the San Francisco water scheme are men who represent a high average of the ordinary level of culture here, and who are active generally in promoting what they believe to be the best interests of the public. They denounce their opponents in this matter as "scenery cranks." Their course regarding Hetch Hetchy gives point and force to a recent characterization in the British Parliament, when a matter under debate was disposed of with the remark that the measure was unworthy of cultivated England and might have emanated from one of the semi-civilized States of Western America.

This matter has nothing to do with the national policy regarding forest reserves. It relates exclusively to the policy of protecting a few localities which possess such remarkable natural attributes as justify their being set apart as national parks.

George Edwards.

Berkeley, Cal., December 27.

THE PICTURE OF HOMER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With reference to Amasa M. Eaton's letter about a picture of Homer, in your issue of December 24, it is possible that his engraving was taken from the picture described by André Beaunier, and that Beaunier's description is correct, even though the poet's left hand rests on the boy's shoulder in the one and the right in the other, while the right arm is raised to heaven in the painting and the left in the engraving. Massard most likely engraved directly from Girard's painting and not from its reflection in a looking glass, so that when the proof was taken from the plate, what was left in the painting was right on the impression, and vice versa. Nearly all, if not all, the old engravers worked in this way. Marc Antonio Raimondi so copied Raphael's drawings. Rembrandt, Whistler, and Seymour Hayden in their etchings invariably reversed what the French call the *orientation*, and Pennell does so to-day. B. P. S.

New York, January 1.

INDIAN STATISTICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you allow me a little space to correct a misapprehension which may arise among readers not familiar with Indian statistics from a perusal of your article of November 19, upon the New India? The writer of that article appears to hold the view that India is getting poorer, and that official statistics confirm this melancholy opinion. This is not the case; the statement that the Hindu earned four cents a day in 1850 and three cents a day in 1882, and less than two cents in 1900, which he quotes with approval, is a conjecture of the late Mr. William Digby for which he alone is responsible and which every scien-

tific statistician has repudiated. The estimate for 1850 does not profess to be official and is a singularly wild conjecture, for the number of people then living in India is not known, the first census having been taken more than twenty years later. As even such elementary statistics as are recorded in a census did not exist in 1850, it is obvious that the materials for such a delicate calculation as the wealth per head of the population are absolutely wanting. Even now that the statistical material is much enlarged, no reasonable man can feel any confidence in these hazardous calculations which profess to estimate the wealth per head to a penny or a fraction of a penny. We do not know even approximately what the annual production of wealth in India may be, nor have we yet any statistics upon which to estimate it. We have, however, since 1872 (the year of the first census of British India), a few figures upon which we can rely with confidence and they certainly do not bear out the theory that India is getting poorer. We have, for instance, the figures for imports and the figures for population. Here they are:

Year.	Rupees. Imports.	Population.	Rupees. Per head.
1872.....	364,000,000	185,000,000	2.
1907.....	1,735,000,000	237,000,000	7.5

The rupee in 1872 was worth one shilling and eleven pence; in 1907 one shilling and four pence, so that imports in 1873 were worth 92 cents per head, and in 1907, $2.52 per head.

The reason why it is difficult to estimate the wealth annually produced in India is that India is a land of small holdings, and there are many petty by-products on a small farm which escape the statistician, but which add materially to the comfort of the farmer's family. A patch of vegetables, a goat, and a few hens will very appreciably contribute to the health of the children, but they will elude the most vigilant statistician. As a matter of fact, the government of India does not include even the value of the straw in its estimate of the farmer's income, when imposing taxation, and therefore this not unimportant by-product of husbandry (which in India serves as cattle fodder) escapes enumeration. The truth is that both the profits and the expenses of the small farmer are made up of such petty items that they baffle the economist who would express them quantitatively. An Indian proverb well sums up the situation: "If the cost of cultivation be counted up in *money*, not even the goad will remain." Forgetting this, industrious statisticians like Mr. Digby pore over Blue Books and come to the astounding conclusion that, owing to the pressure of the land tax, the Indian farmer makes nothing out of the cultivation of his holding or works it at a loss. If statistics do indeed prove this, so much the worse for the statistics. The Indian peasant certainly does not think this is the case, for he will buy land, on which he will have to pay the tax, at as high a rate in some places as 1,000 rupees ($330) an acre. The Indian peasant may be uneducated, but he is shrewd enough not to pay four or five thousand rupees in cash for the privilege of making a loss. That something more than a bare living is to be made from a small holding in India, after paying the government land tax, is further shown by the practice of subletting which prevails extensively. In Madras, for instance, where the farmers usually hold direct from the state, it is common to find the holding sublet to an under tenant upon the metayer principle; the farmer pays the land tax and receives from the sub-tenant one-half, two-thirds, and even sometimes three-quarters of the produce. The practice of subletting is to be regretted, but at least it reduces most of Mr. Digby's calculations to so much waste paper.

T. MORISON.

Ashleigh, Weybridge, England, December 20.

[It may be worth while to recall that the point of our article was to show the existence of widespread discontent in India and some of the reasons for it. Our correspondent's statistics as to imports, if offered as proof of the prosperity of the Indian peasant, have some of the defects which he attributes to Mr. Digby's calculations. The figures themselves may be trustworthy, but to average them over the entire population of India may be misleading. The total of imports includes a large amount of supplies for the construction and maintenance of public improvements, for the English officials and for the rest of the 5,002,000 "persons of independent means" discovered by the census takers of 1901.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

In view of the Lincoln centennial, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have reissued in their Astor Edition a book first published by their firm in 1865: "Abraham Lincoln: Tributes from His Associates, Reminiscences of Soldiers, Statesmen, and Citizens." The book contains articles by George William Curtis, W. H. Herndon, Gen. Howard, and others.

The "Autobiography of Captain Zachary G. Lamson" (Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.) gives all too briefly some of the incidents of an active and honorable career in the merchant service between the years 1797 and 1814. Capt. Lamson's courage and capacity entitled him to unqualified success, but ill fortune seems to have dogged him at every turn. His story is extremely interesting. It is especially valuable in the many side lights it throws upon nautical matters during the time of the Napoleonic struggle. It is edited by O. T. Howe, who gives a painstaking and accurate account of the state of the American mercantile marine at that period and of the international complications which beset our efforts to carry on trade under the prohibitory conditions of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees on the one side and the British Orders in Council on the other. Few books of its size, if any, contain so much in these respects that is worthy of reading and preserving.

R. A. Guerber's "Myths of the Norsemen" (London: Harrap & Co.) is an agreeable reminder of a branch of legend that has been overmuch neglected. Owing, perhaps, to a certain brutality, a certain deficiency in grace, these Teutonic stories have rarely been chosen for treatment by the artist and the poet, nor have they stamped themselves with any great vividness on the popular fancy, the English-speaking peoples in particular being surprisingly ill-acquainted with them. The unprejudiced cannot but think this a matter for regret, since if these tales are not so alluring as some national legends, they are superior to most in moral elevation and human feeling. The present volume includes, as well as the myths of Asgard, the Frithiof Saga, and most of the adventures of the Volsungs. It is illustrated with reproductions of various already existing works of art, and has two indices.

French writers have given a good deal of attention in recent years to the feminine side of the house of Bonaparte. Whether in pursuance of the anthropological dictum, *cherchez la mère*, or from sheer interest in a fine old crusted character, the study of Letizia Bonaparte is fully worth while; and her daughters, their appearance, their ideas, and their adventures, transcend life and glow with the enchanting unreality of the creations of Dumas. In English they have been comparatively neglected, and here H. Noel-Williams has found an excellent opportunity for his art. His book "The Women Bonapartes" (Charles Scribner's Sons) makes no claim to contribute to the world's knowledge, but the literature of the subject has been thoroughly and intelligently used; selection has been happily made; and the mass of material has been handled lightly, with a remarkable power of condensation. Even thus, the narrative could hardly have been contained in its two volumes, but for the virtual omission of Napoleon. Of course, he is felt on every page, as the very condition of existence for his family; he is to the story what Egdon Heath is to "The Return of the Native"; his relatives watch him as a sailor watches the weather; but his own career comes before us only as it is reflected in Pauline's allowance, in Murat's infatuation, and in the cheese-parings of Madame Mère.

The title and cover of W. R. H. Trowbridge's "Seven Splendid Sinners" (Brentano's) are worse than its contents. The Duchesse de Châteauroux, the Duchess of Kendal, Catherine II of Russia, Elizabeth Chudleigh, to name the first four of the seven, are not savory subjects for biography, but Mr. Trowbridge writes with sufficient decorum, and partly justifies his choice by the historical or social significance of his subjects. The life of Elizabeth Chudleigh, the notorious Duchess of Kingston, is, perhaps, the most interesting of the seven, and here Mr. Trowbridge has drawn on a little-read source as well as Walpole's letters and the other familiar memoirs of the day. Miss Chudleigh was a characteristic phenomenon of Georgian society. In his life of the Duchess of Kendal, Mr. Trowbridge gives the usual account of Lady Darlington's relation to George I, but in his preface he retracts all this and accepts her innocence in accordance with the notes of Graf Kilmansegg's recent "Briefe des Herzogs Ernest August zu Braunschweig-Lüneburg." The editor of those letters has both national and family reasons for attempting to whitewash Lady Darlington and to refine the gross portraits of the first Brunswickers left by British writers. We can only say that an examination of his notes does not

convince us that the English sources are substantially false.

The time has not yet come for a critical study of the period and the frame of mind we call "Victorian." We are still too near it and become, in discussing its chief manifestations, either too angry, or too reverential. Fitzgerald Molloy ("Victoria Regina," Dodd, Mead & Co.) seems to have perceived this truth. At any rate, he makes no attempt at criticism. He skates serenely on the thin ice of the conventional view, hurts nobody's feelings, regards with gentlemanly regret the events of '48, takes everybody seriously except Macaulay and Carlyle, and does his best to cast a glamour over the stubborn little figure of his protagonist. The book ends with the death of the Prince Consort in 1862.

"India: Its Life and Thought," by John P. Jones, D.D. (The Macmillan Co.), is the outcome of a thirty years' experience in this land, whose inhabitants are the least understood and the most easily misunderstood of all men by the people of the West. To all who desire to learn something of the conditions and characteristics of their life and thought, it will prove exceedingly helpful. Beginning with a lucid account of the present prevailing unrest, its cause, and remedy, Dr. Jones explains at some length the system of caste, showing how it degrades manual labor, opposes commerce, and is a deadly foe to nationality and individualism. Not only so, but by its laws, fifty millions of people, the outcasts, are not permitted to enter any temples and have no right to receive whatever comforts religion may confer. An exposition of the principal religious beliefs and ideals, together with the reforms now in progress, occupies the larger part of the volume, which closes with a chapter on Christianity in India. Though the dark shadows prevail, yet there are many bright gleams and justice is paid to the redeeming traits in the Hindu character and literature. The make-up of the book is unusually good and its attractiveness is increased by sixteen full-page illustrations.

An instructive story of the ups and downs in the methods of secondary education is found in the recent Festschrift, edited by R. Büttner, under the title, "Geschichte des fürstlichen Gymnasiums Rutheneum zu Gera," and issued on the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary of this famous school (Gera: H. Kanitz), is really a history of German educational ideals *in petto* during these three centuries. The book is illustrated.

The political training and education of the masses as a burning need of the times is the theme of the new work of P. Rühlmann, in his new volume, "Politische Bildung; Ihr Wesen und ihre Bedeutung eine Grundfrage unseres öffentlichen Lebens" (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer).

"Das nächste Geschlecht, ein Buch zur Selbsterziehung für Eltern: Das sexuelle Problem in der Kindererziehung" (Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann), by Hans Wegener, author of "Wir jungen Männer," is like many other discussions that come from positivistic and monistic circles, devoted to the interests of the coming generation. Its chief purpose is to prepare young people for rational parentage. The popularity of this and kindred works in Germany can be seen from the fact that, although "Wir jungen Männer" is only recently published, 85,000 copies have been printed and the first edition of the present work is 20.000.

"Deutsche Reiter in Südwest: Selbsterlebnisse aus den Kämpfen in Deutsch-Südwestafrika, nach persönlichen Berichten," edited by Gen. F. F. von Dincklage-Campe, issued with many illustrations in twenty parts (Berlin: Deutsches Verlagshaus Bong & Co.), is a unique addition to colonial literature. It is a collection, from many sources, of adventures and experiences of German colonists in Southwestern Africa. The contents are exceedingly varied, touching problems of missions, commerce, and culture, although naturally emphasizing military events.

"Am Webstuhl der Zeit: Ein Jahrbuch," prepared by Emil Freiherr von Grotthuss (Stuttgart: Greiner & Pfeiffer), is the second issue of an exceptionally good annual, the purpose of which is chiefly to furnish an intelligent idea of the progress of thought and life during the past twelvemonth in every department of activity. The different parts are written by specialists, who, in some cases, however, do not report with perfect objectivity, but rather plead for special scientific and philosophical ideas that are still *sub judice*.

Eduard von der Hellen, in his recently issued fifth volume of "Goethes Briefe: Ausgewählt und in chronologischer Folge mit Anmerkungen" (Stuttgart: Cotta), which contains letters from 1807-1818, is approaching the close of this work. The next volume will be the last.

Students of the Nibelungenlied and the literature that has grown up about it will welcome Theodor Abeling's "Das Nibelungenlied und seine Literatur," which contains in its 257 pages a complete bibliography and four essays on the subject (Leipzig: Eduard Avenarius).

The G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung of Berlin is just issuing a new work in two volumes, "Jesus und die neutestamentlichen Schriftsteller," by the veteran Prof. Adolf Hausrath; the first, of 712 pages, has appeared, the second is promised early in 1909. The author, in his introduction, declares that this work is not intended to be controversial, but for reading and study. Not the critical but the historical and literary point of view determine the character of the contents, which are intended largely for teachers, preachers, and careful students in general. The author has sought to interpret the contents of the New Testament writings, and especially the teachings of Jesus, in the light of the historical background. Due attention is given to modern problems and perplexities.

Wilhelm Ernst, in his "Aufgabe und Arbeitsmethode der Apologetik für die Gegenwart" (Berlin: Trowitzsch & Sohn), undertakes, within a narrow compass, to adjust the problems and perplexities of apologetics to the thought of the times. The author, who evinces a good deal of independent thought, and writes suggestively, is evidently anxious to be fair to both sides, the conservative and the advanced.

The posthumous works of the independent Catholic theologian of Würzburg, Dr. Hermann Schell, have just been issued (Paderborn: Ferdinand Schoeningh) in a solid volume of more than seven hundred pages entitled "Kleinere Schriften." This volume, edited by Dr. Karl Hennemann, "mit kirchlicher Druckerlaubnis," consists of essays, addresses, sermons, and the like, all with the characteristic features of Schell's progressiveness of thought. The same house has also issued lately a brochure entitled "Hermann Schell über die soziale Frage," von W. Hohoff.

Michel Épuy has just published the "Œuvres choisies de Rudyard Kipling," with preface, critical analysis, and a portrait of Kipling.

The London *Times* of December 17 summarizes the annual report on the operation of the Rhodes scholarship system, issued December 16:

The results of the year's examinations are given in detail. In the final honor schools there were 4 first, 19 second, 15 third, and 3 fourth classes gained. Of the firsts, 3 were gained by Americans, and 1 by a colonial scholar. Three scholars took the B.Litt. degree, 3 the B.Sc., and 3 the B.C.L. The School of Economics appears to attract the German scholar, 2 of whom took the diploma "with distinction." Failures as well as successes are recorded. Two German, 3 colonial, and 4 American scholars failed to pass the examinations which they attempted. The statement made at the Colonial Institute by Professor Egerton, but not referred to in this report, that only one Rhodes scholar out of the whole body was reading for a pass degree, shows at least that the failures are incurred in facing the more severe tests of the university. The All Souls fellowship [to which a Canadian, Mr. Archibald, was elected] was the most striking success achieved during the year, but in addition to this there were gained a Burdett-Coutts scholarship in natural science, a senior demyship at Magdalen, the Beit prize and Brassey scholarship in colonial history, the Passmore Edwards scholarship in classes and English, and a geographical scholarship.

The account in the *Times* closes with this paragraph:

Most satisfactory of all, perhaps, to those who watch the working out of the idea of Cecil Rhodes, is the tribute paid by Sir William Anson in the discussion on Professor Egerton's paper last week in the Royal Colonial Institute, when he said it was felt that the Rhodes scholars had as a whole brought to the university a spirit of earnest work, and were doing Oxford good. The approval of his alma mater, and the form in which it is thus given, is what the founder himself would have most valued.

The Turkish Division of the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Institute for the Investigation of the Balkans, in Serajevo, has recently received valuable additions to its collection—a large number of archives coming from old Turkish and Bosnian noble families, together with 160 copies of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts, which begin with the year 549 of the Hegira.

J. P. Gordy, professor of the history of education in New York University, died by his own hand, December 31, at the age of fifty-seven. Grief for the loss of an only daughter, who had just died of pneumonia, was apparently the cause of his act. Professor Gordy had written largely on educational and historical topics, including "The Growth and Development of the Normal School Idea in the United States," "Text-Book on Psychology," "History of Political Parties in the United States," and "A Liberal Education in the Elementary School."

Mary Evelyn Moore Davis ("Mollie E. Davis") died in New Orleans January 1 at the age of fifty-six. Her published works include "Minding the Gap, and Other

Poems," "In War Times at La Rose Blanche," "Under the Man-Fig," "An Elephant's Track, and Other Stories," "Under Six Flags," "Wire Cutters," "The Queen's Garden," and "Jaconetta."

Émile Honoré Cazelles has died at Paris at the age of seventy-seven. He was best known for his spreading the knowledge of English philosophy in France, and his published works include translations of many volumes of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Bentham, and Grote.

THREE AMERICAN LEADERS.

John C. Calhoun. By Gaillard Hunt. Pp. 335. [The American Crisis Biographies.] Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Life of Stephen A. Douglas. By William Gardner. Pp. 239. Boston: Roxburgh Press. $1.50.

Robert E. Lee, the Southerner. By Thomas Nelson Page. Pp. 312. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Persons who a generation ago read Von Holst's highly metaphysical "Calhoun" will naturally wonder how Mr. Hunt's biography of the great South Carolinian differs from it. Von Holst knew so few personal details of Calhoun's life that, with all his imagination, he could not, he said, fancy himself walking or chatting familiarly with the nullifier, as he might with Webster or Clay. He dealt with his hero under broad, impersonal chapter-heads, which made Calhoun seem like an extraction from history. The Calhoun of Hunt's narrative, on the other hand, is a product of personal, local, sectional, and national details. As we are early made familiar with Calhoun's antecedents and traits and the shifting political influences to which he was exposed, we see no mystery in his change from nationalist to sectionalist. During the nullification movement, when personal minutiæ, social conditions, and local colors are important, Hunt is ample, vivid, and instructive. During the later period—when Calhoun attacks this, defends that, and demands something else, all in support of his theories of State rights, which were designed to shield, then strengthen, and then expand the interests on which Southern society rested—Von Holst became more and more psychological, yet as irresistible as a geometric demonstration. Mr. Hunt, however, having already shown us Calhound and the forces that affected him, does not always point out the significance of new factors during the last two decades of Calhoun's life, when he was a national leader. Von Holst is vastly superior in his philosophical grasp, but Hunt is unrivalled in description and literary flavor. It is no slight mutual compliment that two biographers, with altogether different antecedents and tastes, writing a quarter of a century apart, and working in historical materials that were only partly the same, should reach similar conclusions. This general agreement is not much disturbed by the fact that Hunt looking up to Calhoun from a commonwealth calls him a statesman, while Von Holst looking down to Calhoun from the nation is unwilling to grant quite so much.

David Franklin Houston, in his scholarly and independent "Study of Nullification in South Carolina," says (p. 72) that not Calhoun, but Robert J. Turnbull was the father of nullification: "Only the name is wanting." Mr. Hunt, however, bluntly asserts (p. 78) that Turnbull "never presented his readers with a sight of the theory of the right of nullification. Apparently he knew nothing of it or thought nothing of it." But let us give Turnbull and Calhoun each his due. Turnbull, prior to 1828, was an agitator, a political recruiting officer, but he went far enough to describe the general plan ("Crisis," pp. 152, 163): "Resistance, and *firm resistance*, is the only course to preserve the Federal Constitution in its pristine purity, and with it, the hopes of freedom." Again, "Let South Carolina act for herself, and the other States for themselves." He thought that the Legislature could express the sovereignty of the State. His expectation was that such resistance would suffice to annul the objectionable features of the tariff, "perhaps" without even "calling out the militia." Then how did Calhoun, who, until the eleventh hour was a nationalist, become leader of the sectionalists? The "tariff of abominations" (1828) made it certain that South Carolina would resist. This certainty called for a leader who understood the requirements of a campaign against the Federal government, which Turnbull did not. Calhoun, the Vice-President and new convert, was consulted and promptly wrote the "Exposition of 1828," which was a protest, a pronunciamento, and a programme, all in one. The general aim of single-State resistance within the Union, on the basis of State sovereignty, was still unchanged. Hence it is equally evident that Turnbull antedated Calhoun in demanding the substance of what was now called nullification, and that Calhoun preceded Turnbull in elaborating the details for argument and action.

Politicians, when viewed historically, are, like fordable streams, unimpressive, whereas statesmen, like navigable rivers, have a certain dignity and command respect. It is not the least of the virtues of Mr. Gardner's biographical sketch—for such it is rather than a "life"—that he treats Douglas as a politician. Any one who has closely studied Douglas's career will find hardly a new fact or thought or phrase, and at first he will wonder why the book was written. But the reader will soon discover that he is following a political sketch that is a model for clear, concise, frank expression, and is a remarkable example of a successful combination of the usually incompatible qualities of sympathy and criticism. Here are a few sentences from a characterization of Douglas that show the distinctness of the lines in this excellent biographical etching:

> He was a practical man of action, whose course was generally gulded by the accidental circumstances of the hour, rather than by fixed principles. . . . He entered the great political arena with little of either mental or moral culture. . . . His real sin was that he did not rise above the ethics of the times; that he remained deaf as an adder to the voices of the great reformers who sought to regenerate the age, and who were compelled to grapple with him in deadly struggle before they could gain footing on the stage. . . . While his ethics has fared hard, his mental gifts have been over-estimated. The availabll-ity of all his resources, his overwhelming energy and marvellous efficiency among men of intellect, gave rise to the impression that still survives that he was a man of original genius. But of all his numerous speeches, heard or read by millions, not a sentence had enough vitality to survive even one generation.

The ideals, methods, and temperament of the genuine historian or biographer are very different from those of the story-teller, who deals in colors, sentiments, impulses, contrasts, exaggerations, and almost anything that will help him to his desired climax. In fiction, it usually suffices if there is verisimilitude or plausibility. Every tradition, every common belief, every positive statement may be taken as good material to be wrought with, if it harmonize with the general setting. As a story-teller, Thomas Nelson Page compels our admiration. With the best of intentions he has written a biograpny of General Lee that would be admirable if it might be judged by the canons of fiction. Being convinced of the accuracy of traditions and reports, he accepts them without a thought of careful investigation. Accordingly he believes that secession was a Constitutional right; that Virginia was a thoroughly loyal and Union-loving State, and her convention of 1861 was almost unanimously Unionist, until the National Government by usurpations and aggressions drove the convention into secession. Lee's well-known declaration that secession would be revolution, is quoted incidentally, but not his opinion, written three days after Virginia had passed her ordinance: "The whole South is in a state of revolution, to which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn." It is nothing that those opinions represent the historical fact, for tradition tells a different story.

We recall no influential military critic who, within a decade or two, has ques-

tioned that Lee was great in attack, all but invincible in defence, and about equally audacious and successful in both strategy and tactics. Then, too, Lee's moral, like his military, qualities are now, thanks to Charles Francis Adams's fascinating and philosophical address, quite generally admired. But Mr. Page imagines Lee assailed, depreciated, sinned against, and heroically rushes to a defence that is carrying coals to Newcastle. Find a first-class villain, a traitor, even, and your hero becomes almost superhuman. It will be remembered that after Lee's death, when Longstreet had affiliated with the Republican party, the Rev. Dr. William Nelson Pendleton, a West Pointer and a clergyman, who had been Lee's chief of artillery, made a very sensational public accusation, that on the evening of the first day's fight at Gettysburg, Lee ordered Longstreet to make a flank attack on the Federal left wing early the next morning; that Longstreet inexcusably delayed and disobeyed Lee's order, and by various acts. delays, or failures to act then and later wilfully caused the battle of Gettysburg, and consequently the whole struggle, to be lost by the Confederates. Both Lee's and Pendleton's official reports on Gettysburg belie the gravamen of the charge, and Longstreet continued to be Lee's favorite. Yet to thousands, this story was balm for old but lasting disappointments. Any one could easily gain much popularity in the South by attacking Longstreet, whom no one cared to defend. Longstreet's final and thorough answer, "Lee and Longstreet at High Tide" (see the *Nation*, January 19, 1905, pp. 53-55), was published soon after his death, and more recently General Alexander's "Military Memoirs of a Confederate" (see the *Nation* of June 13, 1907, p. 542), refuted all the charges that were grave. Rank, fierce, and unchristian injustice to a gallant brother officer, who was not, indeed, without his faults, was supposed to have received its quietus. Nevertheless, Mr. Page acts as if the accusations against Longstreet had never been questioned, although on other subjects he refers to Alexander's "Memoirs." Beginning back in the campaign of 1862, Mr. Page gradually and skilfully inspires a prejudice against Longstreet until the reader is prepared for this sentence (p. 187):

> It used to be common soon after the war for old Confederate officers to declare that he [Longstreet] should have been shot immediately after the battle [Gettysburg], and that Napoleon would certainly have done so. But Lee was cast in a different mould.

There's a fine climax, indeed!

To make the villain all the blacker, the fleet and ready Jackson is put in contrast. But even "Stonewall" was slow and fatally disappointed expectations in the peninsular campaign. Next to climaxes and contrasts, fiction-writers have a genius for rescues. Mr. Page recently received a letter whose writer says (pp. 106, 107) that at the time of the battle of the first Cold Harbor, Jackson's guide told him that Jackson arrived late because the road had been lost as a result of changes wrought by the armies. This hearsay evidence—only forty-six years old—is conclusive, and the letter is printed as an appendix. But, alas, the serious blot on "Stonewall's" record is that, a few days later, he lost a whole day at White Oak Swamp, when he heard the guns near Glendale (Frazier's Farm) and knew that he was expected and needed. With a light touch, Mr. Page says (p. 103) that "the failure of some of his [Lee's] lieutenants to grasp the situation prevented the complete success of his plans." To have named Jackson would have shown that he was twice delinquent in a few days, and would have made a parallel instead of a contrast with Longstreet.

Among many other choice historical novelties, Mr. Pages furnishes touching and conclusive evidence that Gen. Sherman made war on women and children by saying (p. 168) that when Howell Cobb's plantation was devastated by Sherman in 1864, Cobb "was in his honored grave two years ere this, having fallen at the foot of Marye's Heights, as a brave man falls, holding back brave men." Who knows but that if a kind Providence had not decided that Howell Cobb was to survive the war several years and die in the peaceful old Fifth Avenue Hotel, he might have fought in Virginia, and even have been among the honored dead at Fredericksburg?

The perfect biography of Lee will be the one that gives the facts in a plain and limpid narrative, for Lee's irresistibly noble character needs none of the arts of fiction nor the errors of tradition. And his greatest virtues and talents were so superior and rare that it would be vanity to claim that they were typical of any State or section or nation or race.

CURRENT FICTION.

Kincaid's Battery. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In "The Cavalier" Mr. Cable startled some of his old admirers and made many new ones by producing a story of adventurous and even sensational cast, wherein were many more heroic feats and hairbreadth 'scapes than seemed to the point—for Mr. Cable. The charm of the early tales was independent of mere happenings: it lay partly in the quaint indigenousness of his material, partly in the playful deliberation of his style, the affectionate raillery with which he pictured the life of old New Orleans. There was always the sense of historic reality in his human types and their settings; but they seemed as far as possible from the stage puppet and back-scene of the ordinary historical novel. "The Grandissimes" belongs to that vivid moment in the life of New Orleans which followed the cession of Louisiana. Who can forget the great Numa, the patriot and artist Raoul Innerarity, poor Palmyre—above all, the ladies Nancanou? The very perfume of that romantic hour is treasured up for us in this essential book. "The Cavalier" seemed neither better nor worse than other war-time romances, unless—as was not impossible—one were to consider its style by itself—its style rather in the smaller sense.

"Kincaid's Battery" stands upon distinctly firmer ground. There are, to be sure, incidents in it of a superfluously exciting or confounding nature, and a person or two in whom it is impossible to believe. The beautiful and villanous Flora Valcour and her equally wicked and charming grandmother-accomplice are too bad to be true. And the machinery provided for our adventuresses—the hidden sliding panel, the stolen treasure, and that mysteriously prolonged immunity from the ordinary rewards of theft, slander, malice, and all uncharitableness—are ancient devices indeed. Anna Callender marks a return to Mr. Cable's earlier type of heroine from the stalwart she of "The Cavalier." She loves with a soft ferocity, and with a soft ferocity denies her love and beats back the object of it—till the moment of absolute surrender comes. It is she rather than the creole Flora who reminds us enchantingly of Aurore and Clotilde Nancanou. Perhaps the tale pleases us chiefly because it takes us back to the old scene and the old figures. The place is New Orleans and the time the outbreak of the civil war. In Kincaid's Battery, equipped and blessed by the ladies of New Orleans, are enrolled a Fusilier, an Innerarity, divers Grandissimes, and (Ah, lovely Clotilde!) two Frowenfelds. The pale features of Doctor Sevier and the cheerful or anxious faces of other old acquaintances hover in the background. We could well forego the story for the sake of drawing somewhat closer to these ancient intimates.

From the point of view of the romance-reader that is no doubt a delightful incident which brings together between two opposing battle-lines the hero (who ought to be commanding his battery), the heroine, who, without knowing that he is anywhere near, has called to him audibly on general principles, and the adventuress, who has followed him and takes the opportunity to cling about his neck in full view of and to the utter confusion of the heroine. It will be rather deplored by Mr. Cable's older readers, who yet may, by way of recompense, find so much elsewhere in the book to reassure them of his con-

tinued power to weave the old spells. The theatrical inventions might, we say, be dispensed with. The atmosphere of the tale, the aroma of that war-time beauty and valor of the South, are as distinguishable as that perfume of the older Louisiana, the Louisiana of "The Grandissimes" and "Doctor Sevier."

Mirage. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

If "Mirage" were less well-written, it would be less exasperating. As it stands, the old Vicomte has an undeniable reality that makes one resent a certain suggestion of gloating in the author's way of bedecking him with borrowed joys only to pull them off again, leaving him all the colder for having known what warmth might mean. One by one—not by the will of Fate, but by the unmistakable agency of the writer—Monsieur du Guesclin is given a cottage in the country, the promise of a fortune, the ghost of an old love reincarnated in the loved one's daughter. The girl naturally turns to youth; her uncle, who has dabbled disastrously in speculation, recoups himself through the generosity of her elderly suitor; the promised fortune proves a delusion, and we leave the poor old seigneur back in the detested city, the shades of the prison-house of a London lodging closing about him, stripped even of the few trinkets that linked him to the past. We are quite resigned to his loss of Rozanne—he would never have been so happy with the reality as with the dream—but we rebel against the sacrifice of the snuff-box. At that point the author crosses the dangerous line between the pathetic and the merely irritating. This tendency gratuitously to over-scarify the reader's feelings mars slightly even the charming quaintness of the loves of Courtot, the Vicomte's servant, and Mrs. Bulpitt, kindly and homely souls that the average reader will pronounce the real hero and heroine of the story.

Das hohe Lied Von Hermann Sudermann. New York: Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.

It is difficult to judge the later work of Sudermann without referring to the earlier. The issues so strongly presented in his first story, "Frau Sorge" (known in the English version as "Dame Care"), the powerful drama of the sins of the fathers unjustly visited upon the children in "Der Katzensteg" (called in the English translations "Regina" and "The Cat's Bridge"), and the tragedy of wrong and repentance in the life of his Leo Sellenthin in "Es War," force comparisons between the new writing and the old. The moralist who startled Berlin audiences with his early dramas of contemporary German life, "Ehre" and "Sodoms Ende," is also behind the novelist Sudermann. But neither he nor his readers have stood still in the twenty years or more. While in his early stories he was content with suggesting the moral lesson, in his recent novel he conveys it by picturing depravity with an abundance of minute and repulsive detail as needless for artistic effect as for ethical purpose. He commands respect for his seriousness and insistence, but he fails to win the sympathy of his readers.

"Das hohe Lied" is a masterpiece of the Sudermann of to-day. For construction of plot, characterization of his people, and faithful reproduction of atmosphere few recent works of German fiction can compete with it. The title, too, is well chosen; for the great unappreciated work of genius, which the Kapellmeister Czepanek has composed to the words of the Song of Songs, strikes the keynote of the tale. The heroine had heard its sensuous melodies in her cradle; she had grown up with them until the day when the erratic musician, her father, leaves wife and child for a life of liberty in regions unknown. The manuscript remained her only solace and treasure, when, after the mother's incarceration in an insane asylum, she is alone in the world and enters upon the sordid struggle for her daily bread—a life almost commonplace in its typical sequence of poverty, temptation, and defection. The girl, who, in order to escape the misery of insufficient food and clothes, agrees to wed an aged libertine, is unfortunately not a rare specimen of womanhood. Nor does the inevitable awakening which comes to her with all its obvious consequences tax the author's inventive powers. Reality furnished him with all the raw material.

The strength of the book lies in the sympathetic individualization of character. A curious product of heredity, social conditions, and adventitious circumstances, the heroine has withal some redeeming qualities. Without claiming for her the unsullied purity of Wassermann's Renate Fuchs, the author fairly succeeds in convincing us of the innate goodness of Lily Czepanek's nature. The man whom she marries, a colonel of the army, reconciles us by the sincerity of his cynicism. When their married life closes with an ugly discord, one feels that both have reaped their reward; she for having sold body and soul for material comfort, he for having sought nothing but the satisfaction of his senses. The objectionable features are the minor characters and incidents which the author crowds into his canvas, evidently for the purpose of convincing his readers of the hopelessly vicious life of the Berlin Bohême. Even if there are characters like the journalist Salmoni, the artist Kellermann, and the charming Frau Jula among the men and women of the newspaper and studio world of the German metropolis, one would rather be spared the minute portrayal of them, and the elaborate description of their pastimes.

The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing, 1200-1600. By Alice Stopford Green. Pp. xvi+510. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

A positive mania for publishing abroad the virtues and glories of the Irish race, and for correcting the numerous wrongs and misconceptions to which it has been exposed, has pursued Mrs. J. R. Green like an avenging fury for the past half-dozen years. The present work—consisting of thirteen essays on various phases of Irish life in the Middle Ages and Tudor times—is a valiant effort to accomplish this double result. But the book utterly fails to convince. Its proud scorn of the traditional authorities on its subject—as, for instance, Bagwell's "Ireland under the Tudors"—evokes at first sight a hesitating admiration; but on second reading we find ourselves wishing that Mrs. Green had at least kept in some touch with, even if she could not implicitly trust, the work of previous laborers in this vineyard. On the other hand, the quotation of a number of objurgations and abusive epithets, culled here and there from the reports of English officials in Ireland, without the slightest regard to the circumstances under which they were written or the persons to whom they were addressed, is not a very telling method of proving that Ireland has been shockingly misrepresented from the earliest times. One might as well cite Henry VIII's well-known characterization of the rebels of the Pilgrimage of Grace as the "rude commons of our shire, and that one of the most brute and beestelie of the whole realme," as evidence that the English kings never comprehended the undoubted virtues of the inhabitants of Lincolnshire. We look in vain for a frank statement of the many causes that justified the Tudor sovereigns in taking Ireland firmly in hand, especially the divergence in religion and the fact that it was a continual refuge and harboring place for Spanish plots and hostile expeditions. And the chief landmarks of Irish history, to which we have been accustomed to look for guidance—such as Poyning's Acts, Henry VIII's assumption of the title of King of Ireland, the landing of the first Jesuit mission there—are either slurred over or completely ignored.

That the Irishman has been abominably misunderstood and maltreated by the Englishman at different stages of his history, no one is disposed to deny, and we must be grateful to Mrs. Green for forbearing to utilize the rich material afforded by the history of the last three centuries in further support of this well-

established fact. But that English misconception and maltreatment are the sole or even the most important cause of the miserable condition of Ireland today, that there has been a "long perversion of Irish history" in the interest of politics, or that it has always been supposed to be the business of the historian of Ireland "to seek out every element of political instability, every trace of private disorder, every act of personal violence, every foreign slander, and out of these alone, neglecting all indications of industry or virtue, to depict a national life" (p. xi), may well be doubted. The Irish race has always possessed certain sterling qualities—warm-heartedness and personal devotion are among the most prominent—but, on the other hand, it has been singularly lacking in capacity for self-government, stability, and union. Though it has had many heroes, their work has always been of a character rather local than national, and the glories of Irish history have suffered in consequence. In so far as Mrs. Green's book is a plea for a fuller and more impartial study of the field with which it deals, it is heartily to be welcomed; but we fear that future writers who follow to their logical conclusion the lines of argument which she has laid down, will find, ere long, that they serve to obscure rather than to illuminate the truth.

From Peking to Mandalay: A Journey from North China to Burma through Tibetan Ssuch'uan and Yunnan. By R. F. Johnston. Pp. xii+460; with maps and illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

This is the story of a wanderer in search of things strange and beautiful. His chief aim was to learn something about that wild border-land on the far west of China. Its interest lies both in the loveliness and grandeur of its river and mountain scenery, and in the number and diversity of the races by which it is peopled, of whose origin and history, social, physical, and linguistic peculiarities little is known. Having travelled extensively in China and learned the language, Mr. Johnston was well qualified for his task. Leaving Peking in January, 1906, he went by rail to Hankow, and thence up the Yangtse by steamer and through the famous rapids and gorges by "red-boat." This is the name of the government life-boats now stationed near each of the most dangerous rapids and manned by skilful and daring river-men, who annually save many lives from the wrecked junks. At Wan-hsien he left the river and went overland to Ch'eng-tu, the capital city of the province of Ssuch'uan. On his way thither he found posted in the towns and villages proclamations calling the attention of the people to a railway which the government proposed to construct from the capital to the Yangtse. The announcement pointed out the great benefits to the trade and prosperity of the province, and invited subscriptions for shares. To those who can remember that only thirty years ago the prejudice of the Chinese against railways was so great that the government bought the little road running out of Shanghai, sold the plant, and tore up the rails, this is a remarkable indication of progress. In Ch'eng-tu there is a provincial college with about three hundred students, who are being educated in Western as well as Chinese branches of learning:

> There is an Englishman who lectures on chemistry and physics, there are several Japanese lecturers and a staff of Chinese teachers who have a knowledge of European languages.

From this city he went by the mountain region which constitutes the western frontier of the empire through Yunnan to Burma—the whole journey taking a little over five months.

The larger part of the book is devoted to this little-travelled region, and as the author's object is to give information rather than to furnish entertainment, the work is not easy reading. There are minute details of the route followed, numerous references to the different tribes encountered, and their racial affinities and origin, a summary of the results of his and other travellers' ethnological investigations, a discussion of Chinese Buddhism, with special reference to a visit to the shrines on the sacred mountain Omei, and many suggestions as to feasible trade-routes between Burma and China. An indication of the undeveloped mineral wealth of that western region is to be found in the fact that in one place coal was so abundant that the poorest peasants freely used it for heating and cooking. The concluding chapter upon the present conditions in China is suggestive and valuable. In Mr. Johnston's opinion, the stage of civilization which the Chinese have reached is much higher than is generally believed. As a proof of their law-abiding character, he tells us, from his own experience as district officer and magistrate of the leased territory Weihaiwei, that in this district, 200 square miles in extent, with about 200 villages and nearly 100,000 inhabitants, there are only eight policemen; yet during a recent period of six months there were only reported three cases of robbery. "During more than two years in Weihaiwei I have tried Englishmen and Japanese for being drunk and disorderly, but never a single Chinese." The neighboring districts under Chinese rule, he adds, are just as well behaved, if not, indeed, better. The book contains an excellent index and an appendix containing notes, vocabularies of six tribal languages, and the itinerary. The illustrations are reproductions of photographs, many of the wonderful mountain scenery, a fairyland of beauty.

Primary Elections. By C. E. Merriam. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.35.

The preëminence which ancient Greece has long been accorded as a bazaar of political curiosities can no longer be conceded, in view of such an exhibition as Professor Merriam makes in his "Primary Elections." The aspiration of Edward Everett's school-boy orator that Columbia's soil may—

> Exceed what Greece or Rome has done
> Or any land beneath the sun.

has been satisfied in this particular. It is amazing what an intricate plexus of legal regulation has grown up about what was originally, and still is in other countries, a very simple matter. And the process of change continues, producing additional complexity, in conformity with the general principle that one organic change tends ever to initiate another. Professor Merriam remarks that no sooner was the movement for compulsory regulation of party action generally successful than a demand arose for abolishing the convention system, and for establishing the direct primary. Now that the direct primary is so widely introduced that it is the predominant form of party action, "there is discernible a powerful movement in favor of nomination by petition as a substitute both for the convention system and for the direct primary" (p. 135)

Professor Merriam himself thinks that the advantages of the direct primary outweigh the defects, but he points out that there are possibilities of abuses that have already begun to excite demands for further reform. Some of the defects are decidedly curious. For instance, Mr. Anderson has a substantial advantage over Mr. Zimmerman in candidacy, because of mere alphabetical priority. To secure equity in this respect, it is suggested that "the order of printing may be changed in such a way that the name of each of the candidates shall appear first an approximately equal number of times" (p. 143). Another point is advantage derived from casual notoriety:

> There is much evidence tending to show that the well-known man, regardless of what he is known for, has an advantage in the race for the nomination over one better qualified, but less generally known (p. 122).

So then, when the suffragettes get their inning, the name and fame of a Lydia Pinkham may become a valuable political asset. The expense of the direct primary is also a trouble. Professor Merriam admits that there is serious dan-

ger that "the man without large means may find it almost impossible to enter the primary lists, or that he may incur obligations of a character that may interfere with his usefulness to the public." It is suggested that this danger may be mitigated by public appropriation "to defray a part of the expenses of candidates in primaries" (p. 174). In support of this suggestion reference is made to President Roosevelt's recommendation of public subsidies to party campaign funds. The adoption of this policy would be a new point of departure for evolutionary process that should yield interesting developments. Infant industries in party-manufacture and candidacy would naturally claim generous consideration.

Altogether, the facts presented by Professor Merriam abundantly sustain his conclusion:

> No friend of direct nomination should indulge the pleasant dream that the adoption of a law providing for such a system will, of itself, act as a cure for the present-day party evils.

Indeed, the great merit of this work is that it is a timely demonstration of the absurdity of the present multiplicity of elective offices. While he is an advocate of the method, Professor Merriam admits that the direct primary "will not achieve its full results until the number of elective offices is materially reduced." Perhaps, then, the importance of the whole subject may be correspondingly reduced.

Science.

THE MESSINA EARTHQUAKE: PREDICTION AND PROTECTION.

When the man of science is asked "What caused the earthquake?" he must confess to ignorance. It was either subterranean steam, or unequal yielding to internal contraction of immense blocks of the earth's crust, or deep-seated movements of lavas slowly rising under Ætna. Or, what is still more likely, it was all three of these in mutual dependence. If we maintained earth observatories as we do astronomical ones, we might know, and we might perhaps have predicted and forewarned.

This new catastrophe is the thirteenth of the century, and brings the death-list to about 300,000, or 100 persons a day since January 1, 1901. An eruption of Ætna is also beginning and may still further swell the fatal roll. The record includes Guatemala, Martinique, St. Vincent, Mobile, Galveston, San Francisco, Valparaiso, Jamaica, Kartaghan, India, Calabria, Vesuvius, and Messina. The property loss is countless millions. Eight of these places are American. At all of them the destruction has been wrought by natural agencies. In the cases of Mobile and Galveston, there was definite prediction by the Weather Bureau. This office, which systematically records the movements of the atmosphere at widely distributed stations, is now recognized as one of the most efficient, valuable, and humane scientific organizations in the world. Similar meteorological establishments are maintained by all civilized nations. The other disasters were occasioned by volcanoes or earthquakes. The coast-lines of the world are dotted with volcanoes, and no region is known which is exempt from earthquakes. No geologist in the United States would venture to deny, for example, the statement that New York city is just as liable to a great earthquake disaster as was Charleston in 1886. With these facts before us, it would seem justifiable to call science to account for its attitude with regard to the lithosphere (or rock-crust) as contrasted with its point of view concerning the atmosphere. Sometimes a great affliction, like this which has stunned and mutilated Italy, may work beneficently by stimulating men to a new vision of their usefulness.

A great convention of American geologists has just completed its deliberations in Baltimore. All of these men are interested in earthquakes, but probably not half a dozen members of the society have any technical or mathematical knowledge of them, and not many more have ever experienced one. The idea that such experience is important for a geologist would be scouted as a jest. Many of these men are teachers in universities. If a Martian astronomer were to appear suddenly among them, after returning from a visit to the Lowell observatory at Flagstaff, where his own existence had been so wonderfully interpreted, the following dialogue might be expected:

"Where you know the heavens so well, of course your own earth is to you as an open book?"

"Yes," reluctantly.

"You have observatories for the recording of all earth phenomena?"

"No."

"What! Did you not learn everything about local terrestrial motions before you studied the stars?"

"No, we do not know anything about terrestrial movements."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have not many instruments for observing them?"

"We have the seismograph, but none of us understands it, and as for other earth motions, all we know we have learned from the physicist and the astronomer."

"But you live on the earth, and have to meet every crisis as it arises; can you foretell nothing?"

"Well, you see, we don't think of it that way. We treat it historically, and make notes, and use a hammer and a compass, and are very much interested in the bones of Jurassic reptiles and in making maps of the rocks, and in finding out all about iron and coal. But we have no such precise knowledge as the astronomer."

"But surely, in teaching your young men in the universities, you begin by precise instrumental study of the present earth and its processes, and have a vast accumulation of experience concerning those processes, in the form of tables, measurements, formulæ, curves, diagrams, and computations?"

"No, almost nothing has been done in accumulating experience or empirical data, *except by the Japanese*. When a volcanic eruption or an earthquake occurs we send a geologist to study the results, and he writes a thick and learned report. We do not know anything about what the conditions were during the months before the disaster. We teach our young geologists first a little physics and chemistry, and a few generalities about earth process, and then set them to work mapping ancient rocks. The *highest* development of geology is the unravelling of the history of the past. We haven't time to go into prediction and humanistic geology."

The above is not exaggerated. The blame does not rest with the geologist, it rests rather with the haphazard growth of the science. The very proximity of the earth has made terrestrial observation and measurement difficult, in view of the littleness of man. This plea, however, can no longer be urged in extenuation of the neglect of the study of earth process. We have a considerable knowledge of physical science, and there are many instruments applicable to the earth. There is a very precise science known as geodesy, which has for its object the determination of the figure of the earth. There is geology, which aims to decipher earth history. Between these two there is needed a new science, many phases of which are now being studied, and this might well be named geonomy, the science of the laws which govern the earth.

There is one grave difficulty in the way of rapid development of this science, and that is expense. It is a science that calls for the establishment of observatories in many lands. These observatories will have for their objects the study of the changes which are going on in the crust of the earth under them and the relations of those changes to astronomical and meteorological changes. The new science, like astronomy and the study of the atmosphere, deals with moving things and so requires continuous local records, through weeks and months and years. Seismographs, microphones, magnetographs, gravity, pendulums, pyrometers, tromometers, gas-collecting apparatus, and many special instruments adapted to

local needs are among the devices with which an earth observatory should be equipped.

The natural places for establishing such observatories at first are lands where the earth movements are most rapid, regions of volcanoes and frequent earthquakes. In such establishment, the Japanese have taken the lead, and their island empire is girdled with observatories. The writer has before him a pamphlet, in English, printed in Tokio in October, 1908, containing eleven contributions to practical seismology by a Japanese investigator, F. Omori, the first of which bears the significant title "On the Fore-Shocks of Earthquakes." Dr. Omori declares, "My belief is that a large destructive earthquake will be foretold in its epicentral region by some fore-shocks," and this belief he substantiates by exact instrumental proofs.

With reference to Sicily, it is well to make note of the fact that an American volcanologist, Frank Alvord Perret, has predicted disaster on Mount Etna for two years past. Mr. Perret, who was decorated by the Crown of Italy for his splendid service to science and to humanity on Vesuvius in 1906, wrote in the *World's Work* of November, 1907:

> By the rational methods of scientific research, we know that a great eruption of Mt. Etna is impending, the only uncertainty at present being which side of the mountain will break open.

Great volcanic eruptions are preceded by great earthquakes, and the Messina disaster of December 28 comes on an earthquake date ("terrestrial maximum of gravitational stress") actually platted in advance by Mr. Perret on his diagrams for 1908. Like Dr. Omori, he is a man whose whole time is unselfishly devoted to these studies, but he has no observatory and no adequate means of support. A few business men in Springfield, Mass., last year came valiantly to his aid, and now their foresight is worthy of all honor. When young men think of making science their life-work, it would be well to remember Pasteur, and to consider carefully whether the highest development of the investigative faculties may not concern itself with humane rather than with historical motives. To those who will give time and money to the establishment of earth observatories, there will come by way of reward some of the most astonishing discoveries of the twentieth century.

Plans have been prepared in Boston for an earthquake-proof observatory and museum, built on Japanese lines, to be equipped with instruments for measuring earth tremor, earth waves, earth sounds, earth tilt, earth gravity, and earth magnetism. It is proposed to secure an endowment which will provide for expeditions as the most important work of the observatory, whereby trained men will be sent to volcanic lands to carry on research which may not be done at home. The Geological Society of America has passed urgent resolutions strongly recommending "to governments and to private enterprise the establishment of volcano and earthquake observatories." What should be done in New York? It may be well to state briefly the vision of what *could* be done to set an example to the world: Provide $4,200,000. Erect ten small observatories costing $20,000 each, in New York, Porto Rico, Canal Zone, San Francisco, Alaska, Aleutian Islands, Philippines, Hawaii, Scotland, and Sicily. With $200,000 per annum, the income of four millions, supply each observatory with $10,000 per annum to maintain its director, assistant, and expenses, and reserve $100,000 for the central office for administration, exploration, and publication. Define the objects of the work to be direct measurement and record of earth process with a view to the benefit of humanity. Define three immediate goals for the investigators: (1) Prediction of earthquakes; (2) prediction of volcanic eruptions; (3) engineering and construction in volcanic and seismic lands. The objects of the two European stations are to cover the important volcanic fields of Iceland, the east Atlantic, and southern Italy, and to keep in touch with the advance of European science. The work would be strictly American, and if it were carried out, it would be epoch-making in the history of science.

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J. G. Spurzheim's "Phrenology," which attracted attention seventy-five years ago, has been reprinted, with some abbreviations, by the J. B. Lippincott Co. As a literary curiosity it is even more interesting than Dr. Gall's classical fantasies.

"Kulturpflanzen der Weltwirthschaft" is an illustrated volume written by different authors (Leipzig: Voigtländer), containing interesting accounts of the discovery and development of tea, coffee, cotton, and other useful plants, their diffusion among various nations, as well as their influence on industrial, commercial, and social life and on the growth of civilization and human customs and character in general. Especially entertaining and instructive is the chapter on the origin and cultivation of tobacco. One aspect of these investigations deserves special mention. The stamp impressed by the physical world upon races and its influence in determining the peculiarities of men and nations have long been recognized; and there are systems of anthropology and ethnology and philosophies of history, which admit only these material causes and derive from them all so-called moral and mental characteristics. But it is only in comparatively recent times that the counterpart of this view has been considered and that the effects of human action in modifying the aspect of nature and in changing the physical condition of the earth have attracted the serious attention of scientific men. One of the most interesting phases of this subject is the transformations produced in the flora, as well as the fauna, of a country, a phenomenon which has been observed on a large scale since the discovery of the Western hemisphere. In Greece and Italy these processes have greatly changed the primitive physiognomy of those lands. Imagine the effect of removing the aloe and the cactus from the rock coast of the Mediterranean; and yet these prickly plants of bluish-green with fleshy leaves and gorgeous blossoms, which harmonize so well with the landscape, have been introduced from South America during the last three centuries. The cypress, with its gloomy but grateful shade, is a native of the mountains of Afghanistan; the orchards of olive and fig-trees are from Palestine and Syria; and the splendid palms in the cloistered court of SS. Giovanni e Paolo on the Cælian Mount and in the magnificent grove of Bordighera between Genoa and Nice are exiles from Arabia and the oases of the Sahara.

The advent of the Chinese woman doctor was celebrated a few weeks ago by the conferring of diplomas on six graduates of the Women's Medical School at Shanghai. It was founded three years ago, the funds having been provided by Li-Ping-Shu, president of the Chinese Town Council. The principal is a Chinese woman who has received an advanced education in Canton and Hongkong; and there are thirty students. Each of the six graduates read essays, two of which were in English.

George Washington Hough, professor of astronomy at Northwestern University and director of the Dearborn Observatory, died suddenly January 1 at his home in Evanston. He was seventy-two years old. Professor Hough's greatest contributions to science were his observations regarding the planet Jupiter. He discovered and measured more double stars than any other astronomer now living, about 550 in all. His inventions include a device for making maps of stars during observation, and many other scientific instruments now used in observatories. Besides contributions to the magazines, he published "Annals of the Dudley Observatory."

The death is announced of C. E. Stuyvaert of the Royal Observatory of Belgium. He was born in 1851, and began his work at the observatory (then at Brussels) in 1879. He was engaged, at the time of his death, on a large-scale globe of the moon

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Drama.

The Bohemian Jinks. By Porter Garnett. San Francisco: The Hicks Publishing Company.

Mr. Garnett has written an interesting book, describing the origin and growth of the forest dramas, produced annually in midsummer by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. When these celebrations began, thirty years ago, they were exceedingly informal, but gradually, after the club had acquired possession of two hundred and forty acres of forest land,

at Guerneville, seventy-five miles from San Francisco, they began to assume a distinctive and elaborate form, of a musical, dramatic, allegorical, and spectacular character. Thus, within the last decade the performances have included pieces—akin both to the ancient masques and modern fairy extravaganza—bearing such titles as "The Enigma of Life," "The Man in the Forest," "Montezuma," "The Hamadryads," and "The Triumph of Bohemia," the work of well known literary men and artists, members of the club, and presented with striking instrumental, vocal, and electric effects. The peculiar feature of these performances is that they occur at night in the natural woodland and that all artificial mechanism is carefully hidden. The proscenium of the theatre is formed by two huge redwood trees, at the foot of a steep ascent, thickly covered by brush. A series of foot-paths connect invisible platforms, constructed one above another, on the face of the hill. From the front, the effect is one of virgin forest, but actually there is a stage of many tiers, conveying a sense of space and distance, and facilities for grouping, impossible in the ordinary theatre.

Open-air drama, of course, is no new thing, either in the old or new worlds, but these Californian Bohemians appear to have improved upon precedent, by devising allegorical spectacles suitable to the natural conditions and on that account peculiarly impressive. They have succeeded, also, apparently, in making romance realistic by a complete avoidance of theatrical convention. Mr. Garnett, perhaps, overrates the significance of these celebrations as a new type of drama—their characteristics being directly traceable to local influences and special opportunities—but there seems to be no doubt that in literary and imaginative quality they are out of the common.

"Aristophanische Studien," by Hugo Weber (Leipzig: Theodor Weicher), is a recent book which treats in scholarly fashion some leading perplexities in the comedies of Aristophanes.

A noteworthy collection of famous German dramas is edited by Prof. Georg Witkowski under the title, Die Meisterwerke der deutschen Bühne (Leipzig: Max Hesse). Recent additions are Karl Gutzkow's comedies, "Zopf und Schwert," "Das Urbild des Tartüffe," and "Der Königsleutnant," with introduction and notes by Dr. Alfred Klaar. Dr. Klaar is also responsible for the introduction and the notes of Gutzkow's tragedy, "Uriel Acosta," which is perhaps the best known of his dramas, and which has been translated into English by Richard Hovey. Heinrich Laube's "Karlsschüler," the famous play which makes use of some of Schiller's experiences at the school of his patron, the Duke of Würtemberg, and his tragedy, "Graf Essex," are introduced and annotated by Prof. Alexander von Weilen.

The Volks-Schillerpreis of 3,000 marks was recently awarded to Ernst Hardt, in recognition of his five-act drama, "Tantris der Narr." His competitors were Julius Bab, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and K. Gjelleruv.

Music.

Edvard Grieg. Von Gerhard Schjelderup and Walter Niemann. Leipzig: C. F. Peters.

Larger Piano Compositions. Edvard Grieg. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Fifty Songs. Edvard Grieg. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Edvard Grieg is dead, but his music is more alive than ever. In addition to the copyrighted Copenhagen and Leipzig editions of his works, there are more than forty American reprints of them, and no name on a concert programme is more popular than his. Books on his art and personality also are multiplying rapidly. For many years Closson's French brochure was the only source of information. Then came Schjelderup's biography, in Norwegian, which was followed by the first book in English, H. T. Finck's "Edvard Grieg" (in John Lane's Living Masters of Music series), of which a greatly enlarged new edition is now in press. George Bell & Sons published last spring in their Miniature Series a little book of eighty pages by E. Markham Lee. A month ago the Leipzig firm of C. F. Peters, which has published Grieg's music ever since 1863, issued a quasi-official biography by Schjelderup and Niemann; and the latest issue of the Peters catalogue also announces the forthcoming reminiscences (including 198 Grieg letters) of his friend, Julius Roentgen, the eminent Dutch composer and editor of Grieg's posthumous works. These works, which are just out, include a string quartet, eleven songs, three pianoforte pieces, and the orchestral score of the "Peer Gynt" music complete.

During the last decade of his life Grieg was repeatedly offered large sums for his autobiography, but his health was too poor (for forty years he had only one lung to breathe with) to allow him to undertake a task requiring such a prolonged effort. This is to be greatly regretted, for the story of his life, told by himself, would have made very interesting reading. His letters are characterized by the same clearness, individuality, directness, northern sentiment, and mingled melancholy and gayety as his songs and pianoforte pieces. His skill in literary composition was publicly revealed in articles on Schumann and Mozart which he wrote for the *Century Magazine* and one on Verdi, which was printed in the *Nineteenth Century* and *Littell's Living Age*. Parts of an amusing and vivid autobiographic sketch covering his childhood and his student days at the Leipzig conservatory appeared in the *Contemporary Review*. The whole of this sketch, in the original German, is reprinted in the volume by Schjelderup and Niemann now before us, and will make every reader wish it had been continued. Schjelderup, who contributes the biographic half of this volume, is one of the ablest of the younger Norwegian composers; and, what is more, he knew Grieg personally. Some letters to him from the great composer are included, but what gives this book a unique value is the interwoven letters to his Leipzig publisher, Max Abraham (head of the Peters firm), with whom Grieg corresponded forty years. These letters are not only delightfully intimate, but in some cases they take the place of chapters in the missing autobiography. After the death of this friend, they were addressed to his nephew and successor, Herr Hinrichsen, to whom he wrote among other things a most vivid account of two days spent with the German Emperor on his yacht—a letter which shows the Kaiser in one of his most characteristic attitudes as a musical enthusiast. There is also a full epistolary account of the festivities attending Grieg's silver wedding.

From these letters and the details supplied by the author, we learn that Grieg, despite his ill-health, enjoyed life on the whole and seldom felt the *tædium vitæ*, as his friend Liszt so often did. He even joked about his infirmities, regretting only that they so seldom allowed him to enjoy the raptures of creative work, or make arduous excursions to the mountains for the collecting of folk songs. Concerning old age, he agreed with his friend Herzogenberg, who said: "Life is a dinner. I have come to the cheese, which tastes very good." He might have lived longer, could he have resisted the invitations to give concerts. On this point he wrote, in March, 1906:

> From a financial point of view, I can get along without these concerts, and a public appearance is the most terrible thing I know of. My nerves, my entire person, suffers indescribable tortures, but a certain something, I know not what, urges me on irresistibly. A beautiful orchestral performance of my works and a sympathetic audience are things I cannot resist. That, I think, is what makes me act so foolishly.

Grieg's compositions are analyzed at considerable length in the second part of this volume by Walter Niemann, with an enthusiasm tempered by criticism. A few errors have crept into the last chapter. Grieg did not speak English so well as he did German and he did not write his article on Mozart in English. The *Century* is not published by the Macmil-

lan Company, and the Old Norwegian Romance is not opus 50 but 51. There is a good bibliography, and a considerable number of pictures and facsimiles add to the attractiveness of the volume.

Greig is now also represented in the Musicians Library of the Oliver Ditson Company. Two volumes have been issued at once. One contains six of the more important works for pianoforte—the Humoresques, the sonata, opus 7, Sketches of Norwegian Life, the Ballade in G minor, the antique suite "From Holberg's Times," and the admirable concerto, with the orchestral part arranged for the same instrument, so that it can be played on two pianos. The editor of this volume is Bertha Feiring Tapper, who has supplied a brief introduction. The other volume contains Grieg's best fifty songs and has a more elaborate introduction by Henry T. Finck, who is so fortunate as to be able to cite Grieg's own opinion of this selection:

> Always the critics have pointed out my least important things as the best, and unfortunately also, vice versa. How happy I am that this is not the case with you. You have in the main dwelt on the very songs which I myself consider the best.

E. H. Hadow, one of the leading musical scholars of England, is at work on a life of Schubert, which will no doubt be the last word—and the best—on that subject. He has the private notes collected by Grove for his work on Schubert.

Art.

The Flowers and Gardens of Japan. Painted by Ella DuCane; described by Florence DuCane. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

The flowers and the gardens of Japan are already the subject of so many books that every new work on the topic must, in order to secure attention, bring some fresh attraction. The present volume offers us extremely interesting pictures in color, together with a modest and pleasing account of the principal elements which lend to Japanese landscape architecture its peculiar charm. The pictures themselves are excellent "three-color" reproductions of delicate and truthful paintings, which convey a vivid impression of the garden beauty of Japan. Since these pictures supplement in a satisfactory manner the most exhaustive treatise in English that we have on Japanese gardens, namely, that by Josiah Conder, the volume is a slight but real addition to our garden literature. We wonder, indeed, at the temerity shown in undertaking the subject in a small volume like this; but only the most important features are chosen, and they are treated effectively. Passing over certain slight shortcomings in the work, we would indicate briefly the general scheme and method.

The aim of landscape gardening in Japan is to provide a restful place for pleasure in meditation. Therefore, harmony must prevail, with no discordant note in either form or color, and with true proportions in every part, whether the garden be a toy affair covering a few square rods, or bounded by the distant horizon. Every accessory must tell, each in its proper sphere. Many of these accessories are unknown in the landscape architecture of other lands, although some have their foreign equivalents. For us of the Occident it is difficult, for instance, to conceive of effective use of small stones, except in the "rockery," or something of the sort; but the Japanese often select decorative stones with great care and accomplish with them remarkable results. Again, symbolic lanterns and carvings, as the Japanese employ them, are seldom distracting or even disturbing, whereas the obtrusive statuary of some of our formal gardens is sometimes both, or at least bewildering. Japanese management of water and of bridges is generally pleasing, and such structures as pagodas, for example, are in perfect keeping. But above all, Japanese gardeners understand that flowers can create confusion in a landscape; that is, a group of blossoms of different sorts does not compose the mind and conduce to meditation, though a single group, say of cherry trees or of irises in bloom, may promote quiet thought. Sometimes this theory is, of course, carried to an extreme in gardens where tree forms are the prominent feature and where blossoms are wholly wanting. But in most instances flowering trees are arranged so as to impart pleasure, and a few trees are treasured for their brilliant leaves at certain seasons. Aside from a few herbaceous plants, like the iris, the lotus, and the chrysanthemum, woody stems of distinctive form are the favorite element in most Japanese gardens. To all of these plants, as well as to the bamboo and pine, the authors give due space. In fine, matters of practice are lightly touched, but with sufficient fulness to indicate the difficulties of the art.

The two important works by Josiah Conder, to which the author refers, must long remain for the English reader the source of minute knowledge in regard to Japanese gardens. In those treatises and in the hints offered by the DuCanes, one can see to what extent the art is based upon and blended with the various ceremonial observances which are so dear to the Japanese mind. Any examination of this earnest quest for quiet meditation should be helpful to us in hurried and noisy England and America, but it is not probable that we can be weaned from our composite gardens with their medleys of color. It is still less probable that the art of Japanese gardening can be transplanted to our own country with any degree of success. But that is no reason why all who are fond of plants should not derive much pleasure from books so delightful as this.

Georg Reimer of Berlin has just published for the Royal Museum of that city "Altertümer von Pergamon," Band VII, "Die Skulpturen mit Ausnahme des Altarreliefs," by Franz Winter. There are many illustrations.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are landscapes by Miss Anna Fisher at Powell's, till January 15; paintings by Willard L. Metcalf, Montross's, January 16.

From London comes the report of the death of Lowes Dickinson at the age of eighty-nine. He was known for his portraits of eminent men, and also for his share in Christian-Socialist movement which in the middle of the last century engaged the interest of Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, and F. D. Maurice. His son is G. Lowes Dickinson, the writer.

Finance.

STOCKS AND PROSPERITY.

On no phase of financial conditions do opinions differ more widely, as the new year begins, than on the question as to how far the stock market is to be accepted as a forecast of coming events in general business. Traditionally, the Stock Exchange performs that office. But the Stock Exchange, like many other institutions—not to mention individuals—has what may be called a dual personality. From one point of view, it is a delicate and sensitive organism, which is affected for better or worse by the same fundamental influences that affect industry in general, and which responds to such influences so much more quickly than outside trade, that its movements give an early warning of what is to happen elsewhere. From another point of view, the Stock Exchange is a huge machine which can be made to move in one direction or another by brute force of accumulated capital; its activities thus depend quite as much on facilities for borrowing upon easy terms as on any actual change of intrinsic values.

Now, any one conversant with the Stock Exchange will admit that, inconsistent as these descriptions seem, both are correct. If asked to present some typical instances in which the stock market accurately foretold the future, one may point to the market of March, August, and October, 1907, wherein the successive stages of the violent industrial reaction were foretold months before the expansion of general trade had stopped; or to that of April, 1903, when the demoralization of the steel trade in

the subsequent autumn was foreshadowed; or to April, 1901, when the Stock Exchange movement, extravagant as it was, gave notice of the immensely prosperous era which followed, and which continued long after the collapse of May 9 in Wall Street; or to September, 1898, when the great rise in stocks predicted a forward movement in trade, of which at that moment few positive signs were visible. This would seem strong enough to silence critics who contend that stock markets are manipulated in defiance of real conditions, or that those whom Europe calls our "magnates" can force prices this way and that, at their own sweet will. But on that side there are also precedents and leading cases. Unless one is to assume that the stock market looks no further ahead than the very near future, what are we to say of 1906, when a positively frenzied rise in prices came but a brief space ahead of the panic of 1907? How are we to explain the sharp advance on the London Stock Exchange in the early months of 1890, on the very eve of the "Baring collapse"? What about the exciting boom in our industrial stocks during January, 1893, when the year's great panic was only six months away? What about the well-grounded tradition that the Stock Exchange invariably indulges in a happy-go-lucky speculation for the rise, a very few months before the great financial crises?

The two sets of instances seem to involve a paradox, and to leave the student of the markets of 1908 completely baffled. The only way in which to reconcile conflicting precedents is to take not a single and temporary movement on the Stock Exchange, but a series of movements from which the general trend may be fairly judged, while also paying close attention to the character of the movement itself. If last year's markets are in review, it will not be enough to show that prices rose 10 or 15 points in this month, 15 or 20 in that, and so on. One must ask what happened in the interval, and where the general level of values was left, when both movements had reached their end. A series of 10-point advances, followed by an equal number of 15-point declines, would, as a whole, represent a falling market, and would presumably foreshadow unfavorable developments in trade. On the other hand, a series of 15-point advances, followed successively by 5 or 10-point declines, fairly measures the fluctuations of 1908. Judged, not by its extreme and hysterical advances, but by its general direction, the stock market of last year was rising and foreshadowed improvement in general industry.

Whether the extravagance with which prices rose and fell ought to be accepted as predicting the method and manner of trade recovery in 1909, is a different question. It certainly cannot be said that the excitement on the Stock Exchange, in the spring of 1901, gave in any respect an indication of the subsequent process of trade expansion, which was orderly and normal. Yet the short-lived and violent "bull movements" of 1908, with the consequent relapses, are curiously like the spasmodic stampedes of buyers into the mercantile markets, to replete their empty shelves on three successive occasions, with the interval of stagnation which followed each of them.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Almanach der Süddeutschen Monatshefte. Munich.
Andro, L. Das offene Tor. Munich: Süddeutsche Monatshefte.
Banzai, by Parahellum. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.
Barrett, S. A. Pomo Indian Basketry. Berkeley: The University Press.
Barton, James L. Daybreak in Turkey. The Pilgrim Press.
Beale, Harriet S. Blaine, Ed. Letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine. 2 vols. Duffield & Co.
Cook, Charles A. Stewardship and Missions. American Baptist Publication Society.
Crawford, William H. The Church and the Slum. Eaton & Mains. 75c. net.
Culbreth, David M. R. The University of Virginia. Neale Publishing Co. $5.00 net.
Dinner to Hon James Fitzgerald. Rogers & Co.
Dvorak, Dr. Rudolph. Bakis Diwan. Leiden. E. J. Brill.
Dyer, Louis. The Olympian Theatron and the Battle of Olympia. London: Journal of Hellenic Studies.
Farmer, John S. Ed. Jacob and Esau. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Gordon, Charles W. The Life of James Robertson. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Grandgent, Charles H. The Cléomadès and Related Folk-Tales. Cambridge: Modern Language Association.
Grenfell, Wilfrid T. A. Man's Faith. The Pilgrim Press.
Hasse, Adelaide R. Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the United States. California. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Herford, Oliver, The Smoker's Year Book. Moffat, Yard & Co.
Heywood, John. The Four P. P. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Johnson, Emory R. Ed. Industrial Education. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.
L'Inganno. Florence: F. Lumachi.
Locke, W. J. Septimus. John Lane Co. $1.50.
Madách. Imre. The Tragedy of Man. The Arcadia Press. $1.50 net.
Parkhurst, Rev. Charles H. A Little Lower Than the Angels. F. H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Peters, Rev. John P. Hilprecht's Answer.
Pickering, Prof. Edward C. Foreign Associates of National Societies.
Poe, Clarence H. A Southerner in Europe. Raleigh, N. C.: Mutual Pub. Co. 75c.
Pumpelly, Raphael, Ed. Explorations in Turkestan. 2 vols. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Rogers, Robert W. The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. Eaton & Mains. net.
Scoble, Andrew H. Sun Time and Cloud Time.
Scvery, Melvin L. Gillette's Industrial Solution. Boston: Ball Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Sherman, P. Tecumseh. General Sherman in the Last Year of the Civil War.
Shurter, Edwin Du Bois. Oratory of the South. Neale Pub. Co. $3.
Snow, Ellen. The Confession of Seymour Van. R. F. Fenno Co.
The Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of New York. Rogers & Co.
Thompson, R. Campbell Semitic Magic. London: Luzac & Co.
Trevena, John. Heather. Moffat, Yard & Co.
Ugarte, Manuel. Las nuevas tendencias literarias. Valencia: F. Sempere & Co.
Venn, J. A. Oxford and Cambridge Matriculations, 1544—1906. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons. 1s.
Wager, Lewis. The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Worcester, Elwood. The Living Word. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50 net.

Lillie's Development of the Chick

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By A. W. STEWART, D.Sc., Lecturer on Stereochemistry in University College, London; Carnegie Research Fellow; formerly 1851 Exhibition Research Scholar and Mackay Smith Scholar in the University of Glasgow. With an Introduction by J. Norman Collie, Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Organic Chemistry in University College, London. 8vo. pp. xvi-291. $2.50 *net.*

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1909.

The Week.

The explosive quarrel between the President and Congress must seem mysterious to the average, inattentive citizen. He cannot understand the heat on either side. That Congress had some provocation, he perceives, but excuse for the great excitement and vast indignation, it is not easy for him to find. The bewilderment of the general mind is not unlike that of an American who had just come home after four years in the Arctic regions. He would have left Mr. Roosevelt the hero and idol; he would find him the subject of attack and denunciation. Such an American would know that this strange reversal, this effect defective, comes by cause, and would demand an explanation which should be, as Montaigne says, not more difficult of belief than the thing to be explained. The true account of the controversy and the bitterness goes far back. It was not a single unguarded utterance of the President that created all this animosity against him. His rash language let it loose, but did not cause it. The feeling of hostility had long been gathering in Congress. If the President's message had been all, the affair could easily have been accommodated. So Mr. Roosevelt evidently thought. He expected his explanatory message to be accepted as satisfactory. But the accumulation of dislike and enmity was seeking a vent, and it took this one. It was as if Congress had been waiting for years for the Lord to deliver a Philistine into its hands, and would not let go the opportunity to rise and smite.

Was the attitude of Congress due to jealousy of his popularity? Was it envy of his fame? Was it even resentment at his dictatorial manners? These feelings may have entered into the dispute, but they are not the principal matter. The truth is a delicate thing to state, but no one who has any acquaintance with Congressmen, no one who knows Washington, can have any doubt what that truth is. It is, in a word, that a great many Congressmen do not trust President Roosevelt's sincerity. They think him hypocritical. He has lectured them and the country on truthfulness, yet large numbers of Congressmen believe Mr. Roosevelt himself to be habitually untruthful. He has posed as a champion of fair play, yet Congressmen are persuaded that he fights foul. His talk of the square deal, they scoff at as sheer pretence. They say that he protects favorites, such as Paul Morton and the Steel Corporation, while furiously prosecuting his enemies, or those whom he thinks he can make political capital by attacking. In short, leading members of both houses are convinced that all the superior moral exhortation which it has had from President Roosevelt, has come from a man who allows in himself the thing he condemns in others. We do not say that these Congressmen are right about it. We only state their attitude. On no other theory can we account for their persistence in recording their deliberate conviction that the President has been guilty of assertions "unfounded on fact." It was simply Congress doing collectively what its members have long been doing individually and privately—that is, passing an adverse moral judgment upon Mr. Roosevelt. This is what makes the business so serious for the President. A mere collision of authority, he could afford to dismiss with a smile. Even such a quarrel as would prevent him from getting the measures enacted that he desires, he might now snap his fingers at. His term is nearly over. But the rebuke of Congress strikes deeper. In what it explicitly says, there is an arraignment of Mr. Roosevelt from which he can escape by no diversion, and which he cannot forget or shake off by evoking the old huzzas to attest his undiminished popularity.

Senator Tillman's reply to the President's charges clears up some matters of fact. Granting all that was alleged against the Senator, his action was in violation of no law. It was an impropriety, not a crime. The land he was trying to buy was not government land. There was no question of "dummy entries," or of obtaining more than the law allows to one person. Moreover, in endeavoring to secure an act to compel the land-grant company to sell its holdings at $2.50 an acre, Senator Tillman distinctly notified the agents, at the time, that he was acting solely in the general interest, independent of his own decision, later, to buy or not to buy. In all this, there was doubtless a lack of caution and delicate regard for his public position, on Senator Tillman's part, but no dishonesty. The sole moral question remaining is whether he had sought to deceive the Senate when he asserted that he had not "undertaken" to buy any land in the West. In the ordinary sense of the word, he had; in the technical, legal sense, he had not. Senator Tillman now declares that he meant "undertaken" in the sense of "contracted." But, of course, it is pretty hard for a man who, like Tillman, has sneered at the technicalities of lawyers, and called himself a "cornfield lawyer," to ride off on a technicality himself. He admits that he was somewhat "disingenuous," but denies that he had any intention to deceive. The most favorable view of his case, therefore, is that he does not emerge without blame; though he certainly does not deserve to be pilloried as a criminal.

It is impossible to get excited over the President's recent message to the Senate about the purchase of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation. It raises no new issue, brings out no facts not known before, reveals no Presidential trait with which we were not already fully acquainted. Every one who has studied Mr. Roosevelt knows that he has never shown any grasp of general principles. He deals only with separate cases. Fully aware of this, Messrs. Gary and Frick, very naturally as well as shrewdly, went to the White House and asked whether the Steel Corporation would be prosecuted as the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust had been. From his *lit de justice*, the President told them that it would not be, which was all they wanted to know. But men will still inquire why, if the proposed undertaking were legal, a permission, or license, from the President was needed. The public, meanwhile, is left in doubt at which to wonder most: the disinterestedness of Gary and Frick in buying stock which "as a mere business transaction" they did not

care to purchase; or the beautiful and child-like innocence of the President in accepting such a view of the matter.

The Senate won 3,500 friends at one roll-call, when it voted that clerks for the next census be chosen by non-competitive examination. Congressional hangers-on to that number are rejoicing because patronage will secure for them the places, however miserable the showing they make before the examiners. As Senator Lodge pointed out, the candidate without "influence" passing with a grade of 100 per cent. will be worsted by the blockhead enjoying a political pull. But has the Senate reckoned with the friends it has lost by this same act? It has placed itself on record as opposed to a wholly reasonable reform of the civil service, a reform in which every intelligent citizen outside of professional politics firmly believes. And we hope that the stir of larger happenings in Washington will not distract public attention from this fact. The next census will be more complex than the last, and those who compile it must be well-trained men. There is no sure way of getting the right persons except through the classified service, and President Roosevelt has been entirely right in insisting that they be so picked. He should veto the bill if Congress passes it.

The meeting of the Presidential electoral colleges in the several States last Monday passed off without incident, and no dispute is to be expected when Congress comes next month to "count the votes." Yet the law relating to the matter is in a most unsatisfactory condition, as J. Hampden Dougherty pointed out in his recent article in the *Forum*. To what perils the country was exposed by the uncertainties of the old statute, the nation discovered with a shudder in 1876. But even the new act of 1887, passed after years of debate, contains too many ambiguities and silences. In an election of which the result was close and contested, the opportunities for framing objections to electoral certificates, before one or other of the houses of Congress, would be, as the late Senator Morgan asserted, "as numerous as it is possible for the ambition, the cupidity, the fraud, and the skill of wicked men to invent." The Constitution omits to provide for the Presidential succession, in case the President-elect should die before inauguration. Such a contingency has never presented itself, and never may, yet the awkwardness and danger would be so great, if it did, that a member of the House has introduced a constitutional amendment, to cure the defect.

Our differences with Colombia, growing out of our seizure of Panama, have at last been settled by a treaty. A money payment of $2,500,000 is to be made, nominally by Panama, really by the United States. Colombia's financial necessities have, at last, induced her to abate her first demand for $10,000,000, and to jump at the chance of getting $500,000 down, with the rest to follow in annual payments of $250,000. The fact that the settlement is peaceful cannot conceal from the future historian the truth that it closes a five years' treatment of a weak nation by "the strong man armed," which the said strong man would never have dreamed of applying to a first-class Power. Nor does the transaction cause Panama to be any the less of a nemesis than before. Nature is more relentless than Colombia. That country we can buy off, but there seems to be no end to the money which we shall be called upon to pour into the canal. The original appropriation is now nearly exhausted, yet the most ardent optimists do not predict the finishing of the work before 1915. And, speak as cheerfully as the officials may about Mr. Taft's trip to the Isthmus, accompanied by a body of engineers, the world knows that it is a confession of deep concern over the canal plans.

Boston's new city charter, over which a commission has long been at work, is awaiting the action of the Legislature. It is a radical revision, largely in the direction of centralization of power, with simplification of machinery. The Mayor, to whom a four-year term is to be given, will have full authority over all heads of departments. The present Common Council is to be replaced by a board of aldermen consisting of nine members, shorn of nearly all legislative powers, except that of passing upon, not originating, city appropriations. This scheme is in line with the best modern ideas concerning municipal government. The new charter has several original features. One of them is a provision for the appointment of an advisory board of five public-spirited citizens, whose duty it shall be to aid the Mayor by advice and suggestions. Again, though the term of the Mayor is four years, in the second year of service the voters shall have submitted to them, at the November election, the question: "Shall there be an election for Mayor at the next municipal election?" In case this is answered in the affirmative, the existing Mayor's name shall be put upon the ballot without renomination. This is a novel way of adopting one principle of the "recall," while avoiding some of its obvious inconvenience. All nominations for elective city offices are to be "direct." Any man can stand for the Mayoralty who files nomination papers signed by 5,000 qualified voters.

If there were any hope that Col. Zavarnitsky would have to serve out his four years of penal servitude, the verdict just brought against this chief of the secret police at Vladivostok would brighten the outlook in Russia. But he will probably go the way of all other high bureaucrats who have been careless enough to leave traces of their misdeeds; there will be a few months in a comfortable guard-house, and then a pardon. Col. Zavarnitsky was convicted of having repeatedly placed bombs and illegal literature in the apartments of suspected persons, in order to secure their conviction. The proofs were so clear that not even a bureaucratic judge could be blind to them. The hideous offence is known to be common throughout the empire, and the trapping of police spies peculiarly difficult. One might suppose, then, that, after having established a clear case against a high official, the courts would be more than ordinarily cautious about convicting alleged political offenders; and not for justice's sake alone, but also that further discontent might not be stirred up by the punishment of innocent men. And yet, on the very day that Col. Za varnitsky was sentenced, it was announced that twenty-two persons had at the same time been condemned to death for "crimes" committed in 1906. And this roll of victims was only a fair day's average. Nothing can discredit the police spy.

Among the first legislative projects to be taken up by the Turkish Parliament will be a series of bills dealing with the

reorganization of the army. The leaders of the Young Turks evidently believe that the liberal régime, established by a bloodless revolution, must be based on something more substantial than luck and the good will of the foreign world. The most important of the proposed reforms deal with the extension of obligatory military service to the non-Mohammedan population, and the establishment of a national militia. The first change is both inevitable and momentous. Under a Constitution that recognizes no differences of race and religion, the army, like the Parliament itself, must represent all the elements of the Ottoman nationality, Christian and Jew as well as Mohammedan. That means the abandonment of the historic policy of Turkish conquest and government, under which the conquered population might accept the Moslem faith and whatever political rights existed under the Sultans, or might remain Christian, pay tribute, and remain, in respect to their rulers, a conquered class, to whom it would evidently be folly to grant the right to bear arms. The future, therefore, may see Christian levies fighting under the standard of the Prophet against fellow-Christians under a hostile flag. Such a situation is hard to conceive, yet Turkey's problems can be solved in no other way than by creating a feeling of patriotism stronger than the centrifugal tendencies of differences in race and religion. Whether Macedonians, Greeks, or Armenians can learn to look upon themselves as Ottoman subjects, the future must decide.

Whether the dismissal of Yuan Shih Kai means his permanent downfall is a point which the Western mind cannot decide without more evidence. Yellow mantles, peacock feathers, and purple buttons are freely given and taken away in China, and even so great a statesman as Li Hung Chang experienced the vicissitudes of Imperial favor. Should the Chinese court find itself in need of Yuan's services, it will call him back from disgrace just as Li Hung Chang was recalled to go to Japan and make the best terms he could for China, after the disastrous war of 1894-95. That the new Regent may have found Yuan Shih Kai too much of a brother near the throne is probable. The reasons that made him popular with the Western Powers may have made him an eyesore to the new régime at Peking. In all the Western talk about a new China, it has always come out that it was Yuan Shih Kai that was the new China—Yuan and his ascendency in the Grand Council, Yuan and his European-drilled army, Yuan and his European friends. It may very well be that the Regent at Peking wishes to demonstrate that it is to the Chinese government as a whole that Europe must look for the long-desired national regeneration.

This attitude on the part of the Manchu rulers of China was well summed up by that acute observer of Far Eastern affairs, B. L. Putnam Weale, in his "Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia," which appeared last year. In describing conditions at Peking in 1907, he says:

> The Manchu dynasty, although now honestly desirous of escaping from the undignified position of complete and undisguised international weakness which it still occupies, is equally anxious . . . that the reforms shall not come from below. . . . Thus there is a dual movement to be noticed in provincial China—a reform of the administration and a tightening of the Manchu hold.

In other words, reform being inevitable, the Manchu rulers would rather get the credit for it themselves than have it fall to any one outside. Mr. Weale touches on the very case of Yuan Shih Kai:

> The Manchu party began to realize that if the new conscript army which was being slowly raised all over the empire became accustomed to the idea that the Tien-Tsin viceroy [Yuan] was the life and soul of the whole movement, and its real leader, it would only require some Peking palace disaster, such as the death of the Empress Dowager or of the Emperor, to reduce the Palace and the Manchus to a position of tutelage.

In 1907, a new scheme of army organization placed the control of the greater part of Yuan's trained army in the hands of a Manchu war minister. So the more recent event seems to have been long preparing.

Feuds between Hindus and Mohammedans in Bengal have been increasingly frequent of late; and they are not unconnected with the anti-British revolutionary movement among the Bengal Hindus. The British press has caught the habit of contrasting the loyalty of the Mohammedan population of northern India with the seditious discontent of the Hindus. The British authorities have, to an appreciable extent, been playing off the leaders of the Mohammedan community against the "agitators" and "demagogues" so plentiful in Hindu ranks. It is not difficult to imagine that among the common people the impression should spread that the British government would back a Mohammedan mob against a Hindu mob; and religious passions, always ready to break out, may thereby be further stirred. It would be wrong, of course, to suppose that the British rulers in India have been adopting the Czar's method of suppressing revolution by setting different races and religions at each other's throats. Such a policy would not only be morally monstrous, but very short-sighted. For what happened in Russia might easily happen in India. The oppressed nationalities might profit by their internecine wars to turn their practised weapons against their rulers.

Fine old English customs in politics are going, one by one. The latest is the pleasing habit of breaking up a political meeting of the other side, by packing it with ruffians on your side, who by shrieking and violence will prevent the speakers from being heard. All these playful ways are now to be abolished. Among the last bills enacted by Parliament was one making it a misdemeanor to "act in a disorderly manner" at a "lawful public meeting." An offender of this sort may now be fined, "not exceeding five pounds"; while any one inciting another person to disorderly acts shall also be held guilty under the new law. Its passage was, of course, contested by some horrified members of Parliament. One of them said that it was a "very grave infringement of the right of public meeting." The real infringers, one would think, are those who prevent the organizers of a public meeting from conducting it in an orderly manner. Another opponent of the new measure declared that it "dealt a heavy blow at the expression of political opinion." It is hard to see why. All that you are really forbidden to do is to interfere with the expression of political opinion by other persons, when they set about making it in an orderly way. To Americans, all this seems elementary. To them, it must appear odd that a special Parliamentary enactment is required in England to do what here ordinary police regulations would cover.

THE GOVERNOR'S NEW FIGHT.

When Gov. Hughes changed his mind about accepting a renomination last year, a friend reported him as giving one strong reason for seeking office again: "I should like to be able to do something to improve party government." In the Governor's message this topic overshadows all the rest. He has important information to give and recommendations to make on other subjects, but the reform of party methods is the battlepiece. This is the part of his message that both the Governor's friends and enemies will read with keenest interest; it is this into which he has put most thought and feeling; about these proposals of his, the chief legislative struggles of the session will take place. And as Gov. Hughes now has a spreading national prestige, his words in behalf of a radical reform in party management will go echoing over the country, so that leaders in other States will get impulse and courage from the Governor of New York.

Those passages which deal with the reform of the primaries and of the nominating system, are written in Gov. Hughes's best style. They reveal his uncommon powers of analysis and firm grasp of the fact; his faculty of lucid exposition, and his absolute frankness in stating the truth; while all is shot through with a clear integrity and moral fervor which make Mr. Hughes the most formidable reformer of the day. Unflinchingly uncovering political evils, he is perfectly fearless in applying the remedy. And his intellectual resources are as unfailing as his moral earnestness; and both are made instruments of his ambition to do some service to the State. It renews one's faith in the vitality of democratic institutions when a man equipped as is Gov. Hughes shows that he can find the way to the heart of the people, and acquire an authority which becomes a living power against low politics.

The truthfulness of the picture which Gov. Hughes draws of the present control of the party machine in this State, cannot be called in question. It is realistic, from the life. As he says, the professed theory of party representation is denied in practice. Delegates to conventions are generally mere pawns; they "might as well be inanimate." Party candidates are, in effect, appointed, not nominated, and they are appointed, the Governor laconically remarks, "by those who have not been invested with any such appointing power." As a rule, primaries are a farce; conventions a form gone through by wire-pulled puppets. Gov. Hughes is within bounds when he describes the existing management of parties as unrepresentative, destructive of belief in government by party, and absolutely hostile to high and unselfish leadership. And he accurately defines the growing demand for improved methods of nominating candidates for office as but a recent "phase of the long struggle against the control of the powers of government by selfish interests." If you doubt it, listen to the anguished outcries of Barnes, Ward, and the other local and microscopic bosses who see their control of the powers of government menaced by Gov. Hughes.

What the Governor aims at is the free expression of the wishes of the majority of a party, instead of manipulation and misrepresentation by skilled and unscrupulous managers. In theory, even the latter are compelled to admit that the Governor's contention is sound. The Republican Convention at Saratoga went on record as believing that "primaries and conventions should truly express the will of the voters," and as favoring "the freest action in the selection of delegates." But by this the party captains of fifties and captains of hundreds did not mean what the Governor does. He is for an absolutely open and thoroughly safeguarded primary, with power directly to nominate all candidates for office. Heretofore, the Governor has contented himself with urging that such primaries be merely permitted; now, as he clearly foreshadowed in his speech of acceptance that he would do, he recommends that the law make them "binding upon all parties." He thus puts himself at the head of the direct nominations movement in this State, and, we may say, the country.

So cool and level-headed a man as Gov. Hughes can never be imagined as offering a political panacea. He does not advocate direct-nominations as a cure-all. As he pointedly remarks, "political mischief will exist under any system." But it is our business to make the system the best possible, to put into the hands of the people weapons which they can most readily use in times of agitation. We shall never attain political salvation by machinery. All new devices, if left to the hands of the politicians, they will soon learn to work to their own advantage. Without an alert and intelligent electorate, no system will guarantee us against misrepresentation or corruption. But this does not alter the fact that some systems are better than others. The one which the Governor urges is the best yet devised to give the people immediate and full control over party management and nominations. If we had had such a system last year, there would not have been the long doubt and agonizing about the renomination of Gov. Hughes. The demand of the people would have come up like the sound of many waters. And it is only to make such expression of the popular will easier and more effective that the Governor presses upon the Legislature the need of party reform. None knows better than he the tremendous odds against him in this new fight; but he goes forth to it serenely, because convinced that right and truth are on his side, and that he is battling for the common weal.

THE DEMAND FOR MORE ARMY OFFICERS.

The House Military Affairs Committee took prompt steps last week towards disposing of the War Department's latest request for increase of the officers of the army. Ever since the war with Spain, the department has been steadily at work enlarging the army. Not content with getting sixteen new regiments in 1901, it has expanded the Engineers and Artillery, the Medical Corps, and the Ordnance; and last year a Porto Rico regiment and the Philippine Scouts were added to the regular army, so that the authorized strength to-day is more than four times as great as in 1898. This year 612 line officers were demanded to take the place of a similar number detached from their regiments for recruiting duty, study at army schools, teaching in private military schools, service with the Philippine Constabulary, the Panama Canal, the General Staff, etc.

Beyond doubt, this practice of stripping regiments of their officers is a bad one. A regiment needs all but six or seven, if its work is to be well done and the proper military spirit maintained. As a matter of record, Gen. C. L. Hodges reports from Iloilo that on June 30 the Fourth and Fourteenth Infantry had

present for duty only 24 and 21 officers, respectively, out of the fifty on each regimental roll. Yet these regiments are, as it were, on the firing line; hostilities, Gen. Hodges reports, ceased only a year ago, and the country is not yet wholly pacified. Absenteeism means more work for fewer men, discontent, and, generally, inefficiency. As there are twelve companies to a regiment, it is obvious that in the Fourth and Fourteenth most companies have only one officer apiece, after allowance is made for colonels, battalion commanders, adjutants, quartermasters, and commissaries. Yet these regiments might be called upon to take the field at any time against warring tribesmen. Naturally, the War Department is alarmed.

But it does not take steps to remedy the evil by utilizing retired officers wherever possible, by cutting out needless details, by refusing to strip regiments in the Philippines. It selects a purely arbitrary figure, 612, and then asks Congress for authority to appoint that number of additional officers. According to Secretary Wright's figures, the number of officers on detached service was 517 in 1905, 627 in 1906, 682 in 1907, and 691 in 1908. With one stroke of his pen Mr. Wright could order nine more officers on detached service, and so make it a round 700. He offers no guarantee that five years from now his successor will not be begging for 200 more officers because of the growth of details. On the contrary, past experience shows that this is precisely what will happen. When Congress added sixteen regiments to the line in 1901, it largely increased the number of officers in each regiment, at the request of the War Department, for the express purpose of providing a surplus of officers for detached service. Every cavalry regiment obtained seven more officers, exclusive of chaplains; every infantry regiment eleven; and there was a corresponding increase in the artillery. These extra officers numbered in all about 526, but the absenteeism has, as is indicated by the figures quoted above, grown worse.

Nobody in the army believes that it is necessary to detail 103 active officers to recruiting duty. Most of them perform no services that cannot be performed by the medical officers and sergeants in charge of recruiting offices. Clearly, retired officers—the retired list has increased over 50 per cent. since the war with Spain, and numbers 983—could discharge every one of these duties. Again, the Panama Canal Commission, the Quartermaster's Department, department headquarters, the military prisons, the militia, and other miscellaneous duties absorb forty officers, all of whose places could be filled by men who have retired. But the worst waste is the detail of no less than sixty-five officers to military schools. In some of these institutions the military education is a farce, and the instructor is asked for merely that the school may secure a teacher free and boast that it is approved by the War Department. Most of those sixty-five officers could be saved to the line; so could half of the twenty-eight aides-de-camp. If some of the seventy-seven officers on duty at West Point were released, the school would profit thereby; for civilian professors would be more freely employed in the non-military departments that teach the languages, science, etc. Now that the twenty-seven officers heretofore on duty in Cuba are to return, the War Department could, if compelled, probably send 300 officers back to their regiments within two months. The House Military Affairs Committee is evidently of the same opinion, for it has obtained the passage of a resolution asking the Secretary of War how far he has carried out the law looking to the detail of retired officers to certain duties, and asking how many more places in the detached service could be filled by them.

We should not burden our readers with these details of army administration were not the matter so perfect an illustration of the spirit of wastefulness and the absence of all desire to economize, which characterize our government.

WATCHING OUR CUSTODIANS.

Reform organizations like our Bureau of Municipal Research or the projected Voters' League, are multiplying everywhere. Illinois has its Legislative League, Minnesota its Citizens' League. Such bodies might be cited by enemies of democracy as evidence of the breakdown of popular government. We send our representatives to watch over our interests at the City Hall or in Albany, and then we hire detectives to watch our representatives. A spasmodic reform movement which makes a clean sweep of misgovernment every now and then may be less effective for political purity than a board of trained watchers permanently encamped around a Legislature, but it is also less of a satire on democracy. Not a piece of machinery has ever been devised that does not clog at times and call for a general overhauling. Yet to be constantly on the look-out for defects argues that your machine is cheap and defective, and that you have lost all faith in it. So, if Russian despotism, to be workable, must be tempered with assassination, representative government, to be endurable, must be supplemented with some form of secret service. We came near to that ideal in the very height of the "uplift" wave a few years ago, when a band of patriotic newspaper men determined to constitute themselves a people's lobby at Washington to let the country know which Congressmen were thieves and which were not. Apparently, the country then was not quite ready to supplant representative government with an oligarchy drawn from the fourth estate.

The case might be made stronger still. Should we put forward the old defence that democracy, like everything else on earth, has its evils, but that the cure therefor lies in still more democracy, we are met with the retort that an organization of a handful of experts, far from being more democracy, is really an admission that right political conduct must be sought through the efforts of a chosen few. This fact brings us face to face with a dilemma. Either such expert surveillance is ineffective, and we have only one more failure to count up, or it is effective, and the real good accomplished by our elective institutions is the work of a non-elective few. Is it greater democracy that is bringing order into the chaos of our municipal administration, or is it certain public-spirited citizens backing up the work of the Bureau of Municipal Research? The Citizens Union, after fifteen years of effort as a political party, is about to reorganize on the basis of a bureau of political information and reform. Here again its work will necessarily fall into the hands of a few expert investigators and publicists.

That is the indictment. But in its severity lies its own refutation. Were democracy in truth so complete and cumbrous a failure, it would have been

impossible for this country to live to be what it is. Our legislatures may be largely venal and our municipalities misgoverned, yet Americans have gone on securing their fair share of health, happiness, and comfort. The most that can be shown is that our imperfect democracy somewhat reduces our possible store of well-being. At least it can hardly be proved that under any other system we should have reached the present level. Our enormous natural riches have not favored democracy. The ideal of good government has had to make its way in the face of our exuberant prosperity. It is easy enough for German cities to be well-governed. There private income and wages are low enough to make the slightest reduction in the tax-rate worth fighting for. With us grafters have flourished because, unfortunately or fortunately, as we choose to look upon it, the merchant and the landowner have felt that the time spent in reducing city expenses by a dollar would, if devoted to one's private affairs, bring in five. If, therefore, the cry for purer government has arisen among us, it is not so much because democracy has been hurt in its pocket as in its moral sense. A nation that can afford bad government yet strives after the good, has not made a failure of ruling itself.

A Bureau of Municipal Research, and a Voters' League, for the purpose of exercising pressure on backsliding legislators, are the steps by which the voter is being led along the road of civic education. Towards that end our political vigilance committees are working. The need for them will never quite disappear. Sterilize as we may the progress of a candidate by direct primary nominations, by campaign criticism, by laws against corrupt electoral practices, and other laws against lobbying, the inherent weakness of human nature will still make it possible for a candidate nominated and elected by honest men to turn out a rascal after he takes the oath of office. To keep the memory of his rascality green is the proper work of special organizations like those we have mentioned. The democracy at large has too much to think about to remember details. But it is still to be shown that it refuses to act on the basis of fuller knowledge when that is supplied it.

POE IN FRANCE.

Poe appeals to the French even more than to Americans, because the essence of his work is logic—logic entirely divorced from reality, and seeming to rise superior to reality. The French of the Parnassian epoch especially, found in him a kindred spirit because of his devotion to art for art's sake. The lesser, or lower, Parnassians and the Decadents loved him for his perversity and his grotesque horrors. The Symbolists found in him their ideal, because his work so often seems to have much greater significance than it really possesses.

I.

Poe's name first became known in France through a lawsuit between two newspapers. One of them had received a story called "Les Crimes de la Rue Morgue," and had published it without knowing that it was not an original work. The second published a similar story, called "L'Orang-Outang," and, in the suit which followed, it was brought out that both stories were independent versions of an English tale by a certain Edgar Poe. This roused interest in him; a translation of several of his tales, by Madame Meunier, was published in 1846; and in 1853 appeared two tales, translated by Borghers.

The accepted literary tradition, that Baudelaire was the first to make Poe known in France, dates back to Gautier's "Rapport sur le progrès de la poésie française depuis 1830," published in 1867, in which he says, speaking of Baudelaire: "Sa familiarité de traducteur avec Edgar Poë, ce bizarre génie d'outre-mer, qu'il a le premier fait connaître en France, a beaucoup influé sur son esprit." In spite of the early translations just mentioned, Gautier is on the whole right. It is entirely due to Baudelaire that Poe has become practically a French author (his works being almost as familiar to all generations of Frenchmen since 1856 as those of any native writer), and that he has come to be counted among the exceedingly rare foreigners who are naturalized citizens of the French republic of letters. Baudelaire devoted the best part of his life to his translation of Poe. He consciously prepared himself for this particular work. From the time when he first became acquainted with some fragments of Poe's work, in 1846, he haunted the English cafés, spent his time by preference with any one who could speak English, from men of letters to coachmen and jockeys, besieged every American whom he could come at, for information about Poe, and, after four years of such preparation, began the translations to which he devoted the following fifteen years. He seems to have believed in a sort of mysterious connection between his own spirit and Poe's. "I could tell you," he wrote to Armand Fraisse, "of something still more strange and almost incredible. In 1846, or '47, I became acquainted with some fragments of Poe's; they moved me in singular fashion. I found among them, believe me or not, as you please, poems and stories which I had conceived myself, though in a vague and confused way, ill thought out; and which Poe had wrought into perfect works." Baudelaire's first translation, of a single story by Poe, was published in 1848. In 1855, a series of tales appeared in the newspaper *Le Pays*, and these were collected in 1856, in a volume, under the title "Histoires extraordinaires." The "Nouvelles Histoires extraordinaires" appeared in 1857, "Les Aventures d'Arthur Gordon Pym" in 1858, "Eureka" in 1864, and "Les Histoires grotesques et sérieuses" in 1865, only two years before Baudelaire's death. These translations have become so identified with Baudelaire that they are regularly republished with the editions of his original work, and they have also appeared in many separate editions.

Many other writers of distinction have attempted to render Poe into French. Besides the translations by Baudelaire, there are as many as twenty-three other versions, each including more or less of Poe's work; and among their authors are such men as the critic Hennequin, the poets Mallarmé and Rabbe, and the novelist J. H. Rosny. As compared with this devotion of the French to Poe, I know of only four different translations in Spanish, three in Italian, and one in modern Greek (mentioned by Lauvrière in his thesis on Poe). Among all these, Baudelaire's version has remained the standard. He has followed Poe with absolute literalness, line by line, and almost word by word (so far as his knowledge of English, which was here and there a little at fault, allowed him), and yet has made of his translation a living work. That it possesses all the qualities of an original is perhaps sufficiently proved by the influence it has exerted. As some one has said, it made Poe a figure in the world's literature.

II.

Not only as translator, but as critic, Baudelaire forced Poe upon the attention of his countrymen, willing or unwilling. The essay, "Edgar Poe, sa vie et ses ouvrages," later used as an introduction in the "Histoires extraordinaires," appeared first in the *Revue de Paris* early in 1852. In this introduction Baudelaire makes American materialism alone responsible for all the misfortunes of Poe. This "great gas-lighted barbarity" (that is, America) crushed, stifled, murdered him. The United States was simply a vast prison to him, in which he rushed back and forth with the feverish agitation of a being created to breathe more aromatic air. "All his inner and spiritual life,

whether drunkard's or poet's, was one constant effort to escape from this antipathetic atmosphere," in which, according to Baudelaire, "the impious love of liberty has given birth to a new tyranny, the tyranny of the beasts, a zoöcracy. Poe, in the midst of "this seething mass of mediocrity and commonplace," cared only for the exceptional, and painted it with faultless and terrifying artistry:

> Like our Eugène Delacroix, who raised his art to the heights of great poetry, Edgar Poe loves to make his figures move on backgrounds of violet and greenish tints, lighted by the phosphorescence of decay and blown upon by the breath of storms. In his work, so-called inanimate nature partakes of the nature of living beings, and like them shudders with a supernatural and galvanic shudder. . . . Poe writes for our nerves.

Poe est l'écrivain des nerfs. The last phrase, be it noted, is meant for praise. One thing more is supremely praiseworthy in Poe, according to Baudelaire: Poe not only has no lesson to teach, but he has no purpose or aim in his art except that art itself.

Many of the later appreciations of Poe in France were modelled directly upon Baudelaire's, and no French writer has departed very much from the conception of Poe as thus first revealed to France. The recognized authorities of French criticism have not dealt with him at all. Saint-Beuve, whom Baudelaire repeatedly besought to devote one of his Monday articles to Poe, promised to do so; but the article was never written. Taine wrote to Baudelaire: "I greatly admire Poe; he is the type of the Germanic-Englishman with deep intuitions and an amazingly overwrought nervous system. . . . He reminds one of Heine." But Taine, like Sainte-Beuve, failed to write the "weighty article" in Poe's favor which Baudelaire had demanded of him. All the critics of a little lower order—especially, of course, the impressionists—have, however, found their account in Poe. Barbey d'Aurevilly wrote four essays on him, and in all of them treated him as "the most beautiful thing which that off-scouring of humanity [meaning, of course, America] has produced." Poe, stranded on this "desert waste," was "trampled to death by the elephantine feet of American materialism." Villiers de l'Isle-Adam took up the same refrain, and Péladan, in his introduction to Mourey's translation of the poems, once more attacked this land "without civilization, without art, without nationality, without a language," as the "murderer of the greatest genius of the nineteenth century."

More worthy treatment was accorded Poe's genius by Emile Hennequin, himself perhaps the greatest intellectual genius among recent critics, whose first literary work was a translation of some of Poe's tales, and whose last essay, written just before his premature death, was devoted to Poe. More than the others, he appreciates Poe's intellectuality, and he is less often than the others a dupe of Poe's pretended hallucinations, realizing that Poe was even greater as a fakir than as a conjurer, and that, compared with Baudelaire, Poe was (in the cruel but true phrase of Henry James), "much the greater charlatan of the two, as well as the greater genius." Other serious critics have treated Poe less analytically and more generously: Teodor de Wyzéwa, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and in his volume, "Écrivains étrangers," calls Poe's verse the most magnificent which the English language possesses, and his poems masterpieces of emotion and music. Jules Lemaître, in a curious passage of his "Dialogue des morts," which seems to have been taken with all seriousness by his countrymen, but in which one may suspect at least a touch of malice, makes Poe say:

> You are right [in classing me with Plato and Shakespeare]. . . . I was indeed a sick man and a mad man; I felt more than any one had felt it before me, the terror of the unknown, the dark, the mysterious, the inexplicable. I was the poet of hallucination and of the dizziness of the abyss; I was the poet of Fear. I developed in a cold and exact style the secret logic of madness, and expressed states of soul which the author of "Hamlet" himself barely guessed at twice or thrice. Perhaps it might be right to say that I am less different from Shakespeare than from Plato; but it is certain that we are three specimens of the human race as different as possible from each other.

Of the critics who belong to the Symbolistic school, Camille Mauclair and Charles Morice are the most important. They are naturally both of them devoted to Poe. Morice, in his "Littérature de tout à l'heure," the chief critical manifesto of the school, includes Poe with Chateaubriand, Goethe, Hugo, Balzac, Baudelaire, and Wagner, in the parallelogram of forces that have produced modern literature in France. For him the true greatness of Poe consists in this:

> He is the poet of Love in Fear, of Love in Madness, of Love in Death; . . . the poet who in his divine works first inaugurated the poetic conscience; . . . who painted the grotesque, not like Victor Hugo, to our eyes, but to our souls.

Such is the esteem felt for Poe by various schools in France.

IV.

Poe's direct influence upon creative writing in France was perhaps less than might be expected from the esteem in which he was held. It is, of course, difficult to measure, especially since it is mingled at first with that of Hoffmann, Heine, and De Quincey; and even of Anne Radcliffe and Maturin, whom Gautier mentions in the same breath with him; and later, with that of Wagner and the Pre-Raphaelites, who, with Poe, were the foreign masters of the Symbolists. To join the names of Poe and Wagner seems a little odd to us, but it is constantly done by critics and poets of the Symbolistic school in France. Both, at least, are artists in sound, and to the French mind both seemed vaguely to suggest meanings that might possibly be of infinite significance (which was the ambition of the Symbolists).

Baudelaire himself published his "Fleurs du mal" between the "Histoires extraordinaires" and the "Aventures d'Arthur Gordon Pym." I find in them very little of Poe's influence, and according to the latest verdict of scholarship (see Louis Betz's "Studien zur vergleichenden Litteratur-Geschichte") this is natural, since most of them were probably written by the middle of the decade of the forties, or at any rate before Baudelaire became completely absorbed in Poe. Many of the poems were published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of 1855, before the first volume of the "Histoires extraordinaires." Only in one of his later poems have I found any direct borrowing from Poe, and that is probably unconscious. There is a rather close resemblance (suggested by Betz) between the ideas of Baudelaire's sonnet "Le Flambeau vivant," in which we find the lines:

> Ils marchent devant moi, ces yeux pleins de lumières. . . .
> Ils conduisent mes pas dans la route du Beau;
> *Ils sont mes serviteurs et je suis leur eselave.* . . .

and Poe's second "To Helen":

> Only thine eyes remain. . . .
> Lighting my lonely pathway. . . .
> They follow me—they lead me through the years,
> *They are my ministers—yet I their slave.*
> They fill my soul with Beauty. . . .

The complete contrast between Baudelaire's verse and that of Poe may be sufficiently indicated in Baudelaire's own words: "Il n'y a pas dans toute son œuvre un seul passage qui ait trait à la lubricité, ou même aux jouissances sensuelles."

Leconte de Lisle was too great a poet and too strong a personality to be influenced by Poe. But the lesser men of the Parnassian school found in him a brother, and the Decadents, partly on account of his association with Baudelaire, took him for their adopted father. Barbey d'Aurevilly called him rather oddly the Byron of Bohemia. Morice, more than oddly, found a close analogy between Poe and Pascal. Most of the Decadents, and some of the Symbolists, failed to see that Poe was not a victim of delusions, but a creator of illusions. Poe was one of the chief patron saints of the minor hangers-on of the Decadent and Symbolistic schools—of those who gathered at the Chat Noir, undoubtedly named from Poe's story, and of those

still lesser Bohemians who delighted in the cheaply gruesome Cabarets de la Mort, so popular in Paris during the early nineties.

Mallarmé, for a time the chief of the Symbolistic school, saw the greater sides of Poe. Better than any one else in France, he appreciated Poe's one sure claim to immortality, the sheer beauty of his very few great poems. Better than any one else, Mallarmé has rendered these into French. Baudelaire had translated only one of the poems, "The Raven." Mallarmé's first published work was a new translation of "The Raven," superior to Baudelaire's in almost every point. Baudelaire, for instance, renders "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven," by "Bien que ta tête soit sans huppe et sans cimier"; Mallarmé gives us "Quoique ta crête soit chue et rase." Only once does he distinctly fall below Poe in his choice of words, where (like Baudelaire) he renders "bosom's core" by "au fond de mon sein." Only once does he let his own love of the unusual in expression triumph over his faithfulness to Poe, when he changes "By the heaven that bends above us" into "Par les cieux sur nous *épars*." Mallarmé also has the intelligence to know that "Ulalume," "For Annie," and many others of Poe's poems are superior to "The Raven." Unfortunately, his translations are in prose, and so much the larger part of Poe's effect is lost, in spite of the care and even genius which he shows in his choice of words. It was in 1888 that he published, in a beautiful volume illustrated by Manet, twenty of Poe's poems. The only complete translation of the poems into French, so far as I know, is that published in the following year by Mourey, who has also translated Swinburne.

V.

The influence of Poe is somewhat more evident in Baudelaire's prose than in his verse. Yet here, too, the resemblance is slight. Baudelaire even seems to me to owe much more to De Quincey than to Poe. Less intellectual than Poe, and far more sensuous, he could reproduce Poe's creations admirably, but could not imitate them. On the other hand, he could, and did, imitate De Quincey. Only in "Mon Cœur mis à nu" do I find direct echoes of Poe—both in its autobiographic method (more sincere, however, and less creative, than Poe's); and in phrases like this: "Au moral comme au physique, j'ai toujours eu la sensation du gouffre"; or this: "Tout enfant, j'ai senti dans mon cœur deux sentiments contradictoires: l'horreur de la vie et l'extase de la vie." This is true Poe, but rather by detail of technical method than by intellectual creation of substance.

Others have imitated Poe better than Baudelaire, in almost every class of short story, from the pseudo-scientific tale of adventure to the wildest exaggerations of the grotesque and horrible; from Jules Verne's last work, "Le Sphinx des glaces," which is a sequel to Poe's "Arthur Gordon Pym," to the "Contes pour les assassins" of Maurice Beaubourg. And between these extremes are to be found such masters as Richepin (especially, for instance, in his "Morts bizarres"); as Marcel Schwob, in many a collection; and as Maupassant himself, whose briefer tales, like "Une Apparition," descend directly from Poe, and whose story of the dead Schopenhauer's false teeth might well have been written by Poe himself. Instances abound. Chief among them are the "Contes cruels," "Nouveaux Contes cruels," and "Histoires insolites" of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Maeterlinck, by the way, was once so unguarded as to say: "I owe all I have done to Villiers." One might mention also, as in the lineage of Poe, the "Contes fantastiques" of such gentle and harmless authors as Erckmann-Chatrian; but these belong rather to a collateral branch, with Hoffmann for their direct ancestor.

The names of Hoffmann and Poe are often linked together as forerunners of the modern tale. But certainly in France, and perhaps everywhere, in the second half of the nineteenth century, Poe's influence has been far greater than Hoffmann's. To my mind, the most remarkable thing about Poe as a mere prose-writer (for I believe his poetry alone can be of great permanent value) is his anticipation of the modern desire culminating in such tales as Kipling's "Wireless," for a pseudo-scientific supernaturalism to replace the mystic, symbolic, or merely romantic supernaturalism which Hoffmann and all his contemporaries give us. Poe even took some of his plots from Hoffmann; but where Hoffmann had made a subject mystical and vague, Poe made it mysterious and intelligible. This does not mean that Poe is superior; but it does mean that he is both more modern and more French. To sum up, he is an inventive, not an imaginative, genius. And he is vastly superior to Hoffmann, and likewise to all his American rivals for fame, as an artist pure and simple, whether in the short story, or in verse. Therefore he is the one American writer who has been accepted and acclaimed by the majority of intelligent Frenchmen. CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

New York.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1862 Prof. Francis J. Child wrote a little operetta, "Il Pesceballo," founded (if we may use this word in connection with anything so slight) upon the old college song "The Lay of the One Fishball." His purpose was to have it sung as a public entertainment, the proceeds to be used for helping the loyalists of east Tennessee who had been impoverished by the ravages of the war. Professor Child (according to the late Charles Eliot Norton) submitted his Italian verses to James Russell Lowell for revision. Lowell at once "dashed off" an English version, and the thing was printed as a little pamphlet of thirty-one pages, Child's Italian verses on one side of the leaf, Lowell's English ones on pages facing; and this pamphlet has been much sought after by Lowell collectors. It has no title-page, but has a "dropped head" and Dramatis Personæ on p. 1, the text beginning on p. 2. The late J. Chester Chamberlain discovered that there were three distinct forms, with slight textual and typographical variations. The first edition was printed as an octavo on four sheets, with signature marks 1, 2, 3, and 4 on pages 1, 9, 17, and 25, respectively. The second and third editions were printed on two sheets only, with signature marks 1 and 2 on pages 1 and 17. The first and second editions were issued as a stitched pamphlet, without cover, but the third has a pale green printed cover bearing title and imprint "Cambridge Printed at the Riverside Press 1862." The first edition contains several misprints, which were corrected in the second and third:

P. 8, line 1, "piacier" was corrected to "piacer."
P. 8, line 1, "pocco" was corrected to "poco."
P. 18, line 8, "anchorè" was corrected to "anchorchè."

A fourth misprint, "Salutateto" for "Salutatelo," p. 28, line 7, was never corrected. The word "Saloon" in the last line of page 5 is in Roman type in the first edition, and italic in the second and third; and in line 10, p. 23, "and" is in italic type in the first and second editions, but in Roman in the third. The three editions seem to have been printed in the same office from the same font of type, perhaps set by the same compositor, but differences in measurements, relative positions of lines, broken types, etc., make it improbable that the types were kept standing. A reprint of the third edition (210 copies) was made by the Caxton Club of Chicago in 1899, with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton. Laid in one of Mr. Chamberlain's copies is a letter from Professor Norton, dated April 4, 1902, in which he says, "'Il Pesceballo' was originally issued in brown covers." This seems to be a mistake. The earlier copies were issued without covers, and no copy of any edition with a brown cover can be traced. W. H. Arnold's copy of the first edition brought $140 in 1901, but it has since sold for less; H. W. Poor's copy went for $60 a few weeks ago.

On January 18 and 19 the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell a collection, including five of the original issues of the Jesuit Relations; a presentation copy of Neal's "History of New England" (1720), 2 vols.; Dresser's "Historien und Bericht von dem Newlicher Zeit erfundenen Königreich China" (1598), including a German translation of Hariot's "Newfoundland of Virginia," the first book on Virginia; a long series of editions of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," and other books and pamphlets by her; the rare Philadelphia editions (1828) of the first and second series of the "Elia" Essays, including several which were not collected in England until five years later; Andrew Lang's first book, "Ballads and Lyrics of

Old France" (1872); and several first editions of Scott. On January 20 and 21 the same firm will offer the library of Henry A. Smith of Milford, Conn., including Carver's "Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America" (1779), a special copy; Monardes's "Joyful Newes Out of the Newfound World" (1580); Smith's "Historical Account of the Expedition Against the Ohio Indians" (1766), with the two plates by Benjamin West; and Phillis Wheatley's "Poems" (1773).

On January 18-21 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will offer the library of the Hon. Hiram C. Day of Buffalo. This collection includes first editions of several of Dickens's novels, small collections of first editions of several prominent American authors, and books on Lincoln and the civil war, one being the first edition of the Lincoln and Douglas Debates (1860).

Correspondence.

THE PRESIDENCY OF HARVARD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: More than two months have elapsed since President Eliot's resignation was announced, and as yet his successor has not been chosen. At least, if the members of the Corporation have decided on a candidate, they have not allowed anyone to suspect that they have done so; and in conversation the Fellows individually speak as if they were still perplexed. But they are a wonderful group of men for keeping a secret, so that no one outside really knows the situation to-day. Nevertheless, there are certain aspects of the election which it may be well to describe, if only as a matter of record.

In the first place, everybody familiar with Harvard or with Harvard gatherings knows that for twenty years past a favorite topic of discussion has been who shall succeed Mr. Eliot. If he had retired ten years ago, the choice might have fallen on Dean Briggs, who was remarkably popular with the undergraduates and their parents, as well as with his colleagues. A little earlier than that there was talk, especially outside of Cambridge, of looking for a man of affairs, because many graduates doubted whether any person with only academic training could possess the qualities now required to run a great institution like Harvard University. William E. Russell and Roger Wolcott, Governors of Massachusetts, were both talked of, but death removed them too early for either to be seriously considered. Then a man of affairs more conspicuous than they loomed up. Theodore Roosevelt was immensely popular with the younger generation of Harvard men; he was the idol especially of the sporting set, who in those years felt that President Eliot was going to an extreme in opposing athletics; and he was regarded by many as a "great drawing card"—as if a university, like a circus, could really prosper by the advertising that comes from unlimited fanfare. Mr. Roosevelt's more serious advocates urged that he would infuse new blood into education, break down desiccated routine, cut much academic red-tape, and let loose energy which would bear fruit in every department. That he ever regarded himself as a possible successor to Mr. Eliot is more than doubtful. For several years past, that is, since the possibility was first broached, it has been no secret that the present Corporation did not favor him, and Mr. Roosevelt himself has treated the matter as a joke.

In 1901 Jerome D. Greene, a non-graduate of the class of 1896, was appointed secretary to President Eliot, and subsequently secretary to the Corporation. His efficient arrangement of office details relieved the president of much drudgery, and at the same time it made Mr. Greene familiar with all the business and interests of the university. He showed so much capacity as head of a bureau that it began to be whispered about that he was being coached for the presidency. Mr. Greene, be it said, from all testimony that comes from Cambridge, went quietly on his way, displaying joy in his work, and never indicating by speech or manner that he dreamed of being either heir apparent or heir presumptive.

Meanwhile President Eliot celebrated his thirty-fifth anniversary (in 1904) without dropping a hint of retiring. All that one heard was that he would not stay on a day after he became conscious that his powers were in the least impaired. Impairment has been the last thing to be associated with him during the past five years, when he has undertaken long journeys, spoken scores of times each year on many topics besides education, and has come to be generally recognized as the foremost living American. But on November 5, he surprised everybody by resigning. Many persons said at once that he must, of course, have picked out his successor. But it soon became clear that this was not the case. The Corporation individually asked for suggestions—and for two months they have been searching, sifting, eliminating. The first noticeable fact was the appeal to precedent. Mr. Eliot, it was said, was elected at thirty-five; Mr. Eliot had been the greatest university president in history; therefore, in order to get his counterpart, we must elect a young man now. In other words, youth was supposed to outweigh every other consideration, and thirty-five to be the magic number. But the truth was, of course, that Eliot succeeded because he was *Eliot*, and not because he was *young;* for his immediate predecessor, Thomas Hill, also had youth on his side, but it did not avail.

Mr. Greene naturally was now thought of and the various points in his favor were canvassed. Another young man, Theodore Lyman, assistant professor of physics, loomed also into view. He, too, was young and, moreover, a kinsman of President Eliot; but whatever his ability as a physicist, apparently no one could show that he had ever had any experience in executive work, or had expressed an opinion on education. The university public hardly knew him by sight, so unobtrusively had he devoted himself to his classroom and laboratory. One heard from a considerable section of the faculty: "President Eliot has been a man of science; now let us have a régime under which the humanities will flourish." Singularly enough, however, the poor humanities, which cry out so loudly for our sympathies and insist so unintermittently that they alone make all-round men, seem unable in these latter days to produce the goods—if one may be permitted so unhumane an expression. The two middle-aged members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences who have been most frequently mentioned—Dean Sabine and Prof. A. Lawrence Lowell—could not be credited to the humanities; for the former is the chief authority on acoustics in America, a physicist of original powers, and for the past two years dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Applied Science; while Professor Lowell, having made a reputation as a lawyer in Boston, took up the study of government and produced a work on "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe" (1896) which led to his appointment as professor of the science of government at Harvard in 1900.

Outside of Cambridge, candidates were sought for. In Boston, James J. Storrow, member of the banking house of Lee, Higginson & Co., energetic citizen, indefatigable chairman of the School Board, seems to have been most widely discussed, and with the greatest favor. At a distance, Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, whose friends describe his marked executive ability in managing a complicated and extensive institution, and his tact in dealing with men of all kinds, was recommended. Chancellor David F. Houston, recently transferred from the presidency of the University of Texas to the head of Washington University, in St. Louis, was also discussed. Like Dean Sabine, he is not a graduate of Harvard College, having taken an A.M. only; but this is generally held to qualify him as a "Harvard man." That qualification is regarded as indispensable by everybody; because, it is said, if Harvard, having bred nearly a hundred presidents for other colleges, can't breed one for herself, she had better go out of business.

These have been the chief candidates discussed by the public. Doubtless, the Corporation has investigated many others. For several weeks, the canvass was much restricted because the idea prevailed that no "old man" had any chance. Fifty was the dead line; forty or thirty-five was the age preferred. But the feeling has increased that the advantages of youth are balanced by the uncertainty as to whether youth will make good. The past few weeks the question has been, "Who is the best man?" not, "Who is the best young man?"

This has led to a survey of the actual condition of the university, and of the sort of work which the next president will have specially thrust upon him. This survey has opened many eyes to the fact that the needs which were crying to be satisfied in 1869 no longer exist. The higher education has come. The professional schools are organized. The elective system has been given the broadest experiment. The principle of liberty has been extended to religious exercises and to the general life of the students. What is needed now is not an innovator like President Eliot, but a conserver, a solidifier, a coördinator. The schools are practically autonomous. The subject which most requires attention now is the College itself, the old "academic department," which at Harvard, and at every other university of sufficient development, now leads an anomalous life. The American college is passing through a period of transformation. It is neither a German

gymnasium nor an English college, nor such a college as flourished at Cambridge fifty years ago. The problem is to find a proper sphere for it—to restore its *raison d'être* and validity. This is the problem which awaits the new president of Harvard, and it is far more important that he shall have enlarged and sound ideas upon it, than that he shall be a few years younger or older than an arbitrarily fixed limit.

"A young man will require ten years to learn his job; why not take a mature man, who can begin at once—and so save all that time?" is the commonest argument to-day; and the men who utter it usually add, "Why not take Professor Lowell?" There is no doubt that the current has set strongly toward him. He has proved his ability in every field he has entered—as lawyer, as trustee of the Lowell Institute, as trustee of the Institute of Technology. He is a rare combination of the man of the world, in its best sense, and of the university leader. During his twelve years' service as teacher at Harvard he has thrown himself with characteristic energy into the interests of professors and students alike. He is not only the most popular, but the keenest, lecturer in the College. And so far as concerns the amenities of the president's position, including the proper entertainment of guests and the relations between the head of the university and the undergraduates, he could be counted upon. As author, he has won an international reputation, his recent exhaustive treatise on England having placed him in the small class where Mr. Bryce is the acknowledged master. The chief objection raised against him is his age: he is fifty-two. If he were forty-five he might be chosen. But under ordinary circumstances he has fifteen, if not twenty, years of activity before him; and that is as much as need be provided for. X.

Boston, January 5.

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial of December 24, "After the Higher Criticism—What?" concludes with the assumption that the advent of the higher criticism has meant for those who accept its methods an end of the ages of faith. Such an assertion is perhaps best met by simply stating that the very reverse is actually the case. The higher criticism has lifted from the Bible the incubus of an impossible theory of its authority, and once more allows its narratives, laws, psalms, prophecies, and evangel to "lie as they befell, alive and warm, part of human life and of the landscape, and of the cheerful day." Does this, think you, make them therefore mere "literature," and undivine?

The transition from the point of view of your editorial to that of one who has passed through the discipline of the higher criticism and still kept the peace that passeth all understanding cannot well be managed in a few paragraphs. But the fact, as a record of experience, is worth something. It at least disposes of your notion that the disciples of the higher criticism are all "confused," and that the churches are simply "drifting," as you so sweepingly affirm, "without chart, compass, or pilot." Your contention, to be accurate, is only that "most" of them are so adrift, for you fail to make the charge specific. In truth be it said, there is drifting enough. But it is among those who, as you justly put it, are "sticking desperately to the old phrases—though in a new sense"—trying to keep hold of an outworn notion of authority and to have done with it at the same time. These, however, are no true disciples of the higher criticism, which is nothing if not intellectually honest.

I believe that I speak for many who have had the same experience with myself. We have simply felt the necessity of facing the facts. The Bible is not, as was once believed, inerrant from cover to cover. This being indubitably so, one has to discriminate, and ask whether any of it is true. Critical science leads the way to such necessary discrimination by exhibiting the various books in their historical origin and relations. Especially it shows that in them all, as human productions, truth and erroneous ways of envisaging truth are everywhere intermixed. But like all science that knows what it is about, criticism moves in the realm of phenomena only—in this case of literary phenomena belonging to the early ages of a certain people. It does not at all raise the ultimate question of source, implied in your reference to Christianity as "of divine or miraculous origin." The higher critic, being human, may go out of his way to pronounce on this deeper question; but as higher critic it does not concern him in the least. It is far more probable that some well-meaning tyro, such as your apocryphal Chicago professor, will rise up to decide these graver issues off-hand and mislead the uninformed by posing as a disciple of the higher criticism. The answer to the question of ultimate origin which you raise can come only in small part from the critical side. It is more properly philosophical; or better, as two of your correspondents in the issue of December 31 suggest, it has to be answered out of life. An utter confusion of mind on this final question is shown in your naïve suggestion that *science* is to offer a substitute for the authority which you declare is lost.

For light on the subject, let us go back to your figure of the "drifting" church. A church that was steering and not drifting would have a compass somewhere aboard, that through all changes in its course would keep true to the pole. Men reading that indicator and studying the eternal stars would know whither they were going and their hearts would be at rest. "Which things are an allegory," the compass being that inner sense which for want of a better name we call the spiritual sense in man; and the stars those unfading spiritual realities called in the Bible righteousness, love, truth—all held in the embracing life of God. These are not valid and eternal *because* they are in the Bible; they are in the Bible because the men who live in its pages saw with growing clearness in the realm of eternal things. Now only that can be authoritative over the spiritual sense which holds it true, as the needle is held to the pole. In the gospel according to Matthew, to which you strikingly allude, that which has appealed even to average minds through eighteen centuries, is surely the luminous personality and utterances of the Prophet of Nazareth, not the embroidery of pious fancy and of material miracle with which the following age quite naturally surrounded him. Men may differ about the miracle of the Gadarene swine, or about the more significant but no more credible miracle of the resurrection, without forfeiting the name of Christian. What constitutes a Christian, one must hope, is the instant inner response to such sayings as the Golden Rule, the commandment of love, the aspiration after the perfect, which lift the Sermon on the Mount above the region of criticism into that of inspiration.

Whether one is to speak of the religion whose human source is to be found in the life thus reflected in Old and New Testaments as "miraculous" or "divine," will depend on his habitual use of words, which in turn will depend on his general philosophy of life. But the question is not one regarding which science, critical or otherwise, has properly anything to say. The higher criticism, having set the Biblical books back into their natural relations to contemporary life and habits of thought, will be discreetly silent as to whether God was more in human life then than He is now. But the spirit in man, if he has kept himself sensitive to the instant touch upon him of the living God, will not hesitate to affirm that He lives, as well as lived.

But here we are in the realm of religion, not of science; the same wherein the author of the "Imitation" found his rest of the heart. Religion has not gone out of life with the advent of the higher criticism. Far from it! Your readers ought to be told, if they do not know, that there are many men in not a few churches over whom the discipline of the higher criticism has passed as a freshening power; who are not confused or drifting, who have not lost the peace that passeth understanding—all because they dare utter the truth that is given momentarily to all faithful souls, not only in words spoken nineteen and twenty-seven centuries ago, but yesterday and to-day by an ever-living God. Richard W. Boynton.

First Unitarian Church, Buffalo, N. Y., January 2.

THE STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A multiplicity of demands the last fortnight has prevented my going through the *Nation* till to-night, so that I have only just read your editorial of December 24 entitled "After the Higher Criticism—What?" This writer, for one, has not learned that the foundation has gone, nor the superstructure, either. For the foundation never was "certain traditions and documents," nor the "origin of the Bible." That baneful doctrine came in a few hundred years ago, and it seems as if now, when Protestantism is compelled to relinquish it, a Pope of Rome would take it over. Be that as it may, while the Catholic religion never claimed, and never can claim, to be founded on a book, not even on the Book of Books, not in many centuries has there been an age when the Bible has been so precious to her sons, so full of light, of inspiration, of power in their lives. The Church is built upon a Personality. She is built of living personalities; St. Peter and St. Paul both said so. That is no "stumbling, groping church, uncertain whence it

came and whither it goes," whose priests on every Lord's Day give solemn thanks at the altar to Almighty God that "we are very members incorporate in the mystical body of Thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people." Those priests in the pulpit may neither expatiate upon the Higher Criticism nor fulminate against it; they have a better message. In their studies they may welcome whatever the newest learning may bring to them; but keeping in their ministrations to the old Church's profound ethical, spiritual, and very simple principles and precepts which refresh the weary, guide the erring, warn the self-willed, and confirm the faithful, they use sacraments and sermons as earnest (though sometimes erring) physicians of the soul. And they find it a very blessed calling; best exercised, like that of the doctor, in quietness, devotion, and much reliance on common sense.

W. F. Faber.

St. John's Rectory, Detroit, January 4.

ANOTHER OBSTACLE TO CO-OPERATION IN ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the very interesting letter from Miss Agnes F. Perkins of Wellesley on "Difficulties in the way of coöperation in English," in your issue of December 17, one serious difficulty was not mentioned. I heartily agree with your correspondent that the English teacher can accomplish little unless teachers of other subjects demand good English from their students. But many teachers of other subjects can never do this, for the simple and excellent reason that they do not know what good English is. I have known heads of departments in reputable colleges who habitually said "He don't" and "Do it like I do."

The trouble is, of course, due to the modern system of training teachers. To quote the New York *Evening Post*, "One must know too much about some one thing, and nothing about everything else; that is true scholarship." Professor James said three or four years ago—I quote from memory—that the most striking thing about the average college professor is his encyclopædic ignorance. Prof. Irving Babbitt, in his recent book on "Literature and the American College," observes that the members of a modern college faculty have almost no training or knowledge in common; they are "a collection of infinitely repellent particles." The definition is painfully apt. The late Professor Shaler, a scholar of the old type, vigorously resented the remark that the pursuit of science unfits a man for literature, and to prove that it does not, he wrote five plays in noble Elizabethan blank verse. Men of Professor Shaler's versatility and power have always been rare in college faculties, as elsewhere; but the typical college teacher of his generation was a man of far broader training and interests than the typical college teacher of to-day. The older men are disappearing rapidly from our faculties, and men trained according to the recipe of scholarship quoted above are taking their places. A man may have made important original contributions to science, and yet be so ignorant of Latin as to suppose that Marius is accented on the second syllable. I have heard an eminent man of science so pronounce the word, and a few minutes later inform his audience—a Phi Beta Kappa society—that "the Romans called men 'vires.'"

This difficulty, I think, lies deeper than any of those which your correspondent discusses. We shall never have intelligent co-operation in teaching English or anything else until we have teachers who are broadly trained. Homer E. Woodbridge.

Colorado Springs, December 24.

THE NIGHT'S THOUSAND EYES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Readers who care for such things were doubtless much interested in Mr. H. E. Woodbridge's letter, entitled "A Parallel from Lyly," printed in the *Nation* of December 24. Another parallel quite as interesting, however, is to be found in the third quatrain of Sylvester's sonnet, printed in the "Golden Treasury," under the title, "Love's Omnipresence":

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.

Still more interesting is it to note the close connection of all these bits with the little epigram of Plato in the Anthology:

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστὴρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενοίμην
οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπω

Thou, my star, at the stars art gazing; would I were heaven, that I might behold thee with many eyes.

Gamaliel Bradford, jr.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., December 30.

APROPOS OF THE FAILURE OF "WINTERFEAST."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In spite of the fact that some of Mr. Kennedy's critics characterized his latest drama "Winterfeast" as an excellent piece of work, it nevertheless failed of success in New York. In view of this fact, I venture to quote a few words from Goethe. In a letter to Sartorius, he says:

At the theatre a fresh and direct appeal is the all-important thing. People do not like to reflect, think, concede; they want to receive and enjoy. It is for this reason that inferior pieces are frequently better received than the superior ones; and, what is more, rightly so.

After all, we have to remember that some dramas are better suited for the study, and others again for the stage; and I do not believe that either merit, therefore, can in any case be consistently construed to be an inherent defect so long as we preserve the proper point of view. The same standard will simply not do service for both categories. Indeed, I know at least one gentleman who prefers even his Shakespeare in the study to his Shakespeare on the stage.

C. H. Ibershoff.

Cornell University, January 4.

APPEAL FOR LETTERS OF F. A. WOLF.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Siegfried Reiter of Prague is engaged in preparing an edition of the letters of the noted classical philologist Friedrich August Wolf. If the possessors of any such letters in this country will be so kind as to communicate with me, it will be of great assistance to Professor Reiter, to whom I shall convey any information thus received.

Arthur Stanley Pease.

No. 61 Sparks Street, Cambridge, Mass., January 5.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co. will publish soon a one-volume commentary on the Bible, edited by the Rev. J. R. Dummelow. The work includes not only a commentary on each of the books of the Bible, but also a series of articles dealing with the larger questions suggested by the Bible as a whole. It has been edited, according to the announcement of the publishers, on the principle of incorporating the assured results of modern scholarship, while avoiding extreme or doubtful opinions. Among the contributors are such scholars as Canon Ragg, Principal Adeney, Professor Nairne Dr. Plummer, and Professor Kennett, in England, and in this country, Professor MacFadyen of Toronto, Professor Paton of Hartford Seminary, Professor Robinson of McCormick Theological Seminary, and Professor Ropes of Harvard.

Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish in February "American Verse, 1625-1807," by Dr. William Bradley Otis, instructor in English in the College of the City of New York. Dr. Otis begins with the publication of "Nova Anglia" and ends with "The Columbiad." He discusses his subject under five heads: "Historical Verse," "Religious Verse," "Political and Satirical Verse," "Imaginative Verse," and "Translations."

Lewis Melville is engaged upon a life of William Beckford, author of "Vathek." He will have access to letters and papers now in the possession of Beckford's descendants, but he would be glad to have other letters sent to him, in care of Messrs. Curtis Brown & Massie, 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

Lady Ritchie's "Black Stick Papers" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a pleasant volume of reminiscences deriving its title from Thackeray's Fairy Blackstick, who was interested in "old books, young people, schools of practical instruction, rings, roses, sentimental affairs, etc., etc." It is written in the mellow, conversational style of one who revives for friends or records in a private journal serene memories of gracious and generous souls that have slipped into the twilight. From the rather random character of the recollections, the coterie point of view, and the steady amiability of treatment, the papers are somewhat lacking in force and definiteness of impression—a little malice in the heart frequently imparts to pen-portraits a faithful vividness which pure benevolence cannot attain. On the other hand, few writers to-day are as happily qualified by birth and associations as Lady Ritchie to link the living with the dead. Few have seen, even in a box at the opera, the ship-launching face of George Sand. Few have just missed a call from Tourguénieff, or have even had a friend who had seen him returning from a laundry with a basketful of freshly ironed dresses. Who else, one is tempted to ask, has sat listening to rare Mrs. Gaskell telling ghost

stories till Leslie Stephen came up the walk and gave, it may be taken for granted, a more rational turn to the conversation? Such delightful touches should not perish from the earth. Much as one admires Lady Ritchie's fine reserve in speaking of her relations with her father's friends and acquaintances, we could pardon a slightly more confidential vein in one who has been so many great Achilleses in the field of literature, art, and music.

"Andrew Marvells Poetische Werke," by Dr. Robert Poscher, in the series Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie, is a monograph by a professed admirer of Marvell. He has devoted 110 pages to paraphrases, more or less complete, of each of Marvell's poems and satires, adding brief critical comments, and a short account of the poet's life. To the English reader, acquainted with Marvell, this is valueless except as it shows the deadening influence of much of the so-called "scientific study" of English literature. In these unilluminating analyses, the poetry has disappeared; in his criticisms, Dr. Poscher seems utterly unable to grasp the essential qualities of this too much neglected poet—his close and sympathetic observation of nature infused with a spirit akin to our modern transcendentalism, his graceful, delicate touch, his sudden flashes of imagination. A single example will show Dr. Poscher's critical method:

> The noun most used by Marvell is probably "flower," closely followed by "tear." Some passages in this poem ("Eyes and Tears") remind the reader of the "Drop of Dew" and "The Nymph and the Fawn," where tears are often mentioned; the nymph weeps, the fawn weeps, the trees weep, the heavens weep, and even the stone weeps. When he asserts in "Eyes and Tears" that human eyes have this advantage, that they alone can weep, he contradicts himself. Grosart cites a passage from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," where the brute creation weeps, and deems it necessary to bring forward a proof from his own experience, stating that he had seen a little terrier, at the death of its master, weep bitterly and die. Possibly the dog in "Dame Siriz" might be mentioned in this connection (pp. 47-48).

This last sentence is a fine stroke, but we are sorry to see that Dr. Poscher has forgotten that in certain versions of Lewis Carroll's pathetic ballad of "The Walrus and the Carpenter"—we have been unable to consult the original manuscript—the walrus also weeps! The remainder of the monograph is taken up with a consideration of the writers who influenced Marvell, his style, his meter. Who, asks Dr. Poscher (p. 32), in reading

> I am the mower Damon, known
> Through all the meadows I have mown

does not hear ringing in his ears the lines

> Sum pius Aeneas . . .
> fama super aethera notus.

We would wager that Marvell did not hear it. In regard to meters, Dr. Poscher can count syllables and draw diagrams of Marvell's verse forms, but he cannot catch the charm of "The Garden," and he does not hear the Miltonic ring in those lines that Lowell admired:

> When up the armèd mountains of Dunbar
> He marched, and through deep Severn, ending war.

This monograph is a fair example of the thesis work in English at present produced at the German universities. To misrepresent the debt English studies owe to German scholarship, both past and present, is not the purpose of this review, but we certainly desire to point out to the general reader that the studies for the doctorate in English, published in our own country, dull and formless as many of them are, are more significant in the scholarship they display, and far more fruitful in the results they attain, than the too numerous theses published in Germany to-day.

"The Trowbridge Genealogy," by Francis B. Trowbridge of New Haven, is the third account of this family which has been prepared, but it far surpasses the first issues in thorough treatment and accuracy of investigation. Thomas Trowbridge of Taunton, England, was the first emigrant of the family, and this portly volume deals chiefly with his descendants. Other lines are not neglected, and the records of the Pension Office and the War Department yielded rich returns, proving the wide distribution of the name and the number of remotely connected families. The emigrant, a son of John Trowbridge, came to Dorchester about 1636, but soon removed to New Haven, which has since been the seat of the family. The finding of John's will in the Taunton records, a mere fragment as it is, establishes the English connection. It is strange that so little is known of the causes of emigration to America, and on this point the records are silent in this instance. Religious or political unrest is the usual explanation, but it would be interesting to know the particular pressure brought upon individual families. The author assumes that Thomas emigrated with the intention of making only a temporary stay in the settlement, but he has no proof to offer. The volume, which is published by the author, is clear in arrangement and contains much of value.

Some interesting contributions to the history of Boston are made in the fifth volume of the Bostonian Society Publications. The close connection with Boston, Lincolnshire, in the early days, is shown in the account of a visit to that place by J. F. Hunnewell. Benedict Arnold appears in a new light in a letter written to Miss Mercy Scollay, dated Philadelphia, July 15, 1778, in which he offers to provide for the education of the children of "my late worthy friend Gen'l Warren, . . . who to my great surprise, I find have been entirely neglected by the State. . . . I have sent you by Mr. Hancock five hundred dollars for the present. I wish you to have Richard clothed handsomely and sent to the best school in Boston. Any expense you are at, please draw on me for, which shall be paid with thanks." Among some historic processions described was one on January 23, 1793, "in commemoration of the successes of their French brethren, in their glorious enterprise for the establishment of equal Liberty." A prominent feature was a roasted ox on whose right horn "was displayed the Republican Flag of France, and from the left that of the United States," and "a Hogshead of Punch, drawn by six horses." Among the illustrations are portraits of Capt. Isaac Hull and Lafayette.

After an interval of about six years since the publication of the first volume of the Irish Texts Society edition of Keating's "History of Ireland," the second and third volumes have now been issued. There still remains a fourth, which is to contain the genealogies and synchronisms, together with explanatory notes, indexes, and such apparatus; but the entire body of the history, both text and translation, is now finished, and students of Celtic literature and tradition will rejoice to have it at last accessible in print. David Comyn, who began the work of editing, was obliged to relinquish it on account of ill health and did not live to see the publication of the later parts. The Rev. P. S. Dinneen, his successor, has been one of the most productive contributors, as author, editor, and lexicographer, to the work of the Gaelic League, and is well equipped for the interpretation of a modern Irish text. In our review of the first volume (see the *Nation* of May 14, 1903, p. 399) we expressed some doubt concerning the group of manuscripts which the editor had chosen to follow, and also the hope that a fuller account of the textual tradition would be given later on. Father Dinneen, we are glad to see, has supplied additional information on the subject; and we observe, too, that he has based his text on a different manuscript from that adopted by Mr. Comyn. As a result of this change of plan the edition will not consistently represent either of the two main recensions of the work.

"Old Edinburgh," by Frederick W. Watkeys (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), is a sort of glorified guide-book, answering much the same purpose as Hare's famous "Walks" in various cities. It has the advantage over Hare's books of being more conveniently got out, in two smallish volumes, profusely illustrated, often from interesting old prints, and including a sufficient historical sketch. On the other hand, the author's style has none of that charm arising from genuine old-school culture which goes so far to atone for Mr. Hare's many curious lapses. Mr. Watkeys, for instance, insists upon calling buildings "Gothic" and, in the same breath, attributing them to Inigo Jones; and of King James I of Scotland he risks the valuable criticism that "his poetry evinces no inferiority to that of his contemporaries." But his main purpose of bringing "before the reader the principal and interesting events in the history of the Old Town" and "some account of the manners and customs of her old-time citizens, together with certain details relating to the ancient life of the city," he has accomplished in a way to afford much pleasure and profit to those who have leisure to study their Edinburgh, close by close, and wynd by wynd, under his expert guidance.

The sub-title of "Things Korean" (F. H. Revell Co.), by Horace N. Allen, M.D., "a collection of sketches and anecdotes, missionary, and diplomatic," gives an accurate description of the book. It recounts the experiences of a residence of twenty-one years in the country, the last four as our minister. Many of the incidents are entertaining and instructive, but many are trivial and hardly worthy of record. A pleasant impression on the whole is left of this quaint people who, our author says in his preface, "are now in desperate straits," from the Japanese domination. In the concluding chapters he endeavors to give some impression of the present conditions, while one of his principal objects, it is evident, is to awaken interest in and sympathy for the Koreans in this country.

Under the title "Outlines of Systematic

Theology," Prof. Augustus H. Strong of the Rochester Theological Seminary, dean of American teachers of doctrinal theology, has issued an abridged edition of his "Systematic Theology," published in three volumes in 1906 (Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press). It contains all the outline statements of the larger work, omitting the bibliographical and illustrative material. Dr. Strong is one of the few remaining defenders of the Calvinistic faith, and this compend sets forth the doctrines of high orthodoxy as clearly, forcibly, and persuasively as could be desired.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, the chief protagonist of the "New Theology" controversy, has published some twenty of his week-day sermons, "Thursday Mornings at the City Temple" (The Macmillan Co.). The *rabies theologorum* does not induce a favorable mood for a preacher. It does not allow that "lyric expression of the soul, an utterance of meditation in sorrow, hope, love, and joy, from a representative of the human heart in its divine relations," which Martineau found to be the essence of true preaching. The pulpit, Martineau contended, "should be absolutely surrendered to devout thought and utterance, and the consecration of human life by divine affections." Mr. Campbell's pulpit would appear to be surrendered to exposing the foibles and fallacies of the orthodox, to whom he owes the better elements of his religion. But, whatever one may think of some evangelical dogmas, evangelicalism has been too great a force, and is too great a power for good to-day, to be treated unadvisedly or lightly. The world doubtless has need of iconoclasts, but one does not ordinarily go to church to hear things smash, not even on a Thursday morning in a city temple.

Old Testament students have often expressed the wish that the several documents underlying the present text might be printed consecutively by themselves, not in parallel columns. This hope has been fulfilled in part by "The Historical Bible," by Prof. Charles Foster Kent of the Yale Divinity School (Charles Scribner's Sons). Disregarding in large measure the later traditions of the priestly historians, and in part also the work of the Deuteronomist and the Ephraimitic history, he follows in his first volume, "Heroes and Crises of Early Hebrew History," the Judaean document (J), dividing it into sections and commenting on the more important historical material. He professes to have produced thus, "not a new, but the original Old Testament, which is thus restored and freed from the distracting parallels and scribal additions that through the ages have gathered about it." Similarly the second volume, "The Founders and Rulers of United Israel," brings into relief the very early and graphic narratives concerning Saul and David. These handbooks will be found helpful in the study of the history of the Hebrew nation and the development of its religious beliefs, and are adapted to those for whom Professor Kent's "Student's Old Testament" is too elaborate and involved.

The house of Georg Westermann, Brunswick, has begun to issue in parts a noteworthy work, "Die Bücher der Bibel," edited by F. Rahlwes. The purpose is to interpret the Bible, according to the idea of Goethe and Herder, as a collection of literature, and not as a work of edification or doctrinal instruction. This edition, finely illustrated by E. M. Lilien, and arranged from a literary point of view, is to appear in ten volumes, with brief introductions and historical reviews to aid in the understanding of the different groups. The translation is that of the standard Bibelwerk of the late Prof. Ed. Reuss of Strassburg. The first volume, just out, covering the Hexateuch, is entitled "Ueberlieferung und Gesetz." An edition de luxe is also published in 100 copies.

Dr. Wilhelm Hohoff discusses from the point of view of the Catholic Church, the problems of modern Socialism in a work of 340 pages, "Die Bedeutung der Marx'schen Kapital-Kritik: Eine Apologie des Christentums vom Standpunkte der Volkswirtschaftslehre und Rechtswissenschaft" (Paderborn: Bonifacius-Druckerei).

A number of books have recently appeared on the history of German literature. To the series of monographs edited by Prof. Ernst Elster of Marburg under the title Beiträge zur deutschen Literaturwissenschaft Dr. Albin Franz contributes a volume of 264 pages, "Johann Klaj: Ein Beitrag zur deutschen Literaturgeschichte des 17. Jahrhunderts"; Dr. Wilhelm Siebert, "Heinrich Heines Beziehungen zu E. T. A. Hoffmann"; Dr. Richard Kyrieleis, a treatise on the famous novel of Moritz August von Thümmel: "Reise in die mittäglichen Provinzen von Frankreich." The eleventh volume of the collection is Dr. Hans Eichentopf's "Theodor Storms Erzählungskunst in ihrer Entwicklung." The second volume of Alfred Biese's "Deutsche Literaturgeschichte," a volume of 692 pages, embraces the period from Goethe to Moericke. Among the Breslauer Beiträge zur Literaturgeschichte, edited by Dr. Max Koch and Prof. Gregor Sarrazin, the sixteenth volume is Dr. Fritz Karsen's "Henrik Steffens Romane: Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des historischen Romans." The ninth volume of the Münster'sche Beiträge zur neueren Literaturgeschichte is a book of 137 pages by Dr. Bernhard Lips, "Oskar von Redwitz als Dichter der Amaranth." All these works are imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.

Some noteworthy Goethe books have been published within a few weeks: "Johann Wolfgang v. Goethe: Die lyrischen Meisterstücke" is an edition in two volumes with an introduction and notes by Prof. Richard M. Meyer; a selection from Goethe's diaries, with an introduction by Hans Gerhard Gräf, under the title "Aus Goethes Tagebüchern"; and "Goethes Briefwechsel mit Marianne von Willemer," edited by Philipp Stein, who also edited the letters of Goethe's mother, Bismarck's speeches, and Rückert's selected works (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.).

A selection from the works of Hans Sachs has been edited in modern orthography and furnished with an introduction by Dr. Albrecht Keller (Frankfurt: Moritz Diesterweg).

A selection from the works of Otto Erich Hartleben has been published in three volumes, containing respectively poetry, prose, and dramas (Berlin: S. Fischer). It is edited and introduced by Franz Ferdinand Heitmüller, who has written about the dramatists of Hamburg in the eighteenth century, and is one of the collaborators in the Goethe and Schiller Archiv.

Three new anthologies, published in Germany, are worth somewhat more than passing mention. "Hellas und Rom im Spiegel deutscher Dichtung," by Karl Zettel, who died before the first of the two volumes had left the press, is an interesting collection of German poems, relating to classical antiquity, beginning with the mythological period. Practically all the leading poets of Germany are represented (Erlangen: Palm & Enke). Der poetische Cicerone, Städte und Läuder in der Dichtung, edited by Ignaz Jezower, begins with the volume "Venedig," consisting of a set of poetical descriptions of Venice, its history and life, by the leading poets of Europe. The volume begins with Goethe's visit in the autumn of 1786 (Berlin: Behr). A good anthology, especially for the higher classes in the schools, is the book of Dr. M. Consbruch and Prof. Fr. Klincksieck, entitled 'Deutsche Lyrik des 19 Jahrhunderts," the second edition of which has followed directly on the first (Leipzig: C. F. Amelongs Verlag). Practically all the German poets of the past century are represented, and the distribution of space to each is wisely made.

Aside from his "Michael Kohlhaas" so little attention has been paid to the fiction of Heinrich von Kleist that the edition of his stories, "Erzählungen," with an introduction by Erich Schmidt, is bound to be appreciated (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag).

The memory of the gifted woman who was the devoted wife and comrade of the poet Gottfried Kinkel, whom the youthful Carl Schurz aided in escaping from the Spandau prison in 1850, is revived in a little volume by J. F. Schulte, "Johanna Kinkel: Nach ihren Briefen und Erinnerungsblättern" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.).

Two interesting studies of French authors have lately been published in Germany: Paul Mahn's "Guy de Maupassant: Sein Leben und seine Werke," a volume of 564 pages (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.); and Prof. Paul Bastier's "Victor Hugo und seine Zeit: Eine Einführung in das Studium des Dichters," a work of 240 pages (Leipzig: Xenien-Verlag).

The Hague Society for the Defence of Christianity asks for competitive discussions of the following themes: (1) An Investigation of the Value of the Empirical Psychology of Religion for the Doctrines of Christianity; (2) A Scientific Discussion of Ethics on the Basis of Modern Religious Principles. The prize for the former is to be bestowed on December 15, 1909, and for the latter on the same day, 1910. The prizes are four hundred gulden and a gold medal. Scholars of all nations may compete.

Max West, a special examiner in the Bureau of Corporations of the Department of Commerce and Labor, died at Washington, January 7. He was born at St. Cloud, Minn., in 1870, was graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1890, and finally took the doctor's degree at Columbia. For a time he was connected with the University of Chicago, and later he was attached to the staff of the Chicago *Herald*, and then of the *Record*. In 1896 he entered the Division of Statistics in the Department of Agriculture, and since then his work has been mainly in Washington. From 1900 to 1902 he was associate professor of economics in Columbian University. Among

his writings are "The Inheritance Tax" (1893), "Principles of Taxation" (1907), and many contributions to periodicals.

The death is reported from Edinburgh of Thomas McKie, in his seventy-eighth year. He was a native of Dumfries, and a friend of Carlyle. He published several books, including "Lyrics and Sonnets" and "Summer Rambles."

Prof. G. Wilhelm Schaefer, whose death is announced from Hanover, taught economics at the technical *Hochschule* in that city. He was born in 1834, in Bremke, near Göttingen, and was graduated from the university of the latter town. From 1855 to 1862 he studied law, after which he was attached for a time to the customs service and to several insurance companies. In 1872 he became *Privatdozent* at the Hanover *Hochschule*. His chief works are: "Hypothekenversicherung als Mittel zur Hebung des Grundbesitzes," "Unvereinbarkeit des sozialistischen Zukunftsstaates mit der menschlichen Natur," "Der gewerbliche Credit," "Der Handel in der Volkswirthschaft," "Die Nationalökonomie und die neuere Gesetzgebung," "Aus einem anarchischen Idealstaat," and "Erinnerungen eines Globetrotters."

Prof. Richard Pischel of the University of Berlin has just died at Madras. He left home about the 1st of November to spend a winter of study and travel in India and to give to Hindu students in Calcutta instruction in their ancient Prakrits, in which languages he was the first living authority. His wide attainments exemplify the mighty change in the scope of Indian philology which the last thirty years have wrought. Deeply versed in the Brahmanical literature, Vedic and classical, he was not merely an old-time Sanskritist; he was also eminent as a student of the sacred books of the Jainas (in Prakrit) and in those of the Buddhists (in Pali). Besides all this, he had been an efficient helper in the deciphering of the wonderful finds brought back by Le Coq from East Turkestan. He would have been sixty on the 18th of this month, and had every reason to hope for years of fruitful activity. His works include: "De Kâlidâsae Çâkuntali recensionibus" (1870), "De grammaticis prâciticis" (1874), "Kâlidâsa's Çakuntalâ," the Bengali recension, with critical notes (1877), "Hemacandras Grammatik der Prâkritsprachen" (2 vols., 1877-1880), "The Deçînâmamâlâ of Hemacandra" (1880), "The Therî-Gâthâ" (1883), "Rudrata's Crngâratilaka and Ruyaka's Sahrdayalilâ, with an introduction and notes (1886), "Vedische Studien" (3 vols., 1889-1901, partly in collaboration with Geldner); "Beiträge zur Kenntnis der deutschen Zigeuner" (1894), "Grammatik der Prâkritsprachen im Grundriss der indoaranischen Philologie" (1900), "Leben und Lehre des Buddha" (1906), "Der Hofdichter der Laks manasena" (1893), "Die Heimat der Puppenspiele" (1900), "Materialien zur Kenntnis der Apabhramsa" (1902).

From Calcutta comes news of the death of Syed Mahomed Abdul Ghafur, more familiarly known as Professor Shahbaz. He was editor of the first Urdu journal, *Darul-Sultanut*, and at one time he was director of public instruction in Bhopal. At the time of his death he was engaged on a biography of the poet-philosopher, Amir Khusro.

RECENT VERSE.

Golden Rod and Lilies. By R. W. Gilbert. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Some Wander Songs and Other Verse. By Horatio Winslow. Madison, Wis.: W. Mayer.

A Modern Judas and Other Rhymes. By E. Vincent. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Apollo and the Seaman, The Queen of Gothland, Stanzas to Tolstoy, and Other Lyrics. By Herbert Trench. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Nature Poems and Others. By William H. Davies. London: A. C. Fifield.

An Earth Poem and Other Poems. By Gerda Dalliba. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Looms of Life. By Herman Scheffauer. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.

Narrative Lyrics. By Edward Lucas White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Idylls of Greece. By Horace V. Sutherland. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

Ariadne Diainomene and Other Poems. By E. W. Sutton Pickhardt. London: Elkin Matthews.

That most of our current verse is the expression of a refined and elegant egotism, is probably true. To write verse at all in these bustling and distracted days, much more to publish it, is pretty good evidence of a certain kind of vanity. It is nothing less than a tacit assumption of personal superiority, of the possession of gifts or accomplishments sufficiently remarkable to justify an extraordinary demand upon public attention. And yet there is another side to the matter. In a slightly different interpretation all this multitudinous verse, which its makers will insist upon publishing in contempt of modesty and utility, becomes a natural and excusable revolt against the tyranny of means and averages and masses. In protest against a life of humdrum mediocrity and commonplace, it reasserts the claims of charm and distinction, of the unexpected and the incalculable. But, unfortunately, as it has fallen upon evil days, it is either intimidated by the levelling influences about it or else defiant of them; it is apt to be either weak or violent.

It is seldom, however, that self-assertion grows quite so bold, even in the latter extreme, as it does in Mr. Gilbert's "Golden Rod and Lilies." Mr. Gilbert represents himself as a disciple of Walt Whitman. He has the same unpleasant insistence upon sex; the same comfortable faith in the virtues of *laissez-aller*, which he dignifies with the convenient title of Providence; the same streakiness of expression, now colloquial and slangy, anon "literary" and bookish. In his versification, however, he is more conventional; he even practises the sonnet—and what a sonnet!—a kind of stanzaic woodpile, rusticity laid in lengths. Withal he is very energetic—often ridiculous, to be sure, and not infrequently prosaic—but occasionally satiric with point (indeed, satire is his best vein), admirably lyric now and then, always high-spirited and amusing even when he fails to be interesting. In short, for all his indiscipline, vulgarity, and vociferousness, he is one of the most remarkable of those occasional poetic meteors whose brilliancy seldom survives a single flight—though so fitful and unsteady that hardly more than an uncertain glimpse can be caught of him in quotation:

I rest in God, and patiently abide,
Like the young willows by the waterside;
My roots reach out for Him, my leaves expand
To catch His sun and dew on every hand.
. . . . . .
I rest in God, and loaf beneath the trees
Acquiring certain subtle masteries;
If I made haste would I sooner arrive?
And if I wait, will he then cease to strive?
. . . . . .
I rest in God, like my good master, Walt,
And let the wincing world go by default;
Like him, a poet of democracy
I love it well, but it must come to me.

Though Mr. Gilbert may have forced the note a little, yet as a matter of fact assurance—it will hardly do to call it cock-sureness as yet—seems to be gradually prevailing over the humbler mood and the minor key. It was not so very long ago that all the great questions were unanswerable, all the great issues closed, all the great poems written. The season was adverse. Nothing remained save a gentle reminiscent regret or an advised and knowing resignation. The most the poet could hope for was to be no one's dupe but his own. To be sure, the old key recurs occasionally. Mr. Winslow drops into it, for instance, in his "Wander Songs," with their clear, poetic trickle, thin but musical:

Came to the Workmen one who said,
"The works we do are done in vain:
There is no man shall live again
Or hear God's praise when he is dead.

"Yea, what shall be the good of us
When Time has crept a little space
And, leering from his later place,
Has seen us one with Daedalus:

"Our cunning caverns blocked with drift;
Our engines rusted into earth
Our strange devices nothing worth—
Forgotten every trick and shift?"

Yet even here it is but a survival, a mood into which the poet sinks and from which he as promptly rises. On the whole, the spell is broken. With no less characteristic confidence than Mr. Gilbert, though in a contrary sense, Mr. Vincent, too, voices the new spirit in his "Modern Judas":

Warring, war; and wooing,
Woo;

Do not talk of doing,
Do.

Heart is in the winning
Won
Deed in the beginning
Done.

Wind for wanderer blowing
Blow!
Let the bent on going,
Go.

With admirable consistency he proceeds, in the letter of his own recommendations, to undertake a new poetic dialectic, something like Browning's dramatic soliloquy, with interpolations by the party of the second part in italics—a sort of typographical poetics. Now, Mr. Vincent is no contemptible versifier: his poems have a kind of immediate relevancy, the tang of familiar things, the pungency of freshly broken soil. But if they are racy, it must be added they are only half-cured, too. His treatment of the iambic couplet—it can be called heroic only in an unflattering sense—is something atrocious. His matter, too, is often correspondingly crude:

Janet, pick up the needle you let fall
And go, for young DeVyne has come to call.

There is something too much of this undistilled "actuality" about the volume. What poetry most needs nowadays, all of us are probably ready to admit, is the kind of renewal that comes from fresh vision—a surrender of threadbare "literary" situations and motives for more capacious and significant symbols. But it is absurd to suppose that poetry, whose word is order, can be manufactured of a huddle of raw material whether of language or experience.

Nor on this score is Mr. Trench's "Apollo and the Seaman" wholly irreproachable. The volume contains at least two poems of unusual size and pretensions, the titular piece itself and "The Queen of Gothland." In both the attempt is the same, to transmute a common reality. But the result is not altogether happy. The fusion is incomplete; the solution, cloudy and unsettled. The former in particular consists of a decidedly unwieldy allegory, which requires a good deal of pinching and stretching to fit the circumstances:

I heard them calling in the streets
Tbat the ship I sail upon—
The great ship Immortality—
Was gone down with the sun.

Nothing can wholly redeem such lack of plasticity in the fundamental conception. But during the course of the twenty-nine pages over which this doubtful figure is distended there are several short passages which produce a much more favorable impression of the poet's powers—like the following from the mouth of Apollo:

I have seen Jason and his men
Into bows of Argo piece
Oak of Dodona, ere she slid
To find the golden fleece;
Ay, and triremes of the marble isles
Pursue from Salamis.

I have seen master-galleys rise
Dipping in mass the oar,
And centaur-carven caravels,
And galleons big with ore,
Dromonds, and mountain'd argosies
That sack the globe no more:

Great sails, like yellow weeping clouds,
Heap'd thunder, roaring squall—
And their fadings, like the fleet of stars
That floateth over all.

In connection with a poem like this which harks back to an earlier and more elementary conception of art, it may not be uninteresting to notice a curious little volume by Mr. Davies, called "Nature Poems," which seems, improbably enough, to have drawn its inspiration from John Donne and the Elizabethan decadence. In such a poem as the "Wind" the resemblance is very striking, not only in the technique, but also in the way in which matters naturally homely and irreducible are taken up, and, as it were, suspended in the verse, making a kind of imperfect poetic emulsion:

Sometimes he roars among the leafy trees
Such sounds as in a narrow cove, when Seas
Rush in between high rocks; or grandly roll'd
Like music heard in churches very old.
. . . . . .
Sometimes he whineth like a dog in sleep,
Bit by the merciless small fleas; then deep
And hollow sounds come from him, as starved men
Oft hear rise from their empty parts; and then
He'll hum a hollow groan, like one sick lain,
Who fears a move will but increase his pain.
And now he makes an awful wail, as when
From dark coal-pits are brought up crushed, dead men
To frantic wives.

In one sense this is pretty nearly the negation of poetry. And yet it would probably be going too far to call the characteristic common to all these writers a fondness for deformity, or even formlessness. But, at all events, they show comparatively little susceptibility to the charms of regularity and harmony. What stirs them most is something large, diffuse, indefinable, and uneasy. Gerda Dalliba apparently feels little compunction in writing "An Earth Poem" of 165 pages "to express in words man's needs, capabilities, and progress" —as little as Edwin Markham has in prefacing it with an enthusiastic appreciation. With such a subject, the wonder is, not that the poem is so long, but that it is so good—by fits and starts. The figures in particular are arresting —large and inchoate, like something emerging from stone, a half-erected statue or bas-relief:

Children of Sod look up,
Here is your Earth!
Here is your Air!
And here your World
Squat like a mammoth Urchin of the Sea.
A monstrel of a hybrid breed,
Red, bleared,
Contagious, omnipresent, sightless, torn.
. . . . . .
Long vampire contagions sting the rose of morn,
Its petals heave and weld,
Now amid flames the ghost of fire stalks.
Earth's breasts are built upon by steel and mail,
Her mouth is gullied with the Spit of Life.

Such, too, is the kind of theme which inspires Mr. Scheffauer's "Looms of Life" at its best—this sense of intricacy and unrest. Thus his "Man and the Mountains":

The winds of worlds upon the brow of Man,
Valleys and gorges dark,—
Twilight, and purple banners in the van
Of Night's encroaching arc.
. . . . . .
Peak leaned to solemn peak. The master stirred
Their granite lips to speech;
Each in that sinister vast awe unheard,
Darkly communed with each.

What plots profound, what fathomless designs,
Throbbed through the palsied air?
What subtle secrecies oppressed the pines
Or the cold moon-disc bare?

Through their deep, runic syllables there ran
Tides of tremendous doom,
And when their council closed, the realms of Man
Lay dust on Time's gray loom.

Parallel to some extent with Mr. Vincent's attempts at a new *genre* are Mr. White's "Narrative Lyrics," as he calls them, though the research of novelty is not allowed in this case to encroach so far upon the form. In reality they are most of them old stories, unravelled and deftly rewoven in metrical patterns. Among others there is a "Benaiah," a "Rhampsinitos," a "Shamgar." Their likeness to the lyric consists mainly in the air of personal concern with which they are related. They are surrounded by a kind of emotional atmosphere which refracts the light in a manner quite different from epic. Indeed, it is in the creation of this sort of transparent shadow that Mr. White's skill is principally displayed. The "Deioces" is a pretty good illustration:

He entered as had been agreed.
The moon was high among the quiet stars.
Its light was stencilled on the silent floors
A hand's-breadth wide below the lattices;
. . . . . .
The King's slow breathing guided him along.
. . . . . .
I heard a stir and movement from the bed,
The planting of two firm unhurried feet.
I looked again. The King was there, erect,
His right hand held Harbanus by the throat;
His left hand gripped him by the armed right wrist.

He did not sway. I could not hear him
breathe.
Harbanus writhed and presently let drop
The dagger and it fell upon the bed
And made no noise. The King moved inch
by inch,
And yet without an effort, as it seemed,
Took up the dagger, drove it firm and deep,
And then, as gently as a father might
Lay in its cot to rest his sleeping child,
Lowered the body slowly to the floor.
I was afraid to run or slink away,
And saw him climb again into the bed,
Cover himself, and soon I heard him breathe
As evenly as early in the night.
. . . . . .
When he arose, Phraortes, white and tense,
Asked why he had not called the palace
guards.
. . . . . .
"There might have been another," said his
son.
"Well," said the King, "and had there been
a score
Which do you fancy they would have pre-
ferred,
To enter as he did or stay without?"

This is a change. But even here the air is still sultry and surcharged; and it is something of a relief to emerge into Mr. Sutherland's "Idylls," with their reworking of transparent old Greek story, whose purpose is admirably expressed by the introduction to "Prokris and Kephalos"—in spite of these jolting k's:

A little love makes life endurable;
Much love would make us gods. And know-
ing this
I bide within the shadow with my harp
And sing of love, and lovers who beheld
Long years ago the beauties ye ignore
The while ye seek, with strain'd and tired
eyes,
The Stairs of Silence, winding ever down.
And though no more my notes may reach
the skies
Like his of old who charm'd the surging
seas
And made the thrushes listen, yet perhaps
Men's hearts may gain some comfort from
the strain
And bless the singer though the stars be
mute.

It is harder, somehow, to accept Mr. Pickhardt's "Ariadne Diainomene." There is something about the form of Greek tragedy which seems incompatible, even in reading, with the idea of contemporary verse; it has at best the air of a *tour de force*, of an academic experiment. And yet Mr. Pickhardt has done his work well; he has attained the kind of success of which his attempt is capable; though, for the reason just mentioned, the recitations, meditative and narrative, seem the most satisfactory portions of the piece, just because they appear in themselves less of an anachronism. As an example may be cited a speech of Ariadne's:

Each year I saw the victims in pale file
Land from their ships at Cnossos; every
spring
The Labyrinth wherein the Minotaur
Was hidden that the sun be not defiled,
Received their inward footstep; but no mark
Of issuing foot therefrom was ever seen.
And each year as I waxed to maidenhood
My pity waxed within me: they that came
They that were offered up in sacrifice
And with their flesh did help perpetuate
The monstrous thing that bellowed deep
within
The bowels of the irremeable maze,
Half-man, half-bull, and wholly horrible,
. . . . . .
How often have I wept beholding them!

CURRENT FICTION.

The Fair Mississippian. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

An old mansion on a Mississippi plantation, a lovely widow with three boys, a forceful tutor, a lost and found codicil, and almost a ghost—these materials hold small promise of originality in plot. Nevertheless, they are presented in novel combinations, and are so interwoven with wonderful pictures of life on the Mississippi River as to prove absorbingly interesting. There are the steamboats coming and going like living actors, and the desperado on his flatboat contributing the melodramatic shadows of the scene. There are plantation hospitalities and bear-hunting and yet more serious deeds of daring; and around all flows and overflows the great river, shaping the days and ways of the dwellers on its banks, making or breaking their fortunes, feeding them, killing them, winning their bread, hiding their crimes, a mighty presence and power. This is not to say that there is not a real and well-contrived story involving love, money, and some interesting characters, but to emphasize the reflection that in the highest sense it is a novel of place. The fly in the amber is a habit of bow-wow in the language which sits with curious artificiality on a story absolutely clear-cut in device—as when a steamboat's electric searchlight makes "a rayonnant halo in the dim glooms of the riparian midnight."

The Gentle Grafter. By O. Henry. New York: The McClure Co.

O. Henry's latest specimen of American humor exhibits less variety of plot and character than his "Voice of the City"—indeed, a few of the stories are undeniably trite. In compensation, however, the harsh ugliness of treatment which characterized the sketches of New York life has given way to a sunnier, more genial cynicism. The work conforms to the Aristotelian comic canon in displaying the follies and vices of mankind in such a way as to excite mirth without pain. The heroes of the "Gentle Grafter" are not harsh, unlovely metropolitans; they are affable, expansive types of the migrant all-around American swindler. They find the criminal welter of Babylon a bit oppressive. In particular, they feel a lofty superiority to the ethics of Wall Street; when they consider their modest transactions in patent-medicines, matrimonial humbugs, and goldbricks, under the shadow of New York financial operations. they glow with the conscious virtue of Sunday School superintendents. As Jeff Peters says:

> Myself, I never believed in taking any man's dollars unless I gave him something to show for it—lumbago lotion, stock certificates, stove polish, or a crack on the head to show for his money.

Jeff, the chief narrator, is an opulent personality. His style, which will doubtless play its part in corrupting the English of his contemporaries, is as full and fruity as plum-cake. It is studded with puns, good and bad. It is larded with Pickwickian paraphrase and grotesque examples of *le mot précis*. It is rich "beyond the dreams of average—rich as Greasers," with malaproprisms and allusions, open and covert, to Walt Whittier, Albert Tennyson, and other celebrities of far less durable reputation. In order adequately to relish its flavor, one should first digest the headlines of the New York and Chicago newspapers for the current year. Ten years hence it will require a commentary as copious as that of the "Dunciad" to elucidate Jeff's "sensations of thought and perspicacity." But what a solidarity of interests on the part of the American public such a book implies—what a hearty appetite for the picturesque vulgarities and rascalities of the hour! As for Jeff himself, he approaches the universal—there is probably no city, town, or village in the Union unvisited by his pilgrim feet.

Sappho in Boston. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

This story, according to the publisher's announcement, "is written delightfully by a man of letters, who, for personal reasons, preserves his incognito." To fix the responsibility of authorship would be a task not unlike the analysis of a pinwheel in action. For this is a story which does not stand still long enough to be criticised. It whizzes and fizzes its way through conversational smartnesses, hypertrophy of wealth, coruscations of epigram, and yet, reaching its end, reveals a solidity that one hardly suspected. It is as if a comet tore by, tail first, all glitter and haze, but at last arrived in order, bringing its head behind it. To tell the truth, the earlier aspects of the story are not wholly attractive; there is something uncanny in the glare and dazzle and something antagonizing in the wilful and, as it proves, motiveless hovering upon the brink of ill taste. The plot is a distant and semi-lunatic relative of the motive in "The Loan of a Lover." The gentleman who plays with precious stones as large as ducks'

eggs might be a child of Ouida, if he were not situated on Boston Common. Ouidaesque, too, is the man who telegraphs to an "Eminence" for proof that a silver service in a Boston jeweller's is not the only copy of a Windsor Castle original. Now will come a sentence stickily sweet with the archaic sugar of Hewlett; then one slangily terse like Richard Harding Davis. It is superfluous to add that the book is nothing if not brisk, even breathless reading, and its unconventional dénouement invests it with positive charm.

Perdita. By Stanley V. Makower. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A desire to present something a little truer than the truth was the motive which led Mr. Makower to throw his materials for the life of the actress Mary Robinson, more celebrated as an early mistress of George IV, into the form of fiction. The book before us is of greater interest and value than most specimens of this ambiguous species, because the sound biographical element is unusually large. Indeed, the author adheres pretty strictly to the known facts of the heroine's career, and steps into the realm of fiction mainly for the purpose of interpreting his data. That the reader may have the means to distinguish the *Wahrheit* from the *Dichtung* Mr. Makower has supplied an index, a list of the characters impersonated by Mrs. Robinson with dates, and a fairly lengthy bibliography. The volume is further enriched by seventeen illustrations, including, besides several famous portraits of the actress, likenesses of her royal lover, the young rake of genius, Lord Lyttleton, Col. Tarleton, Sheridan, and Charles James Fox—all of whom were closely associated with Perdita's affairs.

There is something legitimately tempting to the imagination in the life-history of a woman who was trained by Garrick, sat to Reynolds, dined with Burke, infatuated a prince, wrote bad poetry, and died in wretchedness and poverty. It cannot be said, however, that Mr. Makower, with all his freedom of method, has made his interpretation of his heroine very coherent or very credible. He has been somewhat too profound and much too romantic. Under the spell of bewitching portraits, he has read into the spirit of Mrs. Robinson qualities which she never possessed, and which are quite incompatible with the facts of her life which he himself supplies. The real Mrs. Robinson appears to have been, like many other actresses, much more interesting in her public than in her private character. Shallow and commonplace in mind and heart, she possessed uncommon beauty, a considerable taste for coquetry and intrigue, and a quite extraordinary vanity. Mr. Makower's attempt to represent her as a harmony of middle-class domestic virtue with an intense vein of romanticism is disastrous. It becomes intolerable when it blends Mrs. Robinson's maternal solicitude over her infant at home in its cradle with the "loveliness of her impressions" as the larks carol over her in "jubilant sweetness" after an assignation with the Prince. Certain cold records of bonds, certain vague hints of blackmail, suggest that for Perdita there was rather more money than romance in this affair. At any rate, the veil of divine illusion was excessively thin.

Illinois Historical Collections. Vol. III. (Lincoln Series, Vol. I.): The Lincoln-Douglas Debates, 1858. Edited by Edwin Erle Sparks. Springfield: Illinois Historical Library.

Premonitions of the near-at-hand centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln are already abundant, among them an activity in the press as regards this almost the greatest of American personalities. The material relating to Lincoln is comprised already within more than a thousand volumes, its bibliography equalling in compass those of the most distinguished figures of history. Witness the vast list of Daniel Fish in the most recent edition of Lincoln's works. These volumes are the latest additions to the collection. In the first named, President Sparks, now of the Pennsylvania State College but recently of Chicago University, publishes what we may hold to be the definitive edition of the great Lincoln-Douglas debate of 1858. In the history of American politics there are few things more creditable than this forensic struggle and its attending circumstances. The champions were of the ablest, and discussed side by side in good-tempered, manly fashion, with all their power, momentous issues. The population of the State hung upon their words, appreciating and enjoying keenly every thrust and parry, and the whole development of the argument, basing upon what was thus so intelligently obtained, its memorable action just after at the ballot-box, which sent Douglas at once to the Federal Senate and Lincoln two years later to the White House. In the long story of Anglo-Saxon freedom perhaps the democratic way has never more fully justified itself than in the conduct, alert, dignified, restrained, of the American masses at this time. Mr. Sparks has taken all possible pains to make accurate the text of the speeches, comparing the best, the Columbus, edition with the contemporary newspaper reports. At the same time, he supplies ample color and character of time and place by quoting letters, reminiscences, press gossip, and comment of the hour. Helps to vividness are photographs of localities and personages concerned—among these the reporters, youths of twenty-four or twenty-five, who rendered the immense service of taking down *verbatim et literatim* not only the extempore utterance of the principals, but the questions and ejaculations of the listening multitudes.

To speak of a minor matter, as one looks at the pictures of Lincoln and Douglas, here reproduced, the oddly picturesque contrast physically between the two men comes home. Lincoln, gaunt, six feet four inches tall, was relatively short-bodied, his height resulting from an abnormal length of limb. Douglas, stocky, only five feet four inches tall, was yet relatively long bodied, his low stature resulting from short legs. When the "little giant" had on a coat which fitted his large trunk, "the coat-tails were very near the ground."

Country Walks about Florence. By Edward Hutton; with 32 drawings by Adelaide Marchi and 20 other illustrations. Pp. xv+323. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Florence is the one city in Italy which seems to have lost character and to be at various seasons almost English, or American, or German, and, save in the dog days, never really Italian at all. No one except the professional art critic, or the student who desires to consult the priceless archives of Florence will, if he love Italy, stop there any longer than he must. Yet, once outside the gates, we are again in Italy; and it is possible to live in Florence and to buy one's native comestibles at the Anglo-American stores, and, at the same time, to see Italy and Italian life almost at its best, if one uses Florence simply as the centre of one's excursions. This Mr. Hutton has clearly perceived, and his "Country Walks about Florence" is the result. It is, in fact, a new departure in guide-books, a companion for one's daily strolls through the fields and byways of the Florentine *contado.* And it would be difficult to imagine a better companion. In Florence itself, a perfectly sane man may hesitate between his Ruskin and his Baedeker; for we do not all of us care to read a dozen or so of pages, however illuminating, when "To R. a Holy Family attributed to Cimabue. L. a Resurrection. Author unknown. Sacristan expects a gratuity of 1 franc" will get us out of a cold and draughty church, our duty done, into the warm sunshine again. But in the country it is different. There, we are glad of something to read, when, tired with our walk, we lie among the corn and listen to the voices of the reapers, or sip our Chianti beneath the vine-draped trellis of some wayside *trattoria;* and so long as the book chosen tells us what we want to know about the places we are visiting,

we can have no quarrel with its author if he is gracious enough to write beautifully about beautiful things. Mr. Hutton is withal a competent cicerone. He has read widely, and his book is crammed with valuable information which it is hard to find elsewhere about every bridge and ford and village and *castello* and *rôcca*. It is a wise and learned book as well as a beautiful one, and no sojourner in Florence who is wearied with the continual round of picture galleries and churches should fail to buy it.

Indeed our only possible ground of complaint is to be found on the fact that Mr. Hutton is silent upon matters with regard to which we should have been glad to hear from him. How delicately could he have written on the ancient and never-forgotten custom of *cantare il Maggio*, and of all the superstitions of the Tuscan peasantry he knows so well! And why does he tell us nothing of *Le Signorie o Potenze festeggianti* of the Florentine *contado?* Surely, when he has brought us to Campi, we have almost a right to hear something of *La Cesarea e sempre Augusta Maestà dell' Imperatore di Campi* and of his long contest with his brother Emperor *del Prato*, decided, be it noted, in favor of the former in 1559. The few extra pages which some account of these things would have occupied would hardly have increased the weight of the book or made it fit the pocket less conveniently. It only remains to add that there is a serviceable index, and that the topographical directions leave nothing to be desired.

Fighting the Turk in the Balkans. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

Servia and the Servians. By Chedo Mijatovitch. Boston: L. C. Page and Co.

When an American citizen, in cold blood, sets out for Bulgaria, enlists in a *cheta*, or guerrilla band, and, in revenge for Turkish atrocities perpetrated on somewhat distantly related Macedonian peasants, goes to ambushing Turkish patrols in the Rhodopian foothills, he comes pretty close to brigandage. Mr. Smith's excuse is that he has made a very readable book out of his adventures, and has done so without venturing too far into heroics or calling to his aid the dazzling vocabulary of the modern war correspondent. Mr. Smith and his fellow guerrillas seem to have put in a great part of the time falling into ditches and hiding in garrets. Yet it is recorded that on one occasion they roasted half-a-dozen *bashi-bazouks* in their own guardhouse; on another occasion surprised a Turkish patrol of twenty and killed eleven of them; and on still another occasion made a fine stand in what was almost a pitched battle. Without striving unduly, the writer has caught very well the reality of guerrilla warfare,—the long marches in the dark, the scamperings and evasions across hill and stream, the excitement, the fatigue, and the chill of the mountain nights. For nearly five years after 1903 Macedonia was given over to a relentless warfare in which Turks, Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks slaughtered each other and the Macedonian peasantry besides. The new order in Turkey has brought peace to the distracted country. Should such a state continue Mr. Smith will have recorded an interesting phase of Balkan history. Should trouble come again, his book will be all the more timely. One reservation we would make is that the Bulgarians cannot quite be the utterly angelic folk our author makes them. Had his fortunes been cast with a Servian fighting band, he probably would have liked them as well. But that is a minor matter.

Mr. Mijatovitch, who used to be Servian minister at London, writes with equal charm and authority. There is only one chapter on Servia and that is historical; the rest of the volume is on the Servians, their customs, beliefs, literature, and folk-lore. Most books that are nowadays written on primitive peoples and their ways are thin dilutions of very sparse fact. The present volume is a veritable little encyclopedia of national life and psychology. There is one chapter on Servian Anecdotes or traditional folk tales, which is as entertaining as a whole bound volume of many a humorous periodical. The story of the *chodja*, or *hodja*, Nasradin and his pupils demands quotation:

> Nasradin Chodja took some trouble to teach his pupils how to behave politely. Among other things he told them to clap their hands and shout, "Hayir Allah! (May God grant that it is to your good!)" whenever they heard an older person sneeze. Once the Chodja, mending something on the open pit in his garden, slipped and fell in. . . . The dutiful school boys soon found a rope and threw it down to their master, and with united forces began to drag him out. Yet a few feet more and he would have been out of the pit, when unfortunately, thoroughly wet as he was, he sneezed. In a moment all his pupils dropped the rope to clap their hands and to shout "Hayir Allah, Chodja!" The poor Chodja fell back down to the bottom of the pit. "Ah," he said to himself, "it serves me right! I ought to have taught these boys common sense first, and then politeness!"

Interesting also is the summary, with bits of translation, of the national songs of the Servians. There are even four pages of musical notation illustrative of the popular melodies of the country.

Science.

THE FIRST RACE OF FOSSIL MAN.

PARIS, December 24.

A possibly epoch-making report has been presented to the Académie des Sciences by Marcellin Boule, professor of palæontology at the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, Paris. It is the first scientific account of remains complete enough to characterize definitely what Quatrefages and Hamy classify as the first race of fossil man—that of Canstadt, more commonly known as Neanderthaloid. The skeleton of a young man of the same race found in August by Hauser has been taken to Germany and the scientific description of it is not yet published. What is known of it agrees with this report of Professor Boule on remains recently discovered at La-Chapelle-aux-Saints in the department of La Corrèze by the Abbés J. and A. Bouyssonie and L. Bardon. The importance of the find is not due merely to the connection of this earliest human race with a definite geologic and palæolithic period. So far these remains mark the lowest round in the descending scale of man toward the long-sought missing link.

The chief anatomical pieces discovered are the skull, with lower jaw; by dint of patience nearly all the parts have been put in place. There are also several vertebrae and ribs, with parts of the pelvis and limbs. They were found several metres deep in a grot, in groundsoil which was in place and sterile, that is, unmixed with other remains. The skeleton lay on its side, with the knees bent toward the body, in a cavity dug to fit it in the groundsoil. Stones were placed beneath the head and there was every sign of intentional burial. The grave is three metres from the entrance of the grot; it is shallow, and, at the head, there was found the hind hoof of one of the great bovidae, placed as if by design. Above this groundsoil there is an alluvial layer rich in animal remains —rhinoceros, tichorhinus, reindeer, cave hyena, marmot, and wolf. There are no signs of habitation in the grot; but flint instruments discovered with the skeleton are of the best Moustérien period; and this agrees with the animal remains which belong to the temperate, almost cold, middle (not lower) pleistocene, following the last glacial extension in France. Low in the order of humanity as these remains are, they still date far from the tertiary period.

To situate this skull of La Chapelle, M. Boule compares it with similar human remains already known, with that of a surviving inferior race, and with pithecanthropus and the anthropoid apes. It is nearly superposable on the skulls of Neanderthal and on that of the pithecanthropus, having the same low,

receding forehead and depressed arch; it is dolicocephalic, with an index of 75, with thick bone and enormous development of the penthouse projections above the eye orbits. The latter, which are so striking in the Neanderthal skull, are found almost as strong in the late skull of the Irish saint, Mansuy, preserved as a relic. The depressed occiput projects strongly; the torus is more accented than in the Australian, but less than in the pithecanthropus, which, in turn, has it less than the anthropoid apes. The occipital hole has the inward position ordinary in animals lower than man; and the nape of the neck must obviously have been furnished with powerful muscles to secure horizontal vision. The skull is also extraordinarily large for the scant height—about five feet four inches—of its owner; the cranial sutures and dentition show that it belonged to an old man, and, by the way, there are pathognomic signs of rheumatism.

Most extraordinary of all is the face. Apart from the projecting eye-roof, the nose is separated from the forehead by a deep depression and is short and very large. Between nose and cheeks, there are no canine fossæ, such as exist in all present human races; but the upper jaw forms with the straight-out prolongation of the molar bones a kind of muzzle. The lateral edges of the palatine arch, which is very long, are almost parallel as in the anthropoid apes; and all this excessive prognathism is set off by a lower jaw retreating without any chin. The lower jawbone is thick, with enormous condyles; it resembles the similar bones of this earliest human race found elsewhere, at Naulette, Spy, and particularly that of the still undescribed Hauser skeleton of a young man, which was also found in La Corrèze. Few teeth remain; the canines are strongly developed. Yet, strange to say, the temporal fossæ furnish no indication of an exceptionally strong masticating apparatus.

The other parts of the skeleton show that the man was not only short in stature, but thickset. The femur has a forward incurvation, as if its owner did not regularly hold himself upright on his legs. The tibia shows the platycnemia (flat instead of triangular section) already known in prehistoric and inferior human races and found by Quatrefages in four atavistic examples in Paris hospitals.

In sum, these discoveries in La Corrèze may be said to do away once for all with Virchow's opinion that the Neanderthaloid type is pathological. It has now to be considered normal and characteristic of a great part of Europe during the Middle Pleistocene; and the Moustèrien art epoch goes along with it. It is inferior to any living human type and is relatively much nearer to the anthropoid apes than any other yet found. Between must be placed the pithecanthropus anatomically. Above this Corrèzien, far above both anatomically and in industry and art, is Quatrefages's second fossil human race—that of Cro-Magnon, and inferior types still existing. Morphologically, its place is between the pithecanthropus of Java and the existing Australian, which, as M. Boule takes pains to explain, implies no direct generic connection; and it is not a man-monkey. S. D.

THE NEBRASKA LOESS MAN.

LINCOLN, Nebraska, December 31.

For more than two years various persons interested have been investigating carefully all the details connected with the discovery of early human remains, designated as the Nebraska Loess Man (see the *Nation* of November 1, 1906, p. 380). Within this time numerous criticisms have appeared. It is indeed remarkable how completely some students have thought to discredit the finds by a casual visit to the spot or a mere examination of the remains. A much greater area has been dug over and much additional evidence collected. This serves to confirm the view that the theory of burial is inadequate to account for all the facts. The view of the finder, R. F. Gilder, that the superficial layer of remains was deposited above an area of clay hardened by fire, has been thoroughly demonstrated, and the extent and form of the fire-baked area determined. The view that the human remains beneath this level were part of the same mound and were carried down by the work of gophers becomes increasingly improbable. Thus the discovery of a skull and some associated bones seven feet below the surface at some distance from the baked-clay area can hardly be explained as the work of a gopher. Another group of bones manifesting anatomical association, yet found at a depth of six feet and at some distance from the first, is still more incapable of explanation on the gopher theory.

Two classes of implements have also been discovered. Fine flint flake weapons, barely touched with a fine incrustation, come from the burial mound. On the other hand, a few rough, unflaked flint pieces of a different rock, heavily accreted with lime, have been found at about the same depth with the fragmentary remains regarded by the Nebraska investigators as belonging to the older type. All the evidence points to the burial of the bones in the upper strata; no evidence has yet been secured which points to burial in the case of the other remains.

That the region is remarkably rich is indicated by the discovery of another skeleton associated with mortuary articles, consisting of large sea-shells carefully placed about and beneath the cranium; arrow points of *flint not native*, and of the well-known Mound Builder type and finish; potsherds the binder of which differs from local pottery, in that the former is sand while the latter is disintegrated granite rock; the large black, and *not native* flint gouge; and lastly the disposition of bones in sepulchre with head to north. The forehead of the cranium is gone, but the skull differs materially from any other found. The archæological evidence points towards some Mound-Building Wisconsin Indian that had strayed over into the Missouri River country. This skeleton was unearthed in a low tumulus on the same ridge some distance further north, and is in no wise related to anything in the Gilder mound, intrusive or otherwise.

Dr. Charles Denison, a specialist in the treatment of tuberculosis and a leader in the crusade against that disease, died at Denver January 10. He was born at Royalton, Vt., in 1845, and after graduation from Williams College and the medical department of the University of Vermont, he began the practice of medicine. In 1873 he went to Denver, where for fourteen years he served as professor of diseases of the chest and climatology in the medical department of the University of Denver. In 1890 he was president of the American Climatological Association; in 1901, honorary vice-president of the British Congress on Tuberculosis; and he was a member of various scientific societies. The list of his writings includes "Rocky Mountain Health Resorts" (1876), "The Annual and Seasonal Climatic Maps" (1885), "Exercise and Food for Pulmonary Invalids" (1895), and numerous articles and reports on subjects connected with climate and tuberculosis.

The death of Prof. Harry Govier Seeley, geologist and mineralogist, was reported from London, January 8. He was born in that city in 1839, and educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. He held various important positions: he was at one time in charge of the Woodwardian Museum, Cambridge; from 1860 to 1870 he was assistant to Prof. Adam Sedgwick; in 1876 he was appointed professor of geography at King's College; from 1880 to 1890 he served as a university extension lecturer; since 1885 he had been lecturer for the Gilchrist Educational Trust, and director of the London Geological Field class; from 1890 to 1905 he was lecturer on geology at the Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill. He was also a member of many scientific societies, English and Continental; he discovered the skeletons of pareiasaurus, cynognathus, and other fossil reptiles in the Karroo, and presented them to the British Museum. Among his publications are: "Index to Fossil Remains of Aves, Ornithosauria, Reptilia" (1869), "Ornithosauria: an Elementary Study" (1870), "The Fresh-Water Fishes of Europe" (1886), "Factors in Life" (1887), "Story of the Earth in Past Ages" (1895), "Dragons of the Air" (1901), and some 170 memoirs, chiefly on geological subjects and fossil reptiles, in the Transactions of the Royal Society and other learned bodies.

Drama.

The announcement is made that the rival promoters of a National and of a Shakespearean Memorial Theatre in London have joined hands and will now work together for a common object. In name the institution is to be National, and Shakespearean plays are to be produced at regular intervals, as well as the works of other dramatists, living and dead, while foreign companies are to be invited to perform upon occasion. The theatre is to be controlled by a board of trustees—representative of literature, drama, music, and education—and it is hoped that the educational and municipal authorities of the country will associate themselves with the enterprise.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons which proposes to do away with the present stage censorship of the Lord Chamberlain's office. An introductory memorandum says:

The object of this bill is to abolish the censorship of plays exercised in Great Britain under the authority of the Lord Chamberlain, and to transfer to the London County Council as the local authority the power of licensing and controlling theatres exercised by the Lord Chamberlain in the central parts of the metropolis. As to the censorship of plays, it is proposed to make theatrical performances subject to the same control as performances in music halls. In the case of music halls no censorship exists, but any impropriety can be dealt with by the police or by a refusal of the license by the licensing authority, which in London is the London County Council. The censorship of plays does not exist in Ireland. As to the licensing of theatres, this power is now exercised by or under the control of the local authority in practically the whole of Great Britain, where theatres are found, except the central districts of London, the university cities of Oxford and Cambridge, and places where his Majesty resides. Further, even in the central district of London, the London County Council as the local authority, has already extensive powers over the structure of theatres under the Metropolis Management Act, 1878.

At the latest meeting of the committee of the Comédie Française in Paris Mlle. Berthe Cerny and Charles Siblot were elected *sociétaires*. Mlle. Cerny has been a public favorite ever since her first appearance at the Française, in "Paraître." M. Siblot has long been prominent at the Odéon.

Word comes from Florence that the *Mask*, a monthly magazine on the theatre, is to be enlarged. Beginning with the February number, the *Mask* will appear both in English and French, the French part to be under the direction of Jean Jacques Olivier. Each number will contain a bibliography on subjects connected with the art, history, and literature of the theatre; and every alternate month a book review will appear in English.

A complete edition in six volumes of the works of Christian D. Grabbe, including the correspondence, will interest the admirers of that much discussed dramatic genius. They are edited, with introduction and notes, by Otto Nieten (Leipzig: Max Hesse.)

Moderne Bübne is the name of a new collection of contemporary German dramas, edited by Emil Reiss. (Berlin: Concordia Deutsche Verlagsanstalt.) Among recent volumes are Eduard Stucken's tragic comedy, in one act, "Die Gesellschaft des Abbé Chateauneuf"; his four-act drama, "Myrrha"; a comedy by Otto Hinnerk, "Närrische Welt"; and a translation of Swinburne's "Chastelard," by Walter Unus.

Carl Frederick William Ahrendt, who will be remembered as an intelligent and trustworthy actor, who gave capable support to Edwin Booth and other stars in the legitimate drama, died at Greenville, Mississippi, January 11. He was born in Lauterborg, Germany, in 1842, and came to this country fifteen years later. He was at various times in the companies of F. W. Lander, Thomas W. Keene, Frank Mayo, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, Tommaso Salvini, E. H. Sothern, Richard Mansfield, and J. K. Hackett. During the first administration of President Cleveland he was vice-consul at Berlin.

Music.

Edward MacDowell. By Lawrence Gilman. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50.

Three years ago the John Lane Company published a book on America's greatest composer by Mr. Gilman which was somewhat disappointing, not so much because of what it said as for what it left unsaid. For this, the author was only partly responsible; his book was one in a series called Living Masters of Music, in which each master was to be discussed in less than a hundred pages. MacDowell's death, a year ago, made it necessary to take this volume out of that series, and this change afforded a good opportunity to expand the volume to the dimensions called for by so interesting a subject—an opportunity of which Mr. Gilman has made excellent use. The new volume has 190 pages, and is in every way a great improvement on its predecessor; it is not only readable, but uncommonly stimulating; it will help to enhance MacDowell's fame as an artist and a man, and it will make more vivid the premature loss of the one musician America could least spare.

It is commonly assumed that the famous Venezuelan pianist, Teresa Carreño, was MacDowell's first teacher, but she was preceded by another South American, Juan Buitrago of Bogota, who gave the child his first lessons, and who is still living with his pupil's parents. Albert Spalding, the violinist who recently won so much success, is another of his pupils. Buitrago laid a good foundation on which others built, at the Paris Conservatory (where Debussy was one of the American's fellow-pupils), and in Germany, where MacDowell began his career as teacher and composer, and where he had the great advantage of knowing a bandmaster who was willing to try over his early efforts at orchestral composition. When he returned to America the musical critics for once belied their reputation of being hostile to budding genius by welcoming him as one of the elect, a leading authority going so far as to express his preference for the second MacDowell piano concerto over Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony, which was played at the same concert (March 5, 1889). In 1896 the professorship of music at Columbia University was offered to him, as to "the greatest musical genius America has produced." Of the eight years at Columbia Mr. Gilman gives the first connected account, describing his courses, his ideals, and dwelling briefly on the causes that led to his resignation. The charge that he shirked his work (as a less conscientious man of genius might have done and been forgiven for it) is refuted. As a matter of fact, MacDowell worked too hard, giving to the university and its students an amount of vitality and time that might have been much better expended in composing new music. It was during these eight years that he wrote his masterworks. Had he followed his first inclination of refusing the professorship, we might now have twice that amount of best work, and he would not have been compelled to do most of his creating in summer, when he ought to have rested. It was thus that, through sheer overwork as composer, professor, and private teacher, he wore out his brain prematurely.

The lectures prepared for Columbia are to be printed some day. Mr. Gilman has enjoyed the privilege of making some extracts from them, and from notes taken by pupils; and they certainly make the mouth water for more. Had MacDowell been a musical critic, he would have been as felicitous in style, as keen, as witty, as Hanslick, and much more just. Nothing could be better than his remarks, here cited, on the great composers, and on form, on nationalism in music, and other topics. Though as well-read as a German professor, he never paraded his erudition. "Bach," he said in one of his lectures, "differed in almost everything from Handel, except that he was born the same year and was killed by the same doctor." In a serious vein: "Bach was one of the world's mightiest tone-poets, but not by means of the contrapuntal methods of his day, but in spite of them." Every musical history tells us that Mozart's piano sonatas are sublime, but MacDowell looks the thing straight in the face:

> Mozart's sonatas are compositions entirely unworthy of the author of "The Magic Flute" and "Don Giovanni," or of any composer with pretensions to more than mediocre talent. They are written in a style of flashy harpsichord virtuosity such as Liszt in his most despised moments never descended to.

Mr. Gilman notes that "MacDowell wrote surprisingly few letters," but he does not give the reason therefor. It was that his wife relieved him of the burden of correspondence almost en-

tirely, writing sometimes as many as a hundred letters a week for him. This was doubtless a blessing to him, but it had the unfortunate result just stated. What the world thus lost may be inferred from the following lines from one of his letters to an admirer who had told him that some of the verse he had written for his songs recalled at times the phrasing of Whitman and Shakespeare:

I will confide in you that if, in the next world, I should happen upon the wraiths of Shakespeare, Whitman, and Co., I would light out without delay. Good heavens! I blush at the thought of it! A header through a cloud would be the only thing. Seriously, I was deeply touched by your praise, and wish I were more worthy of it.

That "header through a cloud" is like many flights of fancy in his compositions. Of these Mr. Gilman gives a sympathetic, yet discriminating, account, in a style often characterized by great felicity. One thing, alas! is missing: an index.

"The Opera-Goers' Complete Guide," by Leo Melitz (Dodd, Mead & Co.) has a reason for existence, because it is constructed on a plan differing from those of the many other operatic guide books in the market. Instead of telling the story first and following it up with a reference to the principal airs, the author of this volume, who is director of the Stadt-Theater in Basle, always begins by giving the "Who's Who" of each opera, and then tells the story step by step, as it is enacted on the stage, mentioning the airs as they occur. This plan has its undoubted advantages, as it makes it easier for the reader to tell what is doing on the stage every moment, and it is well carried out. The stories are made intelligible wherever such a thing is possible. The number of operas described is 209, but of these at least 95 might as well have been omitted, as they will never be performed in this country or England. It is, however, better to have too many than too few; and the translator, Richard Salinger, has done his part of the work well.

Arturo Toscanini is a musical missionary as well as a great operatic conductor. He became convinced, some years ago, that justice had not been done to his countryman, Alfredo Catalani, who died at Milan in 1893 after composing half a dozen unsuccessful operas; so he brought out his last opera, "La Wally," at Buenos Ayres, infusing so much enthusiasm into his reading of the score that the opera proved a brilliant success, as also later in Milan and other Italian cities. Its production at our Metropolitan Opera House last week indicated that it is an opera of much greater worth than was the first novelty of the Gatti-Casazza-Toscanini régime, Puccini's juvenile "Le Villi." There is no great abundance of new melody, yet there are some stirring solos, ensembles, and orchestral numbers, which indicate that had Catalani enjoyed the stimulus of public encouragement he might have written a masterwork—provided he could have secured a better libretto than that on which "La Wally" (a dramatization of Wilhelmine von Hillern's Tyrolean story "Geyer-Wally") is based.

The present opera season in Milan began with Spontini's "La Vestale," which had not been heard there since 1825. The repertory of the Scala also contains Richard Strauss's "Elektra," which will be given, for the first time in Italy, on March 1; "Theodora," by Xavier Leroux; and the Russian national opera, "Boris Goudonoff," by Moussorgsky, which was performed in Paris a few months ago. Madame Marentié, the French prima donna, will undertake the title rôle in "Théodora," while that of the Russian work is assigned to M. Chaliapine. Among other works announced for performance are Verdi's "Vespri Siciliani," Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," Mascagni's "Iris," and a revial of Manzotti's ballet.

In addition to the bequests of a Stradivarius, dated 1724, to the Paris Conservatoire, with $4,000 for the foundation of an annual prize for the violin and $2,000 to the Aged Musicians' Society of Paris, the late Sarasate left $20,000 to the Conservatory of Music of Madrid, to be applied in awarding a prize annually to the pupil who completes his violin courses with exceptional merit, or, in default of one such pupil, to several; to the School of Music at Pamplona, Spain, his musical library and a sum of $5,000 for a yearly prize for "the most interesting pupil from an artistic point of view"; and $5,000 to the House of Mercy at Pamplona (Casa de Misericorde). By his will he had left his Stradivarius violin, dated 1713, to the trustees of the South Kensington Museum, London, with the mention "that this gift is made by me as a remembrance of the welcome and successes which I obtained in England," but by a codicil dated June 12, 1894, he revoked this bequest, and left the violin to the Conservatory of Music of Madrid. He bequeathed to the Town Council of Pamplona his piano from Biarritz, his violin by Guillaume, and his Gand violin which was given to him as a first prize at the Conservatoire of Paris, all his watches, pins, rings, jewels, decorations—he was a knight of numerous foreign orders—wreaths, palms, diplomas, letters patent, bronzes, pictures, busts, and souvenirs, his effects at his Paris house, except his musical library, his violin bows, all of which are to be exhibited in glass cases in a special room bearing his name.

Art.

MODERN GERMAN PAINTING AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

The intellectual sympathy between this country and Germany, which has been strengthened by the exchange of university professors, has led to a corresponding interchange of current art. Thus it is that an exhibition of German painting is now being held at the Metropolitan Museum.

The art of painting, largely through the influence of the French, has undergone such a revolution during the past thirty years, a revolution which has deeply affected the practice of the sensitive painter of other nations, that it is with peculiar curiosity that we examine the effect upon Germany, that land of sentiment and emotion, of this changed point of view. The methods of modern painting and the results of modern "seeing" have spread far and wide; the Scottish, the English, the Norwegian, the American schools have been receptive of the ideas which urged the French to break with tradition. But if one is expecting to see in these German paintings this legitimate and logical advance, one is likely to be disappointed. This exhibition, however, is not, for this reason, to be taken lightly; and one should divest one's self of prejudice in favor of any one form of present practice, and be prepared, rather, to regard the collection as an expression of the Teutonic race of today.

These paintings purport to represent the "new movement," and in some instances, which we shall be glad to note later, the artists are showing a disposition to deliver themselves legitimately through the medium of paint; but for the most part they still seem to be enmeshed in the net of literary and philosophical habits which have characterized the German mind, and, to express these sentiments, are making use of a mistaken medium. To read some passages in the laudatory introduction to the catalogue, which was prepared, translated, and printed in Germany, one might believe that these painters were the earliest "plein-airists," with that versatile and prodigiously skilful painter, Adolf von Menzel, for progenitor. If so, German art has been slow to evolve on that side, for Von Menzel was an accomplished painter sixty years ago; he died at ninety in 1905. In truth, Von Menzel and most of his German disciples were realists in the sense of conveying the sentiment of intimate, everyday themes, of the amusements, industries, and general activities of life, through an illustrative art possessing character and color. This art was more or less didactic, appealing to the emotions, but not to our latest sense, revealing in radiant color the vibrating opalescent charm of the natural world of sight. Nothing could be farther removed from this modern spirit of "seeing" than the contributions of Franz von Stück, one of the younger men. The trouble with this painter appears to be that he has mistaken his medium, which should be verbal. In his Infernal Regions one cannot see power in thinly painted, enamel-like, unluminous flesh of careless construction, violent contrasts, and no great distinction of composition or of line. A mood of thought which it is the work of literature legitimately to express, is attempted here through pigment. It may be, also, that in the portrait of himself he intended to suggest some sentimental elation of mind; but to the connoisseur who re-

gards the human face and figure as a beautiful subject on which an artist reveals his mastery of significant planes and sensitive modelling, in conjunction with fine qualities of color and of tone, this spectral vision of muddy color and indifferent form is a disappointing example of the painter's art, however satisfying such a statement might have been in literature. Another man, Arnold Böcklin, earlier in time, is of this same misapprehension concerning the appeal that the beautiful in the world of nature makes through the painter's means of expression. His subjects are not only literary in theme, but colorless through his use of pigment. On this aspect of German painting it may be said in summary that Von Menzel touched almost every subject with great technical skill; but he was the pictorial illustrator of his time, rather than a temperament of sensitive artistic impulse. He turned with apparently equal relish from one subject to another: he would paint you a blazing ballroom filled with notabilities whose personalities you could identify, or he would place before you a palace garden with swaying trees and scudding clouds, with consummate reality and address. This is illustrative art of a high order; but if one looks for more, the loving differentiation of retreating planes in the crowded room, or in the diminishing landscape, with intervening air or interposing atmosphere, one must examine the work of some of the newer men.

One of the first to depart radically from the older ways was Fritz von Uhde, whose Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me is one of those departures where Biblical story is given a modern setting. In this case not only is the setting modern, but the whole sentiment of light and air is of the new sense of seeing. We have advanced since Von Uhde did this, but the picture is a valuable contribution to the subtle charm of the outside world which it has been the privilege of modern painting to discover. A still later disciple of this new sight is Richard Kaiser, who, in Field Loneliness has attempted, in landscape and sky, a breadth of treatment and a feeling of light distinctly modern and, except for a lack of simplicity in the construction of his foreground of weeds and grasses, a successful effort. Rudolf Schramm-Zittau, younger still in point of years, has given us some fresh, competent work in the progressive spirit, in his two little pictures of Ducks, and in the large one Feeding Hens. These are quite in the new mood, technically, and with years, doubtless, this painter will find more subtlety in the effects he is now so well equipped to express. One must also applaud the admirable little Polo-Players by Max Liebermann, who is indeed of the modern school. Movement, light, air, and a breadth of vision which is the very essence of modernity characterize this treasure of fine "seeing" and accomplished painting. An older painter, one more mature in method, and possessed of a fine and distinguished vision is Eugen Bracht, who in Sea Calm and Mid-day Pause in Steel Works has sent two works of rare quality.

In portraiture it is proper to mention first two men whose accomplished work for many years added lustre to German art. The fine characterization and dignified restraint of Franz Von Lenbach are always interesting, particularly in his portraits of men. That of Moltke does not appear up to his usual standard, but the Bismarck, despite a certain uncertainty in execution, is a rich and handsome piece of color. Wilhelm Leibl's Portrait of a Man is also fine in color, although, to our sense, almost too loosely constructed, the hands particularly of a character too suggestive of feebleness of grip. One of the younger men who is working in a wholesome, truly modern, and competent way is Arthur Kampf, who sends a Portrait of Emperor William II, which, although workmanlike in painting, lacks a certain spaciousness of composition that might have been more fitting to the subject; but The Two Sisters, by the same artist, is worthy of all praise in tonal quality and disposition of spaces.

There is more in this collection that it would be interesting to note, works of real merit and completeness, and much also that is tentative, experimental, and that does not contribute to the strength of the show. We are left, however, with the impression that the school is emerging, with effort, from the shadow of tradition, that it is evidently freeing itself, and seeking a truer form of artistic expression. This exhibition should, moreover, tend to give the public more sympathy with the earnest painters of our own country, who, though in an experimental stage like the Germans, are still well in the van of this progressive movement; who have indeed, in many instances, a greater maturity of accomplishment than we note in this collection.

FRANK FOWLER.

F. Mason Perkins, in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for December, throws much light upon the early development of the painter Matteo da Siena. We cannot follow the changes of attribution in detail. Lorenzo Fiocca concludes an interesting study of mediæval buildings in Sicily. Diego Sant' Ambrogio reports from Bonacardo, Province of Oristano, Sardinia, a beautiful Madonna and child in colored terra-cotta, the type of which, to judge by the illustration, is strongly Donatellesque. Minor discoveries chronicled in this number are several paintings by Matto da Gualdo in mountain sanctuaries near Nocera, Umbria. Of more importance is the uncovering in the Templars' Church, Perugia, of frescoes representing knights of the order and dating from the thirteenth century. This church is now used as a warehouse. It is hoped that the government will reclaim it as a public monument.

In the serles Künstlermonographien (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klassing), Vol. XCI, just issued, is "Lukas Kranach," by E. Heyck, with 103 illustrations. The work is more than a brochure, for it contains a comparatively complete biography.

Vol. XIII of the Klassiker der Kunst, edited by Emil Schaeffer (Leipzig: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt) brings the story of Van Dyck, with the explanatory subtitle "Des Meisters Gemälde in 537 Abbildungen." The illustrations are good, and the account of the painter's life critically written. Indeed, Schaeffer, at times, ridicules Van Dyck's attention to externals and failure to catch the soul of the subject.

An interesting discovery of early Christian remains has recently been made at Wad-el-Hadad, on the Blue Nile, a few miles north of Sennar. A number of graves were uncovered containing skeletons and a quantity of pottery in an excellent state of preservation. The latter consists chiefly of bowls and jars. The bowls are, for the most part, of dark clay, decorated with what are known as Nublan patterns. On one of them is a Coptic processional cross, which also occurs scratched inside the lips of the jars, where it is associated with two other Christian emblems—the fish and the palm branch. A comparison of this pottery with that found on Nubian sites between the first and second cataracts, makes it probable that it should be dated in the seventh or eighth century, A. D. The pottery has been sent to the Khartum Museum. The chief interest of the discovery lies in the fact that this is the first time that Christian remains have come to light so far south. At present very little is known of the history of Christianity in these regions, and it is to be hoped that excavations will lead to the discovery of other early Christian remains in that neighborhood, which may throw light upon this question.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' gallerles in this city are portraits by Wilhelm Funk and drawings by James Montgomery Flagg, at Knoedler's, till January 16; forty selected paintings by living American artists, Macbeth's, January 21; water colors, F. Hopkinson Smith, Noé's, January 23; etchings and dry-points, Whistler, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, February 3.

Gustave Émile Doudemont, a member of the Société des Artistes Français, and for many years an exhibitor at the Salon, has died, at the age of seventy-four.

Finance.

A "JANUARY BREAK."

There had been numerous and conflicting theories as to what sort of stock market would usher in 1909; but nobody predicted exactly what happened—namely, that a single stock, not one of the "leaders," would fall 42 points in two days, and that this spectacular decline would undermine all the rest of the market, leading to such losses, be-

tween January 4 and January 11, as 8¼ points in Union Pacific, 4⅝ in St. Paul, 7⅛ in Reading, 5⅜ in Erie, and 9¾ in New York Central. Yet when the episode was concluded, and people had a chance to consider it as a whole, many observant Wall Street men admitted that the course of events had been perfectly logical, in the light of conditions with which the year 1908 had ended.

It is true that the immediate cause of the *débâcle* was an incident which could not have been predicted with assurance. The decision of the Supreme Court against the Consolidated Gas Company, in the company's suit to prevent the compulsory lowering of the price of its product in New York city from $1 to 80 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, was clearly what started the ball rolling. Possibly, therefore, it will be contended that the fall of stocks was, as a whole, something out of the ordinary run of financial events, since Supreme Court decisions cannot be "discounted," like harvests, earnings, and dividends. But as a matter of fact, "discounting" the Supreme Court's verdict was exactly what the stock market had been doing. It is six months since Consolidated Gas stock sold at as low a price as it touched last week Wednesday, and the 44-point rise between then and November 28, and especially the 28-point advance between the last week of October and the last week of November, were openly grounded on confident assertions that the court would find for the company, that there had been a "leak," that 8 per cent. dividends on the basis of "dollar gas" would be resumed, and that the $9,000,000, held in trust, to allow for the disputed 20 cents per 1,000 feet on each consumer's bills since April, 1906, would be disbursed in extra dividends. In other words, the Stock Exchange had been hoisting values extravagantly in this stock, because the buyers accepted as certainty something which was altogether doubtful. Experiments of that sort invite just such retribution as has come; but the larger moral of the affair is, that Stock Exchange speculators had been doing exactly the same thing, on exactly the same sort of "rumor," to a score of other stocks, and to the stock market as a whole. This is one logical aspect of the general break in prices, which was by no means wholly a result of forced selling of other stocks, caused by "impairment of margins" in Consolidated Gas.

The episode was, however, logical in another way. Much was said last month, as is always the case in December, of the "January disbursements" and the "reinvestment demand," which were to drive up prices. But because a great sum of money will be available for reinvestment January 2, it does not follow that people will wait until after New Year's Day to buy the stocks. The arrival of the "coupon money" is one of the surest events in finance. One could not, therefore, fairly expect a market which "discounts" and "overdiscounts" Supreme Court decisions not yet rendered, to neglect the "discounting" of such a coming event as the January dividends. The market discounts in two ways. Professional speculators buy and bid up stocks which they expect to sell to the January coupon-holder; the banks lend them money for the purpose. But the banks also make similar advances to the coupon-holder, who, in many cases, buys on borrowed money, in December, the securities which he intends to take up with his own new funds in January. This double process will, of course, be much encouraged and facilitated by such very low rates for Wall Street loans as prevailed throughout last month. The outcome of this buying in advance, when carried to extremes, is easy to predict. The speculators will have brought the supply of stocks, for sale on the January market, up to the full proportions of the new demand; and meantime the January reinvestment demand itself is reduced in volume because the investors had themselves anticipated requirements by their December purchases on margin. This done, it would be no illogical result for January—the "reinvestment month" itself—to be marked, not by a rising, but by a falling stock market.

Experience, as a rule, bears out the theory. January, 1908, did not; it saw a rapidly rising market; but then, for reasons familiar to everybody, neither speculator nor investor had been able to indulge in the "discounting process" in the preceding December. January, 1907, witnessed a break of 10 to 20 points in stocks. January, 1906, began with a vigorous rise, followed, however, by a sensational collapse. January, 1905, was a month of great irregularity and weakness. January, 1904, began with three weeks of intermittent declines. It is needless to multiply precedents. The question of real interest is, whether or not this recent break in prices was all that was required to bring January, 1909, in line with rule and practice.

Henry Chapman Watson, editor of *Dun's Review*, and a well-known writer in commercial and financial topics, died at Englewood, N. J., January 6, at the age of thirty-eight. He was born in Port Chester, N. Y., and early in life entered journalism. He was the compiler of Dun's Index Number and Dun's Commercial Failures; he prepared statistical reports for the government and wrote for various periodicals.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adeney, Walter F. The Greek and Eastern Churches. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Barber, Edwin Atlee. The Maiolica of Mexico. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art.

Barnes, Everett. Short American History, by Grades. Parts I and II. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.

Baumgarten, Paul Maria. Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings. Joseph F. Wagner. 90 cents.

Boorman, T. Hugh. Asphalts: Their Sources and Utilizations. William T. Comstock. $3.

Boyer, Charles C. Modern Methods for Teachers. Philadelphia: Lippincott Co.

Bradley, A. G. The Making of Canada. Dutton. $3 net.

Clairmont, Col. Ralph de. Reform. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co.

Converse, Harriet Maxwell. Myths and Legends of the New York State Iroquois. Albany: University of the State of New York.

Courthope, W. J. A Consideration of Macaulay's Comparison of Dante and Milton. Henry Frowde.

Cram, Ralph Adams. Excalibur: An Arthurian Drama. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Crowther, Cornelia S. Pensées et Réflexions de La Bruyère. W. R. Jenkins Co. $1.

Dubois, Professor, and de Geer, Professor. Lectures et Conversations. W. R. Jenkins Co. 75 cents.

Firth, C. H. Milton as an Historian. Henry Frowde.

Folk, Mrs. H. B. Heart Thoughts: Papers and Addresses. American Baptist Publication Society.

France, Anatole. Balthasar. A Translation by Mrs. John Lane. John Lane. $2.

Graham, David Wilkie. The Way to Win. Broadway Publishing Company. $1.

Guatemala, Defense of the Government of, before the Central American Court of Justice at Cartago. In the Case of Honduras. Washington: Byron S. Adams.

Harbin, Robert Maxwell. Health and Happiness, or An Analogical Study of Disease and Sin. Griffith & Rowland Press. 90 cents.

Hawkins, Chauncey J. The Quest for Health and Happiness. Pilgrim Press.

Hopkins, Alphonso A. Profit and Loss in Man. Funk & Wagnalls.

Kleiser, Grenville. How to Develop Power and Personality in Speaking. Funk & Wagnalls.

Lincoln, Abraham. Tributes from His Associates. With Introduction by William Hayes Ward. Crowell. 60 cents.

Lyon, Harris Merton. Sardonics: Sixteen Sketches. Metropolitan Syndicate.

Mackay, Donald Sage. The Religion of the Threshold, and Other Sermons. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50 net.

McCarthy, John. An Amazing Scotland Yard Scandal. London: By the author. 1d

Madách, Imre. The Tragedy of Man: Dramatic Poem. Translated by William N. Loew. Arcadia Press.

Maler, Teobert. Explorations in the Department of Peten Guatemala and Adjacent Region. Cambridge: Peabody Museum of Archæology and Ethnology.

Martin, William F. Sir Harry Vane. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co.

Merrick, George Byron. Old Times on the Upper Mississippi: The Recollections of a Steamboat Pilot from 1854 to 1863. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. $3.50 net.

Financial.

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National Education Association. Journal of Proceedings, 1908. Winona, Minn.: National Education Association.
Newton, Joseph Fort. David Swing, Poet-Preacher. Chicago: Unity Publishing Co.
Nolen, John. San Diego: A Comprehensive Plan for Its Improvements. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis Co.
Oppenheim, E. Phillips. The Missioner. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Perry, S. Payson. The Tariff and the Farmer. Worcester: F. S. Blanchard & Co.
Potter, Henry Codman. Memorial Addresses delivered before the Century Association, December 12, 1908.
Ramsay, W. M. Luke, The Physician, and Other Studies in the History of Religion. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $3. net.
Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1907. Vol. 2. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Reports of the Forest, Fish, and Game Commissioner of the State of New York for 1904-1905-1906. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.
Rice, Harry E. Eve and the Evangelist. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co.
Savage, Charles Albert. The Athenian Family: A Sociological and Legal Study. Baltimore: Lord Baltimore Press.
Select English Classics, A. T. Quiller-Couch, Ed. Daniel Defoe, Goldsmith, Marvell, Robin Hood, Boswell's Johnson, Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets, Matthew Arnold, John Keats, R. Browning, Napier, Coleridge, Marlowe, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, William Cowper, George Crabbe, John Milton, Shelley, Everyman, Early Lyrics, Tennyson, Walpole's Letters, Blake, Thomas Hood Wordsworth, John Bunyan, Izaak Walton. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3d. each.
Shurter, Edwin Dubois. Oratory of the South. From the Civil War to the Present Time. Neale Publishing Co.
Squire, George O. The Present Status of Military Aeronautics. Reprint from The Journal, The American Society of Mechanical Engineers.
Stone, Matilda Woods. Every Man His Chance. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Topfield, Mass., Historical Society Collections.
Under Petraia: With Some Saunterings. John Lane. $1.50 net.
Wells, H. G. Tono-Bungay: A Novel. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage for 1909. London.
Who's Who in New York City and State. Edited by John W. Leonard. L. R. Hamersly & Co.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1909.

The Week.

President Roosevelt is at his best in his veto of a bill granting monopolistic rights in a river in Missouri, and in his exposition of the sound policy of the government in dealing with the preservation and use of water power. It is possible that he a little exaggerates the danger of a combination to control all the hydro-electric resources of the country. Still, the possibility of abuse which he dwells upon is very real, and the need of adopting some such general and far-reaching plan as he proposes is urgent. Franchises in perpetuity for public-service corporations should now be thought as obsolete as the dinosaurus. The limited term, the vigilant oversight, the regulation, the revocation on breach of conditions—these are the new ideas about corporations dealing in public utilities, and they have come to stay. President Roosevelt is quite right in contending that the mistakes of the past in giving away rights in the country's natural resources should not be repeated in the immensely important matter of generation of electricity from water-power.

That the President, for all his love of the military and his championship of the fighting spirit, leaves office without regrets from the army, is the assertion of the *Army and Navy Register* in its current issue:

> His successor cannot do more to injure military discipline and create discontent in the personnel than has been accomplished by the present head of the nation.

As evidence of the kind of action that has brought about Mr. Roosevelt's unpopularity in the army, the *Register* cites the assignment to active duty of Lieut.-Col. Edgar A. Mearns of the retired list during his trip to Africa with the President. As to that, the *Register* says:

> Mr. Roosevelt has no more right to have this retired officer assigned to such duty with him after March 4 than he has to assign any other retired army or navy officer to accompany a private citizen who chooses to travel for his health or excitement, at home or abroad.

It might have added that this course is wholly in keeping with Mr. Roosevelt's use of United States war vessels as private yachts, not only for himself, but for members of his family. The *Register* is also excited over the assignment to the fine new army billet, that of paymaster at Honolulu, of Major Beecher B. Ray, the "political paymaster," who was given leave of absence to work for Mr. Taft's nomination and election during the greater part of 1908. The extent and usefulness of Major Ray's "pull" are hardly surpassed in the army to-day—and this under the administration of an ardent believer in the merit system.

Under the prodding of the House Committee on Military Affairs, the War Department, which has been asking for 612 additional army officers, has suddenly discovered that there is another way out of the dilemma, and has drafted a bill permitting it to place in active service 250 retired officers. This is precisely what the *Nation* has been suggesting. The War Department feels, however, that it must have the right peremptorily to order these 250 men to active duty; hence its appeal for legislation. The War Department ought certainly to have complete authority over its retired officers. They should in time of peace or war be at the disposition of the Secretary for such light duty as they may be capable of performing. Probably 400 retired officers are too old or physically too disabled to perform any duty; but many of the others would be grateful for active work, and the difference between active and retired pay would mean a good deal to them. The navy has found it desirable to keep on active duty a number of retired officers; surely, of the nine army officers ordered up for retirement on Friday last because they could not ride ninety miles, there must at least be eight capable of serving as recruiting officers, of teaching in schools, and doing other useful work for which active officers are now employed. From the point of view of economy there will be a great saving to the government if the new bill passes. But what Congress ought to insist on is that, besides using retired officers, unnecessary service away from regiments should be abolished. Why should there be infantry and cavalry officers in addition to engineers and medical officers, on duty with the Panama Canal? Why should there be thirteen active officers guarding Indian prisoners and running army prisons?

Mr. Taft's Atlanta speech last week was in excellent taste, and in spirit thoroughly in consonance with the occasion. Southern hospitality, ever generous, was at its best, and no one can doubt that it was actuated only by genuine good-will for the next President. Mr. Taft took the opportunity to dwell upon the desirability of a strong opposition party in local and State governments, "a substantial and intelligent minority which may become a successful majority," when abuses must be rectified. Not one of his listeners could dispute that truth. With the negro disfranchised, the South suffers gravely from the dominance of one party, for that carries with it the danger of control by cliques, the loss of public interest in public affairs, widespread indifference to the value of the ballot, and, thus, the opportunity of the demagogue to play upon prejudice and passion in default of a real issue. While it is true that the South is more tolerant than it used to be of those who differ with its pet opinions, Mr. Taft went too far in saying that the expression of any political view in the South no longer exposes him who voices it to possible ostracism; but Mr. Taft is quite correct in believing that his stay in the South will make for the growing independence of speech and political tolerance. So, too, beyond all doubt, will his administration.

> The negro voters of Atlanta are entitled to the appreciation of the public for the high sense of citizenship they exhibited yesterday in supporting Mr. Maddox and the cause of good morals.

This high praise of the colored voter, from Hoke Smith's newspaper, the Atlanta, Ga., *Journal*, appeared immediately after the recent mayoralty election in that city. This *Journal* is the same newspaper which, under the malign influence of Gov. Smith, had been dwelling on the evils resulting, not from negro domination, but from negro attendance at the polls. It brought out all the

familiar arguments as to the necessary dominance of the white race, the untrustworthiness, ignorance, and general unworthiness of the black man. Yet when the negro came to cast his last vote before being disfranchised, he allied himself squarely with the reform elements and aided in defeating for reelection the drunkard who had been Mayor for some time past. If they were all that the *Journal* has painted them, the colored citizens of that city would have voted overwhelmingly for the defeated candidate. If the Georgia negro is disfranchised now, he has, at least, had another chance to give the lie to the white politicians who, for their own base ends, have so often maligned him.

Mr. Root's election to the Senate is accompanied by no signs of enthusiasm. This is partly because it has so long been certain. We get excited only over what is doubtful. New York is, of course, very glad to get, instead of Platt, a man of the new Senator's ability. For sheer intellectual quality, he has impressed himself upon good judges in Washington, both Americans and foreigners, beyond any man in public life. That he has a sort of austere pride of bearing, which the politicians resent as "coldness," does no injury to Mr. Root with the judicious. Yet the fact that he is not a slap-you-on-the-back statesman undoubtedly accounts, in part, for the lack of popular acclaim over his new honor. In addition, there is the fact that his choice was imposed upon the Republican party of the State from without. Roosevelt and Taft had far more to do with it than Assembly or Senate at Albany. Finally, to be entirely frank, there has been an uneasy feeling in this city and State that Mr. Root might have sat for the portrait which the President drew in his speech at Harvard, when he spoke of eminent lawyers who put their great abilities at the service of unprincipled speculators desiring to violate the law. This disquiet alone would have been enough to prevent Mr. Root's election, had there been a direct primary for the Senatorship.

Mr. Burton's election as Senator from Ohio is passing with little comment. Americans take their blessings quietly. Mr. Burton, be it said, owes his success to neither machine nor millions. His promotion is in line with the older and better tradition about the Senatorship, which made it the due reward of faithful service as Representative or as Governor. There is nothing showy about Mr. Burton. He has long been a student, a hard-working member of the House, in which he has come to have great authority, and has established a reputation for poise, good judgment, and independence. The accession of such a man to the Senate is cause for congratulation, not to Ohio alone, but to the whole country.

The liquor dealers who announced, at a recent convention, that the agitation against their trade was rapidly subsiding, were trying mental science for their woes. Anti-saloon crusades seem to be still gathering force. State-wide prohibition was decreed last week by the Tennessee Legislature, and may perhaps be upheld over the veto just filed by the Governor. Texas politicians, including Senator Bailey, are seeking to avoid the issue by having the question referred to the people. In several States, brewers have besought the courts to declare liquor legislation confiscatory, but the request has been denied. The Alabama law has just been declared constitutional, and Georgia is construing hers so strictly that even newspaper advertisements of strong drink will, as the view runs, be impossible. If all this is not enough to wake the dealers from their self-imposed hallucination, we may add the prospect of a lively campaign for local option at Albany.

The acquittal of T. J. Hains brings up anew the question whether the morals of New York are any better than those of a frontier mining camp. Here was a man who once before had taken human life. Beyond all doubt, while his brother committed one of the coldest-blooded murders ever known in this city, he stood by and prevented any attempt to stop the shooting. If he was not *particeps criminis* in the first degree, then there is no such thing as being an accomplice. But apparently the jury disagreed; two of its members were sick, and finally, in order to obtain release from confinement, they, or some others, weakly yielded and agreed on a verdict of not guilty. This result is another evidence of the weakness of our jury system under the strain of popular hysteria in regard to certain crimes, and the long-drawn-out terrors of a "famous" trial. It is only fair to say, however, that the whole fault in this instance does not rest with the jury. The District Attorney so handled his case as to demonstrate unfitness. If Capt. Hains shall now escape on the ground of insanity, New York may well hang out a sign: "Murderers Welcomed and Encouraged." The evidence in the Hains trial ought to open many people's eyes to the folly of asserting that in a case of this kind the sole blame rests upon the man who, to use the current cant, "ruthlessly breaks up the home." Behind the "unwritten law" is this unexorcised belief of the middle ages, that, before the wrongdoer, the woman in the case is as helpless as a rabbit in a snake's cage. We have no defence to offer, Heaven knows, for the home-wrecker; we simply assert that the disposition to hold him solely responsible is a relic of the days when woman was an economic slave, who had no mind or moral standards of her own. But in this day and generation society cannot excuse her as if she were without free will or responsibility. If, therefore, we are going to adopt "the unwritten law" in this city, it ought to apply to both the guilty parties, and to be frankly put on the statute books. As matters now stand, any New Yorker who lifts his voice against lawlessness, South or West or East, must face the immediate *tu-quoque* of the Hains trial.

The placing on the European markets, this week, of a Russian government loan for $275,000,000 has an interesting bearing both on politics and on finance. The mere fact of these enormous loans to the Russian Treasury is an important factor in Russian politics. From the time the first Duma was convoked, it has been recognized at St. Petersburg, both by crown and parliament, that so long as the Czar and his Ministers retained the right to raise money on the public credit, just so long would the hands of the Duma be tied. To realize the significance of this authority, one has only to imagine Charles the First, for instance in control of the machinery for pledging England's credit to secure funds from foreign markets, and with those markets ready and anxious to make the loan. Re-convocation of a hostile Parliament might eas-

ily have been unnecessary; "ship money" would have been superfluous; and a series of bond issues, say, at Paris, might conceivably have bridged over 1640 and left the members of the Long Parliament to idle away their time and energy at home. It is through this power over the public credit, jealously guarded against attacks from the Duma, that autocracy has intrenched itself, even after the grant of Parliamentary discussion.

In the present case politics and finance have in turn conspired to influence the fortunes of the undertaking. The loan was apparently contemplated, with a view to meeting the constant and heavy deficits of Imperial finances, as long ago as the autumn of 1906. The strain which then existed on the whole world's capital resources, which forced the London bank rate up to 6 per cent., and which drove our own great corporations out of the bond market and into the market for short-term loans at high rates on their notes-of-hand, blocked the plans of Russia also. Then, too, nothing whatever could be done in the world-wide disorder of credit in the markets of 1907. With credit repaired and money easy after the liquidation of that period, plans for the Russian loan were laid again last summer; but the trouble in the Balkans, and the threat of open war among European states, again caused the bankers to withdraw. The announcement of the loan, the oversubscription of the part allotted to London, and the practically assured success of the Paris allotment, are evidence that both financial and political misgivings have largely passed away. But the fact of so enormous a requisition on its credit facilities leaves open the question how long this Russian borrowing can continue. Germany, a state in far higher standing on the money markets, has taken warning from the heaping-up of debt whereby future generations shall be charged with payment for the extravagances of the hour, and is maturing plans for laying the burden on the shoulders of present-day taxpayers. Sooner or later, the Russian government must do the same, and it is possible that then, as was the case in the Reichstag of a month ago, the Duma will find voice again.

Admiral Rozhestvensky, who died in St. Petersburg last week, deserved something more than the sympathy he won as the defeated commander in the world's greatest naval battle since Trafalgar. The thoroughness of his defeat was not necessarily an index of his skill. The circumstances of naval warfare are such, especially in modern times, that there may be no alternative between victory and annihilation. It was different with the Russian forces on land, where Kuropatkin could survive such enormous disasters as Liao-Yang, Sha-ho, and Mukden, and even turn them to advantage in schooling and hardening his troops. To Rozhestvensky no trials of strength were open, and he was compelled to meet Togo's seasoned forces with a hastily gathered fleet, manned by untrained land levies, badly officered and equipped. The celebrated episode with the North Sea trawlers shows in what a state of nerves this last despairing Armada of Russia's left the Baltic. The published journal of the chief engineer of the fleet, Politovsky's "From Libau to Tsushima," shows the state of apprehension in which men and officers alike went forward to meet their fate. To have brought such a conglomeration of fighting ships some eighteen thousand miles safe to the scene of battle was no slight achievement.

Affairs in the Balkans enter on a distinctly brighter phase with the conclusion of an agreement between Austria-Hungary and Turkey regarding the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. Elements of unrest still remain. Monetary arrangements between Turkey and Bulgaria are still to be concluded, though there is little doubt of a final settlement. The people of Servia and Montenegro continue to chafe, but at present they have only Russia's somewhat obscure sympathy to count upon. Whatever support they may find among the other Powers will surely not go to the extent of tolerating action that may threaten war. After all, it was Turkey that was the injured party in the whole affair, and with Turkey now definitely for peace, such chances of an outbreak as may have existed are greatly reduced. The meeting of a conference is now more probable than ever. It is true that the conference will find little to do except to ratify what the interested parties have already decided upon among themselves. But if it is only the fear of what a conference might force her to do that has made Austria willing to come to terms, the calling of one has already been justified.

From England it is reported that public taste has been turning strongly to Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and other writers who are believed to have done some meritorious work during the first half of the Victorian era. For such a revival, which, we trust, actually exists outside the imagination of some enterprising journalist, there would be ample justification. As against the modern realists who, largely recruited from among the women, have gone in strongly for highly-seasoned compounds of passion, politics, and sociology, we should be going back to the comprehensive sweep and masterful handling which makes of the great Victorian novel a little world, and not a "problem"—a world that cries and laughs, instead of whimpering and cackling, over large things like life, death, love, hunger, duty, pity, anger, and not the nerves of a young girl who was not brought up well or the "claims" of a woman who does not know what she wants. On the ground of economy the elder writers should be favored. Publishers unblushingly call upon us to pay $1.50 for a novel that will help us wile away half an hour on a rainy day, or for just the story that goes with a hammock under the trees. Even though the original volumes of "Our Mutual Friend" or "Vanity Fair" or "Middlemarch" cost three or four times the fixed price of the present-day novel, there can be no comparison between the actual amount of protein, fat, carbohydrates supplied by one of Dickens's volumes and one of our modern tales. "Our Mutual Friend" has a better plot and mystery than most contemporary detective stories; more dramatic action than the great mass of cowboy, railway-accident, and sea fiction; more humor —that goes without saying—than any living author, with one possible exception, can now supply; more political satire than our novels of "uplift" about honest district attorneys and dishonest Congressmen; more truth about the slums than our ordinary novel of low life. When you balance accounts, it is Dickens that will turn out the lower-priced fare.

FREAKS OF RACE PREJUDICE.

There has been considerable stir over the anti-Japanese bills laid before the California Legislature; and in an address in Washington on Monday, as well as in his telegram to Gov. Gillette, President Roosevelt has made a fresh demand for a "square deal" for the Japanese. Apparently, the matter is now to be threshed over again in the terrifying headlines of the sensational press. But a recent investigation by the Federal Bureau of Labor shows how little basis there is for the demagogue's frequent assertion that his opposition to the Japanese is neither blind nor selfish, but can stand the test of facts and logic. Two non-Aryan races are "invading" the Pacific Slope; from the West the Japanese, and from the South the Mexican Indians. Here is an ideal opportunity to show that race prejudice is rational.

The man from Nippon is of inferior stock, the Californian says, just as bad as "the dirty Chink." His personal habits, his morals, and his general view of life are so far below the American that they menace our society. But we hear no such charge brought against the "cholos," who have been pouring into the State. They are the lowest Mexican Indians, one degree removed from savagery. The Federal Bureau of Labor describes them as "Indians in physique, temperament, character, and mentality; unambitious, physically weak, irregular, and indolent." Their mode of life is evidently no better than that of the Chinese. "They are prejudiced against water, believing that washing causes fever." In the large filthy Mexican quarter of Los Angeles twenty-four men were found inhabiting one small, dark room. Surely, the Japanese could fall no farther below our standards.

But the yellow man has another fault; not only is he inferior, but, declares the Californian, he cannot and will not become Americanized. Supremely content with his own ways, he herds with his kind, lives in the old way, sends his earnings to Japan, and eventually follows them thither. But in this respect the yellow men is like the red man. Our government investigators find that the Mexican immigrant is a tramp laborer who comes north to pick up a few dollars, and, that done, returns to spend it in his cheap fatherland. He is "nomadic and outside of American civilization." He does not mingle socially with others:

> Intermarriage is rare, and when it occurs it seems to be a subject of apology. . . . The Mexican does not put himself forward or seek white society. He observes his own canons of reserve and dignity, which are never offensive.

The favorite objection to the Japanese is, however, that he underbids the American. In this respect he and the "cholo" are again brothers. Indeed, the Mexican plays the game even more sharply. In Texas he is displacing the negro on farm and cottonfield. In California, railway managers, ranchmen, and city contractors are giving him preference over Italians, Russians, Greeks, and Japanese, because he asks less, and is more easily controlled. He is particularly welcomed in some quarters, because he does not join labor unions and is always ready to turn strike-breaker. The Southern Pacific Railway is said to pay its Greek section hands $1.60 a day, the Japanese $1.45, and the "cholos" only $1.25. The two former nationalities hang together, an offence against one being taken as against all; but a Mexican will not leave his job for anybody else's grievance.

If, under these circumstances, the 7,000 Japanese who entered this country in 1908 are a national menace, what can be said of an annual influx of from 80,000 to 100,000 Mexicans? It is perfectly clear that the rational Japanophobe should hate the "cholo" with burning fury. But the Bureau of Labor says:

> The race sentiment of Americans toward Mexicans is . . . peculiar and illogical. . . . Organized labor, and white workers in general, do not appear to be opposed to Mexicans in the same way that they are to Orientals. . . . The American negro considers himself above the Mexican, and yet the latter receives more social recognition from the white man. . . . Mexican immigrants ride in white cars in Texas, and might eat at the same table with Americans.

In Los Angeles, Mexican children, to the number of 1,000, sit in the same school classes with American pupils and without discrimination. Their parents may do whatever Boston-born persons might, if they have the money. And as in Los Angeles, so everywhere between Galveston and Seattle.

Is half a continent, then, naïvely inconsistent or disingenuous? Some frank confessions force the latter answer upon us. An editor of a labor paper says: "The Mexicans don't trouble us much. They can't do a white man's work." And railroad bosses without number point out two differences between Mexican and Japanese redounding greatly to the former's popularity. The Mexican, they say, is unskilled and remains so, while the "Jap" swiftly masters a trade or business. Again, the "cholo" can be led about like a lamb, but the miserable Oriental always has an eye open toward his rights and opportunities. And there the cat is out of the bag. The Japanese is feared for his virtues, without which he could scarcely be distinguished from the Mexican.

THE GERMAN TAX FIGHT.

"We must be inspired by the categorical imperative of a burning, I might say, a passionate love of country," declared Herr Sydow, the German Imperial Minister of Finance, in concluding the first day's debate on the government's new tax proposals. It was a sign of the doubts he himself entertained as to the success of his campaign in the Reichstag, that he should thus early resort to the familiar trick of asking blind patriotism to take the place of calm reason and financial sagacity. But the Reichstag, though yet unable to follow up its success in bringing Kaiser and Chancellor to book in relation to foreign affairs, has not been willing to vote offhand as Sydow wished. It reassembled last week for the second stage of the financial discussion which bids fair to stretch throughout the whole winter; for during the recess the Finance Committee has accomplished nothing—*Ulk* pictures its members in night-gowns sleeping soundly—and the general parliamentary outlook is far from reassuring.

Not that the country is asleep. It has aroused itself against the new and radical taxes with a vigor that had hardly been expected. "Protests spring up everywhere like weeds," says the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten*, in commenting on the discouraging delay in dealing with the issue. Under the severe criticism of the important Commercial Diet, which met in Berlin early in December, hardly a proposal of Sydow's remained unscathed, and chambers of commerce throughout the Empire, taking their cue from that body, have assailed this or that tax. Societies, city governments, and local legis-

latures are deluging the members of the Reichstag with protests, and popular mass meetings in all sections are voicing anew the old prayer to St. Florian: "Spare my house, set fire to other people's homes!" Before this popular uprising the proposed taxes on gas and electricity and that on newspaper advertisements have already gone by the board. The Commercial Diet opposed the advertising tax because the yield would be too small to outweigh the disadvantages, and because the inevitable result would be the printing of advertisements as reading matter. The proposals regarding gas and electricity were shown to be unworkable; they would, it is believed, not only impede industrial development, but cause the poorer classes to return to petroleum for reading. Both taxes were declared to be unscientific and unworthy of a far-sighted statesmanship. As for the new death-duties, which radically interfered with the right of inheritance, they are believed to have perished in the Reichstag itself, the Conservative and Centre parties having together provided coffin and headstone. Becker, the Centre leader, positively asserted, in Cologne recently, that these sections of the bill would be promptly interred "if the Centre and the Conservatives only stood firm," and there is every reason to believe that they will. Yet Herr Sydow had counted on an income of no less than $43,750,000 from this source, and from the levies on electricity, gas, and advertising. As if this setback were not sufficiently serious, well-informed men believe that the Minister of Finance will also lose his proposed monopoly on spirits, to which he now looks for $25,000,000. Not a voice is raised in its behalf; apparently, each member of a beer-drinking nation sees in the plan an attempt to infringe upon his natural and inalienable right to get his beer where he chooses and at the lowest possible price.

How is Herr Sydow to recover this lost ground? He obstinately persists in his refusal to draft any scheme of direct Imperial taxation, on the ground that this would be poaching on preserves especially reserved for the tax-gatherers of the individual States. This is the answer of his spokesmen every time an Imperial income or capital-tax is suggested. Hence there is in sight no direct and elastic tax which, like the English income tax, may be readily raised or lowered as circumstances require. In brief, the Sydow scheme nowhere places the new burdens upon those best fitted to bear them.

How Herr Sydow is to fare from now on depends, of course, on the stability of Von Bülow's "bloc," composed of Liberals, Radicals, and Conservatives. If the Liberals should coalesce with the still sulky Centre and the Social Democrats, they would control the Reichstag and be in a position to dictate to Von Bülow. Politics have made stranger bedfellows; and in this case the shocking condition of the Treasury affords sufficient excuse for the coalition. Then too, the Prussian treasury is in straits. Herr von Rheinbaben, the Minister of Finance, reported to the Prussian Diet last week that the deficit of $17,750,000 in 1907, had leaped to $41,250,000 in 1908, and would go to $44,000,000 in 1909. Unless there is a radical financial reform of the whole business of the Empire, the condition of the separate States will soon, said Herr von Rheinbaben, become absolutely intolerable. Meanwhile, the nation is throwing away money on army and navy with greater prodigality than ever, and the financial genius so sorely needed is nowhere in sight.

THE POPULARITY OF POE.

If a magazine editor were to find on his desk to-day two short stories by unknown writers, one signed Nathaniel Hawthorne and one Edgar Allan Poe, it is easy to guess which would be returned with thanks, and which would be snapped up on the spot. And the editor's choice would be dictated not solely by the fact that his myriad subscribers would prefer a tale of breathless horror or fascinating mystery to a simple study in conduct or conscience, but by the further fact that the successful story had the essential quality of "go" in which this young man Hawthorne seems rather deficient. It is true that Hawthorne's failure to impress a magazine editor might be cited as proof that he wrote real literature, but the question here is not of genuine merit, only of popularity. For a writer who was born one hundred years ago and died sixty years ago, Poe has, to a remarkable degree, the swiftness, the spare vigor of style which is the great requirement to-day. He is as careful to create interest in his first paragraph as any modern writer who has learned the secret of hitting the reader squarely between the eyes. He is eager to make his point. His language is less archaic than that of many men who have written since. By these qualities of technique preëminently, he stands nearer to us of the year 1909 than any of his contemporaries. Again the question is not whether his technique is of the highest kind, and whether it is expended on the best material, but whether he has power to attract readers.

Yet to make Poe merely a popular writer would be unfair, and would contradict too sharply the established belief that he is much more than that. The point is that there is popularity and popularity. Hall Caine is popular, Conan Doyle is popular, and Dumas the elder is popular. The popularity of the crowd and the day supplies, of course, no standard of merit. But when popularity meets the test of widely separated times and places, and of taste other than that of the crowd, it becomes in itself an important factor in the determination of literary values. In the able and extremely severe appraisal of Poe which he has written for *Scribner's Magazine*, W. C. Brownell denies Poe a place in literature, because his work lacks substance and sincerity; because he is quite indifferent to truth, reality, life; because he was only an artist, and "literature is more than an art." Poe was intent merely on producing his desired effects—to rasp our nerves, chill our marrow, and mystify our understanding. To do this he set himself deliberately to dress the false with the semblance of truth, and to make the truth incredible. He succeeded in getting his effect, but not in producing literature. So runs the judgment. But, after all, of the making of definitions of literature there is no end, and more than one great literary name, as the world sees it, is based on no more philosophical definition than that literature is managing words with notable or supreme dexterity. For words often seem able to transmute rather cheap material into a fuel for strong and universal emotion. The story of easy gallantry and sword-play becomes with Dumas "The Three Musketeers." The ordinary fairy-tale takes on, with Hans Christian Andersen, wisdom, tragedy, pathos, humor. So the grotesque, the horrible, and the outlawed, while

ethically inferior to the elements that form the current of healthy, sane, normal life, may nevertheless be uplifted by sheer artistry to the level of literature.

Fear of the dark, the hidden, the unknown is still a part of our nature. The curiosity of primitive man is still strong within us. The question becomes, then, whether Poe's tales of horror or mystery depend for their effect altogether on surprise, on the first shock, or suddenly awakened sensations of disgust, or whether their effect can be reproduced on a second and third reading. In other words, is their appeal temporary and meretricious, or is it based more permanently on those surviving fears, uncertainties, and cravings after light which we share with our cave ancestors? Do Poe's stories evaporate? To mark his superiority, we need only compare his tales of ratiocination and mystery with those of his successors in a genre that he is said to have founded. No one would care to read a story of Gaboriau's twice. The historian of Sherlock Holmes gets his effects partly from his literary manner, yet we doubt whether even Sherlock Holmes will bear rereading. But one can turn again and again to "The Gold Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." The horror of "The Fall of the House of Usher" is not exhausted at one reading. Compact as it is, "The Cask of Amontillado" contains refreshment for many hours. Poe's technique, then, produces permanency, as well as strength of appeal; and fiction that is strong, permanent, and general in interest can hardly be put low in the literary scale.

Somewhat the same reasons that have made Poe popular with a generation more high-strung, more restless, less philosophic than his own, will account in large measure for his popularity in Europe, and especially in France. Mr. Brownell puts it the other way. The high esteem in which Poe is held abroad has reacted upon as, though it ought not to do so:

> To put the matter crudely, the appreciative foreigner has admirable writers of his own; what he most appreciates in our literature is the queer, the odd, the qualities from whose associated defects he feels an entire detachment.

But that is not quite the whole truth. If Europe looks to us for the odd and the queer, it is because she thinks it natural that youth should indulge in freakishness and excess. And the idea of youth is what Europe always associates with America, to her own disappointment. It is so with our politics as well as our literature. You are a new world and a new race, Europe argues. You are free from the ancient traditions that bind us of the Old World. You should be ardent innovators, pioneers of progress, radicals by nature, by definition almost. And when Europe finds us conservative instead of radical, inimical to what is revolutionary in politics, manners, morals, literature, she is puzzled. Sometimes, she calls it Puritanism, sometimes commercialism, sometimes hypocrisy. Europe, unable to understand why our literature should be dominated by New England moralizing, is, therefore, not insincere when she believes that in the wild note of a Poe or a Whitman, she has caught the true voice of the young world beyond the seas.

HEALTH IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Opponents of "fad and fancy" in modern education are prone to lump the new hygiene with scroll-work, plain sewing, and other objects of their dislike. Old-fashioned people who believe that the teacher should confine himself to reading, spelling, and arithmetic, are also inclined to hold that the child's mother is the only proper person to call the doctor in. Medical inspection which has for its object the discovery and extirpation of contagious disease, the fogy can, of course, understand; but he shakes his head when school physicians begin to test eyesight and hearing with a view to improved scholarship, and his doubts strengthen when such mysterious matters as hypertrophied tonsils, adenoids, and defective dentition are brought within the scope of the same inquiry. The fogy, of course, will always assume just this attitude towards any form of progress. But there are people, not precisely doddering reactionaries, who nevertheless entertain suspicions regarding what we have called the new hygiene. And that is because the science, like most ambitious young sciences, sometimes tries to prove too much. If medical inspection were to show that 10 per cent. of all school children are physically defective, the figures would be credible; but when it is maintained that in certain districts of Cleveland nearly 75 per cent. of the children are physically abnormal, the plain man is staggered.

For this reason, we welcome a volume entitled "Medical Inspection of Schools," by Dr. Luther H. Gulick and Leonard P. Ayres, recently issued under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation. The value of the book lies in its sanity of tone as much as in the positive contributions it makes to an interesting subject. The authors do not ride their specialty hard. The common impression has gone forth that the connection between physical health and progress in scholarship has been absolutely established. According to the enthusiast, the surgeon's knife is the longed-for royal road to learning. Cut out a child's tonsils, clear him of adenoids, fit him with a pair of eyeglasses, and the school term will be cut in half, and the city will save millions of dollars. But our authors warn us to go slow. The case is by no means so clear as all that. The value of medical inspection they firmly believe in, without attempting to exaggerate that value.

First, then, it is reassuring to discover that the ordinary figures for disease among school children must be received with caution. In so relatively definite a test as that for sight or hearing, we find that the ratio of abnormality ranges from 7.7 per cent. for Bayonne, N. J., to 71.7 per cent. in the slums of Cleveland. Where the correct mean for large cities lies may be indicated by the fact that New York and Boston show a ratio of about 31 per cent. Hence, our authors declare:

> Such variations as this at once suggest, what is undoubtedly the case, that the results are largely influenced by the methods employed by the examiners, and variations from this cause are apt to be even more important than those caused by the actual differences in existing conditions.

Again, a detailed comparison between New York and Minneapolis gives, under "Bad Nutrition," a percentage of 6.3 and 23.3 for the respective cities; under "Pulmonary Disease," .9 and 4.2 per cent.; under "Defective Hearing," 1.1 and 7.7 per cent. So here, too, we find "a different standard, rather than any great difference in conditions." But the question which standard is nearer to the truth is a vital one. Against such alarmist reports as 80 per cent. defective for the school children of Sioux

City, we are warned that, after all, the perfect human animal is rare. In Chicopee, Mass., out of 500 pupils examined, only one was reported as having perfect teeth, and he had spinal trouble. Our schools, then, are not "filled with physical wrecks." The facts are indubitably important; but there must be "moderation of statement in making public the results."

The most interesting point made by Dr. Gulick and his collaborator has to do with the connection between physical defects and retardation, or poor scholarship. When a child falls behind in his work, when he is, in a grade for which he may be a year or more too old, the presumption is that here, if anywhere, the element of physical disability comes in. Not necessarily, say our authors. Over 7,000 New York school children were examined, and among the children of normal age the percentage of defectiveness is actually higher than among the children of abnormal age. In other words, the dunce of the class is likely to be in sounder health than the boy at the head of his class. In the very preface, we are impressed with this powerful fact: that prevailing opinion, general and professional, is wrong when it holds "that children behind their grades were so because of the handicap imposed on them by physical defects." No, there are other and more old-fashioned reasons for poor scholarship that still hold; and, in the order of their importance, they are: (1) age upon starting to school; (2) absence; (3) slowness; (4) dulness; (5) health; (6) physical defects other than sight and hearing; (7) mental weakness. In other words, the good old virtues of industry and punctuality are still more effective at school than an operation for adenoids.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF HARVARD.

BOSTON, January 16.

On January 13 the Harvard Corporation elected Prof. Abbott Lawrence Lowell president, and sent his name to the Board of Overseers. Under the rules, it must be held for at least a week before confirmation. Professor Lowell's election comes after ten weeks of scrutiny and sifting, since the resignation of President Eliot was announced on November 5. The choosing of a Harvard president has always been a responsible business, and this time the fact that the man was to succeed Mr. Eliot, the greatest personal force that has ever been active in American education, and the leader of Harvard for two-score years—made the task tenfold harder.

The Corporation, be it said at once, listened eagerly to suggestions, examined all claims, weighed every interest, and looked with an open mind at the qualifications of each candidate. In selecting Mr. Lowell they have laid the fallacy that the "young man" must necessarily be the best man, and they have dispelled the geographical fallacy. The latter is the more insidious. It rests on the assumption that, since Harvard is now a national university, with graduates dwelling in all parts of the world, she ought to take a president bred in the great, growing Centre or West, one who has been stimulated by the hustle of new conditions, and has not breathed too long the effete atmosphere of the Atlantic, especially of the New England, seaboard. Harvard College, it has been sometimes hinted, has been too much in the hands of "the Boston clique"; it is the turn for the graduates who are captains of industry and finance in New York or in Chicago to have a president who represents them. The application of the geographical limit in the choice of Congressmen, of candidates for the Presidency of the United States, and of Cabinet officers has been so obviously a mistake, that one would regret to see this notion prevail in the selection of the head of a university. Fortunately, the Harvard Corporation dared to run counter to this delusion. In Mr. Lowell they chose a genuine New Englander, a Bostonian through and through—simply because he was the best man; and when it is remembered that the principles which came out of Boston were built into the fabric of the nation; that the New England spirit has been carried in successive waves of migration to western New York, to Ohio, and so on across the prairies; that more recently Massachusetts enterprise and capital and Massachusetts brains have helped to develop the resources of the Centre and West—it need not be feared that the candidate who to-day best combines the ideals, culture, and enterprise of New England will be provincial or local in his attitude towards education. It is not where a man lives, but his state of mind, that gives him a national outlook.

We talk of all-round men, and they are rare; still rarer are all-round families. The Lowells are probably the best specimens of this rare product that we have in America. Their original immigrant, Percival Lowell (or Lowle) came in 1639 from Bristol, England, to Newbury, where he and his descendants lived the stern life of the seventeenth century. Early in the eighteenth century the first Lowell was graduated at Harvard. He was, I believe, the first minister of Newburyport. His son, John Lowell, who was graduated at Harvard in 1760, became a lawyer, stood high at the bar, was a member of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention and of the Continental Congress, and was appointed by President Washington a United States judge. He it was who not only introduced into the Massachusetts Constitution the declaration that all men are created free and equal, but also advertised in the newspapers that he would defend any person held as a slave who desired to establish a right to freedom under that clause. His action abolished slavery in the Commonwealth. His son, Francis Cabot Lowell, introduced cotton manufacture into the United States, setting up mills in 1816 on the Merrimack at the spot which was named Lowell in his honor. From that day to this the family has been represented in every generation by judges, by men of great business enterprise and success, by soldiers, or by scholars. In the last generation James Russell Lowell, poet, patriot, professor, man of letters, and diplomat—made the name familiar on both sides of the Atlantic. Thus as a family the Lowells have been developed in many directions. They have set an example most important to our American society of men of wealth and position who would neither be idle, nor would regard their wealth as merely a means to selfish gratification. They have given themselves in service of all kinds. In 1864 one Lowell died leading a cavalry charge at Cedar Creek; in 1865 another Lowell poured forth the "Harvard Commemoration Ode." Viewed properly, it is such a collective experience as this—an experience which embraces all the larger concerns of life—that should breed the national spirit. Mere residence in New York or Chicago or Denver cannot give it.

One other point in regard to Mr. Lowell's background should not be overlooked: since 1720 Lowells in every generation have been educated at Harvard, and since 1784 members of the family have served, collectively, eighty-five years on the Harvard Corporation. Mr. Lowell's grandfather, John Amory Lowell, was a Fellow for forty years. This Harvard inheritance is indispensable in a Harvard president. Older graduates were astonished at the suggestion that a non-Harvard man should be even thought of as a candidate. As if the president of Harvard were in the same category as a railroad or Trust president, or as a star baseball player, to be engaged anywhere, if you can pay him his price! As if college loyalty, college associations, the subtle working of college ideals, could be bought and sold, or the allegiance transferred from institution to institution, as a lawyer transfers his allegiance from client to client! The election of Mr. Lowell doubt-

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less disposes of this fallacy for a long time to come.

Mr. Lowell was born in Boston, December 13, 1856, his father being Augustus, and his mother Katherine Bigelow Lawrence Lowell. His maternal grandfather, Abbott Lawrence, was one of the founders of the manufacturing city of Lawrence and United States Minister to England. As a child, Lawrence Lowell spent some time in France; then he was fitted for college at schools in Boston; entered Harvard in 1873, and was graduated in 1877, with Phi Beta Kappa rank, having taken highest honors in mathematics. He received his degree at the Harvard Law School in 1880, was admitted to the bar, and from that year until 1897 he practised law in Boston, in partnership with his cousin, Francis C. Lowell, now United States District judge; and later, Frederic J. Stimson joined the firm. In conjunction with his cousin, he published in 1884, a work on "Transfer of Stock in Corporations," but his attention was more and more turned to the science of government, and, in 1889, he collected a volume of "Essays on Government." In 1896, he printed "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe," a work in two volumes, which brought to American readers a mass of information not before accessible in English. The following year he gave up the practice of law to become lecturer on government at Harvard; in 1900, his position was made permanent by his promotion to be professor of the science of government. In 1908, he published "The Government of England," a treatise in which he attempts as an American to do for England what Mr. Bryce has done for the United States; and the general verdict, both here and in Britain, is that he has succeeded. A little book on "Colonial Civil Service," of which Prof. H. Morse Stephens was joint-author, and a discussion of "The Influence of Party upon Legislation in England and America," complete the list of his publications. Since the death of his father in 1900, Mr. Lowell has been trustee of the Lowell Institute; he has been a guiding member of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and for several years he worked energetically on the Boston school committee. He has thus enjoyed a very varied experience. As educator, he has seen from the inside the working of the public school system, of a great technical institution, and of Harvard University. As lawyer, he was brought into relation with the so-called practical world, while his studies led him to examine into the principles on which legislation is based. As trustee, he showed the remarkable foresight and prudence which have characterized so many of his family. As head of the Lowell Institute, he has not only sought out the intellectual leaders of Europe and America, but he has extended the work of the institute, by establishing regular courses, which large numbers of persons unable to go to college have availed themselves of. In social contacts, which play so large a part in determining the success or failure of the president of a great institution, he has had few equals in Boston.

Quickness, alertness, agility, are the intellectual qualities which first strike one in Mr. Lowell. He is the wittiest of talkers, with an apparently insatiate interest in all sorts of subjects. In his books he is solid, judicial, patient—the work on England represents the labor of many years—indulging rarely in generalization, leaving on the reader the final impression of a complete exposition of his subject. But if you watch him as he lectures, pacing nervously up and down the platform of the New Lecture Hall (his own gift to the university), stating his case with absolute clearness, stopping from time to time to emphasize an important point by a gesture, illustrating his argument by the most direct, concrete example or by flashes of wit, quick to reprove inattention, and able at every moment to carry the allegiance of his four or five hundred undergraduate hearers along with him—in all this you get the best indication of his various talents in action. Of medium height, he is lithe and wiry in body, as in mind, and apparently indefatigable in both. At a time when the dream of a large part of his countrymen is either to do as little work as possible, or to get rich and do no work at all, it is refreshing to know that the next president of Harvard, though what is considered a rich man, has from choice worked twelve or fifteen hours a day ever since he grew up. He takes a system of government apart, as a mechanician takes a machine, and shows how every piece is made, how it functions, and how far the system accomplishes what it is intended for. If not a pioneer in America in this important study, Professor Lowell has been the most successful and the ablest master of it: and his course at Harvard, which already three or four thousand students have chosen, has been the most popular in the last decade. He knows, therefore, from actual achievement how to stimulate students in their classroom work. He believes also that they can and should work more than they do at Harvard or at any other of our universities to-day. He has been the most efficient member of a committee which has considered the best way to improve the average scholarship of the undergraduates; and he urged the recent plans to establish the degree with distinction and to have the leading scholars more generally recognized by the students themselves.

What special theories Professor Lowell may intend to bring forward he has not stated, but, if his past record can be relied upon to foreshadow his future, we may expect that he will pay particular attention to the social life of the undergraduates. He understands the value of mixing with one's fellows in college. He realizes that, through the extension of the elective system on one hand and the great increase of members on the other, it has become proportionally harder for many undergraduates to develop on their social side. He has even been heard to favor setting apart one hall as the special habitation of freshmen. He is supposed to wish to foster athletics to a reasonable extent—but "reasonable" is a term which varies according to each person's standard. We may be sure, however, that Professor Lowell will not be an extremist. In college, he won the intercollegiate championship for the mile and two-mile runs, and he has ever since been an exerciser, which is very different from being an athletic specialist. Whatever course he may adopt, he has thus far shown himself so fully in sympathy with the undergraduates that they have regarded him as solicitous for their best interests. This harmony, if maintained, will be of immense help to him in carrying through any measures he may propose.

So far as I am aware, Professor Lowell has never declared himself against the elective system. All his efforts during the past ten years have been in the direction of improving and not of abolishing or greatly curtailing the system. Just what the final remedy may be, nobody can predict. But it is evident that Mr. Lowell's chief task must lie in the reorganization of Harvard College. President Eliot's magnificent achievement has been to create the American university. Until this was done, it was impossible to remodel the American college so that it should be in healthy relation with the preparatory schools below and the university above it. In other words, the standard must be fixed at the top, and not in the middle or at the bottom. During the process of creating the university, the college (not only at Harvard, but at every other institution sufficiently developed) has fallen out of adjustment. So serious was this dislocation that only a few years ago President Butler of Columbia advocated the squeezing of the college course into two years, while other educators asserted that it must be thrown over altogether. It was to save the college that President Eliot reluctantly consented to the three-years' course for students properly qualified.

Mr. Eliot himself has been accused of sacrificing Harvard College for the sake of the graduate schools. As we get far enough away from him, we shall perceive that by raising the schools to the

highest grade, he was securing a field to which first-rate teachers—on whom the fame and usefulness of a university finally depend—would be attracted. Having secured them, the standard of teaching in the lower departments is practically guaranteed. Experience has taught that the college, too, whose existence seemed lately uncertain, is indispensable: first, in order to give to a large number of prospective American citizens the rudiments, at least, of culture; and, next, in order to prepare the smaller number of youths who desire to go into the professional schools. This new college will not be like the old; it will be neither English nor German, but thoroughly American, an outcome, just as the old was, of American needs and ideals. That it will be possible to create this institution without retaining the largest amount of liberty compatible with efficiency, is not believed by any one familiar with the American and the Harvard spirit. *Hoc opus, hic labor;* and, we may add, *facilis descensus Averno.*

If President Lowell shall succeed in this, he will confer an immense benefit on American intellectual life, for it is not by a few preëminent scholars, but by the high cultivation of a large section of the people that a nation's capacity is judged. Thanks to President Eliot, he will inherit the tradition of publicity, of truth-speaking, of freedom in teaching, not less than the prestige of primacy which have distinguished Harvard since 1869. He finds Harvard international in the provenance of her students and teachers, national in her ideals. He himself has vital contacts with the dominant ideas of to-day and foresight of the principles which shall rule to-morrow. None of his predecessors entered upon the presidency of Harvard with brighter hopes, or with a more general approval.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS OF VERSE.

PARIS, January 1.

"France, where poet never grew," was Emerson's summary dismissal of French verse. Taine, after laboring through English literature, avowed: "To Alfred Tennyson I prefer Alfred de Musset." The numerous verse-books which crowd each year from the Paris press will never settle for English readers this difference in national emotions and emotional rhythms. But those who can read French aloud well enough to get the swing and cadence of it, and who understand when perhaps elementary thoughts are put in fresh, colored, vivid words, will find a good deal of poetic enjoyment among the fifty-three recent poets, from whom extracts are given with biographical and bibliographical notices in the two volumes of the new revision of "Poètes d'aujourd'hui" by Ad. van Bever and Paul Léautaud (Mercure de France). One word of caution is needed—the reader should strip his mind of all the technical slang about poetic schools, Symbolists, Decadents, and the rest, although Catulle Mendès, who named more than forty years ago the oldest of all, Parnassians, is still vigorous. Somehow these lyric coteries have evanished amid the storm of present strenuous strife. They were never much more than decorative introductions for young men making a noise to apologize for their poetic existence.

It was last century in more than the mathematical sense when Jean Moréas, the Greek who wrote French verses in a fascinatingly curious language which demanded a dictionary of the Pléiades for its interpretation, strode with his band of neophytes into a café, and halted before his reflection in the glass to proclaim his self-enthusiasm: "Je suis beau!" The play of youthful spirits gave way in Moréas to work for which his native language prepared him—"Iphigénie" and living reanimations of great Greek tragics. His new volume, "Esquisses et souvenirs" (Mercure de France), cannot but be interesting, though he is past fifty and his youthful following has disappeared—automobiling or playing at politics to-day in all likelihood. Many of those who gave promise have dropped out as poets. Henri de Regnier had for a time a new and noble march to his verse and thought. Henry Bataille had lines touching deep as Cowper to his Mother's Picture; but his ability has gone into unpleasant plays. In these versified plays, with Rostand and André Rivoire and others, most of the effective recent French poetry has to be sought. And yet there are solitary voices like Francis Jammes, piping woodnotes wild or lays of peaceful hamlets where church-bells are still ringing, which should please our English religiosity of higher emotion.

Another volume with edited texts and bio-bibliographical notices by Ad. van Bever, is "Les Poètes du terroir" (Delagrave)—French patois and province poets from the fifteenth century to our own day. It takes in order the old division of regions, which was founded in the common character of the inhabitants—Alsace, Anjou, Auvergne, Béarn, Berry, Bournonnais, Bourgogne, Bretagne, and so on—giving not only formal poetry, but also the often far more valuable popular songs. With the patois the French text is given a new utility for philologers, as well as for common readers.

"Nos Femmes de lettres" (Perrin), by Paul Flat, editor of the *Revue Bleue*, has three who are poetesses out of five—Comtesse de Noailles, who was born a Rumanian princess, but whose books of French verse have had perhaps more vogue than any other poetry books of late years; Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, wife of the Egyptian doctor who has published the immense and astonishingly literal translation of the Cairo Arabian Nights; and Renée Vivien, a name which, I believe, conceals an *américaine* of Paris. Another, Madame Henri de Regnier, is a daughter of Heredia. She is perhaps best known for her prose novels, though her occasional verse is worth collecting. In general, these women poets have not yet, like the latest generation of men, enlarged their muse's outlook beyond Love-Love-Love. A book of woman's poetic invention of other days, though not in verse, should be noted here. "Bonnes Fées d'antan" (Calmann-Lévy), by Edmond Pilon, is a choice of the fairy tales of Mesdames d'Aulnoy, de Murat, de La Force, de Beaumont, L'Héritier, and others who wrote for hearts not born cynical—of which there must still be many.

S. D.

Correspondence.

THE REPEAL OF THE DUTY ON BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the meetings of a number of the societies of scholars held during the Christmas vacation resolutions were adopted favoring the repeal of the duty on books printed in English. In some cases, I fear, the matter ended there; secretaries have thought that a strong expression of opinion on a question on which all scholars agree was quite enough. I venture to suggest, however, that all such resolutions should be sent to the House Committee on Ways and Means at Washington, addressed to the chairman, the Hon. Sereno E. Payne. The Archæological Institute of America requested the secretaries of the local societies in all parts of the country to present the matter to their own Congressmen and Senators. It would be well if all interested in the subject should write to those having a hand in shaping the new tariff. Strong proposals have already been made to increase and widen the scope of the present illiberal duty.

By the copyright law both printers and publishers in this country are well protected; no book may be copyrighted here which has not been manufactured in the United States. Any English publisher of a book likely to have a large sale in this country has it reproduced here in order to secure copyright and generally sells it at the price charged in England. If a book is not likely to secure large enough sale in this country to justify getting out an American edition, it is imported; such imported copies may not be copyrighted, and pay 25 per cent. duty. Unfortunately, it is this class of books which the scholar needs, not the reprints of popular stories and the like. The income to the government from the duty is small, but the burden to the individual scholar is a great one if he has occasion to use many books printed in England.

W. F. HARRIS.

Cambridge, Mass., January 12.

JUSTICE FOR THE EARTHQUAKE SUFFERERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Messina and Reggio, centres of a large district whose chief products are oranges and lemons, found their best markets in our Eastern cities until the tariff of 1897 added to a duty of one cent per pound on oranges, lemons, and similar fruit the following provision:

Boxes, barrels, or other articles containing oranges, lemons, limes, grapefruit, shaddocks, or pomelos, 30 per centum ad valorem: *Provided,* that the thin wood, so-called, comprising the sides, tops, and bottoms of orange and lemon boxes of the growth and manufacture of the United States, exported as orange and lemon box shooks, may be reimported in completed form, filled with oranges and lemons by the payment of a duty at one-half the rate imposed on similar boxes of entirely foreign growth and manufacture.

This paragraph in the tariff proved prohibitive. It fell disastrously upon the Sicilian and Calabrian peasants, and deprived the consumers of a good quality of fruit, differing in flavor from that raised in Florida and California.

It would be an act of social justice for our tariff reformers to remove this provision whose benefit to Americans is doubtful or insignificant, and it would encourage an afflicted people now forced to accept our alms. It would also tend to decrease the number of Sicilian and Calabrian peasants forced to emigrate.

A. Hayes.

Rome, Italy, December 31.

POE ECLIPSED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The enclosed item from a Cleveland paper you have perhaps already seen. It is hard to tell whether it is humorous or pathetic. The University of Virginia, which seems to depend upon a sprinter for its reputation, is entitled to sympathy.

Edward Dickinson.

Oberlin, O., January 11.

Charlottesville, Va., January 8.—Although President Roosevelt has written a personal letter to "Jim" Rector, urging him to another race with Walker, the man from South Africa, Rector cannot take part in such a contest without endangering his life. Rector, who is taking law here, and has done more to bring the University of Virginia into popular notice than any man since the days of Thomas Jefferson, founder of the college, has been warned that he cannot live two years if he continues in training.

THE HETCH HETCHY VALLEY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your issue of January 7, 1909, has an appeal from George Edwards to the *Nation* and its readers to assist in blocking the city of San Francisco and the other cities about San Francisco Bay in their efforts to obtain the use of Hetch Hetchy Valley as a great reservoir for water to supply those cities. We are familiar here with the arguments with which Mr. Edwards supports his appeal. They have been urged by John Muir and some others who are genuine lovers of nature and undoubtedly believe the scenic beauty of Hetch Hetchy Valley will be diminished by turning it into a mountain lake. But the fight against San Francisco and the other bay cities is made principally by the Spring Valley Water Works, a private corporation that has heretofore had a monopoly of the water supply for the city of San Francisco. Some of us who are sincere lovers of the mountains and of mountain scenery, and have given much time and labor to securing forest reservations in the Sierras, have been amazed at the arguments of persons who apparently have no connection with the Spring Valley Water Works. A fair sample of those arguments appears in Mr. Edwards's letter.

San Francisco now has a population well on towards 500,000, and other cities about the Bay of San Francisco aggregate nearly as much more. The sources of supply of water in the neighborhood are not sufficient for a great population, and those sources of supply are held in private ownership. These facts are sufficient to show any reasonable person how serious the situation is for our people. The Spring Valley Water Works owns the principal local sources of supply. There is only one other corporation now engaged in the water supply business, viz., the company that furnishes water to the cities of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, etc. We are willing to pay a fair value for the plants of these companies. Recently I served a term as Mayor of the city of Oakland, and my experience has convinced me that the water companies furnishing water to the cities around the bay have been heretofore (not now, however) the most baneful sources of municipal corruption with which we have had to contend. Lovers of civic righteousness should give us their sympathy and assistance to free ourselves from this burden that may at any time under different corporate management be imposed upon us.

Mr. Edwards probably refers, when he mentions other sources of supply, to other streams than the Tuolumne flowing from the Sierras into the great San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, but unfortunately for his argument the waters from all those streams have been appropriated by different corporations for power, mining, and irrigation purposes, and any man versed in practical affairs knows that it will be impossible to utilize the waters of any of these other streams without condemnation and paying immense sums of money. But as to the Tuolumne River, while it is the largest one of all that can be utilized for our purposes, there are probably no valid claimants to the use of its waters, except two irrigation districts in the San Joaquin Valley. These districts are provided for to their satisfaction in the agreement exacted by the Secretary of the Interior when he granted the privilege to the city of San Francisco to impound waters in the Hetch Hetchy Valley.

The Tuolumne furnishes, and is the only stream that does furnish, a sufficient supply of water to meet the needs of the cities around the Bay of San Francisco for all time to come, and also meet the needs of farmers whose lands can be irrigated therefrom. I believe all disinterested engineers agree in the proposition that the waters of the Tuolumne River are the most available source of supply for the bay cities. One reason they are the most available is because none of them has a natural site for reservoir purposes equalling the Hetch Hetchy in excellence. These mountain streams run down deep cañons, with now and then a little valley of a high gradient, and not one of them, I believe, and my knowledge is reasonably full, has a really good reservoir site large enough to meet the requirements of the situation, excepting only the Tuolumne River. This river, heading on Mts. Lyall, Dana, etc., flows through extensive tracts of comparatively level land, known as the Tuolumne Meadows, at an elevation of about nine thousand feet, and then pitches into a gorge which is about twenty miles long. At the lower end of this gorge the walls of the cañon expand and include Hetch Hetchy Valley, with a floor almost level. At the lower end of the valley these walls come together again, and you can easily pitch a stone across the stream where the dam will be located, with perpendicular granite walls rising on each side. A high dam can therefore be made at comparatively small expense; and, as the floor of the valley is level, the amount of water that a dam 250 feet high will retain is enormous. I venture to say there is not on this earth so fine a site for a reservoir. The conditions are ideal, and nature was kind to the millions who will inhabit the cities around San Francisco Bay by providing such a place for them to get water from.

This brings us to the second ground of objection, viz.: that the valley is now a beautiful meadow, and to change it into a mountain lake will destroy its beauty. It will undoubtedly destroy the meadow, but the lake that will be created will be a much greater natural attraction than the valley is in its present condition. The lower end is wet, and the mosquitoes are a frightful pest. In ordinary seasons it is not until late in July that people can camp in the valley, with any degree of comfort. Very few people visit the valley. It can be reached only by a trail. I spent eight days in the valley last summer, after the mosquito season had passed, and I do not believe more than twenty-five persons visited the valley during the time I was there. If the recommendation of Mr. Pinchot, who has done so much for forest scenery and for preserving the forests, and the recommendation of Secretary Garfield and President Roosevelt are adopted, San Francisco will turn this beautiful but mosquito-breeding meadow into a beautiful mountain lake, whose attractions will be unique in character, and probably as great as that of any lake of its size in the mountains of any country. It will be necessary for San Francisco to build good roads to the lake, and this will enable lovers of natural scenery to get to it. The charms of Hetch Hetchy Valley have been known for more than forty years, but it is rare to find any person in California who has taken the trouble to ride over the mountain trails in order to see it. If good roads are built into the valley, this mountain lake will then become accessible, and will be visited by thousands who will never see it if left in its present condition.

The only other objection of Mr. Edwards and those who agree with him, worth considering, is that when the watershed above Hetch Hetchy is made accessible by good roads, then there will be such a crowd of people desiring to go there that the city of San Francisco will attempt to restrain them, on the ground that they are polluting the waters of the river. How can San Francisco keep people from going into the mountains above Hetch Hetchy? The head-

waters of the Tuolumne cannot be reached by way of Hetch Hetchy. Another route must be taken. At present only the strongest and most enthusiastic mountain-lovers ever get to Hetch Hetchy or the watershed above. If a grant to the city is made of the valley it will necessitate good roads, and give better opportunities to the lovers of wild mountain scenery. Not enough people can go there to foul the waters of the river to the slightest degree. It is only in the late summer that the river above Hetch Hetchy is accessible at all. The watershed of the Tuloumne River includes hundreds of square miles of high mountains, with innumerable streams, all converging to the Meadows. After the most of them have reached the Tuolumne then that stream plunges into a twenty-mile cañyon before reaching Hetch Hetchy. It is absurd to say that the people who will visit these headwaters of the river, which are only accessible for three months in the year, and then only to people who are willing to camp out, will foul the river.

The readers of the *Nation* should not hesitate to decide in favor of the people living around San Francisco Bay in a matter so vital to them. If the grant is made to San Francisco, Oakland (where I live), and all the east shore cities will have a chance to unite with San Francisco in bringing the absolutely pure water from the Sierras to our doors. WARREN OLNEY.

San Francisco, January 13.

SCOPE OF A PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A reader of the *Nation* for many years, I wish to express a doubt as to the ultimate wisdom of confiding to the Public Service Commission authority to control the creation of indebtedness in business which you discuss in the Delaware and Hudson case (December 24, pp. 16 and 17). The company, it seems, made a purchase of coal lands to supply coal for its engines, or some other equally legitimate purpose, for the cost of which it issued short-time notes. Now that financial conditions have improved, it proposes to retire these notes (probably bearing a high interest rate) with other notes on longer time, secured by mortgage of the railroad. The commission refuses to approve the mortgage, and this decision you cordially endorse. No suggestion of fraud or bad faith or illegality is made; if the expenditure was for a lawful object, the right to include this debt in a general mortgage is clear. It is apparently a question of business policy or expediency only. Those responsible for the company's affairs find that they can secure better rates and terms by using bonds secured by mortgage on the railroad, but the commission holds that they can only mortgage the coal lands for this debt. It may be that the creditor will not accept a coal land mortgage; presumably this plan for securing the indebtedness is to the company's interest in the opinion of the parties interested.

It strikes me as doubtful policy to empower a commission or State bureau, whose members are politically appointed, and have no personal responsibility in the matter, with authority to arbitrarily annul business contracts and agreements of this character. You speak of the "helplessness of shareholders and creditors" in some other instances as ground for conceding this wide-reaching power to the commission, and I do not understand that you have creditors of railways only in mind. The creditors and stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation, for instance, are numerous and widely scattered and are "helpless" in the same sense and to a far greater degree than those of the Delaware and Hudson Company, which must make public detailed reports of all its receipts and expenditures. What good reason can be given for State interference to protect creditors of the Delaware and Hudson from the mistakes of its managers that will not apply to creditors of the United States Steel Corporation, and all other steel companies, and the creditors of all corporations and individuals likewise who conduct their business on borrowed capital?

You may be right that "supervision of this nature has come into our legislation to stay," but, if so, the State should certainly provide for adequate compensation to those who suffer from the mistakes of the commission, who are not infallible. This is a very different situation from that presented where parties in interest ask the intervention of a court to restrain illegal diversion of funds or other irregularities. The commission is not a court, and no party interested is complaining.

W. W. BALDWIN.

Burlington, Ia., January 6.

[The intervention of a Public Service Commission, in the cases referred to, was designed to prevent what is somewhat loosely called "overcapitalization," meaning particularly the unwarranted piling on the back of a corporation, of liabilities which may make trouble with its finances afterward. This practice has been the curse of American railway finance, and the fruitful source of railway insolvencies, from the very beginning of our railway history. All experience has taught that the small shareholder is practically helpless in the matter. Injunctions and lawsuits are always expensive and often doubtful, because of technicalities; the individual suitor has the immense resources, financial and legal, of his own corporation massed against him. The Public Service Corporations are a substitute, and a very desirable one, for hit-or-miss State legislation, which may be enacted either in the heat of passion or under the pressure of railway lobbyists. Our correspondent cites the shareholders of the United States Steel Corporation. The brief history of that company presents a very pointed argument in favor of the commission theory. The indefensible undertaking of 1902, proposed by the corporation's directors, to convert $200,000,000 preferred stock into bonds without acquiring a dollar of new property, would unquestionably have been found repugnant to any properly drawn law for Public Service Commission supervision. Yet the Steel management was able to override protests of shareholders at annual meetings and injunction suits brought by shareholders against the conversion plan, and the scheme was brought to a halt only when, in a Stock Exchange panic, financial interests as powerful as those already seated in control bought into the property and served notice that the creation of mortgages to buy nothing but the company's own shares must stop. We may add that public service corporations, by reason of their natural monopoly of traffic or commodity, have the public at their mercy; and in such cases it is therefore peculiarly desirable that the rights of the public in the management of the company shall be conserved either by strict legislation or some such device as a commission.—ED. NATION.]

PURITY OF THE PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having read your editorial paragraph of December 17 anent purity of the press, and having noted your allusion to a movement in New York city to secure omission of prurient details of evidence in criminal cases, I should like to call your attention to a movement started in this city in 1907, by the writer, with the same object in view. The circular letter sent out by the Philadelphia Section of the Council of Jewish Women received a large number of endorsements from societies and individuals. An appeal to editors was issued at the time of the second Thaw trial. Believing, also, as you do, that this work for reform in the press must be continuous, our National Council at its triennial convention in December last appointed a standing committee on purity of the press, with the object of forming a public opinion which shall demand elimination of objectionable matter from publication. Special request was made through the Associated Press for a conservative dealing with the present murder trials in order to safeguard our homes and our children from the demoralizing influence of prurient details of evidence.

I enclose a copy of the resolution adopted by our executive board, in November, 1907. CORNELIA KAHN, M.D.

Philadelphia, January 8.

Be it resolved, That we vigorously deprecate the publication of such details of trials as are a menace to public morals, and also that we ask all public-spirited persons to refuse support to those journals that in the daily publishing of this and other most objectionable and sensational material, do ignore their high privileges; and,

That we oppose this evil in practical ways, and especially in the line of developing public opinion to appreciate its danger. We earnestly appeal to editors to aid us in this effort

THE SURVIVAL OF THE MORALLY FIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that in the conclusion of your "Fifty Years of Darwinism" (January 7, p. 6), you have overlooked a more important factor determining human progress than the conscious use of the "power of environment" "in bettering the conditions of the poor, the defective, and the prone to crime."

There has been until lately a serious misinterpretation of the meaning of "the struggle for existence," and "the survival of the fittest," as applied to human society. This struggle has generally been regarded as a brutal contest for supremacy,

in which the fittest who survived were those who were the strongest physically and mentally, and who were either unmoral or immoral, at least so far as the combatants were concerned. Even so great an authority as Huxley lent the weight of his influence, in his Romanes Lecture, to the above interpretation. Two of the most important chapters in Darwin's "Descent of Man," the third and fifth, on the moral and intellectual development of man, seem to have been overlooked or forgotten. In these chapters, Mr. Darwin distinctly states that the social instincts, being the more enduring and persistent, conquer the less persistent, and that these social instincts depend for their growth upon the development of the moral sense; that this moral sense is itself the product of social contact, which is increased by the growth of society, and which must go on increasing as societies enlarge and pass from clans to tribes and finally into nations; and, furthermore, that this moral sense is preserved and increased by the action of natural selection:

> At all times throughout the world tribes have supplanted other tribes, and as morality is one element of their success, the standard of morality and the number of well-endowed men will thus everywhere tend to rise and increase (Chap. v, p. 160).

It may be further affirmed that with the growth of civilized society, morality becomes of more and more importance in determining the survival of the fittest, for by that term we mean the survival of the individual or race that is best adapted to the *essential* conditions of the environment. Human nature is what it is because of centuries of antagonism as well as of association. It is probable that in the earliest times when men were nomads, and society had not consolidated, the predatory instincts were the strongest and that conflict was predominant. While even then certain moral traits, such as courage and fidelity to leaders, were very useful, yet intellectual qualities were of more importance, and hence we should expect to find, what is generally admitted, that a high intelligence was developed earlier than a high morality. But as society was brought into closer and closer contact through inventions and discoveries which are the outcome of the scientific method until now the whole civilized world is in touch, by means of telegraphs, railroads, steamships, the post office, and the newspaper, the sense of solidarity has been so intensified that moral relations have become the most important, because on them will depend that "peace on earth and good will to men," towards which we all look, but which is yet so distant. We can comfort ourselves, however, with the thought that the processes of natural selection are yet going on, preserving and increasing the growth of those qualities in mankind which best fit him to live harmoniously with his fellows.

ROBERT MATHEWS.

Rochester, N. Y., January 12.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the gospel "according to Matthew Arnold" be taught by zealous disciples for the next eighteen centuries, may not much more that is desirable be accomplished, even for the "rank and file." After all, must not the educated "inward judge" be the practical court? Does not the "inward judge" lead to individual responsibility to a much greater degree than either fear on the one hand, or the supernatural upon the other? May not obedience to the "inward judge" rightly and naturally follow any doubts that may arise about the supernatural? Are not most of the deplorable conditions which confront us more the result of disregard of the "inward judge" than any lost faith in the doctrine according to Matthew? It seems to me that instruction in "the gospel according to Matthew Arnold" is demanded by present conditions. EDWARD M. HYZER.

Milwaukee, Wis., January 8.

INDIAN STATISTICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: By way of comment on the letter "Indian Statistics," from your English correspondent, T. Morison, in your issue of January 7, it may be said that as to a useful comparison of such data Lord Curzon declared in his address to the Viceregal Council, March 29, 1901:

> I do not say that these data are incontrovertible. There is an element of conjecture in them [the estimates of 1898], but so was there in the figures of 1880. If one set of figures is to be used in argument, equally may the other.

Permit me further, without going into the causes of poverty and discontent in India, to express the firm conviction that no unprejudiced reader ever saw in the late William Digby's writings merely "the conjectures" or the work of "an industrious statistician poring over blue books." Further, that no one, worthy of his steel, ever couched a lance with Mr. Digby, and retired without a high sense of his courage, honor, and address; or ever, thereafter, spoke of him with condescension—and finally, that whoever was favored with knowledge of Mr. Digby's labors and character must have felt the inspiration that supported him in voluntary sacrifice of office, friendships, health, and means, and which won for him after death, a public and enduring monument to his devotion and his unrequited services.

CHAS. B. SOUTTER.

Aiken, S. C., January 11.

Notes.

Houghton Mifflin Co. is bringing out a new edition of Woodberry's "Life of Poe" in connection with the celebration of the poet's centenary. The book has been largely rewritten since it first appeared more than twenty years ago, and much new matter is added. It now appears in two volumes, with many illustrations.

Houghton Mifflin Co. announces for publication this year "The German Element in the United States," in two volumes, by Prof. Albert Bernhardt Faust of Cornell University. The first draft of the manuscript won the prize of $3,000 offered by Conrad Seipp of Chicago for the best essay on the subject. The book will be lavishly illustrated and will probably appear in the early autumn.

In five volumes of the Cambridge English Classics (G. P. Putnam's Sons) we are to have a reprint of the King James Bible from a copy of the folio of 1611 in the possession of Aldis Wright.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that the fourth, and concluding, volume of Hanotaux's "History of Contemporary France," in the English version, is now in press.

Prof. W. D. Lyman of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash., is engaged in the preparation of a book on the Columbia River for a series published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, known as Historic Rivers of America. It is the intention of the author to give some special prominence to Nelson and the magnificent lake district by which it is surrounded.

A new book by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan of London, "Mountains and Valleys in the Ministry of Jesus," will soon be published by the Fleming H. Revell Co.

A life of Abraham Lincoln, by Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo and author of several novels dealing with sociological problems, is announced by Small, Maynard & Co., publishers of the Beacon Series of Biographies.

The proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle* of Halifax, N. S., of which paper Joseph Howe was for many years the editor, will soon issue a new and complete edition of the speeches and public letters of Mr. Howe. This edition will include the material contained in that published by the Hon. Mr. Annand in 1858, and also all the important speeches and letters delivered and written by Joseph Howe between 1858 and the time of his death in 1873. The editor of the new edition is Joseph A. Chisholm.

In honor of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Stuart Blackie, his nephew, Stodart Walker, is preparing a volume of correspondence, and requests that letters bearing on the subject be sent to him at No. 30 Walker Street, Edinburgh.

Another example of the curious and rather factitious revival of interest in the Stuart family is shown by the announcement of W. G. Blaikie Murdoch's new book, "The Royal Stuarts in Their Connection with Art and Letters," to be issued by J. & J. Gray & Co. of Edinburgh. Mr. Murdoch, who begins his record with James I of Scotland, is apparently a thoroughgoing partisan.

The third and fourth volumes of the Works of James Buchanan (J. B. Lippincott Co.) bring the series to the middle of 1841, and thus cover his career into the Administration of Harrison. The range of subjects on which he spoke was wide, and he does not appear to have left unexpressed his opinion upon any of the leading measures coming before Congress, whether of internal or foreign policy. Stiff and formal as are his speeches, they show the attitude of the Jackson party, and the way in which that attitude was adapted to the needs of Pennsylvania and to the political aims of Buchanan. For he represented his State rather than the nation, and resented whatever seemed to belittle him in the eyes of the Democratic voters of Pennsylvania. The continuance of the agitation of the bank question, of the disposition of public deposits and surplus national revenue, and

of specie payments were the leading measures on which his influence in State politics rested. It cannot be said that his treatment of them ever rises above the level of a good stump speech, addressed more to the feelings than to the intelligence of his audience. His speech at the Pennsylvania convention of 1840 marks his limitations as a politician as well as a statesman. It was competent, but that is all. He was not an admirer of Van Buren, of whose ability to succeed Jackson he had strong doubts. These doubts were deepened when, after offering Buchanan the place of attorney-general and receiving a declination, Van Buren formed a Cabinet in which Pennsylvania was not represented. The personal relations between the two men were altered, though Buchanan does not yet figure among the Presidential possibilities. When Van Buren was defeated in 1840, the chances of Buchanan brightened, and he became the candidate of his State. It is needless to say that in the matters of office-seeking and the partisan use of office Buchanan was not at all squeamish, demanding many appointments and openly avowing his want of sympathy in any restrictions on the activities of Federal officeholders in elections. To him the Senate was more of a political arena than a place for legislating, and his rambling speeches, crowded with personalities, were better fitted to catch the popular favor than to accomplish much in the making of laws. Since he was without a particle of humor, his efforts to lighten his address are heavy reading; and nowhere does he give the impression of superficiality more strongly than in dealing with a question where a high moral issue is involved, as in slavery in the District. There is much on the rising problems over Texas and the Northeastern boundaries, and he made two speeches on the McLeod case. On foreign questions he should have been an authority. The volumes are still sparing in his correspondence, the greater part of which was accidentally destroyed; but the few letters that are given do not alter the impression gained from the speeches. Buchanan was evidently writing with the possibility of publication before him. The editing of the volumes, by John Bassett Moore, leaves nothing to be desired.

The Bibliographical Society of America has sent to its members the second volume of its Proceedings and Papers, covering the two meetings in Asheville, N. C., in May, 1907, and in Chicago on January 1, 1908. The book contains A. G. Salley's paper, "The First Presses of South Carolina," accompanied by a detailed bibliographical description of 73 imprints between the years 1736 and 1771, and mention of a few more. G. S. Godard discusses the "History and Progress of Collecting Material for a Bibliography of Connecticut," a work carried on by the Connecticut Library Association. There are reports by the committees on Incunabula and on Colonial Laws. The fourth number of the Society's Bulletin continues the record of bibliographies issued and in course of preparation. Among the latter we find "a general evaluated bibliography of social science," edited by W. D. P. Bliss, and to be published by the Social Science Library Bureau of Bibliographical Information. Miss Ethel D. Roberts, a student in the New York State Library School, has prepared an American Dante Bibliography for 1896-1908, in continuation of that of T. W. Koch.

When a book is dedicated "To the Great American Voter . . . before whose dread opinion the mighty of the earth stand in awe," one is prepared for the worst. It is not the worst that follows, in the two volumes of "American Supremacy," by George W. Crichfield (Brentano's), but it is pretty bad. The author has accumulated a good deal of material about laws, customs, and concessions in certain South American states, but his tone is embittered and violent, his conclusions wild. His one thesis is that South Americans are a set of liars and cut-throats, and his sole inference is that "the United States should establish civilized governments in those countries, which would make pillage by revolutionary bands impossible." Such an extreme of passion and unreason defeats itself.

Arthur Preuss of the *Catholic Fortnightly Review* is the author of a severe polemic against Freemasonry, entitled "A Study in American Freemasonry" (St. Louis: B. Herder). Deriving his information concerning the order from the authoritative works of Mackey and Pike, he seeks to show that Freemasonry is by no means the harmless social and benevolent organization it appears to be, but rather an insidious and dangerous enemy of true faith and upright morals. Mr. Preuss takes his antagonist somewhat too seriously. There is unquestionably a large element of deistic philosophy in the teachings of the Masonic ritual, derived from the speculations current when it attained its most rapid development toward its present form, but, as the order now exists in America, it is a fraternal order, pure and simple, of more or less benevolence and influence, and to try to prove it something more is to stimulate the curiosity by which it flourishes.

"The Jungle Folk of Africa" (F. H. Revell Co.), by Robert H. Milligan, is a remarkable series of pictures, as it were, of the life, customs, folk-lore, and religion of the West Coast native, based on the incidents of a seven years' experience in the German Kamerun and French Congo as a missionary of our Presbyterian Church. It awakens, as no other book within our knowledge has done, an interest in and sympathy for the people of this region. There is no attempt at concealment of the dark side of their character, their immorality, their untrustworthiness, their murderous proclivities, illustrated by the fact that in a year in one town where he was stationed, he did "not remember that there was one natural death," though he "never ceased to hear their mourning for the dead." But there is a bright side, of which perhaps the best illustration is the statement that "his love for his mother . . . is the strongest sentiment and the deepest emotion in the mind and heart of the African." Especially interesting are the accounts of the witchcraft practised and the fetishes, the power of which is gradually diminishing as civilization increases. In a chapter entitled "White and Black" Mr. Milligan confirms with his testimony that of the other American missionaries as to the brutality with which the natives are treated by the Belgian and Portuguese officials, and to a certain extent, we regret to add, by the French. He has much entertaining matter about the amusements of the natives, especially their dancing and singing. Very little comparatively is told about his missionary work, only one chapter being wholly devoted to it; the aim of the book is simply to "exhibit the human nature of the African." There are seventeen illustrations, the most interesting of which are portraits of native friends. We regret the lack of an index, which would have added much to the value of the work.

"A rag-tag journal" is the apt description given by W. G. Burn Murdoch of his latest work "From Edinburgh to India and Burmah" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is, in fact, the daily record of impressions of scenery and native life during a journey in 1905-06, taken simply in the interest of his profession as artist, and it reads as if it were written for a circle of intimate friends, rather than for the general public. The closing sentences of a description of women at a tank will give an idea of the style and humor of the book:

> The color from the red soil reflects under their raised arms and under their cheeks, and into the classic folds of their draperies, strong blue, and deep red, in their shadows and throws up rich reflections to the undersides of the wet earthenware bowls; the water laps over their brims, and the sky reflects like sapphire on their upper surfaces. Who will say that color is not the most beautiful thing in the world—the very flower of love and light and fire; the sign of preponderant katabolism or anabolism as the naturalist might possibly put it, to be perfectly explicit!

Still, if the reader can overcome the feeling of weariness at the constant repetition of color effects, he will find much entertainment, though not much useful information. There are, for instance, vividly picturesque accounts of the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Bombay and Rangoon. Burmah impressed the author not only as a far more fascinating country than India from its beauty, but as in a far better condition as regards the state of its people. There is nothing in Burmah, for example, to compare with "the most nauseating place in the world," the Ghats at Benares. Commercial progress is indicated by the fact that the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, which began business in 1863, with four steamers, has now a fleet of 360 vessels. Mr. Murdoch's account of his voyage up the river to Bhamo in one of these steamers, an excursion which he characterizes as many times more interesting than a trip up the Nile, should attract travellers to this region. It should be added that Mr. Murdoch's pastime was hunting, and occasionally he varies his narrative as artist in search of subjects for his canvas by accounts of hunting trips in the jungle. The book is attractively made, but its excellence is marred by numerous typographical errors. There are twenty-four full-page illustrations in color—one of a fakir at Benares is very striking—and numerous reproductions of sketches taken on the spot of interesting scenes and incidents.

The most recent issue in the South American Series, edited by Martin Hume, is "Peru," by C. Reginald Enock (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). Written in a less vivacious style than the "Chile," in the same series, by G. F. Scott Elliot, it betrays a wider knowledge of present

conditions, and is especially full on Peruvian mineral resources and agricultural development. Both volumes deal with the early history in an uncritical manner, hut serve the purpose of a handhook reasonahly well. Both are freely illustrated.

In "The Other Americans," by Arthur Ruhl (Charles Scrihner's Sons), we get as neat and favorable an application of journalistic methods to travel as one could wish. The writer always had a "story" in mind, and fell upon the picturesque and eccentric in Carácas, Bogotá, Lima, Santiago, Buenos Ayres, and Rio de Janeiro, with a sure and overmastering instinct. Rapid and superficial, he yet has a faculty for seizing characteristic traits; and the net result is a very readahle hook, though one that hy no stretch could he called thoroughly informed.

Vols. XXI and XXII in the Publications of the Hakluyt Society, Series 2, are translations of Alonso de Espinosa's "Del Orígen y Milagros de la Santa Imágen de nuestra Señora de Candelaria que apareció en la Isla de Tenerife, con la Descripción de esta Isla," and the much more precious "History of the Incas," hy Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa, together with Ocampo's account of "The Execution of the Inca Tupac Amaru." The recent puhlication of the text of the Sarmiento manuscript, in the library of Göttingen, was the immediate occasion of this edition, to which Sir Clements Markham furnishes the introduction. He does not fail to point out the inevitable hias in a narrative designed to prove that the Incas were usurpers and tyrants, and thus justly rohhed and put to death hy the unselfish Spaniards. Still, Sarmiento remains the chief authority on the Inca civilization.

"The Nun Ensign" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) is James Fitzmaurice-Kelly's latest demonstration of his Spanish scholarship. It is a translation into English of "La Monja Alférez," with a learned introduction and copious notes. At the end is printed, in Spanish, the play hy Juan Pérez de Montalhán, also entitled "La Monja Alférez." The editor makes it prohahle that one scene from this play turned up as a spurious chapter in the book. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's tracing of the actual history of the actual nun ensign, Catalina de Erauso, and of the origin and fate of the account which she was supposed to have written of her extraordinary adventures, disguised as a man, shows an exhaustive sifting of all the material. Incidentally, it convicts De Quincey, in his essay on this work, of either ignorance or imposition, or hoth. An attractive feature of this edition is the inclusion of twenty-seven illustrations by Viérge. They are on glazed paper, pasted over blue-tinted pages, as a kind of framing. In his well-known style, they lose something here hy their uniformly small scale.

The Comte de Ramhuteau is not a hero of romance. To the Parisian of to-day he is remembered merely by a street that hears his name and hy certain modest but useful improvements which he introduced in Paris during the fifteen years of his administration as Prefect of the Seine. He died in 1869. His Memoirs, written during his retirement, under the Second Empire, were released by his grandson in 1904 and edited by a professor of a French lycée. They are now translated into English (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The reader, who is looking for spicy anecdotes or malicious portraits need not open this volume, which contains only the recital of a busy life spent in the service of the state. This aristocrat was, in fact, a hourgeois with qualities more solid than brilliant. Instead of wasting his youth in sterile opposition to the new order of things, he entered the court of Napoleon as Chamberlain and afterwards served the Emperor as Prefect. Having retired to private life during the Restoration, he reappeared just in time to reap the benefit of the Revolution of 1830, which gave him the important function of Prefect of the Seine that he kept until 1848. His last years he spent on his family estate of Ramhuteau, in Burgundy, quietly awaiting death, which he had eluded through five or six coups d'état, riots, and revolutions. These long and somewhat ponderous Memoirs will give the historians some firsthand information on at least three different suhjects; first, the provincial administration during the last months of the declining empire, when sedition and conspiracies were rife on every side; second, the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 as seen by a man who was in the thick of the fight; last and most important of all, the municipal administration of Paris by one of its most efficient and hardworking Prefects, who started out to give the Parisians "water, air, and shade," and won hy his far-reaching reforms the gratitude of all classes and hy his puhlic works paved the way for Haussmann and Alphand. If this volume of figures and facts contains few portraits, it is not devoid, however, of interesting sidelights on some of the makers of history whom Rambuteau had occasion to approach. He confirms what we knew of Napoleon's temper which more than once was displayed at the sittings of the Council of State; he gives some interesting instances of the hlind optimism of Louis Philippe a few days hefore the outbreak of the revolution; finally, the reception he received from the Duchesse d'Angoulême confirms M. Lenôtre's statement ahout her character, showing that everybody is agreed in lamenting in the daughter of Louis XVI the absence of all that is "tender and womanly." The translation is edited with the usual care of American and English publishers and has a sufficient index. Few mistakes can he charged to the translator, who, however, ought to know that the so-called "reformers" of Montauhan are the Calvinists, known in French as "réformés."

"The Character of Jesus," by the Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Jefferson, contains twenty-six Sunday evening discourses delivered by their author in the Broadway Tahernacle of this city during the last two winters (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). The volume is popular in character. While Dr. Jefferson professes to have studied the New Testament criticism of the last thirty years, he shows no evidence of serious wrestling with its prohlems. The narratives of the Fourth Gospel are employed indiscriminately with those of the Synoptics. Nevertheless Dr. Jefferson has a vigorous facility in expressing useful truths. His chapters on "The Strength of Jesus," "His Poise," "His Firmness," "His Candor," and other like topics, may be read by men of all casts of mind with profit and gratitude. A volume composed in this manner is necessarily somewhat discursive and repetitious.

The Catholic priest, Heinrich Hansjakoh, who as a story-teller has long been popular among Protestants and his own church people, has lately added to his long list of publications "Verlassene Wege: Tagebuchblätter" (Stuttgart: A. Bonz & Co.). The collection consists of narratives of his journeys in recent years, particularly in South Germany.

The Studien zur Geschichte des neueren Protestantismus, edited hy Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann and Leopold Zscharnack (Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann), will puhlish new or rare sources of information for the study of early Protestantism. The first *Quellenheft* contains Spalding's "Bestimmung des Menschen" (1748) and "Wert der Andacht" (1755), with an introduction by Horst Stephan; and Heft iii gives a translation of John Toland's "Christianity Not Mysterious" (1696), rendered hy W. Lunde, to which are added Leihnitz's "Annotatiunculae" of 1701.

One of the most striking figures among the Danish men of letters to-day is Johannes V. Jensen, who has made his reputation within two years. The curious mixture of grotesque fancy and acute observation in his early fiction set him apart from the rest of his countrymen, and, indeed, his contemporaries, and drew upon him the attention of German puhlishers, who at once secured him for their market. He is now a frequent contributor to *März. Morgen,* and other magazines, and his books appear almost simultaneously in Danish and German. Close upon his interesting novel, "Das Rad," the scene of which was laid in Chicago, comes a volume of essays, "Die neue Welt" (Berlin: S. Fischer & Co.), discussing the new aspects of life embodied in America and appearing also in certain personalities of the old world. He finds in the "peasant culture," of which Björnson is such a splendid specimen, in the modern humanism of Darwin and Grundtvig, in the work of Schillings and others, symptoms of that return to nature and that rejuvenation which is the true renaissance. The hook is full of suggestive ideas, and is conceived in a spirit of optimism which is quite different from the tone of most European "moderns." Unlike so many visitors to this country, Jensen does not condemn the essentially American features and manifestations of life that he became familiar with during his sojourn in the United States, hut attempts an interpretation of them in connection with phenomena which he has observed elsewhere, and which he traces to a common source. In the introductory chapter on machines, he says that iron construction, the modern Gothic, is the natural style of the present time:

> The houses in America are truly heathenish; their purpose, their utility, was considered hefore architecture was thought of; it will he seen in some later time that there is beauty in this style. For beauty follows truth as it does strength. The present time is pagan, and pagan is the renaissance which triumphantly comes to all nations.

In Jensen's opinion nothing could have been more fit to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of the first colonists from

Europe than the naval reunion in New York. For "the wanderer's heart of Columbus has made of the mortal man an immortal myth, which still unites all migratory natures on both sides of the ocean in the one truth, that all reality begins with a dream." The originality of Jensen's point of view and the freshness of his style make the book unusually enjoyable reading.

A new selection from the works of E. T. A. Hoffmann, who, owing to his spiritual kinship with Edgar Allan Poe, is frequently mentioned at this time, is being published by Max Hesse, Leipzig. There are to be eight volumes, with an introduction by Richard Schaukal.

The Germans have a new, compact, and scholarly Latin dictionary in the "Lateinisches Wörterbuch," prepared by Prof. E. Kraetsch and Prof. A. Mittag (Berlin: Neufeld & Henius). In a volume of one thousand pages the authors have endeavored to cover the ground completely, regarding the style of Cæsar and Cicero as classical, and designating that of others as non-classical, old Latin, vulgar Latin, later Latin, and modern Latin. A list of proper names covering 89 pages completes the book, which shows much independent scholarship and is well adapted to the use of students.

Charles Enschedé, of the firm of Joh. Enschedé en Zonen, printers and typefounders in Haarlem, Holland, has prepared a work on the typefounders of the Netherlands from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, which will be published soon by De Erven F. Bohn in Haarlem, with Otto Harrassowitz in Leipzig as agent for the international trade. The illustrations, with one exception, will be from types made with the original matrices in the possession of the firm, representing 6 forms from the fifteenth century, 9 from the sixteenth, 52 from the seventeenth, and 305 from the eighteenth. Among the contents of the volume we notice a study of the various Elzevir presses.

Among this year's issues of the Society for Publishing Old Northern Literature (Samfund til Udgivelse af Gammel Nordisk Litteratur), Copenhagen, is to be noted an edition of the old Icelandic vellum manuscript of encyclopædic nature, listed as No. 194 in the Arnamagnæan Collection of Manuscripts, published under the title of "Alfroedi Islenzk," by Dr. Kr. Kaalund, the librarian of the collection. This is the first edition of the manuscript in question, which is very interesting as showing the range of the knowledge possessed by Icelandic ecclesiastic and monastic scholars at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

That indefatigable Icelandic scholar and interpreter of Icelandic Scaldic poetry, Prof. Finnur Jónsson of Copenhagen University, has recently issued two works of importance to the student of Germanic philology. One is a "History of the Icelandic and Old Norwegian Literature (Copenhagen: G. E. C. Gad), a one-volume abbreviation, for the use of students, of the same author's great three-volume work on the same subject (previously noticed in these columns). The other is a text edition, with interpretation, of the "Old Norwegian and Icelandic Scaldic Poetry," published by the Commission for the Arnamagnæan Fund, through the Gyldendal Publishing House, Copenhagen and Chicago. In the field of Scandinavian philology an authoritative and critical and at the same time conservative edition of the existing monuments of Scaldic poetry is a matter of prime importance; and it is well therefore that the work has been undertaken by a master hand.

A young Scandinavian author who has lately obtained considerable European renown, as attested by the fact that his latest book is simultaneously published in Christiania, Paris, Milan, and Utrecht, is the Norwegian, Johan Bojer, whose novel "Vort Rige" (Our Kingdom) has just been brought out by the Gyldendal Publishing House (Copenhagen and Chicago). The book, which has for hero a rather sympathetic young man who seems to be undeservedly persecuted by an unsympathetic fate, deserves to be read by those who would follow literary developments in Scandinavia.

The year-end at Paris has been fruitful of what was once called polite literature. Pierre Brun issues a limited edition (twelve francs) of "Savinien de Cyrano Bergerac" (Daragon), unravelling the history and legend of this *gentilhomme parisien* from Lebret to Edmond Rostand. "Études de la littérature française" (sixth series, Perrin), by the proximately *académisable* René Doumic, extends from St. Francis de Sales to Jules Lemaître's "Racine." While not startling or revolutionary, such criticism is full of cultivated amenity. We tread a more combative field with the veteran Edmond Lepelletier in "Émile Zola," his life and work (Mercure de France). M. Lepelletier was one of the earliest fanatics of the Naturalist school, and, though he later differed with its founder in politics, he still sees by the day that is dead. It is, perhaps, the most complete book yet published on the man who for a few years overshadowed grimly all the other writers of France.

Polite literature would be little without polished language; and recent disquieting agitations have drawn out a number of useful books on French itself. Albert Dauzat's "La Langue française d'aujourd'hui" (Armand Colin) treats of the evolution and present problems of the speech of France. Even as radical a Deputy as Charles Maurice Couyba (the school poet Maurice Boukay) stood up in Parliament in the debate on the university budget, to say that the glory of France, its language, was deteriorating under the modern system of education. André Beaunier begins at the beginning, "Contre la Réforme de l'orthographie" (Plon-Nourrit), a spirited piece of writing *pour la défence française*. Gustave Lanson of the Sorbonne, in a sort of university extension series, publishes "L'Art de la prose" (Annales politiques et littéraires); and even Emerson, though he did not care for it nearly so much as for Montaigne, would have agreed with Matthew Arnold that no modern language has prose like that of the French classics.

Perhaps not so important, and certainly not at all of the university, but equally and superlatively French, is the Comtesse de Gencé's "Le Code mondain de la jeune fille," a handbook of proper doing and acting for the entire life of the young person, from her entrance into the *monde* until safely arrived at her *fiançailles*, within sight of her goal—marriage (Bibliothèque d'ouvrages practiques). Dr. Cabanès, who is constantly peering into the most intimate corners of other days, publishes a contrasting "Mœurs intimes du passé" (A. Michel), which is not always for the young person's reading, although he expounds things as innocent as how our grandmothers blew their noses.

Antonio Fogazzaro's novels, especially "The Saint," which called out a Papal bull and a syllabus, have almost obscured his poems. Yet it was as a poet that he first won recognition, and now he has collected in a single volume "Le Poesie," which comprises what he desires to have stand as his poetic product. The book has for frontispiece a recent portrait of Senator Fogazzaro (Milan: Baldini, Castoldi & Co.).

The sixth general convention of the Religious Education Association will be held at Chicago, February 10-12. The special programme of the Department of Universities and Colleges, just issued, announces a symposium on "The Problem of Religious Instruction and Religious Influence in State Universities." The following are the contributions to it: "Statement of the Problem," President Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation; "The State University and the Religious Denominations," the Rev. Joseph W. Cochran, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, Philadelphia; "The State University and the School of Theology," Dean Shailer Mathews, University of Chicago; "Religious Instruction in State Universities from the Legal Standpoint," Chancellor Frank Strong, University of Kansas; "What Can Be Done and What Cannot Be Done," President Cyrus Northrop, University of Minnesota; "The State University of Iowa Plan for Religious Education," Chancellor George E. MacLean, University of Iowa. To a symposium on "Moral and Religious Influences as Related to Environment of Student Life" there will be the following contributions: "Dormitory Life for College Men," President Charles F. Thwing, Western Reserve; "Dormitory Life for College Women," Dean Marion Talbot, University of Chicago; "Factors in the Dormitory Problem," President Richard Cecil Hughes, Ripon College; "The Private Dormitory," President Charles W. Eliot, Harvard; "The Private Boarding-house for College Women," Mrs. Mary Bidwell Breed, adviser of women, University of Missouri; "The College Sorority as a Substitute for the Woman's Dormitory," Mrs. Cora Stranahan Woodward, adviser of women, University of Wisconsin; general discussion, introduced by Prof. Charles F. Kent, Yale. "The College Fraternity as a Factor in the Religious and Moral Life of Students" will be treated as follows: "History and Early Ideals of the Greek Letter Societies," Albert P. Jacobs, Detroit; "The Fraternity of To-day," Clarence F. Birdseye, New York; "The College Fraternity in the State University," President Edmund J. James and Dean Thomas A. Clark, University of Illinois; "The College Fraternity as an Ally in Maintaining Institutional Standards," President Guy Potter Benton, Miami University; discussion, Prof. Ernest H. Lindley, Indiana University, Prof. William A. Scott, University of Wisconsin, and Prof. Henry M. Bates, University of Michigan. "The Higher Education as a Preparation for Life on the Moral and Religious Side" will be discussed as follows: "Preparation of the College Student for Social Service,"

Prof. John M. Gillette, University of North Dakota; "Agencies for Deepening the Spiritual Life of the College," Prof. Edwin F. Starbuck, University of Iowa.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women offers a fellowship of $500 for the year 1909-1910 available for study at an American or European University. As a rule this fellowship is awarded to candidates who have done one or two years of graduate work, preference being given to women from Maryland and the South. All applications must be sent before March 20, 1909, to the chairman of the Committee on Award, Dr. Mary Sherwood, The Arundel, Baltimore.

Arthur William A'Beckett, novelist and dramatist, for many years one of the chief writers for *Punch*, died in London, January 14. He was born in Fulham in 1844, son of the Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett, who wrote the "Comic History of England." At an early age the young A'Beckett entered journalism as editor of the *Glowworm*. Later he was connected with the *Britannia Magazine*, was a special correspondent in the Franco-German war, and was editor of the *Sunday Times*, of the *Naval and Military Magazine*, and of *John Bull*. Some of these undertakings were an outlet for the energy which was not consumed by his labors on the staff of *Punch*, from 1874 to 1902. He was also the author of several three-act comedies, and was active in the Society of Authors. His publications are: "Comic Guide to the Royal Academy" (with his brother Gilbert, 1863-64), "Fallen Among Thieves" (1869), "Our Holiday in the Highlands" (1874), "The Shadow Witness," and "The Doom of St. Quirec" (with Sir F. C. Burnand, 1875-76), "The Ghost of Grimstone Grange" (1877), "The Mystery of Mostyn Manor" (1878), "Tracked Out," "Hard Luck," "Stone Broke" (1879-81), "Papers from Pumphandle Court" (1884), "Modern Arabian Nights" (1885), "The Member for Wrottenborough" (1895), "Greenroom Recollections" (1896), "The Modern Adam" (1899), "The A'Becketts of *Punch*" (1903), "The Tunnel Mystery" (1905), "Recollections of a Humorist" (1907).

Fernand Bournon, a member of the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, has died in his fifty-second year. Besides his newspaper work, he wrote many books on the antiquities of Paris, and published seventy-seven volumes of a collection of "Monographies des communes du département de la Seine."

Hermann Jahnke, teacher, novelist, and playwright, has died, at the age of sixty-three. Much of his writing is in Niederdeutsch, his best-known book being "Nahwer Bismarck," published in 1875.

CARL SCHURZ'S REMINISCENCES.

The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz. Vol. III, 1863-1869; with a Sketch of His Life and Public Services from 1869 to 1896, by Frederic Bancroft and William A. Dunning, Pp. x+486. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

There is but one serious disappointment in this third and last volume of Schurz's "Reminiscences": the Reminiscences proper break off almost at the beginning of Grant's Administration and of Schurz's own service in the Senate. This is a period which the careful, formal historians have now invaded, and it is a pity they cannot have the benefit of Schurz's intimate knowledge of its men and causes. His judgments, made always from a point of view peculiarly elevated and detached, yet strengthened always by a human and sympathetic intuition and by a rich experience, would probably have been more valuable than those of any one of his contemporaries. The loss to the general reader is hardly less; for the autobiography keeps its engaging quality to the end.

Schurz's children have done well to entrust Mr. Bancroft and Professor Dunning with the task of continuing the story; better, in fact, than they could well have expected. For ordinarily, when two writers collaborate, the result is disappointing in point of form; yet this sketch strikes us as rather better written than either Mr. Bancroft's "Seward" or Professor Dunning's "Reconstruction." The main facts of Schurz's later career are set forth carefully, with good judgment, with sympathy. The only general criticism which suggests itself is that we do not find in this biographic part what the autographic part, of course, could not give—a Boswellian account of the man himself, with ample anecdotal illustration. Schurz had a most interesting and engaging personality. He was extremely good company. We wish that we might be oftener introduced into his home, and the circle of his friends. But perhaps, with the modesty that characterizes the sketch, its authors have meant to leave this opportunity to whoever, notwithstanding the "Reminiscences," shall attempt a complete Life.

Schurz's own story of the years 1863-1869 takes up considerably more than half the volume. Gettysburg comes first, and the chapter will no doubt rank as one of the best of the many accounts of the great fight by eye-witnesses. Gettysburg and Chattanooga, however, close the list of important battles in which Schurz had a part. In 1864, he found the call to service on the hustings, in defence of Lincoln's administration, more compelling than the rather tame military duties assigned to him for the time being; and when he went back to the front the end was close at hand. But he had proved himself no mere holiday soldier, and his experience of American warfare had been stern enough to make him combat vigorously, a few years later, in his native country, and in no less a presence than Bismarck's, the assumption of superiority for the more elaborately disciplined soldiers of Europe over those he had led and faced on this side of the Atlantic.

It was but a single step from the fighting to the still more prominent rôle he played in Reconstruction. This last is no doubt the part of his public service which present-day historians are most disposed to criticise. His motives they will hardly assail. But his well-known report on conditions in the South immediately after the war, in which he advocated giving the ballot to the blacks at once, supplied arguments for the Congressional leaders who overthrew the Presidential plan of reconstruction and substituted a plan of their own which is now, by many students of the period, condemned as partisan, if not vindictive, in motive, and which all know to have produced, in actual operation, detestable results. Not much is here added to the mass of fact and observation in the "Report," but we learn a good deal about the circumstances under which it was written, and also—for the first time—the precise character of Schurz's break with Andrew Johnson. To that unlucky President Schurz shows little leniency; but Johnson, exasperating as he remains for his tactlessness, for the matchless untimeliness of his alternate displays of stubbornness and weakness, nevertheless emerges from this particular arraignment, as from others, with some measure of the reader's sympathy. That is a feeling which finds its way into the histories, along with a more and more unfavorable feeling towards Sumner and Stevens. Schurz firmly denies that the grant of suffrage to the freedmen was meant as a punishment for their former masters; yet he admits that Stevens was not without hatred for the slave-owners. He himself continues to justify the act by the only reasoning which appeals to the hindsight of a later generation—that it was necessary, in order to keep the whites from reducing the blacks to some form of slavery or semi-slavery. Against this view one is now bound to set the contrary view of J. F. Rhodes and Professor Dunning. We are persuaded also that Schurz makes too little of the purely partisan motive of the Republican majority in Congress. Perhaps, in this, he was misled by his own freedom from such a spirit.

We turn with pleasure from this most painful chapter in American history back to the earliest scenes of Schurz's life. His account of his visit to Germany in 1867 is entirely fascinating. For an American reader, there is a curious pride in the reception he got, and particularly in the extraordinary interview with Bismarck. Probably no other passage in the entire three volumes will be read so often. Doubtless Schurz himself was by this time a good enough American to relish such recognition more keenly than if he had remained a merely European republican.

But he had lost no whit of devotion to his old ideals when he came back and threw himself once more into American politics. Of that devotion there

is no more creditable instance than his leadership of the Liberal Republican movement of 1870-1872, unsuccessful as the movement was. Because of its failure, historians incline to neglect it. Perhaps they are right. But the Republican party stood then at the parting of the ways. It had not yet entered fully upon the course which in a few years cost it so many of its purest members. It was not yet irrevocably committed to high protection, or completely in the control of the interests which profited by that policy; and, on the other hand, there was in its own ranks a decided reaction against its severity with the South. In fine, there was still so much virtue in it that we cannot set Schurz down as a visionary because he hoped to purify it from within. Mere mischance had much to do with the unfortunate outcome of his enterprise.

Meanwhile, he himself had entered the Senate; and there we must leave him, on the eve of some of the finest triumphs of his career. How he himself felt when he took his seat as a Senator he has told us, and there is hardly a paragraph in the book which better deserves to be quoted:

> I remember vividly the feelings which almost oppressed me as I first sat down in my chair in the Senate chamber. Now I had actually reached the most exalted public position to which my boldest dreams of ambition had hardly dared to aspire. I was still a young man, just forty. Little more than sixteen years had elapsed since I had landed on these shores, a homeless waif saved from the wreck of a revolutionary movement in Europe. Then I was enfolded in the generous hospitality of the American people opening to me, as freely as to its own children, the great opportunities of the new world. And here I was now, a member of the highest law-making body of the greatest of republics. Should I ever be able fully to pay my debt of gratitude to this country, and to justify the honors that had been heaped upon me? To accomplish this, my conception of duty could not be pitched too high. I recorded a vow in my own heart that I would at least honestly endeavor to fulfil that duty; that I would conscientiously adhere to the principle *salus populi suprema lex;* that I would never be a sycophant of power nor a flatterer of the multitude; that, if need be, I would stand up alone for my conviction of truth and right; and that there would be no personal sacrifice too great for my devotion to the Republic.

To this we may well add these sentences from a letter written by Schurz some years later, while he was Secretary of the Interior, to a Missouri correspondent who urged him to use appointments to office as a means of strengthening his own Liberal Republican following:

> As you do not expect a reply in detail, I would only say that in the management of what is called the patronage in Missouri, I shall feel in duty bound, as far as I exercise an influence, to act upon those principles with regard to the civil service which I have always advocated. This will preclude anything and everything like a personal policy looking to ulterior ends. Ever since I have been in official life I have adhered to the rule of regarding the official position occupied by me at the time, as the last one ever to be held by me, and as decisive of my reputation as a public man.

The proof-reading, as in the earlier volumes, has evidently not been particularly good. A portrait of Charles Francis Adams appears on page 344, where one would expect to find, instead, that of his father. There is an index.

CURRENT FICTION.

An Immortal Soul. By W. H. Mallock. New York: Harper & Bros.

The problem of multiple personality has been repeatedly set forth in fiction, but never so painstakingly as here, and never from precisely the same point of view. Mr. Mallock puts it as a theological poser: if a person is several persons, what about his soul? An imaginary case is worked out with much ingenuity, the case of a young girl introduced upon the scene first as one person, then as another. With the aid of a simple machinery devised by her parents and physician, a shift of name and costume accompanies each shift of personality, and she readily passes as her own half-sister. This might easily have been made the occasion of amusing complications on the "Vice-Versa" order; but Mr. Mallock's purpose is a serious one, and he does not permit himself to be led astray by the Comic Spirit. Much of the time we might fancy ourselves in a laboratory rather than a studio. Yet the story is not without a leisurely, whimsical, well-nigh Peacockian flavor. The discourse of Mr. Barton the ritualistic parson, Dr. Thistlewood the materialist physician, and Lord Cotswold the dilettante, sensualist, and mystic, remind one of some of those immortal communings at Gryll Grange or Crochet Castle. But how Peacock would have rumbled at the tendency of these discourses!

The story begins in an orthodox way with Miss Nest Vivian falling in love with the middle-aged baronet who has done distinguished things in the Far East. However, he amounts to very little in the end; the real hero is the high-church parson, Mr. Barton. He falls in love with her, and fancies himself engaged to her (she fancying herself engaged to the baronet) when a thunderstorm converts her into her other self, Miss Enid Wynn. If Miss Vivian is a nice English girl of yielding sensibilities and churchly leanings, Miss Wynn is a brusque, mannish, sporting young person. She comports herself rather outrageously, and in turn, under the shock of a slight accident, gives place to Miss Vivian. Neither of these persons has knowledge of the other: the question is to which the body legitimately belongs? Which is the real self or soul? The book is rather unnecessarily encumbered with scientific terminology.

Felice. By John Luther Long. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

This is one of Mr. Long's characteristically pretty and sentimental and pathetic tales. The smile and the tear are present in distracting juxtaposition, as advertised. The method is rather under suspicion in these days in coldly critical circles; but it still has its public utility. The Christmas stories over which Dickens and his audience were wont to weep together, are not yet actually out of date; among us Bret Harte took up the strain, and after him who more eloquently than the author of "Madame Butterfly"? We make a little less obvious use of the machinery, the Christmas bells, the yule-log, and so on; but we retain the spirit of it perfectly—that dear old "God bless-us-every-one" spirit which Boz popularized rather than invented. We do not recall that the word Christmas is employed in the story of "Felice," but the atmosphere of that blessed and somewhat emotional season is about it. The hero is a more amiable Scrooge, whose pride leads him to an act for which his susceptibility causes him voluptuously to atone. The flamboyant barber, who is represented as king of the Italian colony in New York, is an amusing figure, worthy, perhaps, to be included in that edifying compilation sure to be made some time under the title, "The Barber in Fiction."

The Cradle of the Rose. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." New York: Harper & Bros.

The story is laid in Brittany, and deals with a recent Royalist plot organized by the Lady Clanvowe, wife of an English diplomat. This unusual heroine is of aristocratic Breton birth, possesses fabulous wealth, perfect physique, silver hair, and a ravishing skill on the violin. It is merely an accident, however, that she fascinates the rather colorless young Breton officer who figures in a neutral way as the hero. The Royalist plot comes to nothing, nor does the young man's love: lover, lady, and plot sink silently together into the sea. The romantically tragic futility of it all is rightly conceived, and the author has spared no pains to work out the conception. The scene is illustrated with water-color drawings by the author; each chapter is introduced with a poem by "M.M." (also, the author?); local color is laboriously worked in; in short, an earnest effort is made to interpret poetically the spirit of old Bri-

tany—its gray skies and stormy, sea-smitten coast, its sturdy peasantry, its loyalty, its sullen piety, and dark superstitions. The setting is admirable. One waits with increasing irritation for some one to do something; but, as a certain historian said of the French Constitution, the story "will not march." The author refuses to release the hands of his creatures and let them go about their business. The lavish descriptive impulse is allowed to run riot and overpower the narrative. In the end, one feels that the work is too heavy for an idyll and too static for a novel.

The Forbidden Boundary and Other Stories. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Weale as an interpreter of Asia is possibly unrivalled. He is at once geographer, historian, ethnologist, and dramatist. Particularly in defining the "forbidden boundary" between white races and yellow and brown, and the penalties for overstepping it, is he an expert. The Chinaman is shown in many poses, both familiar and new. He may be a gentleman and scholar, or he may be all the less desirable things that popular writing has shown him to be. Says one of the white characters:

> In the whole world, there are no gamblers like the Chinese—nowhere. . . . But when they lose, they do not blow out their brains like our fools; they merely begin again, and with the aid of an enlarged experience, hope for better luck. It is the nation of the future, this China; they are the world's marvels; they are good business men and desperate gamblers combined."

Not alone the Chinese, but Japanese, Asiatic islanders, city crowds, and weird water-people—all are as daily mates to this deeply-versed observer. Vast is his material, immense his mastery of detail, pungent his generalizations.

And yet he is not an unqualified success as a story-teller. There is a surfeit of the dreadful, and what from an artistic point of view is worse, a profuseness, relevant and irrelevant, that makes of several of the stories in this volume sheer rigmaroles. The best told one is also one of the most barbarous, "The Cult of Sparta." Here every paragraph tells. "The Enemy," a tale of a wonderful swimmer, is another that ranks among the less top-heavy; and moreover, though shuddery, it is not unspeakable.

But profound convictions as to the unknowableness of Asia, and the destruction that awaits the too-close investigator, an eye for the cryptic and an ear for the creepy, do not establish proof of the story-telling genius. Mr. Weale's is powerful but intermittent. And gore and bore never yet went well together.

The Making of the English Constitution: 449-1485. By Albert Beebe White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00 net.

This work illustrates the truth that to write an historical work that is neither chronological nor topical is dangerous, unless the author is able to organize and interpret his period in such a way that the evolution of political ideas and institutions is made clear and definite. That Professor White does not possess such ability in marked degree must be apparent to any reader who attempts to follow his interpretation of the formative period of English constitutional history. Although interesting in parts as an exposition of the ideas of the late Prof. F. W. Maitland and of Prof. G. B. Adams, the result of Prof. White's labors can hardly be regarded as a successful textbook, and it adds nothing to our knowledge.

The first part contains a brief survey of Anglo-Saxon institutions in which controverted questions are carefully avoided and loose generalizations, such as those on the shires, hundreds, and boroughs, are given prominence. The author does not seem well acquainted with the problems of the pre-conquest period, and, in fact, the whole treatment of Anglo-Saxon local government is unnecessarily vague and confusing. The account of the central organs of government which follows is somewhat clearer, as is also the concluding chapter of Part i, dealing with the Anglo-Saxon Church. The author should know, however, that the old city of Lichfield in Staffordshire is not "Litchfield" (p. 65), whatever may be the Connecticut usage. In Part ii, the Norman Conquest and its immediate results are dealt with in a fairly satisfactory manner and the influence of Norman institutions on English government is well brought out, even if a little over-emphasized. This, on the whole, is the strongest part of Prof. White's treatise and shows careful study. In Part iii, the making of the judiciary, the executive, and the making of Parliament are discussed along general lines in the order named. While this arrangement may be both criticised and defended, the amount of space and attention devoted to a set of courts that are now obsolete and to the history of law seems excessive in a work on the making of the Constitution. In fact, it can only be accounted for by recognizing that the author is under the spell of Maitland. The treatment of the executive is comparatively brief, but enough is said to indicate that regarding the Council the author adopts a theory that few students would endorse—namely of practically absolute continuity between the Norman and early Plantagenet *curia regis* and the later Council. In the final chapters, considerably less space is allotted to the making of Parliament than to the judiciary, although the Parliamentary system is undoubtedly the most important part of English government. The development of the two houses is not definitely explained, and the question of borough representation is obscure. It is quite certain, for example, that in the early fourteenth century there were some boroughs that wished representation in order that they might claim to be royal towns, rather than mesne towns under the jurisdiction of some lord.

Prefaced to the text is a well-selected and annotated bibliography of standard treatises and monographs. We note, however, the omission of a number of the older standard works that are still valuable and also of some recent contributions, such as Ballard's study of the Domesday boroughs and of the Great Inquest. Following the bibliography is a list of topical readings in connection with the text which will be of value to both teachers and students. It is to be regretted that the author did not include more bibliography and footnote references in the work itself, even at the cost of omitting some of the rather long verbatim extracts from well-known works. In spite of a few printer's errors, the typography and general appearance of the book are excellent.

The Catholic Encyclopedia: An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann and others. Vol. IV: Cland-Diocesan. New York: Robert Appleton Co.

The successive volumes of the great "Catholic Encyclopedia" appear with unfailing regularity and amply sustain the reputation of the work. The fourth volume contains a number of important articles, more or less popular, which exhibit in general the same spirit of fairness that characterizes the earlier volumes. Only a few can be mentioned here.

The long article on the Congo Free State, from the pen of a Belgian writer, presents the common Belgian point of view, but its defence of the government is commendably free from passion. The Concordat of 1801 gives occasion for a Catholic, but not unfair, review of the present ecclesiastical situation in France. Collectivism and Communism are discussed in a temperate and judicious way; and the subject of Coeducation is handled with admirable good sense. The sacrament of Confirmation receives careful and discriminating treatment, and its history is given with conspicuous candor. Rather out of line with the scholarly character of the article as a whole is the popular and un-

technical definition with which it opens:

A sacrament in which the Holy Ghost is given to those already baptized in order to make them strong and perfect Christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ.

The freedom from prejudice in the use of terms of Protestant origin, remarked upon in the notice of an earlier volume, appears in the title Counter-Reformation, under which is given an account of the movement commonly known among Protestants by that name. It is written from the Catholic point of view, to be sure, but under the circumstances with remarkable fairness and moderation. The long article on the Crusades is scholarly and up to date, and in the articles on Biblical Criticism and on various Biblical books the critical view is frankly given, though the authors themselves declare in most cases for the traditional position. This is particularly noticeable in connection with the Book of Daniel. In a long and instructive archæological article on Cross and Crucifix, the Catholic attitude toward the use of images in worship is clearly stated and defended at some length. Deism is discussed in a fair enough spirit, but, unfortunately, the treatment proceeds wholly along traditional lines and reveals no special insight or independent knowledge.

As usual, there are a number of papal biographies. In this case all the Clements come in for notice, including the apostolic father, Clement of Rome, who appears, in accordance with ancient tradition, long ago discredited by historical scholarship, as the fourth Pope! The elaborate article on Councils contains a careful discussion of the relation between conciliar and papal infallibility, which is summed up as follows:

Conciliar decrees approved by the Pope have a double guarantee of infallibility: their own and that of the infallible pope. . . . It should, however, be borne in mind that the council without the Pope has no guarantee of infallibility, therefore the conciliar and the papal infallibilities are not two separate and addible units, but one unit with single or double excellence.

The Imperial Gazetteer of India. Vols. XV-XXIV, Karāchi—Zīra. New edition, published under the authority of His Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council. New York: Henry Frowde. $2 net each.

In 1869 the late Sir W. W. Hunter was directed by the Viceroy, Lord Mayo, to organize a comprehensive survey of the Indian Empire, a work which involved the compilation of local gazetteers and their consolidation in a condensed form. This immense task was accomplished in twelve years, during which he visited every corner of the peninsula. The results were published in 128 volumes, the condensation in nine volumes, the first edition of the "Imperial Gazetteer." A second edition of fourteen volumes appeared in 1885-7, and now we have to chronicle the completion of the third edition in twenty-four volumes. To the student of India and the life and thought of the people, it is absolutely invaluable; the information contained in it is far more extensive than in similar works on other countries. The general plan is well indicated by the article, filling 144 pages, on the United Provinces. The physical aspects are described first and, after a sketch of the history, there follow accounts of the people, their races, languages, customs, agriculture, arts and manufactures, trade, famine, administration, finance, public works, army, education, and medical facts.

A careful examination of these concluding volumes greatly strengthens the impression made by the earlier ones of their being a wonderful treasury of interesting and encouraging facts. The mental awakening of the Indian is manifest everywhere. The existence of public libraries is often noted. In one small native State, Kolhāpur, there are fifteen, and eight local newspapers. In the Madras Presidency there are 125 newspapers and periodicals; while in 1904 there were 1,125 books published, of which only twenty-nine were translations; a considerable number were native poems, novels, and plays. In the city of Madras there is a Literary Society with a library of over 45,000 volumes, a Fine Art Society, an Agri-Horticultural Society, a Musical Association, and an Amateur Dramatic Society. Another illustration of the civilizing influence of British rule is the fact that, while the population of the United Provinces is over four millions greater than in 1881, the police force is 5,000 less.

The only error noticed is that the height of Mt. Godwin Austen, as given in the article on Kashmir, differs from that on the map to be found in each of the volumes, as well as the special map of Kashmir. It is difficult also to account for the omission of any reference under the respective words to the Mustagh or Karakoram Range, and especially to the famous Karakoram Pass.

The Privileged Classes. By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Electing to ride in street-cars at the afternoon rush hours, Professor Wendell has found himself compelled, along with other passengers apparently educated and solvent, to stand while certain sturdy and begrimed representatives of labor, with dinner-pails beneath their widely-separated knees, calmly occupied two sittings apiece. Instead of losing his temper—at least for publication—Professor Wendell, as a philosophical man of letters, fell to musing about the situation, pondering seriously, though with a saving touch of ironical humor, the strange transition by which the privileged class of the old régime, with its admitted right to space, and exemption, and support had given place in our day to the privileged class of wage-earners. What shocked him most was the fact that many of his friends, when consulted about the matter, expressed no surprise, and even thought the new arrangement entirely natural and proper. The essay which resulted from these experiences and meditations, given first as an address before the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago in January last, had the fortune to be garbled by the press and somewhat sharply criticised; whereupon the author wrote it out for the Boston *Transcript*, and now gives it, very properly, the place of honor in his latest book.

One cannot but wish that Professor Wendell would get on with fewer words and less involved and repetitious phrasing; for the readers whom it would be most worth while for him to reach are, as a class, pretty busy. Questions of form aside, however, we are frankly of those who hold his criticism to be timely and, on the whole, much to the point. Professor Wendell is not, of course, the first to show how tyrannous is a majority once the majority has come to power, or how full of grave possibilities is a social order in which the wage-earner may successfully demand such startling privileges as a vested right to work, immunity from discharge save for weighty cause, and support in sickness and old age. It is rather the deft and cultured way in which he pricks the bubbles of our conceit and complacency that makes his writing interesting. Persons of socialistic bent will not relish being told that the real American Revolution is not the war that separated us from Great Britain, but the social change which has led large sections of society to view with equanimity socialistic schemes for the expropriation of private property, that so we may be rid of the embarrassments of great private fortunes; though this is, after all, only what the keenest students of social progress have been warning us of for years. College professors and officials, entangled in the meshes of curricula and administration, yet anxious for recognition and influence, will very likely not thank a mere man of letters, as Professor Wendell is fond of calling himself, for telling them that college education to-day is chiefly notable for its ineffectiveness; yet the fact remains that the college is the least satisfactory part of our educational system, and has urgent need to justify itself. We commend "The Privileged Classes," therefore, as a useful and palatable antidote for national pride and self-satisfaction. To the

weary and hungry it will not, indeed, suffice for a full meal, but its stimulating phrases and flashes of social insight may at least afford the refreshment of afternoon tea.

Science.

The Coming Science. By Hereward Carrington. Pp. 389. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.

In the growth of language, a word often gains connotations which cling to it even when it comes to be employed in a sense wholly unrelated to the original meaning. Of this process we have a notable example in the current use of the word "spirit" and its cognate terms. "Spirit" was originally employed to refer to a hypothetical entity inhabiting the body during life and leaving it at death. The derivation shows that it was identified with the breath of life, which for those who first used it thus must have seemed as far as possible removed from the hard, and ponderable, and measurable matter with which their daily activities mado them familiar. When we consider that, as matter is now defined, this very breath is material, we perceive that for us it would be the crassest materialism to identify what we mean by spirit with something merely gaseous; and we are too likely to assume, as some authorities have done, that those who first conceived of the distinction between matter and spirit were thinking in what we know as materialistic terms. However that may be, it seems fairly clear that men who were led to make this distinction between matter and spirit, must, on introspection, have found themselves moved by diverse and often opposed impulses. Some of these impulses were due to the man's surroundings, and these, while powerful, were in the main ephemeral. Others must have been determined by no external influences, and hence must have appeared to arise in an indefinite way from within the man; and these were in the main less powerful than those of the first type, but were on the whole more persistent, less ephemeral. What wonder then that these latter came to be attributed to that elusive breath-like spirit which was already conceived of as maintaining a mysterious existence within the man's body, yet in a measure detached or detachable from it.

Apart from their connection with the hypothetical spirit, these inner promptings came naturally to receive careful consideration; for they were found to guide to a more effective life, and to be thus of the most profound importance. On the one hand, their significance was from the earliest times bound up with religious aspirations and conceptions, and was proclaimed by priest and prophet. On the other hand, their analysis and correlation as practical forces have given to us the science of ethics with all its philosophical and political implications. It is thus, probably, that the word "spirit," which in the beginning referred to what seem to us quite materialistic conceptions, has come to have an ethical and even religious connotation. We speak of our spiritual life when we have in mind the realm of our higher ideals. The spiritually minded man, as we use the phrase, is one who declines to limit his life by the considerations of opportunism, who aims to foster those of his inner impulses which have for him an essential nobility. Thus the word spirit and its cognate terms have gained fixed connotations of an ethical, but more especially of a religious nature. This higher meaning has become so firmly attached to the word "spirit" and its derivatives that we find it difficult to use them without assuming that we are dealing with what is noble or even sacred; and thus it happens that when we turn to what should be a coldly intellectual inquiry as to the significance of the conception of a human spirit, when we ask what its nature is, and what its form of existence, we all feel that we are moving on an ideally high plane, even if we do not assume that we are actually treading upon holy ground.

Only thus are we able to account for the attitude of the average man toward the hypotheses of the so-called "spiritualists"; an attitude held even among those modern students who, wishing professedly to free themselves from all emotional entanglements, now ask to be called "spiritists." The world is nowadays fairly flooded with books proclaiming this position. The writers, like our author, announce themselves as exponents of a "coming science," and endeavor to confine themselves almost frigidly to the intellectual task of sifting scientific evidence. Nevertheless, the communications which are allowed to appear in such journals as the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research indicate clearly much warmth of emotionalism in the wide body of those interested in the phenomena; and beyond this the same sense of the dignity of the research in question pervades the writings of those more or less learned and logical authors who accept the position of judges as to the trustworthiness and significance of the experiences above referred to. These experiences, we may add, are recorded by persons wholly given up to the view that they deal with something that is not only occult, but also sacred.

This attitude is well represented by Mr. Carrington. His work is highly commended in an introduction by Dr. J. H. Hyslop, formerly a professor of logic and ethics, who has written an excellent small logic, and has made certain really keen contributions to details of ethical theory; and Mr. Carrington in his preface pictures himself to us as a cool, intellectual student. When, however, we turn to the substance of the book itself we find ourselves at once in a totally different mental atmosphere. In the very first chapter we are told (p. 2) that "the world has passed through various stages of evolution. First of all, there was the purely animal state" in which "brute force was the ruling power":

> Then the era of *mind* began to dawn. (p. 3.) . . . Mind was first of all devoted, probably, to the furtherance of the desires of the individual organism; but later . . . pure abstract thinking became possible, and altruism . . . began to show itself through the darkness. . . . And with this higher (sic) knowledge began to develop that spiritual (sic) self and consciousness of which we are just beginning to catch the first signs. . . . This spiritual side of man that is just becoming manifest may possess powers and potencies. . . . as relatively great when compared to the purely mental world, as that was above the physical and animal world.

This might pass without dissent as a gentle homiletic; but as the writer asks us to look upon him as a logical scientist, we must note the unwarranted and totally erroneous assumption that the "spiritual consciousness" is apart from mere mind; that it is anything other than that special impulsive part of mental experience that satisfies our ideals, which latter, be it noted, are also mental.

Our author then reminds us (p. 5) "that there are few of us who do not admire, not to say envy, any man or woman in whom this spiritual side is highly developed"; there being "a spiritual side latent in all of us, awaiting its development." He thus clearly attaches religio-ethical attributes to his concept of the spiritual; and later goes still further in this direction (p. 14):

> Good health does not mean only . . . a healthy animal, but also a more highly educated and advanced, a more *moral* and *spiritual* individual, since the bodily health . . . does, without any doubt affect both the mental and moral nature of man.

Having given these noble connotations to what he thus describes as the spiritual life, he at once turns to the question (p. 17) "whether we consider ourselves the resultant of mere physical forces, or as a spiritual essence or entity having persistence"; and then without more ado he lapses once for all into a discussion of the phenomena presented to us by the defenders of spiritism, and of the arguments against and in favor of the theories they advance.

It is needless to say that so long as a man allows himself to study the subject with the religious or ethical bias implied in such a mode of approach, he will almost certainly fail to discriminate the true from the false, and will

be unable to advance our comprehension of the deeply significant problems relating to the nature of human personality, and to the limits of its existence. Naturally, therefore, we discover in Mr. Carrington's work nothing new which is of special value, and small justification for proclaiming the birth of "the coming science." Beyond this proclamation the book does not differ in its main characteristics from many others of a type for which our publishers find a profitable market among the many men and women who look upon spiritistic inquiries as quasi-religious, and who, enjoying mysteries as such, delight in re-reading the records of the same alleged facts, and the same theoretical explanations of them. For our author does not pretend to give more than "a very rapid survey of the field of psychic research, and of the chief theories that might be advanced by way of explanation of the facts"; nor does he attempt "to cite any large number of cases, or make any great showing of proof, for the reason that this field has been covered in many volumes on this subject" (p. 389).

When the American battleship fleet found cholera in Manila on its first stop in that port, and the sailors were consequently forbidden to land, and so to spend their money, the Manila merchants raged, and the press, which as advertisers they control, inaugurated a new campaign of criticism of the Health Bureau. This has elicited a valuable and interesting pamphlet of 131 pages, entitled "A History of Asiatic Cholera in the Philippine Islands," dated at Manila, November 5, 1908, and written by Dean C. Worcester, Secretary of the Interior, in the Philippine government, and therefore executive superior of the Bureau of Health. He brings out many hitherto unnoted facts and figures regarding cholera under the Spanish régime, showing that it appeared at least as far back as 1819; that the mortality in the epidemics, and notably that beginning in 1882, was far higher than published figures go to show, and very much greater than under American rule; that officially the Spanish government endeavored to suppress knowledge of it, and to combat it by methods of secrecy; and that it is more than a presumption that cholera has been endemic in the islands at least since 1882. Mr. Worcester then enters into very frank discussion of the present sanitary organization of the islands, the harm done to public health by petty politics, by a press inspired by political motives, by lack of cooperation on the part of the municipal government of Manila, and by the incompetency of Filipino district health officers. In short, for outspokenness, this document is unique among Philippine official documents to date. Of the 202,172 cases and 134,102 deaths from cholera that had occurred in the Philippines since the American occupation to the date of the foregoing document, only 248 cases and 124 deaths have been among Americans, "and this in spite of the fact that during much of this time there have been a large number of American soldiers in the islands." Along the same line, as minimizing the terrors of the Philippine climate for whites, is a note in the Philippine *Journal of Science* (Section B, Medical Sciences, Vol. III, No. 4, pp. 349-352), which cites figures to show "the passing of abscess of the liver among Americans in the Philippines." It remarks on the terror inspired by amœbic dysentery up to 1903, and credits the researches of the Manila scientists with the removal of this terror, and the discovery of methods of prophylaxis whereby "nowadays few amœbic patients lose any time from their duties," and whereby "an intelligent person can learn in a few lessons how to take the necessary colonic injections." In the same number is a paper on "Health Conditions in the Philippines," by W. S. Washburn, chairman of the Philippine Civil Service Board, and himself a physician, which is also highly optimistic in tone.

We have had frequent occasion to refer to Miss Gertrude Jekyll's sound knowledge of garden-craft. Her acquaintance with cultivated plants is wide, and her good taste in turning decorative plants to the best account is everywhere recognized. Therefore a book on gardens, written by her for children ("Children and Gardens," Charles Scribner's Sons), must receive a hearty welcome. The pretty volume before us is a strange medley of odds and ends, put together in rather a whimsical but attractive fashion, with a single end in view, namely, to interest very young children in garden-plants and their surroundings. It has a good deal of sound elementary botany, for the most part so completely sugar-coated as to make the disguise perfect. A child who should appropriate the botanical truths here presented in the most familiar form, would know far more about the structure and the work of vegetation than many amateur horticulturists. If Miss Jekyll had not brought into the book quite so much about cats and cooking, one could recommend the pages to grown-up garden enthusiasts. But, as it is a volume for children, we will let it go at that, and say that adults who read it aloud to children will learn much themselves, especially if the interested listeners do their whole duty in asking questions.

The very title of Otto Lipmann's new volume, viz: "Grundriss der Psychologie für Juristen" (Leipzig: Barth), indicates its modern character. It does not profess to cover the whole subject of psychology, but only some of its leading problems, where the science comes into practical contact with law and its applications.

Brig.-Gen. William Price Craighill died at Charlestown, W. Va., January 18. He was born in the same town in 1833, graduated at West Point, served through the civil war in the Union army, and then and later took part in many engineering enterprises. During the days of the civil war he compiled the "Army Officer's Pocket Companion," which proved of much assistance in the volunteer army, and translated Jomini's "Précis de l'art de la guerre," and Dufour's "Cours de tactique," the late Col. Mendell assisting in the latter translation. In 1894 he was chosen president of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

News comes from India of the death of Major Percy B. Molesworth, at the age of forty-one. He was stationed at Trinkomali, Ceylon, where he made a number of valuable observations of Jupiter and the other planets.

Drama.

"The Barber of New Orleans," the new romantic American play by Edward Childs Carpenter, which William Faversham has just produced in Daly's Theatre, is evidently the work of a beginner, but in some respects it contains more of promise than many recent pieces of superior literary quality and more skilful construction. It shows, for instance, originality and discernment in the choice of a subject, imagination in the invention of details, an appreciation of local color, and an instinctive sense of effective theatrical situation. Moreover, it is really an American play. On the other hand, it is dilatory in action, confused in plot—owing to the employment of two distinct motives—amateurish in arbitrary use of coincidence, and entirely conventional in its development. In selecting 1804 for the date of his play, the author has broken comparatively fresh dramatic ground; and, manifestly, the notion of a Spanish plot against the newly established authority of the United States, to be foiled by a patriotic American, is rich in theatrical possibilities, of which ample indications are offered in the opening scenes; but political and national interests are unwisely subordinated to the transparent problem of the heroine's color and the creation of passionate entanglements which create no suspense or illusion, because their solution is perfectly obvious. Such incidents as the improvised sale of the lady (without documents or proof of any kind), her purchase by the hero by means of a convenient lottery prize, and her ultimate identification are not only patent and futile theatrical tricks, but, by diverting the course of the play from its original channel, affect it disastrously in more ways than one. If Mr. Carpenter had not imposed his ancient and clumsily handled Octoroon motive upon the conspiracy, he might have produced a much more valuable play. But, even as it stands, the piece possesses many qualities which rarely fail to please the general public, and, as it is beautifully mounted and fairly well acted—though with but little of the true romantic glow—by Mr. Faversham, Miss Julie Opp, and their associates, it is likely to prosper. On the whole, the production is creditable, though a long way below the level of "The World and His Wife."

It would not be a very difficult matter to ridicule "The Vampire"—the joint composition of Edgar Allan Woolf and George Sylvester Viereck, produced in the Hackett Theatre on Monday—and laugh it out of court, as pretentious and futile rubbish. but, for all its absurdity, it shows dramatic imagination as well as literary ability. Assuming to be scientific and intellectual drama, it is conspicuously lacking in scientific knowledge and common sense. All the phenomena of telepathy, mesmerism, clairvoyance, Egyptian occultism, and mediæval necromancy are controlled by this modern vampire, who feeds his own imagination by robbing other brains of their ideas. A great literary genius himself, he cultivates the friendship of the finest minds only to prey

upon and destroy them, and then, having appropriated their riches, throw them aside like squeezed oranges. There is the germ of a dramatic idea in this, but Messrs. Woolf and Viereck have sterilized it by subjecting it to preposterous melodramatic treatment and involving it in obvious absurdities which make their pseudo-science altogether childish. Parts of the story are well, even eloquently, told, and some of the scenes have a certain theatrical effectiveness, but the piece will seem dull to the ordinary playgoer, while the more thoughtful will find it pretentious and shallow.

"The Easiest Way," the latest play of Eugene Walter, which was produced in the Stuyvesant Theatre on Tuesday evening, needs only a few lines by way of record. Under pretence of enforcing a moral, which is too trite to be of any particular value, it makes a bid for popularity by dealing in bluntly realistic fashion—unrelieved by any touch of literary fancy or dramatic invention—with those coarser phases of city life which have a special attraction for the vulgar, but in thoughtful and decent minds can awaken only sentiments of pity and disgust. Briefly, it is a study of successive steps in the degradation of a fallen woman, with incidental glimpses at some of the darker features of the lower theatrical life. It is not unveracious in detail. On the contrary, regarded as a bit of reporting, it is not badly done. But it is cheap, common, unwholesome stuff, of no artistic, dramatic, or didactic value, which will not add to the reputation of the playwright or reflect any credit upon the management of Mr. Belasco, even if, as a bit of raw sensationalism, it should prove profitable as a commercial speculation. It is a play that would have been impossible in a respectable theatre before the demoralization of the public taste by a shameless press.

John Luther Long's new play, "Kassa," will be presented in the Liberty Theatre Saturday evening, with Mrs. Leslie Carter as the heroine. From the advance notices the piece appears to be a romance full of lurid passion and sensational incident.

Yet another independent dramatic society has been organized in London, the Fortune Playhouse Society, which has begun work with a presentation of the Chester mystery plays. "Pippa Passes," "Comus," and "As You Like It" are next to be undertaken.

Rudolf Besier has written a play of modern life which is soon to be produced at the London Vaudeville Theatre, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the heroine and Lynn Harding in the chief male part. It is called "Olive Latimer's Husband." The originality of the play consists partly in the fact that the husband, who is its mainspring, so to speak, is only heard of, never seen.

Levin Ludwig Schücking, editor of the letters of Levin Schücking and Annette von Droste-Hülshof, has written "Shakespeare im literarischen Urteil seiner Zeit" (Heidelberg: Carl Winter).

Friedrich Gundolf has evidently stepped on dangerous ground in undertaking to furnish a new German translation of Shakespeare, "Shakespeare in deutscher Sprache," intended to be an improvement even upon Schlegel. The first volume contains "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra" (Berlin: Bondi). The author draws freely upon the versions of his predecessors; his chief changes consist in making the rendering more literal and more modern.

John E. Ince, the veteran comedian, who had appeared with Edwin Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Adelaide Neilson, Clara Morris, and Mrs. John Drew, died January 18 at Sheepshead Bay. He was born sixty-eight years ago at Wigan, England. He had taken parts in the important plays by Shakespeare and in "The School for Scandal," "Wild Oats," "London Assurance," "Michael Strogoff," "Trial by Jury," and such comic operas as "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," and "Mikado." Recently he appeared as Major Swan in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and his last appearance was in 1907 in "The Unexpected Happened." For the last ten years he had conducted a dramatic school in this city.

Ernst von Wildenbruch, the best known of Germany's elder dramatists and a poet of high national reputation, died in Berlin January 15. He was born at Beirut, in Syria, where his father was Prussian consul, studied in the University of Berlin, and after a brief military career took up the profession of law. He fought in the war of 1866 against Austria and in the campaigns of 1870-71 in France. Fruit of his war experience were the *Heldenlieder* "Vionville" (1874) and "Sedan" (1875). After experimentation with foreign historical drama, "Die Karolinger," "Christoph Marlow," "Der Mennonit," he began with "Die Quitzows" (1888), a series of plays drawn from Prussian and German history, on which his popularity is mainly based. Among these are "Der Generalfeldoberst" (1889), "Der neue Herr" (1891), "Der Junge von Hennersdorf" (1896), "Heinrich und Heinrichs Geschlecht" (1896), and "Die Tochter des Erasmus" (1900). From his prolific pen have also come several volumes of fiction (the last, "Semiramis," 1904), lyrics, and humor. That swelling patriotism which Germans admire in their *kulturgeschichtliche* imaginative literature, and a mastery of stage technique, are his most striking qualities.

From Berlin the death is announced of Georg Kruse in his seventy-ninth year. He was for many years director of the Berlin National Theatre, and was the author of "Sie Weint," "Sie ist Stumm," "Kriegsgefangen," and "Roland von Berlin."

Music.

The Evolution of Modern Orchestration. By Louis Adolphe Coerne. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Instrumentation. By Ebenezer Prout. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. 75 cents.

Orchestration is the youngest branch of music, being not much over a century old, in the modern sense of the term; but so fascinating is it to the public and so easily is a working knowledge of it acquired, compared with a mastery of the other branches of music, that most modern composers, in the words of Tchaikovsky, "strive to atone for their extraordinary poverty of invention by exaggerated coloring." History shows that in all arts a decay of creativeness is likely to coincide with a craze for technical skill and complexity, such as we find in the works of Richard Strauss, Max Reger, and their imitators. This craze manifests itself in the coloring as well as in the structure of the music, and it has degenerated into a sport—a race to see who can be the most extravagant and sensational.

While deploring this latest phase of composition, one cannot but feel that music owes to the newly acquired art of coloring much of its increased popularity, its power over the masses, its effectiveness in depicting moods and intensifying dramatic emotions. Each original composer has, moreover, his own method of orchestrating; as Professor Prout remarks:

> It would be no more possible to an experienced musician to mistake a score of Mozart for one of Wagner than it would for an art connoisseur to mistake a painting by Titian for one by J. W. M. Turner.

Strange to say, Dr. Coerne is the first musical scholar who has undertaken to explain these differences by writing a comprehensive history of orchestration. Lavoix's "Histoire de l'instrumentation" is a comprehensive work, but it appeared before "Parsifal" had been produced, and before some of the best colorists of the nineteenth century—Saint-Saëns, Tchaikovsky, Dvorák, Grieg—had won their full meed of recognition. The nineteenth century therefore seemed to Dr. Coerne a fertile field for research, and to this, after giving a bird's-eye-view of what had been done by preceding generations, he devotes most of his space. An appendix of ninety pages includes illustrative extracts from the works of the thirteen composers who, in the author's opinion, have done most to advance the art of instrumental coloring—Monteverdi, Scarlatti, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Tchaikovsky, Dvorák, Richard Strauss.

Like most writers on this subject, Dr. Coerne overrates Berlioz as an innovator and fails to do full justice to Weber and Schubert. Berlioz is responsible for the modern tendency to make extravagant orchestral demands, and he invented many ingenious combinations of instruments; but it is not true that he "discovered the richness of pianissimo brass effects"; Schubert did that before Berlioz, as, for instance, in the "Fierrabras" overture, written in 1823, when Berlioz was only twenty years old. Berlioz could not have known Schubert's orchestral works; but he did know and worship the operas of Weber, and from those he learned many of the things for which he has received credit. It was Weber who inaugurated the orchestral use of characteristic sounds, as

distinguished from beautiful sounds (though the germs of such a procedure may be traced back to Méhul and Gluck), and Weber also made a subtle dramatic use of leading motives long before Berlioz, who usually is lauded as the originator of this device. Dr. Coerne gives an eloquent account of Wagner's orchestral glories and the novel means by which they are obtained. He points out the shortcomings of Brahms as a colorist, and, on the other hand, he notes that Grieg's orchestration is "tender, fervent, weird, brilliant, stormy, popular, effective." To Richard Strauss, as representing the latest phase in orchestration, much space is devoted in which the author ingeniously defends this composer against the charge that he forces the instruments into unnatural registers, making the piccolos play trombone parts, as one lampoonist has maintained, and *vice-versa*. In the Strauss music each violinist finds before him difficulties such as formerly only the solo violin was expected to cope with. To the wood-wind are assigned passages that Wagner would have hesitated to write. The players may grumble, but did they not also grumble at Schubert and Mendelssohn for writing passages that now seem child's play?

America is not forgotten in this volume; indeed, Dr. Coerne accords it more honor than it deserves. In addition to Paine, Buck, Foote, Chadwick, MacDowell, and Parker, who have been so fortunate as to have had opportunity to show what they can do, "many another American could be pointed to who, even now, is worthy of being classed in the first rank and who would undoubtedly rise to epoch-making greatness were the opportunity but granted him." We doubt this; our country has produced some good orchestral writers, but none of them has done anything distinctively national or individual in the line of instrumental coloring.

Perhaps it is fortunate that orchestral din and complexity have reached such a climax in Strauss and his imitators, for a reaction is in sight, which will restore color to its normal place as a means and not an end in itself. For this reason one must welcome the issue of a new edition of Professor Prout's primer on instrumentation. It was written while Brahms, Raff, and Wagner were still living, but is particularly timely now, because students can learn from its pages how the older masters were able to obtain with smaller orchestras effects as ravishing, and almost as varied, as those of our day. Young composers, in particular, will do well to heed his hint that they should not write too difficult passages. Such passages, if by Brahms or Wagner, the players will take the trouble to learn; not so, if they are by Smith or Jones.

There has just been published at Paris the frank, natural, intimate "Lettres de Georges Bizet" (Calmann-Lévy), with all their touching details of life in the French school at Rome (1857 to 1860), and then during the tragic Commune of 1871. Bizet is known to the world at large by the music of his "Carmen"; it has been the pleasure of many besides Nietzsche, who will be glad to make acquaintance with the man.

The revival of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" at the Metropolitan Opera House has proved one of the surprises of the season. This opera has never been really popular here; the recitatives usually dragged, the arias seemed too numerous, and the action was often unintelligible. Thanks to Gustav Mahler, the Mozart specialist, all this has been changed. He omitted some of the arias, lashed the singers in the recitatives, and brought about an acting ensemble that allowed none of the significant details of the plot to escape the attention of the audience. He was aided by a cast that could not be duplicated anywhere—Mme. Sembrich as Susanna, Mme. Eames as the countess, Miss Farrar as Cherubino, and Mr. Scotti as the count, who, together, completely demolished the legend that present-day artists cannot sing Mozart's music.

"Die Meistersinger" will be sung on Friday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. On this occasion Carl Jörn of the Royal Opera House in Berlin will make his first appearance here as Walther von Stolzing, and Emmy Destinn will be heard for the first time as Eva.

Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra will give another Beethoven cycle at Carnegie Hall, at which will be performed the great master's nine symphonies grouped with other important works in chronological order. The dates are February 4, 11, 18, 25, March 4, 11.

The second series of regular subscription concerts of the New York Symphony Society will include a Tchaikovsky cycle, consisting of five concerts, February 21 and 28, March 7, 14, and 21.

Louis Étienne Ernest Rey, who, under the name of Ernest Reyer became one of the most famous of modern French opera composers, died January 5 in Toulon. He was born at Marseilles in 1823. Though he took music lessons as a child, he had no thought of a musical career. At sixteen, he went to Algiers as a government official, but continued to play the piano, and soon discovered that he could compose songs which the public liked. In 1848, he went to Paris and continued his musical education. Among his friends was Théophile Gautier, who provided him with the texts for several works, including the ballet "Sacountala." His first opera, "Maître Wolfram," was staged in 1854. Others followed, but his first great success was "Sigurd" (1884). His last grand opera, "Salammbo," was produced in 1892, and soon became popular. Reyer was also one of the leading French writers on musical topics. He followed Berlioz as critic of the *Journal des Débats*, and in 1875 issued a volume entitled "Notes de musique." For a time he was librarian of the Grand Opéra.

Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S NEW DEPARTURE.

LONDON, January 2.

A new departure by the Royal Academy is an event to be chronicled. For some years past now, Academicians have questioned the possibility or advisability of continuing the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters. For one thing, the supply of old masters in England is not inexhaustible. One year, there was a show of Leightons; another, a show of Watts. This winter, the problem has been solved by devoting the Winter Exhibition entirely to the collection of modern work, mostly British, made by the late George McCullough. It is really little more than another version of the Summer Exhibition, the pictures better hung, but no better in themselves, representative of nothing in particular, except the taste of one collector. Mr. McCullough was a rich Scotch-Australian, who began to collect, towards the end of the eighties, just at the waning of that happy period for the British artist when the Academician could not paint his pictures fast enough for his patrons, when he built palaces in Kensington and St. John's Wood. With the nineties, there was a marked change. The influence of outsiders, of Whistler above all, began to be felt, and there were disastrous sales of the great collections made by City men during the Academy's "boom." Millionaires decided that it was safer to buy old masters. Everybody knows upon what pitiful days, financially, British art has been steadily falling. But, through all the evil times, McCullough was one of the few who remained faithful and kept on conscientiously buying the pictures of the year at Burlington House.

Certainly, honesty compels one to confess that one's taste in these matters differs radically from Mr. McCullough's. The whole exhibition seemed like some monstrous ghost of the last twenty years of press views at the Academy. Here are the old favorites in the old centres: Leighton, with his models twisted into those impossible poses of The Garden of Hesperides, and arranged in that lifeless procession of The Daphnephoria, which his admirers of old always praised as so learned; Tadema, with the painstaking archæological elaboration of The Sculpture Gallery; Millais, with his Lingering Autumn, fatally facile and faithful to nature. And here were the old Academical favorites, Cooper, Goodall; here the old Academical anecdote in a Marcus Stone or an Andrew Gow; the old Academical landscape in a MacWhirter or a David Murray; here, the reminder

of the ascendancy of the Venetian subject, when De Blaas and Van Haanen, Luke Fildes and Henry Woods, were its prophets; here the realistic flights of the Newlyn School, and the "painted photographs," as the severe called them —the whole a record of dead fashions.

My impression was only strengthened when, among this array of pictures of the year, I found here and there paintings of great distinction or genuine interest. Of these, the most striking are two Whistlers, beautiful Whistlers that would be striking anywhere—the early portrait of himself in a white painting coat, holding his brushes, and the upright Valparaiso, Blue and Gold. The dignity of the portrait, with the subtle modelling, the animation, the character of the face, the harmony of the quiet color scheme, asserts itself in the midst of Academical banalities; and not even the strident hues of the Academical masterpiece can rob night of its beauty and mystery in the Valparaiso, with the boats drifting out of the blue shadows, the ships standing like vague phantoms against the dusky hills, and the pale lights trailing their gold through the misty waters. You cannot look at this nocturne again without again wondering at the painter's power to work anew on his canvas the miracle of night. Fortunately, there are other pictures in the collection to keep the Whistlers in countenance. In the same room with them hangs Master Baby, that large portrait group of mother and child, which is one of the best pictures ever painted by Sir W. Q. Orchardson. Another of the exceptions is a fine landscape, Marshlands, golden with sunlight, decorative in arrangement, by Cecil Lawson, who lived too short a time to carry to its full accomplishment the promise he gave. There are two interesting examples of William McTaggart, a Scotch artist, who is only beginning to be known outside of his own country, but to whom members of the Glasgow School look up as one of the chief influences in their development. His seas and coasts are full of light and air, and though he may not succeed, sometimes, in keeping his figures enveloped in the atmosphere —an example is Love's Whispers, now exhibited—it seems to be the excess of his interest in them that has forced them out of the picture. McCullough also patronized some of the younger Academicians, who prefer the study of nature to the repetition of old formulas, men like Clausen, Edward Stott, La Thangue, whose pictures I have already discussed in my recent notices of the Academy. There are also several Sargents, though none of his most distinguished; two typical canvases by J. J. Shannon; two of Edwin A. Abbey's large decorative historical arrangements; and one Watts, the Fata Morgana, which represents him but indifferently. There is an early Millais, Sir Isumbras at the Ford, the Pre-Raphaelite influence still strong in it. McCullough could sometimes stray from the Academical fold. He bought Burne-Jones: Love Among the Ruins, and the more anæmic Sleeping Princess and Psyche's Wedding. He bought landscapes by Mark Fisher and occasional paintings of the Glasgow School. And the collection is brought down to today with a small picture by Orpen, and a drawing by Rackham.

In the choice of foreign work, the collector's preference likewise ran to the Academic. Dagnan-Bouveret, who painted portraits of both Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, and Bouguereau are prominent. But here, too, there are exceptions. The present generation may not accept Bastien-Lepage as the genius he seemed to his contemporaries, but only by a long stretch of imagination could he be called Academic, while there is no denying that his work seemed revolutionary at the time, and that his influence was widespread. The more modern ideals of realism are very different, but in The Potato Gatherers, Pauvre Fauvette, and Pas Mèche, there is a sincerity in the very brutality with which nature is copied, that gives a certain dignity. It is a surprise to come upon one or two Dutch pictures, like the fairly good Dutch Landscape by James Maris, and the exquisite little At the Well, by Matthew Maris, as full of detail as a Pre-Raphaelite canvas. painted with a delicacy and refinement no Pre-Raphaelite ever rivalled, even approached. With one fine Harpignies, and two or three Thaulows, the list of good work from abroad is fairly complete.

The collection includes sculpture, and it is almost as great a surprise to find Rodin among the sculptors as Whistler among the painters. His Kiss, in marble, is set in the centre of the hall. The large bronze of the Orpheus and several others by John M. Swan reappear from Academies so recent that I need only mention their presence, and there are two small statuettes of St. George and Comedy and Tragedy, by Alfred Gilbert.

Popular Academicians are hardly a welcome exchange for Rembrandt and Velasquez, Holbein and Franz Hals, Reynolds and Gainsborough. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this year's new departure will not establish a precedent.

N. N.

Count Domenico Gnoli, librarian of the National Library at Rome, and one of the chief authorities on the actual monuments of the Holy City, has compiled under the title "Have Roma" (Rome: Walter Modes) a compendium of its arts and buildings. He takes up each topic chronologically, and illustrates it by views from the earliest to the latest examples. Thus, in the section "Churches," he begins with the Basilica, and comes down to the Torlonia Chapel in St. John Lateran. His narrative enables us to follow with unusual clearness the evolution of architectural styles, of designs, and of special parts. The same is true of the chapters devoted respectively to sepulchral monuments, to piazzas and fountains, and to gardens and villas. In a brief epilogue, Count Gnoli mentions the changes and constructions since 1870. Not least interesting are three reproductions of plans of the city in 1490, 1600, and 1870. The hundreds of half-tones admirably illustrate the text, and the book, octavo in size, is easily carried. The author has penetrating ideas not less than a firm grasp of facts. As a sample, we quote this pregnant sentence:

> The law which forbade burial in churches has almost broken asunder the bonds between the church and life, and has quenched the pious affections for which it was the sanctuary of the family and of the community, isolating it in the cold solemnity of worship.

Albrecht Dürer has recently been made the theme of two interesting publications, both of which regard him as a man rather than as an artist. One, by E. Heidrich, is entitled "Albrecht Dürer's schriftlicher Nachlass, Familienchronik, Gedenkbuch, Tagebuch der niederländischen Reisen, Briefe, Reime, etc." An introduction is furnished by H. W. Wölfflin (Berlin: J. Bard). The other is a smaller work, by M. Zucker, "Albrecht Dürer in seinen Briefen" (Leipzig and Berlin: B. G. Teubner). This work, which is illustrated, constitutes the second volume of the series Deutsche Charakterköpfe.

A recent discovery made by the Italian excavators at Phæstos, in Crete, is of peculiar interest. At the northeastern corner of the site were found a number of tablets, consisting of round discs about six inches in diameter, covered on both sides with symbols which are not drawn or engraved after the usual style, but each printed from a special type. We have thus an example of typography going back about 4,000 years ago—fresh evidence of the extraordinary inventiveness of the early Cretans. The signs used on these tablets are heads, human forms, figures of animals, birds and fish, trees and plants, as well as pictures of utensils. They are arranged between lines drawn in the form of spirals from the centre to the periphery of the discs.

Fresh discoveries have been made at Prinia, a Greek site near Gortyna, in Crete. The excavators explored the remains of the archaic Greek temple, previously discovered. Remains of a second temple were brought to light, differing from the first in having a back chamber, or *opisthodomos*, evidently used as a storehouse, as in it were found large storing vessels decorated with reliefs. Below the hill to the southwest appears to have been a cemetery. Here was unearthed a *stele* with a relief of the figure of a woman working the distaff. Further discoveries on this site are expected.

The National Academy of Design will hold its spring exhibition in the galleries of the Fine Arts Society in this city from March 13, to April 17. The jury of selection consists of J. W. Alexander, Hugo Ballin, William Verplanck Birney,

Carlton T. Chapman, Walter Clark, B. West Clinedinst, E. Irving Couse, Elliott Daingerfield, Louis Paul Dessar, Paul Dougherty, Frank Vincent Dumond, C. Warren Eaton, Ben Foster, Albert L. Groll, William H. Howe, Francis C. Jones, William Sergeant Kendall, J. Francis Murphy, Leonard Ochtman, Walter L. Palmer, Edward W. Redfield, William Thorne, R. W. Van Boskerck, Douglas Volk, H. W. Watrous, J. Alden Weir, and William J. Whittemore. Samuel Isham, Frederick W. Kost, and Herbert Adams will form the hanging committee.

An international exhibition of pictorial photography will be held at the National Arts Club, beginning February 2. This will be the most comprehensive and representative exhibition of the kind ever held in this country, comprising work by the leading pictorial photographers, both at home and abroad.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are sculptures by Henry Clews, jr., at Knoedler's, till January 23; works by D'Espagnat and Zandomeneghi, Durand-Ruel's, January 30; paintings, J. H. Jurres, Kraushaar's, January 30; portraits and other works by Howard Gardiner Cushing, Montross's, January 30; watercolors, Henry Plymton Spaulding, Klackner's January 31; early Spanish art, Ehrich's, February 1.

In place of Achille Jacquet, deceased, the French Académie des Beaux-Arts, has elected the engraver Charles-Albert Waltner, a native of Paris, who won the Prix de Rome in 1868. He is best known for his renderings of Rembrandt, and also of Gainsborough, Lawrence, and Hoppner.

Finance.

A YEAR OF REFORMED BANKING.

Many evils and abuses which the panic of 1907 brought into strong light have been left untouched by the reforms which that episode indicated as desirable or perhaps necessary. The inelastic currency has not been remodelled; few people take seriously the so-called emergency device enacted by Congress last spring. Nothing has been done to safeguard national banks against the results of an excessive "redeposit" of their own reserves in banks of a distant city—perhaps the chief cause of the general blockade of depositors' funds which occurs in every great American panic. But in one direction there has been quick and thorough reform, which will probably prevent recurrence of the worst phase of the New York panic of fifteen months ago. Looking back at the years of misgiving over the restrictions upon trust companies, and over the exploits in "chain banking" by unscrupulous promoters, and recalling the attitude of helplessness in the face of the recognized danger, which was taken by the most experienced financiers, one finds it difficult to realize that in the twelve past months the laws governing these institutions have been so completely reconstructed as to make them a model for both State and national legislation. If, under the strain of 1907, New York showed points of weakness, such as were exhibited by no other financial market, at all events it is New York which has promptly taken the lead in salutary reform.

The credit for this achievement belongs largely to the patient and persistent labors of the Superintendent of Banking, Clark Williams, who came into office on the very eve of the crisis of 1907. In his report of a year ago, Mr. Williams reviewed the catastrophe and set forth his proposals of reform. In his second annual report, submitted to the Legislature last week, he reviews the achievements of the after-panic year. After referring to the excellent work of the bankers' commission named by Gov. Hughes, Superintendent Williams says:

> Twenty bills which were drawn in the department and introduced as committee measures, became law. Not less than one hundred and fifty measures affecting banking institutions were scrutinized by the superintendent or his deputies. To the credit of our legislative system it may be noted that of this vast volume of proposed statutes, no measure which might appropriately be termed "panic legislation" received the approval of the banking committees.

The important changes summarized by Mr. Williams apply a conservative cash reserve requirement to the trust companies; prohibit the ownership by one banking institution of more than 10 per cent. of the stock of another; restrict the opportunities of the "dummy director" by stipulating ownership of at least ten shares as a qualification for the position of director; require, as a preliminary to the opening of branches by trust companies and the organization of new banks, the formal assent of the banking superintendent; reduce the maximum loan to be made to a single borrower from 40 per cent. of the lending institution's capital and surplus to 25 per cent.; regulate with great precision the "syndicate loan"; empower a savings bank, with the department's consent, to raise money in an emergency through pledge of its securities; and place in the hands of the Banking Department, instead of in the hands of private individuals with a "pull," the duties of liquidation and receivership of insolvent concerns.

This mere enumeration gives a fair notion of the extent to which the evils exposed in the stress of panic have been remedied. To take only two instances: The receivership of the Home Bank of Brooklyn, the first under the auspices of the Banking Department, was completed in forty-two days, with counsel and receivers' fees of $666, whereas the Knickerbocker Trust receivership, under the old law, lasted five months and involved fees of $80,000; and that of eight other insolvent banks and trust companies in Greater New York lasted on the average six months, with fees ranging from a minimum of $20,500 to a maximum of $67,000. Moreover, the prompt return of patronage and prosperity to the trust companies which were subjected to so severe a trial in 1907 has been in great part a result of public knowledge that the old order had passed away, that conservative safeguards had been devised, and that the State was really protecting the depositor's interests.

With so comprehensive a programme already enacted, the Superintendent naturally has only a few specific recommendations to make, but they are important. First, he urges, as he did last year, that each kind of financial institution be kept within its own proper field. He notes such encroachments as the operation of interest or "savings bank" departments by commercial banks and department stores, and especially the payment of high interest on small deposits, with a view to drawing patronage away from the savings banks. The second suggestion, addressed particularly to the banking institutions themselves more than to the Legislature, is that New York city trust companies and "non-member" State banks be formally admitted into the Clearing House. This is sound policy; and if, for reasons of tradition or from desire to retain unchanged the present machinery of clearing-house supervision, the existing Clearing-House Association is unwilling to admit the trust companies on an equal footing, then the trust companies ought to organize a clearing house for themselves. Mr. Williams justly remarks:

> Had such an association of trust companies existed last year, whether or not within the present Clearing House, the action finally taken by the then newly organized trust companies' committee would have lessened to a great extent the general financial distress.

Taken in connection with the events of the past twelve months, the gratifying record of the Banking Department abundantly warrants the Superintendent's closing words:

> The panic, the suspension, the resumptions, the general house-cleaning, the remedial legislation, the material increase in reserves, the increasing appreciation of trusteeship, the growing conservatism, and the complete return of public confidence—these factors, together with the reorganization of the department, have contributed to place the general banking system of the State of New York upon a basis of which your honorable body may be justly proud.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ayres, Steven B. Bridge. Brentano's.
Beech, Mervyn, W. H. The Tidong Dialects of Borneo. Henry Frowde. $1.75.
Belabre, Baron de. Rhodes of the Knights. Henry Frowde. $9.75.
Benson, Arthur Christopher. Poems. John Lane. $1.50 net.

Boehm, Theobald. The Flute and Flute-Playing. Cleveland: D. C. Miller.
Bond, Francis. Fonts and Font Covers. Henry Frowde.
Buchanan, James. Works. Edited by John Bassett Moore. Vol. VI. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Bureau of American Ethnology. Twenty-sixth Annual Report. 1904-1905. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. Translated by T. Rice Holmes. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Cambridge Modern History. Vol. XI. The Growth of Nationalities. Macmillan. $4 net.
Carter, B. Frank. French Word-Lists. Henry Holt. 25 cts.
Chamberlain, Arthur Henry. Standards in Education: Including Industrial Training. American Book Co. $1.
Coleman, S. E. New Laboratory Manual of Physics. American Book Co. 60 cents.
Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Vol. XVIII. Published by the Society.
Compayré, Gabriel. Yoan Gall, Le Pupille de la Marine. Edited by O. B. Super. Henry Holt. 35 cts.
Coptic (Sahidic) Version of Certain Books of the Old Testament. From a Papyrus in the British Museum. Edited by Herbert Thompson. Henry Frowde.
Cummings, Horace H. Nature Study by Grades: Teachers' Book for Primary Grades. American Book Co. $1.
Dickinson, Thomas H., and Roe, Frederick W. Nineteenth Century English Prose: Critical Essays. American Book Co. $1.
Dodd, Walter Fairleigh. Modern Constitutions. 2 vols. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $5.42.
D'Ooge, Martin L. The Acropolis of Athens. Macmillan. $4 net.
Driesch, Hans. The Science and Philosophy of the Organism. Vol. II. Macmillan $3 net.
Ewing, Juliana Horatia. A Flat Iron for a Farthing, or Some Passages in the Life of an Only Son. Macmillan. $1 net.
Forman, S. E. Essentials in Civil Government. American Book Co. 60 cents.
Foster's Complete Hoyle: An Encyclopedia of Games. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50 net.
Ganong, William F. A Laboratory Course in Plant Physiology. Henry Holt. $1.75.
Gibbons, James, Cardinal. Discourses and Sermons. John Murphy Co.
Gilliam, Charles Frederic. A Victorious Defeat: The Story of a Franchise. Boston: Roxburgh Publishing Co.
Habberton, John. Budge and Toddie, or Helen's Babies at Play. Grosset & Dunlop. $1.
Haertel, Martin Henry. German Literature in American Magazines, 1846 to 1880. Madison: University of Wisconsin.
Hancock, E. L. Applied Mechanics for Engineers: A Text-Book for Engineering Students. Macmillan. $2 net.
Handy Refcrence Atlas of the World. Edited by J. G. Bartholomew. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Haultain, Arnold. The Mystery of Golf. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
Hawn, William. All Around the Civil War, or Before and After. Wynkoop Hallenbeck Crawford Co.
Hepburn, A. Barton. Artificial Waterways and Commercial Development. Macmillan. $1 net.
Hügel, Friedrich von. The Mystical Element of Religion as Studied in Saint Catherine of Genoa and Her Friends. 2 vols. Dutton. $6 net.
Jackson, F. Hamilton. The Shores of the Adriatic: The Austrian Side. Dutton. $6 net.
Jackson, S. Trevena. Lincoln's Use of the Bible. Eaton & Mains. 25 cents net.
Johnson, Florence Kendrick. Large Meals for Little Money. People's University Extension Society.
Kellogg, John Azor. Capture and Escape: A Narrative of Army and Prison Life. Wisconsin History Commission.
Kingsley, Rose G. Roses and Rose Growing. Macmillan. $2 net.
Krauskopf, Joseph. Prejudice, Its Genesis and Exodus. Bloch Publishing Co.
Kroeger, Alice Bertha. Guide to the Study and Use of Reference Books. Boston: American Library Association.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1909.

The Week.

There was a cutting edge to the Governor's speech Friday night before the Hughes Alliance in this city. His main theme was direct nominations, which he urged as the best available means of making party government freer, purer, and stronger, and so capable of rendering the State better service. But Gov. Hughes's free handling of the bosses and the interests that are opposing his reforms was the thing that fills them with alarm as well as rage. It showed that he is out to fight them again on this issue, if need be, with all of his moral earnestness and formidable intellectual batteries. His speech was but a foretaste of the facts and arguments which he will lay before the people, if he has to make another campaign in order to apply a popular *vis a tergo* to a reluctant Legislature. His opponents will discover that he has not spoken without first taking thought. He has scrutinized the actual conditions. Last Friday night he let it be seen that he had looked into the political history of each Assembly District, for twenty years past. For the moment he contented himself with affirming, what everybody knows to be true, that whatever the present theory of party control, in reality the system of making nominations by delegates is nothing but a sham.

The hit boss flutters; and the gyrations of Raines and Barnes at Albany show where the Governor's shot struck. To get his opponents to speak out, is exactly what Mr. Hughes desires. He has nothing to dread from discussion. In a fair and free debate before the people, there is no doubt that he will be sustained. The real thing he and his friends have to dread is, not the outspoken anger and antagonism of the bosses, but their secret machinations to defeat him while professing to favor his plans. We do not class Speaker Wadsworth with the selfish manipulators who think their power endangered by direct nominations. He seems to feel that the Governor's speech was somehow a reflection on the Assembly, and has come to its defence. They are, he says, a fine set of legislators, who have done excellent work for reform. Granted, but that has nothing to do with the question. All the objections that have been raised since the Governor's speech were really met in it by anticipation.

Winston Churchill is another of the militant political reformers who is strongly for the direct primary. Like ex-Senator Colby of New Jersey, he has fought the bosses, and occasionally been beaten by them, but is convinced that the readiest weapon against them is the open, the legalized, the direct and mandatory primary. Mr. Churchill writes to the Boston *Herald* of his recent investigation of the direct primary in several Western States. Defects and maladjustments are reported here and there, of course. The new law is nowhere an infallible plan of political salvation. But it has found great popular favor wherever it has been introduced, and no State that has tried the system now thinks of abandoning it. Mr. Churchill's survey of the field coincides with that which William Allen White made in a letter to Gov. Hughes, and confirms the latter's opinion that the movement for the direct primary is only the latest phase of the fight to wrest the control of government from selfish interests.

The loss of the Republic, after the gallant efforts to save her, came as a sharp disappointment. For the wonder of the wireless telegraph's achievement is not merely the summoning of aid from all directions, but the instantaneous reporting of this life and death struggle off Nantucket. The electric waves penetrated the mystery of both sea and fog and made the whole world witnesses of what, had there been a gale blowing, must have become one of the worst of the ocean's tragedies. It may, of course, be true that there would have been no additional loss of life had the Republic been without a wireless equipment. The Florida might have groped her way into port carrying her double load of passengers even with her bows smashed, as did the old Guion liner Alaska after ramming an iceberg in midocean, in the early eighties. But had the Florida herself gone down at once, the only recourse for the Republic's passengers would have been the boats. Then the wireless would have proved of the greatest value. Surely the fortunate conditions of sea and wind on Saturday will not blind any one to the necessity hereafter of equipping every passenger-carrying steamer with the wireless system. It should be made compulsory, like the carrying of side lights and the blowing of the whistle in fog.

The Senate adopted last week a resolution appropriating $50,000 for a preliminary survey of the proposed Lincoln highway from Washington to Gettysburg. The plan as urged by Senator Carter of Montana is to have a road 150 or 200 feet wide, all the way from the White House door to the battlefield at Gettysburg. Spaces along it would be set aside, here and there, so that "the States of this Union one after another would erect groups of statuary or monuments, which would make it one of the most historic drives on the globe." "Historic," however, is scarcely the word to characterize the resulting horror, should the States do over again what they have done in the Hall of Statuary in the Capitol. The terrible collection there has caused many an ardent patriot to despair of the republic. If any such grandiose project as the fifty-mile highway from Washington to Gettysburg be adopted, the argument for a unified artistic control, like that provided in the Council of Fine Arts just appointed by the President, is redoubled in force. If the scheme were left entirely to Congressional committees, the result would be certain to make foreign visitors echo Mérimée's wonder at what could be done with twenty millions and no taste. The Senators talked learnedly about making an Appian Way in the New World, though one of them, Mr. Gallinger of New Hampshire, confessed that he had only "a vague knowledge of the Appian Way." But none of them denied that there ought to be a suitable memorial to Lincoln in Washington itself. Such an one was provided for in the so-called Burnham plans for the beautification of

Washington. But as that was worked out by competent artists, it naturally does not commend itself to Congress.

The House Committee on Military Affairs is not content with giving the War Department the right to employ 250 retired officers, and thus providing it with that portion of the 612 additional officers it asks for. By a passage in the Military Appropriation bill, it proposes to cut down the General Staff from forty-five to twenty officers by lopping off all the captains and half of the majors. The General Staff would then consist of four generals, four colonels, six lieutenant-colonels, and six majors, while twenty-five captains and majors would be returned to their regiments. This plan illustrates afresh the correctness of the committee's contention that the evils caused by absenteeism may be cured in various ways. At the same time, though, we believe with the committee that the General Staff will not be irrevocably injured by a reduction in numbers. A few of the captains may well be retained, with corresponding reductions elsewhere; for among the captains are to be found many able young officers whose minds are still flexible enough to profit greatly by their General Staff studies. That body has, however, been a disappointment to the army and to the public. To the latter, its chief function too often appears to be solely the demanding of more guns, men, and forts.

Intelligent peace talk was heard in the House last week, and the peace men stood up to be counted on more than one amendment to the naval bill. They were defeated, and the passage of the bill as reported is hailed as a triumph for the big-navy idea. The President can scarcely think so, after twice seeing Congress reject his impassioned plea for four battleships. Two "monsters" were voted by the House, and doubtless contractors are chuckling to each other: "Well, that was a good enough war with Japan to get the ships voted." One of the uses of adversity should be to make men reasonable. Tokio reduces the naval budget by 9,000,000 yen and the war budget in the same cool fashion, because economy is unavoidable. But Congress votes two more battleships, undisturbed by Mr. Tawney's prophecy of a deficit of $143,000,000 for next year. The convincing argument seems to have been that of Representative Hepburn of Iowa, who says that every generation of Americans has had its war; hence, it is reasonable to suppose that the next will, too, and so we must keep the shipyards busy.

In the general salary-raising proposed by Congress in the Legislative Appropriation Bill, the Federal judges are not forgotten. As reported by the Senate committee, the bill would make the salary of a district judge $8,000 a year, circuit judges $10,000, while the associate justices of the Supreme Court would receive $17,500 and the Chief Justice $18,000. These increases may seem large—40 per cent., roughly—but the resulting salaries would still be below those paid to judges in England. There the Lord Chancellor has about $50,000, the Master of the Rolls $30,000, justices of the King's Bench and Admiralty judges $25,000, and so on. This enables one to understand Bagehot's account of the ineffable satisfaction with which an English judge takes his appointment, remarking to himself: "Thank Heaven, I cannot be removed from this position except by an address from both houses of Parliament!" It will not do, however, to press the English comparison too closely. The Chancellorship is a great office of state, as well as a judgeship and the blue ribbon of the legal profession, so that the salary is not purely for judicial purposes. Moreover, the rewards of successful lawyers, together with the costs of litigation, are greater in England, on the average, than they are here. A fairer analogy is that between our highest Federal judges and those of the Supreme Court of New York, in this city. The latter have a salary of $17,500. It is made higher than that of other judges of the Supreme Court of this State, because of the obviously greater cost of living here. But, plainly, the same argument would apply to many Federal judges, notably to those of the Supreme Court. The expense of living in Washington must be nearly, if not quite, as great as in New York; and if the thing is to be argued on that basis, it would certainly seem that associate justices of our highest national court should be paid as much as a State judge in New York. It will be noticed that the Senate committee proposed to make the salaries of the two exactly equal.

Gov. Magoon's urgent recommendation that the wreck of the Maine be raised and removed from Havana, ought to be acted on at once. It is not only a detriment to the harbor, but argues indifference on the part of the United States towards what is still the tomb of many of her sailors. No matter what the cost, the wreck should be raised and destroyed, or sunk in deep water outside. It is a ghastly sight, and serves only to stir up animosity and preserve memories that ought to be forgotten. Were it in an American harbor, it would long ago have been blown up as a menace to navigation. The Cuban Government itself has never tried to dispose of the wreck, both because of the cost and the danger of having its motives misinterpreted. If Congress should vote the sum needed as a matter of good-will to the new Republic, such an act would be heartily welcomed in Havana as another proof of our friendship.

Cardinal Gibbons has rendered another valuable service to Maryland and the country at large by coming out squarely against the disfranchising of the negro by means of the amendment to be submitted to the voters next fall. "I have no hesitancy," declares the Cardinal, "in saying that I believe it to be both unjust and impolitic." Unjust he finds it because it is designed to deprive a certain class of his fellow-citizens of rights duly conferred upon them by the highest law in the land; and impolitic because it is in the end certain to injure the Democratic party, which favors it. The Cardinal naturally does not believe in any restriction of the suffrage which does not bear on whites and blacks alike. That the proposed law does discriminate against the illiterate negro voter is the open confession of B. B. Shreeves, chairman of the Democratic City Committee, who thus illuminates the Cardinal's declaration:

> Perhaps the Cardinal's opposition is based on the Christian principle of the brotherhood of man, which is beautiful in theory, but which surely must be limited in its political and social application.

Obviously, a mere Cardinal who tries to apply the doctrines of Christianity to our political conditions is much out of place in the eyes of the politicians—particularly when he points out with truth that if the negroes on the Eastern Shore sell their votes in droves, the same charges can be made against large

numbers of whites in Baltimore and elsewhere. Finally, Cardinal Gibbons gives this admirable advice as to the treatment of the negro:

> If he is, indeed, ignorant, educate him; if he be corrupt and venal, punish him for his corrupt practices and his venality; but, above all things, let us not condemn the righteous for the sins of the unrighteous. Let us not be guilty of the great crime of a wholesale violation of the written laws of our country in order to punish individuals who break those laws in isolated instances.

Samuel Gompers must now be surer than ever that he is living under a monstrous despotism. Where else could a Department of Commerce and Labor trample upon the workingman's right as savagely as ours did last week? Eight Belgian diamond cutters were permitted to enter this country against the wishes of the 325 members of the Diamond Workers' Protective Union of America. In this immigration there was no violation of our contract labor law, but there was a gross infringement upon the privileges of a labor union. Our 325 diamond workers, most of them from Antwerp and Amsterdam, earn four or five times as much as they did on the other side, and they want to keep a good thing to themselves. What more natural and proper, then, than to league together and pass a rule limiting the number of apprentices that can be taken into the trade to 10 per cent. of the union's membership? And if a miserable foreigner comes seeking employment, to set the immigration officials on him?

It is commonly urged that a uniform divorce law would put an end to "the disgraceful migration of thousands" to South Dakota and other States whose lax laws invite the easy snapping of marriage bonds. If divorce reform, however, has no better argument, we shall never get it; for the Census Bureau shows that, as a matter of fact, few discontented couples seize the opportunity. South Dakota, the favorite scapegoat, granted in 1900 only 95 divorces per 100,000 of population, while twenty-one other States were exceeding that number. In the twenty years before 1906, Sioux Falls granted 1,124 divorces; but the same period saw no less than 945,625 allowed in the country at large. For all the free advertising this famous resort has received in our comic papers, not one unhappy couple in 900 has visited it. And probably because the cure is very expensive. Even in the old days, when three months' residence sufficed, only a fat purse would see one through the mill; and now six months discourage all save those who prefer divorce to automobiling as an extravagant and exhilarating sport. Uniformity of law can, after all, accomplish little. It will not check materially the stream of divorces, for no legislation can plug the spring whence it flows. When we learn that since 1900 divorce has increased thrice as rapidly as our population, we see that the causes lie far deeper than provisions of the law. We must look to the profound changes in woman's status, in her view of life, and in wider social and economic conditions. The old writer who called divorce "a medicine for the disease of marriage" saw clearly; and the first step toward reform is to search out the flaws in modern family life which break up one-seventh of our homes.

The possibility of such a thing as a convention of Jewish farmers will be no more of a surprise to most people than the fact that such a convention should represent more than 2,000 Jewish farmers in the four States only of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Jersey. Experiments in bringing back the Jews to the land have been prolonged, costly, and often disastrous. But it is a law that failure is widely trumpeted, while success is generally silent and unnoticed. Through individual initiative more than through organized assistance, the agricultural idea has been making its way steadily, in this country, among a people in whom the habit of two thousand years has by no means stifled the natural human inclination to labor on the soil. It is not to be expected that the Jew should pass at once from the confines of the Ghetto to the Western cornfields or cattle ranges. The Jewish farmers have concentrated, as a rule, on the small-scale agriculture that goes on in the neighborhood of large cities—truck-farming, dairying, poultry-raising, and, in southern New Jersey, vine-growing. One important class is the tobacco raisers of Connecticut. This industry, in its combination of skilled agriculture with business acumen, appeals peculiarly to the Jewish farmer. There can be little doubt, however, that these successes in tilling the soil may yet produce Jewish pioneers of the prairie and the Canadian wheat fields.

A generation ago the teacher, the textbook, and a few benches sufficed for instruction in all departments of most American colleges. With the introduction of scientific courses, however, material equipment began to commend itself, and scores even of the smaller colleges are to-day provided with costly scientific laboratories. But other departments have been comparatively neglected. The time is not yet in sight when we can abandon that culture which comes from contact with Greece and Rome, and no college professing to offer a liberal education should put itself in the attitude of discriminating against them. Yet the failure to provide suitable facilities for classical discipline is having the effect, to-day, of such discrimination. There is a widespread belief among teachers that the narrower textual and linguistic phases of classical study should yield to methods which would awaken a broader and deeper human interest, but to do this successfully requires a more elaborate equipment than trustees or donors have so far seen fit to provide, except in a mere dozen of the more richly endowed institutions. The archæological explorations of the past fifty years have thrown a wonderful light upon ancient life, but few colleges and universities can offer students more than a small fraction of the printed reports, casts, models, photographs, lantern slides, etc. The ancient manuscripts of the leading classical authors have been reproduced by photographic processes and published in large folios; but only a handful of American colleges have been liberal enough to provide that stimulus. The scientific instructor usually has a good lantern right at hand; the classical instructor usually has nothing of the kind. The scientific departments almost invariably have their special appropriations for equipment, aside from their allowance from library funds; the Latin and Greek departments almost never. It may be a great compliment to the classical teacher to assume that he can make bricks with so little straw; but the effect on the average student is to convince him that the authorities are not concerned whether that particular brand of brick is made at their kilns.

"PINCHOTISM."

President Roosevelt has so overdone the writing of messages that he no longer gets a hearing. This is unfortunate when, as in his message of last Friday, submitting to Congress the report of the National Conservation Commission, he has something really important to say. That particular document was "buried" in the morning papers of Saturday. It fell into the Congressional pond without making a ripple. It has scarcely been discussed in the public prints.

But in nothing has Mr. Roosevelt shown better knowledge or sounder principle than in his stand against the reckless waste and the careless exploitation of our national resources. To preserve the forests, guard coal and mineral deposits, and to conserve water power—this is a large national policy to which no one can openly object. It did not need the report, or inventory, of the commission which was appointed as a result of the meeting of State Governors at Washington last spring, to show how vast is the national property which is in danger of devastation or exhaustion. All this is conceded. Yet in several Western States—notably Colorado, Idaho, and Montana—there is a bitter and growing resentment of the policy of government regulation. People out there are ready to fling up their hats and shout for Roosevelt when it is a question of regulating the unpopular railways or getting after the oppressive Trusts, but have only savage words for government interference to prevent timber-thieving and the loose or lawless preëmption of water rights or mining property. That they call in the West "Pinchotism," by which term they mean a fussy meddling with the inalienable right of the West to burn its candle at both ends. It is really an honor to Gifford Pinchot thus to have his name turned into a reproach. And it is also an honor to President Roosevelt that he has stood firm for the far-sighted policy, notwithstanding the fact that his course is displeasing to his more delirious supporters beyond the Mississippi.

Unmistakable evidence of this hostility was given in the speech of acceptance made before the Legislature of Colorado by the new United States Senator, Mr. Hughes. He took occasion, partly as a Democrat, but more as spokesman for Colorado, to declare squarely against Mr. Roosevelt's plan of conserving the natural resources of that State. It had been represented as a duty to our posterity, but Senator Hughes affirmed, not without humor, that we "should not make mollycoddles of our descendants by smoothing out of their pathway all the rough places and removing all difficulties and storing up unearned treasures for their spendthrift enjoyment and dissipation." On the main issue, the new Colorado Senator was very explicit. The West was being hampered. What it wanted was an influx of capital, to take up and exploit the great stretches of forest and coal lands and the immense water power now not utilized. Fettering restrictions would only delay the return of boom days. Senator Hughes spoke of the just "complaints" which the Western people had against a government which sought to inhibit their putting the axe to the tree as freely as their fathers did. The result was before them all:

> A check has been placed upon the kindling enthusiasm of enterprise, upon the wise hut adventurous investment of capital, upon the onward march of a sturdy army of explorers and winners from the wilderness to civilization in this magnificent field of human hope and toil.

In commenting upon this speech the Denver *Republican* admits that it states the popular view in Colorado. It was an appeal to selfish interests and to State pride, which had often been made, and which had met with a general response. "The few whose corns have been trampled upon have had the floor." Yet the *Republican* thinks that very soon, if not immediately, Colorado, on a square test, would support the policy of conservation. It shrewdly points out:

> In common with the rest of the nation Colorado has undergone an economic transformation. The coal corporations and the railroads, most directly interested, are no longer State institutions. They are interstate corporations with headquarters at New York. Their profits are not distributed in Colorado. When the coal lands have been exhausted, when the forests have been denuded, these corporations will order their machinery, labor, and capital elsewhere. It is a case of diamond cut diamond. Centralization of capital means centralization of authority. When Colorado and other Western corporations took to Wall Street, the Federal government at Washington took added responsibilities. But abolition of State lines began with the corporations.

But persons, East and West, who take a broad view of conditions, must perceive that within and without the lines of State activity, the new policy must be sustained and enforced. The idea is making its way into the heads of the people, and will prevail. There will be grumbling from individuals, and no doubt some hardships. But the nation is coming to see that it cannot waste without coming to want. We have boasted of our limitless resources, but the end of many of them, if lavish use is permitted, is already in sight. Hand in hand with the effort to preserve the woods and fields and waters, as the patrimony of our children, must go endeavors to prevent rights, inconsiderately granted, from vexing the next generation as they have vexed this. President Roosevelt's warning against allowing the corporations of to-morrow to acquire a vested interest in the country's natural wealth ought to be heard and heeded.

PROGRESS OF THE PROBATION SYSTEM.

The annual report of the New York State Superintendent of Prisons, like the Governor's message, calls attention to the remarkable growth of the probation system. During the year ending September 30, 1908, more than twice as many juvenile offenders were placed on probation as were committed to the State Reformatory; more than twice as many men as were placed in Elmira; while six times as many women were put on probation as were sent to the two reformatories for women. This is a great step forward.

But it is not in New York alone that this plan is spreading. Throughout the country there is an increasing recognition of the necessity of preventive measures to lessen the number of habitual law-breakers. Just as the reformatory movement resulted from the calm conviction that the State could not afford to make a confirmed criminal of a youth by confining him with adult offenders, so the fundamental theory of probation is to limit the prison and reformatory population by providing for a first or second offender guidance in place of punishment. What Judge B. B. Lindsey has done in Denver is well-known. But there is a judge in Chicago, McKenzie Cleland, whose work deserves wider attention than it has received. Like Judge Lindsey, Judge Cleland does not believe that the sole duty of courts consists in sending peo-

ple to prison. He and the other officers of the National Probation League, with headquarters in Chicago, have added another to the flood of magazines—*The Newer Justice*, devoted exclusively to the discussion of probation. Judge Cleland's court has probably paroled more men and women than any other—1,200 in a comparatively short time. Of the large number brought before him charged with misdemeanors and even felonies, it is said:

> Most of them were guilty; indeed, under his system most of them pleaded guilty and saved the time and expense of a jury trial. Then the judge, instead of fining the offender or sending him to the workhouse, imposed the maximum legal sentence, but immediately entered a motion to vacate the sentence. This motion he held over on a continuance of the case, releasing the offender on whatever bond he could give, sometimes on his own recognizance. But in every case the men were required to abstain from liquor or bad company and promise to go to work and support their families

Thus thousands of dollars are saved in costs of trials, and in board of prisoners, and charitable organizations are not compelled to support the destitute families of convicts. The judge holds his court at night, makes the married male prisoners report there with their wives, and in cases of wilful backsliding his punishments can be severe. His experience brings him fresh courage and great hopes for the future.

But the success of the system depends, after all, upon those who administer it. The best of laws, in the wrong hands, may become a force for evil. Men like Judge Lindsey and Judge Cleland may save much money, and, what is infinitely better, reclaim thousands of men, but what harm may not a Battery Dan Finn or some other low politician, elevated to the bench, effect? Therein lies the weakness of the plan in this city. The judges do not always choose competent probation officers; sometimes the appointees do not know their duties, and sometimes, knowing, devote their best energies to politics. Nevertheless, in spite of drawbacks and failures, the work extends and improves and commends itself to the favor of thoughtful observers.

Before probation stands, of course, the question of arrests. In Cleveland, the earnest and able chief of police, Fred Kohler, inaugurated on January 1, 1908, a so-called "Golden Rule policy" of letting his policemen exercise greater judgment in making arrests, and also in taking the offenders into court. The results for the first years are extraordinary: there were only 10,085 arrests, as compared with 30,418 in 1907, a decrease of 66.8 per cent. Of the 10,085 persons arrested, no less than 4,155 were allowed by the police to go free, and 2,512 were released on waivers by officers in charge of precincts, without appearance in court. Only 3,418 cases were taken before a magistrate. Of course, it is too early to judge of the success of this scheme, which easily lends itself to bribery. Obviously, it presupposes a police force of a character we may hardly hope for in this city. But the experiment in Cleveland indicates that here is another field offering opportunity for a newer and better justice, after the probation system shall have been carried to its utmost limits.

"NO REFUGE BUT IN TRUTH."

"No Refuge but in Truth" is the title of a little volume into which Goldwin Smith has just gathered some of his recent letters and articles on religious questions. Discussing the destruction of old creeds by modern science, he says:

> We are confronted with the vital question what the world would be without religion, without trust in Providence, without hope or fear of a hereafter. Social order is threatened. Classes which have hitherto acquiesced in their lot, believing that it was a divine ordinance, and that there would be redress and recompense in a future state, are now demanding that conditions shall be levelled here.

But Mr. Smith would not, for the sake of avoiding such difficulties, shut his eyes:

> Whatever trouble, moral, social, or political, a great change of belief may bring there is surely nothing for it but to seek and embrace the truth. . . . Superstition can be of no use morally; even politically it can be of little use, and not for long.

He further justifies his position, as a mere practical expedient:

> We have still the Christian ideal of character, which has not yet been seriously challenged, does not depend upon miracle or dogma for its claim to acceptance, and may continue to unite Christendom.

The findings of natural science, and, more broadly, the movement to apply scientific method to criticism of the history of Christianity and its doctrines, have been, roughly speaking, received in three different ways. The stoutest conservatives, of whom Pius X is now the leader, have flatly refused to accept the new ideas. Twenty-five years ago religionists of this school were denouncing and deriding Darwin and his disciples. To-day they are still proclaiming the inerrancy of the Scriptures or of the official utterances of the Church. They are busy heretic-hunting among the Protestant sects as well as within the pale of Catholicism. But their number seems to be diminishing, their confidence weakening; and no man who has watched the course of theological discussion since the publication of "The Origin of Species" can entertain doubts as to the ultimate extinction of these conservatives. The complete acceptance of the doctrine of evolution—if not of Darwinism in the narrow, technical sense—by all scientists of standing, has shattered that old cosmogony on which so much of ancient Christian dogma rested. Each year is throwing new light on the source and structure of the Four Gospels and rendering more and more untenable the old theory of inspiration.

Already in the more progressive and better educated sects of Protestantism, the second way, a middle way—that is, an attempt to hold to the old and at the same time to grasp the new—has become the more popular. Any one who raises doubts about the Bible stories is told that these things are an allegory; and that the essential point is the "spiritual value" or the "moral significance." In like manner the creeds are rationalized, attenuated, or actually explained away. But this method is not satisfactory, chiefly because, in many instances, it is not frank. The clergyman who utters an ancient formula to which he attaches one meaning while his less learned or more simple-minded auditors attach another, can never command respect as a great moral leader. The first requisite of such leadership is absolute sincerity and courage. Then, too, "hollow profession," as Mr. Smith notes, "cannot fail to impair mental integrity." It is inconceivable that any church or any ecclesiastical order that indulges in sophistry or word-juggling can, in this era of universal education, long retain its hold on the minds and hearts of men. The estimate of human nature that is the underlying assumption of our modern *via media* is too cynical and contemptuous.

We believe, then, that the only sound

and tenable position is the third, that pointed out by Mr. Smith. Every day that passes makes it harder for men to continue in this middle way, which is virtually a denial of the conclusions that follow inevitably from their premises. To say one thing while your real thought should be expressed in words far different is to try to eat your cake and have it too. It is encouraging to observe that we have entered upon an era of bolder speaking. The Bishop of Tasmania, for example, declares flatly in the last *Hibbert Journal* that the Old Testament is not a suitable basis for moral instruction. He is not with those who bathe the difficulties of this part of the Bible in "the glow of religious fervor, or dissolve them in the *aqua fortis* of an unquestioning faith." "How can we," he asks, "worship such a God" as is depicted in parts of the Old Testament? Time was when such an utterance from such a source would have provoked a furious outburst from the defenders of orthodoxy. Indeed, some of the arguments which the Bishop of Tasmania urges are substantially those which made the name of Robert G. Ingersoll anathema twenty-five years ago. But in 1909 the Bishop of Tasmania will not be pilloried as an heresiarch. The only accusation that is likely to lie against him is that he is indulging in commonplaces. And since it is evident that, willy-nilly, the truth must out, the church authorities will soon have no alternative but to make a virtue of necessity.

We understand what a tremendous undertaking it is to make the change and shift the emphasis. In a thoughtful and penetrating little book, "Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast," published three or four years ago, G. Lowes Dickinson maintains that our creeds are "increasingly deriving a great deal of support from the conviction," not that they are true, but that they are "necessary." Churchmen think, with Goldwin Smith, that the bonds of society will be loosened; that men will not fear God for naught, but will give rein to their wildest passions. The question is asked, How can men be turned from worship of an anthropomorphic God, a concrete personality, a loving Father who watches over his children and daily interferes with their affairs—turned from this concept to that of a cold impersonal force that, at best, makes for righteousness? How can men be taught to live with an eye, not to an eternity of fiery torment, or of endless bliss in a crassly materialistic and inconceivable heaven, but to the highest usefulness in this life, here and now? How shall we still make overwhelmingly attractive what Goldwin Smith calls "the Christian ideal of character"? How bring high moral fervor to the support of a code of ethics? These are the perplexities which confront our latter-day prophets of righteousness; and they are perplexities which cannot be evaded; for the most intelligent and serious persons of the rising generation are pressing for an answer. The shuffling of the church is already a cause of alienation. That is why we urge our spiritual guides to face the truth boldly and to attack with more energy than they have yet displayed the imperative undertaking of religious reconstruction.

TENNYSON.

I.

Whatever changes may occur in the fame of Tennyson—and undoubtedly at the present hour he is passing into a kind of obscuration—he can never be deprived of the honor of representing, more almost than any other single poet of England, unless it be Dryden, a whole period of national life: Tennyson is the Victorian age. He was beloved by the Queen and the Prince Consort. Men of science like Huxley were "impressed with the Doric beauty" of his dialect poems, or, like Herschel, Owen, and Tyndall, admired him "for the eagerness with which he welcomed all the latest scientific discoveries, and for his trust in truth." Serious judges cited him on the bench, as did Lord Bowen when, being compelled to preside over an admiralty case, he ended an apology to counsel for his inexperience with the punning quotation:

> And may there be no moaning at the Bar,
> When I put out to sea.

Now it is observable in all accounts of him that the personality of the man with his contempt for little conventions impresses those who lived with him as if he possessed some extraordinary dæmonic power. And his conversation was like his manner. It is agreeable, when we consider certain finical overnice qualities of his verse, to know that his talk was racy with strong downright Saxon words, that, like our Lincoln, he could give and take deep draughts of Pantagruelian mirth. I confess that it does not displease me to touch this vein of earthy coarseness in the man. But I like also to hear that his mind rose more habitually from the soil to the finer regions of poetry and religion. In a hundred recorded conversations you will find him at close grips with the great giants of doubt and materialism which then, as in the caverns and fastnesses of old fable, were lurking in every scientific workshop and stalking thence over the land. How often you will find him, when these questions are discussed, facing them calmly and then ending all with an expression of unalterable faith in the spirit forces that blow like one of his mystic winds about the solid earth, speaking words which sound commonplace enough in print, but which, with his manner and tone, seem to have affected his hearers as if they had been surprised by a voice of revelation.

II.

But in this chorus of acceptance there is one strange discord. Edward FitzGerald was among the poet's warmest friends; of all the great men of his acquaintance, and he knew the greatest, Tennyson alone overawed him. "I must, however, say, further," he once writes after visiting with Tennyson, "that I felt what Charles Lamb describes, a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own: this (though it may seem vain to say it) I never experienced before, though I have often been with much greater intellects: but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind." FitzGerald was one of those who first recognized Tennyson's poetic genius; but, after a while, there comes a change in the tone of his comment. "In Memoriam," which he read in manuscript before it was published, he cannot away with; it has to him the "air of being evolved by a Poetical Machine of the highest order"; and from that time, his letters contain frequent hints of dissatisfaction. Somehow he seems to have felt, as we to-day are likely to feel, a disparity between the imposing genius of the man himself and these rather nerveless elegies and rather vapid tales like "The Princess." He cries out once upon "the cursed inactivity" of the nineteenth century for spoiling his poet, coming close to, but not quite touching, the real reason of his discontent. FitzGerald, if any one, was the philosopher of the age as Tennyson was its poet. That determined recluse of Little Grange, who loved in the silent night hours to walk about the flat Suffolk lanes, among the shadows of the windmills that reminded him of his cherished Don Quixote, who, as the years passed, could scarcely be got to visit his friends at all, but wrote to them letters of quaint and wistful tenderness—he alone among the busy anxious Victorians, so far as I know them, stood entirely aloof from the currents of the hour, judging men and things from the larger circles of time; he alone was

completely emancipated from the illusions of the present, and this is the secret of the grave pathetic wisdom that so fascinates us in his correspondence. And so the very fact that Tennyson was the mouthpiece of his generation, with the limitations that such a character implies, cooled the praise of our disillusioned philosopher just as it warmed the enthusiasm of more engaged minds.

One is impressed by this quality of Tennyson's talent as one goes through his works anew in the Eversley edition* that has just been published, with notes by the poet and by the poet's son. It is useless to deny that to a later taste much, very much, of this writing seems an insubstantial fabric; that it has many of the qualities that stamp the distinctly Victorian creations as provincial and ephemeral. There is upon it, first of all, the mark of prettiness, that prettiness which has been, and still is, the bane of British art. Look through a collection of the work of Landseer, and Birket Foster, and Sir John Everett Millais, and others of that group, and observe its quality of "guileless beauty," as Holman Hunt calls it, or innocuous sentimentality as it seems to us. These scenes of maiden love, of tender home partings and reconciliations, of children floating down a stream in their cradle with perhaps a kitten peering into the water—it is not their morality that offends us, far from that, but their deliberate blinking of what makes life austere and, in the better sense of the word, beautiful. And this same prettiness you will find in many of Tennyson's poems. It is notably, and perhaps excusably, conspicuous in such early poems as "The May Queen" and "Dora," but it does not stop there. In its own kind "Launcelot and Elaine" is a nobly planned work, yet somehow to all its charm there still clings that taint, shall we say, of prettiness, which is a different thing altogether. I read the words of Gawain to the lily maid of Astolat:

> "Nay, by mine head," said he,
> "I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,
> O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes."

'Tis a sweet compliment, but I remember the same metaphor in an old play:

> Once a young lark
> Sat on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes
> Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies,—

and by comparison I seem again to note in Tennyson's lines the something thin we designate as Victorian. There is in the same poem another scene, one of the most picturesque in all the "Idylls," where Launcelot and Elaine's brother ride away from the ancient castle and the lily maid to join the tournament:

> She stay'd a minute,
> Then made a sudden step to the gate, and there—
> Her bright hair blown about the serious face
> Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss—
> Paused by the gateway, standing near the shield
> In silence, while she watch'd their arms far off
> Sparkle, until they dipt below the downs.

You see it all—the sentimental maiden at the arch, gazing with shaded eyes after the two departing knights, while some flowering vine of an English summer droops from the stones about her slender form; you see it, but again it is a painting on the walls of Burlington House rather than the reality of a more virile art.

III.

But however much the prettiness of "In Memoriam" caught the ears of the sentimental, it was another quality which won the applause of the greater Victorians. There is an interesting letter given among the editor's notes, showing how the men who were leading English thought in those days felt toward the new poem. "These lines," writes Prof. Henry Sidgwick of one of the stanzas that express Tennyson's trust in the fatherhood of God through all the questionings of science—"these lines I can never read without tears. I feel in them the indestructible and inalienable minimum of faith which humanity cannot give up, because it is necessary for life; and which I know that I, at least, so far as the man in me is deeper than the methodical thinker, cannot give up." Now Sidgwick was no ordinary man. He was, in fact, one of the keenest and hardest-headed thinkers of those days; and these tears of his were no cheap contribution of sentiment, but rose from the deepest wells of trouble. Many men still living can remember the dismay and the sense of homelessness that came upon the trusting mind of England when it became aware of a growing hostility between the new school of science and the established creed. When Arthur Hallam died in 1833, Darwin was making his memorable voyage of investigation on the Beagle, and while Tennyson was elaborating his grief in long-linked sweetness, Darwin was writing that "first note-book on Transmutation of Species," which was developed in the "Origin of Species" of 1859. The alarm of the church over this assimilation of man and monkey, the bitter fight between Huxley and Wilberforce, and between Huxley and Gladstone—all this is well known, though the tumult of the fray begins to sound in our ears as distant as the battles about Troy.

To these currents of thought Tennyson was quickly responsive. Without hesitation, he accepted the new point of view for his "In Memoriam," and those who were leading the revolution felt this and accepted enthusiastically a recruit from the writers of the imagination, who were commonly arrayed against them. It is unnecessary to point out the many passages of the poem in which the law of evolution, the survival of the fittest, and man's kinship to the ape were clearly hinted before Darwin had definitely formulated them in his epoch-making book. What more impressed men like Sidgwick was the fact that Tennyson felt with them the terrifying doubts awakened by this conception of man as part of a vast mechanism, but still clung to the creed "which humanity cannot give up, because it is necessary for life." And Tennyson, and this is the point to be emphasized, found this minimum of faith, not outside of the new science, but at its very heart. He does, indeed, cry out at times against the harsher hypothesis, declaring that we are not "magnetic mockeries" or "only cunning casts in clay"; but the gist of his confidence, and what made him the spokesman of the age, was in a bold completion of evolution by the theory of indefinite progress and by a vision of some magnificent consummation wherein the sacrifices of the present were to be compensated somehow, somewhere, somewhen—who shall say? This reconciliation of dogma and science, this discovery of a father near at hand within the inexorable law of evolution, this vision of an eternal state to be reached in the progress of time—

> That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves,—

all this, like the prettiness which characterized the painting of the age and Tennyson's non-religious verse, is what we have come to call the Victorian compromise.

IV.

Undoubtedly, the fame of Tennyson in his own day was due largely to his expression of what may be called the official philosophy, but it is a question whether this very trait has not weakened his hold upon a later generation, whether, for instance, the stoic resolve and self-determination of Matthew Arnold, whom Professor Sidgwick in one of the most scathing essays of the century denounced as a trifling "prophet of culture," have not really more meaning for us to-day—though not the highest meaning of all—than any official and comfortable middle way. I read the stanza of "In Memoriam" which describes the reception of the poet's friend into the heavenly host:

> The great Intelligences fair
> That range above our mortal state,
> In circle round the blessed gate,
> Received and gave him welcome there;—

*The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. In six volumes. The Eversley Edition. Annotated by Alfred Lord Tennyson, edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

and then I turn back to the note which gives the similar lines of Milton's "Lycidas":

There entertain him all the Saints above
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

Why is it that Tennyson here leaves us so cold, whereas at the sound of Milton's words the heart still leaps as at a bugle call? Why are these "fair Intelligences" so meaningless and so frigid? Is it not just the spirit of compromise between religion and science that has entered into Tennyson's image, leaving it neither the simple objective faith of Milton nor the honest questioning of Matthew Arnold?

It may seem that I have dwelt overmuch on the weakness of an admired writer, but it was these compromises of Tennyson that gave him his historic position, and, also, it is only by bringing out clearly this aspect of his work that we are enabled to discern the full force of another and contrasted phase which was not of the age, but the unfettered voice of the poet himself. As we read of the impression made by the man Tennyson upon his contemporaries and then consider the sleeker qualities of his verse, we find it difficult to associate the two together. There was no prettiness or convention in his character, but an elusive wildness of beauty and a noble, almost defiant, independence. Now, if we examine the spirit of compromise which made the official poet in Tennyson, we shall see that it rests finally on a denial of religious dualism, of the consciousness, that is, which no reasoning of philosophy and no noise of the world can ever quite obliterate, of two opposite principles within us, one bespeaking unity and peace and infinite life, the other calling us to endless division and change and death. Just this cleft within our nature the Victorians attempted to conceal. Because they could not discover a rational bond between the world of time and of evolution and the idea of eternity and changelessness, they would deny that these two can exist side by side as totally distinct spheres, and by raising the former and lowering the latter would seek the truth in some reconciliation of the two. Thus, instead of finding the real tyrant of the soul, as did William Drummond, in the dominion of "time, under the fatal shadow of whose wings all things decay and wither," they place the faith of religion in some far-off event of time, as if infinity were a kind of enchantment lent by distance.

V.

Such was the official message of Tennyson; but by its side there comes up here and there through his works an utterly different vein of mysticism which is scarcely English, and certainly not Victorian—a sense of utter estrangement from time and personality. In the notes of the Eversley volumes the editor gives an unpublished juvenile poem, "The Mystic," in which this feeling is expressed, if not so clearly as in the better-known prose confession of his later years, at least with a self-knowledge every way remarkable for a boy:

Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
The still serene abstraction; he hath felt
The vanities of after and before.

. . . . . .

He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom.

The point to note is how Tennyson in such passages feels himself an entity set apart from the flowing of time, whereas in the religious stanzas of "In Memoriam" he—not he only, but God himself—is one with the sum of things in some vague temporal progress. In that difference, if rightly understood, lies, I think, the distinction between faith and rationalism.

This sense of himself as a being set apart from change strengthened, if anything, as he grew old. Its most philosophic expression is in "The Ancient Sage," which was first published in 1885 and was regarded by him as one of his best later poems; it is rebellious in "Vastness," lyrical in "Break, Break, Break," purely melodic in "Far—Far—Away," dramatic in "Ulysses," autobiographical in "The Gleam." Always it is the man himself speaking his own innermost religious experience, and no mere "minimum of faith" needed for the preservation of society.

VI.

For the fullest and most artistic utterance of this mysticism, we must go to the "Idylls of the King." I will confess to be no unreserved lover of that mangled epic as a whole; it seems to me that in most of its parts the Victorian prettiness is made doubly, and at times offensively, conspicuous by the contrast between Tennyson's limpid sentimentality and the sturdier fibre of Mallory's "Morte Darthur," from which he drew his subject. But it is true that here and there, in a line or a musically haunting passage, he has in the Idylls spoken from the depth of his heart, as he has spoken nowhere else, and that one of them, "The Holy Grail," has an insight into things spiritual and a precision it would be hard to match in any other English poem. The holy cup, so the story runs, which had been brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea and had vanished away for the sinfulness of the people, was seen first in vision by a holy sister of Sir Percivale, and by her Galahad was incited to go on the sacred quest. Meanwhile, one day when the knights were gathered at the round table, in the absence of the King, Galahad sits in Merlin's magic seat, which, as Tennyson explains, is a symbol of the spiritual imagination, the siege perilous, wherein "no man could sit but he should lose himself":

And all at once, as there we sat, we heard
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
And rending, and a blast, and overhead
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
And in the blast there smote along the hall
A beam of light seven times more clear than day:
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bore it, and it past.
But every knight beheld his fellow's face
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,
And, staring each at other like dumb men,
Stood, till I found a voice and sware a vow.

The vision, in other words, is nothing else but a sudden and blinding sense of that dualism of the world and of the human soul beneath which the solid-seeming earth reels and dissolves away, overwhelming with terror and uncomprehended impulses all but those purely spiritual to whom the earth is already an unreal thing. Then enters the King, and perceives the perturbation among his knights. It is characteristic of England and of the age, although it has, too, its universal significance, that Tennyson's Arthur should deplore the search for the Grail as a wild aberration, which is to bring impossible hopes and desolate disappointments to those whose business was to do battle among very material forces.

Only Sir Galahad, in whom was no attachment to the earth, and who was bold to find himself by losing himself, had beheld clearly the vision of the cup as it smote across the hall. I do not know how it may be with others, but to me the answer of Galahad to the King has a mystical throb and exultation almost beyond any other words of English:

But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail.
I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—
"O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me."

That is the cry and the voice, now poetry and not philosophy, which Tennyson had in mind when he wrote of hearing "the word that is the symbol of myself." He who has once heard it and heard also the answering echo within his own breast, can never again close his ears to its sound. To Galahad it meant the vanishing of the world altogether, and there is nothing more magnificent in Tennyson, scarcely in English verse, I think, than Sir Percivale's last sight of Galahad fleeing over the bridges out into the far horizon, and disappearing into the splendors of the sky, while—

. . . thrice above him all the heavens
Open'd and blazed with thunder such as seem'd
Shoutings of all the sons of God; and first
At once I saw him far on the great Sea,

In silver-shining armor starry-clear;
And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung
Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud.

There, in the inspiration from Tennyson's own visionary faith and from no secular compromise, we find the lift and the joy and the assurance that Milton knew and sang in "Lycidas" and that was so sadly missed in the "great Intelligences fair" of "In Memoriam."

But to Sir Percivale himself the vision brought no such divine transfiguration. He is the one who sees, indeed, and understands, yet cannot lose himself. Because the Holy Grail signifies a dualism which sets the eternal world not at the end of the temporal, but utterly apart from it, he who knows the higher while lacking the courage to renounce the lower, wanders comfortless with neither the ecstatic joy of the one nor the homely satisfactions of the other. So the world and all that it contains turns into dust at his touch, leaving him alone and wearying, in a land of sand and thorns. Another, Sir Bors, the simple, trustful gentleman, who goes out on the word of others, following duty only and trusting in the honor of the act as it comes to him, sees in adversity the holy cup shining through a rift in his prison, and abides content that the will of God should reserve these high things as a reward for whomsoever it chooses. Still another, Sir Gawain, finding the vision is not for him, and having turned his eyes from the simple rule of duty, sinks into sensual pleasures, and declares his twelvemonth and a day a merry jaunt. Most fatal of all is the experience of Launcelot, he, the greatest of all, who brought the sin into the court, who cannot disentangle the warring impulses of good and evil within himself. He, too, rides out of Camelot on the Quest, and then:

My madness came upon me as of old,
And whipt me into waste fields far away. . . .
But such a blast, my King, began to blow,
So loud a blast along the shore and sea,
Ye could not hear the waters for the blast,
Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all the sea
Drove like a cataract, and all the sand
Swept like a river, and the clouded heavens
Were shaken with the motion and the sound.

This is an application to the smaller field of wind and earth and water of that dizzy tempestuous motion which in Tennyson's earlier poem of "Lucretius" surged through the Epicurean's atomic universe. To the eye of the spirit, Tennyson would seem to say, the material world is a flux and endless, purposeless mutation—leaving the self-possessed soul to its own inviolable peace, or, upon one that perceives yet is still enmeshed in evil desires, thronging in visions and terrors of madness. One need not be a confessed mystic to feel the power of these passages, any more than one need be a Puritan (standing, that is, at the opposite pole of religion from the mystic) to appreciate Milton. To the genuine conviction of these poets our human nature responds as it can never respond to the insincerity of the world's "minimum of faith." With Tennyson, unfortunately, the task is always to separate the poet of insight from the poet of compromise.

P. E. M.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

Detlev von Liliencron's popularity as a poet is due to his expression of the sane and simple joy of living. As a dramatist and novelist, however, he has been less successful. Loose-jointed and badly proportioned, his plays and his stories seem more like a framework for exquisite lyrical episodes. His "Knut der Herr" had to sleep many years between the covers of the book before it saw the footlights, and then was not popular. His early novel, "Breide Hummelsbüttel," never reached the larger world of German readers of fiction. Liliencron's latest prose work is likely by its title, "Leben und Lüge: Ein biographischer Roman" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), to attract wider attention. The word biographical suggests an element of autobiography; both those who expect to find in the novel an authentic record of a life which has shunned rather than sought publicity, and those who are familiar with the meagre facts which the poet himself made known when he first came into prominence, will be disappointed. For it is difficult to trace the thread of truth in this fanciful fabric. The wisest course is to regard the book merely as the author's spiritual confession, a veiled statement of his dreams and his longings. It is evident that Liliencron has drawn somewhat upon the memories of his own early years in his story of the boyhood and youth of Kai von Vorbrügge. It is probable, too, that the leaves from Kai's campaign diary are based upon notes taken by the author while he fought against France in the war of 1870-71. Beyond that it would be dangerous to hazard inferences. The second half of the book must be regarded as pure fiction, though it may be difficult to reconcile the uneven course and abrupt end of the narrative with the accepted form of the novel. In this respect Liliencron is of those who create their own forms and make their own laws; and notwithstanding all the technical weaknesses of the work, one is captivated by the spontaneity of the personality of Kai von Vorbrügge.

Foremost among the women writers who struck a new note in German fiction ten or twelve years ago is Gabriele Reuter, whose "Aus guter Familie" still retains its hold upon German readers as a faithful picture of the cramped and narrow life to which the daughters of the better middle class in her country were doomed before modern, and especially English, ideals of education opened to them fresh interests and wider fields of activity. Since the appearance of that work the author has written a number of stories, but only in her latest book has she attained the strength and the sincerity of the first. In the centre of the group of unfortunate women who have sought "Das Thränenhaus" (Berlin: S. Fischer), Frau Reuter has placed Cornelie Reimann, a writer whose works have made her name dear to the women of her country. Towering far above them by her intellect and her culture, this woman becomes the champion of her less favored sisters; and the reader is made to feel that it is due to her influence if they leave the place chastened by suffering and the sanctity of motherhood. There is nothing sensational in Frau Reuter's method; she has a message, but she delivers it with a rare artistic discretion. The experiences of her heroine are recorded with dignity, and the pathos is relieved by touches of humor, which add to the convincing quality of this picture of real life. There are a few incidents which would grate on Anglo-Saxon nerves, but they are justified by the atmosphere of the Bavarian village which is the setting of the unusual book.

Hermann Bahr's "Die Rahl" (Berlin: S. Fischer) is a fair specimen of the tact and the delicacy with which a difficult problem can be treated by a genuine artist. It is the story of a schoolboy who, enamored of a famous actress, follows her daily when she drives home from the theatre. One day, touched by his devotion, she invites him into her carriage and rewards him with a kiss. In a delirium of joy he becomes oblivious of the vast gulf between them and indulges in a wild self-delusion. He forces his way into her villa, and is confronted by the husband, a man of sagacity and experience, who has sympathy with the youthful victim of his wife's attraction and talks to him as man to man. At the end of the interview he gives the boy her latest photograph with an inscription by her own hand—a gift which she holds in readiness for her numerous admirers. When the lad returns to his widowed mother, all his pent-up conflicting emotions burst forth in a torrent of cynicism. Her tactful understanding and gentle indulgence succeed in restoring his balance. The author holds attention by his vivid and natural narrative.

E. von Keyserling's skill in conveying to the reader the tension of a spiritual conflict or of an emotional crisis is remarkable. The very first pages of

his new book, "Dumala" (Berlin: S. Fischer), when the village parsonage is ringing with the pastor's dramatic rendering of Schubert's "Am Meer," give one the key. Equally strong is the chapter describing a Sunday evening at the castle of Baron Werland. The characters stand out from their background with striking vitality: the parson with the artistic temperament; the Frau Pastorin, with nothing but her domestic virtue and her boundless admiration for her husband; the infidel nobleman, to whose invalid chair is bound the young and fascinating wife; the pale and poetical secretary languishing with unrequited love for his mistress; and the robust and unscrupulous neighbor, Baron Rast, who carries off the prize. The story closes with a note that is solemn and impressive.

Hermann Hesse, whose "Peter Camenzind" has reached the fiftieth edition since 1904, has written a volume of short stories appropriately called "Nachbarn" (Berlin: S. Fischer); for, although the tales are not interrelated, the scene is a little provincial town which, with all due differences of character and incident, has given them a common stamp. The personages are quaint figures; "der kleine Ohngelt," with his pathetic attempts to distinguish himself as a singer; Karl Eugen Eiselein, who cherishes the illusion of being a poetical genius and is saved from making a failure of his life by the drastic intervention of his robust and practical mother; the quiet and respectable merchant, Walter Kömpff, who in his later years fell into religious mania and shocked his neighbors by his suicide; and finally the inmates of the poorhouse, who had been installed in the old inn "Zur Sonne." There is pathos and tragedy in the lives of some of these provincials; but there is humor, too, expressed in a style of rare strength and purity.

The title of the volume of short stories by Felix Salten, "Die Geliebte Friedrichs des Schönen" (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.), is derived from the first story, which is an indirect plea against the removal of inconvenient relatives to poorhouses and old people's homes. The gradual awakening of the heroine to the realization of her environment and the strange delusions to which she becomes a victim in her unaccustomed idleness are depicted with great force. A curious problem of criminal psychology is the subject of "Der Ernst des Lebens." A man who has killed his friend in a fit of rage, because he could not bear to hear this friend preach suavely about the seriousness of life, pleads his case before the warden of the prison to which he had been committed. "Feiertag" is a little sketch giving a charming glimpse of the ordinary holiday life on a Vienna street; but against this background is outlined a love affair which an incident of this day brings to an untimely end. "Ein Tag" is a novelette in dialogue, recalling in the even and natural tone of the conversation and the strong dramatic climax the little masterpieces by which Jeanne Marni won for herself a place in contemporary French letters. "Die Wege des Herrn" is the pathetic story of an abandoned dog. Into the last stories in the book there enters a marked element of satire. The singer who gives the best of his art and fails to be rewarded by the sympathy and the understanding of his royal listener philosophically accepts his fate. His companion in a later story is a young gladiator who believes in imperial magnanimity and has his throat pierced by the imperial sword. The humor of "Die Erhebungen über Barbara Liebhardt" is irresistible. The last novelette, "Vicomte Termilly," compares in conciseness and facile grace with works of the French masters in this kind.

A. von Ende.

Correspondence.

THE FIRST PLAY IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The question as to the date of the first play-house in America, the production of the first play, and the writing of the first play, has attracted attention for a good many years. As long ago as 1832 William Dunlap gave September 5, 1752, as the first authentic date, the Hallam company from Goodman's Field as the players, the "Merchant of Venice" as the play, and Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia, as the place. Clapp in 1853 recorded the 1750 performance in a Boston coffee house of Otway's "Orphan." Ireland in 1866 gave a circumstantial account of a company of actors that reached New York during the month of February, 1750, under the management of a certain Kean and Murray. Charles P. Daly about the same time published a paper in the New York *Evening Post*, in which was given the following reference from the New York *Gazette* for October 15, 1733:

> To be Sold at reasonable Rates, All Sorts of Household Goods, viz.: Beds, Chairs, Tables, Chests of Drawers, . . . a Negro Girl about 16 years of age, has had the Smollpox and is fit for Town or Country. Enquire of George Talbot, next Door to the Play-House.

Since then many important facts regarding the early American stage have been brought to light by the research of various persons, among others G. O. Seilhamer, Judge Daly himself, and Paul Leicester Ford, to mention only three who have entered the field with monographs or books. The Philadelphia records, for instance, of the Murray and Kean company have been brought to light. An entry in John Smith's "Journal" gives the name of what was probably the first play acted by them:

> Sixth Month (August) 22d, 1749. Joseph Morris and I happened in at Peacock Bigger's, and drunk tea there, and his daughter, being one of the company who were going to hear the tragedy of *Cato* acted, it occasioned some conversation, in which I expressed my sorrow that anything of the kind was encouraged.

This company must have acted plays in Philadelphia during the rest of the year, for early in 1750 the Recorder, William Allen, afterwards Chief Justice of the Province, reported to the Common Council that certain persons had lately taken upon them to act plays in the city and he feared the mischievous effects thereof. The board thereupon unanimously requested the magistrates to take the most effectual means for suppressing the "disorder," by sending for the actors and binding them to their good behavior. The company went to New York, and in 1751 to Virginia. As an illustration of the difficulties they overcame, the following prospectus from the *Virginia Gazette* of August 29, 1751, may be quoted:

> By Permission of His Honour the President. Whereas the Company of Comedians that are in New York intend performing in this City [Williamsburg]; but there being no Room suitable for a Play House, 'tis proposed that a Theatre shall be built by Way of Subscription: Each Subscriber, advancing a Pistole, to be entitled to a Box Ticket, for the first Nights Diversion.

The theatre was completed and the first play produced within six weeks; but the following May the company left Williamsburg for Hobbs' Hole and Fredericksburg, not to return. It is of some interest to us to know that young George Washington enters in his ledger, under June 2, 1752, a record of money loaned his younger brother Samuel to see a play by this company in Fredericksburg: "By Cash at the play House 1-3,"—the price of a ticket in the gallery. The later Hallam company gave what Dunlap thought to be the pioneer performance in America, on September 15 (not 5), 1752, in this subscription theatre erected in Williamsburg by these New York comedians, and abandoned by them.

We have records of dramatic performances in Charleston, Williamsburg, and New York before the existence of the Kean and Murray company. The Quakeress Sophie Hume, in an exhortation to the inhabitants of South Carolina, written in 1748, implies the existence of occasional theatrical entertainments: "You have no masquerades nor music gardens to entertain you, neither are theatrical entertainments frequent among you." The *South Carolina Gazette* (Charleston) of October 3, 1748, contains an advertisement of a school "over against the Play House." In 1747, and also in 1743, the same paper contains an advertisement of a ball to take place "at the theatre in Queen street." A map of Charleston, dated 1738, marks the site of this theatre as on the south side of Queen Street, a little west of Church. These Charleston records date back to 1735, before the erection of the theatre. On January 18, 1735, the *South Carolina Gazette* contained the following advertisement:

> On Friday, the 24th inst., in the Court Room, will be attempted a tragedy called *The Orphan* or *The Unhappy Marriage*. Tickets will be delivered on Tuesday next, at Mr. Shepheard's, at 40s. each.

During the next three months at least seven performances are recorded by the *Gazette* in detail, the last being a benefit for Monimia (a character in the "Orphan"). The plays were probably produced by local talent. An advertisement on May 3, at the

end of the season, tells us something of the method of production:

Any gentlemen that are disposed to encourage the exhibition of plays next Winter, may have the sight of the proposals for a subscription at Mr. Shepheard's in Broad Street. And any persons that are desirous of having a share in the performance thereof, upon application to Mr. Shepheard shall receive a satisfactory answer.

Between that date and the date of the next theatrical reference in the *Gazette*, the Charleston theatre was financed and built. An advertisement of January 24, 1736, announces:

On Thursday, the 12th of February, will be opened the new theatre in Dock Street, in which will be performed the comedy called *The Recruiting Officer*. . . . Boxes, 30s.; pitt, 20s.; and tickets for the gallery, 15s.

The season lasted only six weeks, and then for some reason the plays were discontinued. The *Gazette* of May 29 contains an epigram "On the Sale of the Theatre." The building, however, continued to be used for the occasional production of plays until 1755 and after.

The Williamsburg records are not so continuous. Between 1751 and 1736 we have no references to the theatre; but on September 10, 1736, the *Virginia Gazette* advertised the production of certain plays by the students of William and Mary College, and others:

This evening will be performed at the Theatre, by the young gentlemen of the College, The Tragedy of *Cato*, And, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday next, will be acted the following Comedies, by the gentlemen and ladies of this Country, viz., *The Busy-Body, The Recruiting Officer*, and the *Beaux-Stratagem*.

Daly, in his 1896 monograph, insists, though without giving the full text of the above advertisement, that the three comedies mentioned were produced by "an organized theatrical company, who were then performing at Williamsburg, where a theatre had been built." And he continues:

It would be out of the ordinary course of things that a play-house like this, close to the market-place, should have been erected for occasional performances by amateurs. . . . It is more probable that it was an ordinary theatre, where plays were performed by professional actors.

This view, however, is hardly tenable in the light of the exact language of the advertisement. The theatre referred to is first mentioned by Hugh Jones, in his work, "The Present State of Virginia," published in London in 1724, two years after Jones left Virginia. Jones speaks of "a large area for a Market Place, near which is a Play House and good Bowling Green." This must have been in 1722, and is the earliest reference to a play-house in America. A still earlier reference, however, to a dramatic production in Williamsburg is found in a letter of Gov. Spotswood, dated June 24, 1718. Eight members of the House of Assemhly had refused him honor:

Nay, when, in Order to the Solemnizing his Maj'ty's Birthday, I gave a publick Entertainment at my House, all Gent'n that would come were Admitted; These Eight Counsellors would neither come to my House nor go to the Play w'ch was Acted on tbat occasion.

This is all that is known of this play; but it may have been acted by the college boys of William and Mary.

In New York, the records of play-actlng prior to 1750 are scant but suggestive. A manuscript volume of poems by Archibald Home, "late Secretary and One of His Majesties Council for the Province of New Jersey, North America," owned by William Nelson, of Paterson, contains a "Prologue, intended for the second opening of the theatre at New York, anno 1739." A "second opening" implies a first opening; and in a news item in the *New England and Boston Gazette* for January 1, 1733, under the head of New York News of December 11, we have an account of the first opening of this theatre:

On the 6th instant, the New Theatre in the building of the Hon. Rip Van Dam, Esq., was opened with the comedy of the *Recruiting Officer*, the part of Worthy acted by the ingenious Mr. Thos. Heady, Barber and Peruque maker to his Honor.

"His Honor" refers to Rip Van Dam, acting governor of New York up to a few months before the opening of the theatre.

There are two other references to early productions of plays in America. On Marcb 2, 1714, Samuel Sewall, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, protested in a letter against the acting of a play in the Council Chamber at Boston. Even the Romans, he said, were not "so far set upon them as to turn their Senate House into a Play-House." This play was probably not acted. The other reference is found in a small volume, now rare, by Anthony Aston, who had been an actor in the West Indies, and afterwards came to Virginia and New York, and who, according to his statement, acted in the city of New York in 1702. Although he does not say so, it is doubtless upon the authority of this book that Ford, in his monograph, "Washington and the Theatre," makes the assertion:

That there was play-acting in New York, and in Charleston, South Carolina, before 1702, are unquestioned facts, giving to these two places, so far as can be discovered, priority of claim in the first patronage of the mimic art.

Daly merely speaks of the Aston document as affording a possible date:

The comedy with which the New Theatre [in New York] was opened, in 1732. *The Recruiting Officer*, is the earliest play known to have been acted in North America, for though . . . there was a play-house in Williamsburg ten years before, it is not known what plays were acted there until 1736, when four are referred to.

However that may be, these are the principal references so far adduced to performances of plays in what is now English-speaking North America.

As to dramatic authorship, "The Prince of Parthia," hy Thomas Godfrey, of Philadelphia, is generally mentioned in American literary history as the first play to be written in America. The play was written in 1759 for the stage, but was not accepted. In 1765, two years after the death of its author, it was published by subscription, Franklin alone subscribing for twelve copies, and with the same William Allen who had complained in 1750 of Kean and Murray's players, also a patron. It was produced upon the stage in 1767. The play of an earlier author is mentioned by Malone in Wegelin's bihliography—"Le Père Indien," by Le Blanc Villeneuve, written while Villeneuve was in the French service in Louisiana. This tragedy was produced in 1753 in the Governor's mansion in New Orleans. The same author, according to Alcée Fortier (Modern Language Association, 1886), wrote a tragedy called "Poucha-Houmma," based upon a story he had heard while employed by the government among the Tchactas, 1752-58. This constitutes the earliest play writing mentioned by our literary and theatrical historians as having been done in America.

None of these plays, however, was actually the first either to be produced or written in America; 1752 is not the earliest date to be attached to American stage authorship, nor 1732 the date of the earliest reference by name to a play acted in America, nor even 1702 (the date cited from Aston) the earliest date for either. Our dramatic authorship dates back of a certainty sixty-two years earlier than that; our stage history perhaps even earlier. When, in the year 1640, Father LeJeune and the Jesuit missionaries at Quebec added certain American scenes to a French tragi-comedy, they did what was probably the first dramatic writing to be done in what is now English-speaking America. Shakespeare had been dead twenty-four years. Miles Standish was still in command of the Pilgrim forces at Plymouth. William Penn was not yet born. Quebec at this time was only thirty-two years old. Nicolet, the protégé of its founder, had discovered the upper waters of the Mississippi only six years before, and was now living near enough Quebec to help in the polishing, had his linguistic attainments been absolutely needed. The great Jesuit martyrs, Jogues, Brébeuf, Garnier, Buteux, and Daniel, were still working among the friendly Hurons and Algonquins in the interior, while Gahriel Lalemant had not yet arrived from France. An account of this play is given by Paul Le Jeune in the "Jesuit Relations," dated Kébec, Septemher 10, 1640:

Last year we made bonfires for the birth of Monseigneur the Dauphin; we entreated God, by a solemn procession to make this child like his father. Our joy and our affection were not kept within the bounds of one year; Monsieur the Chevalier de Montmagny, our Governor, wishing to prolong it, has had a Tragi-Comedy represented this year, in honor of this new-horn Prince. I would not have believed that so handsome apparel and so good actors could be found in Kébec. Sieur Martial Piraubé, who had charge of this performance, and who represented the chief personage, succeeded excellently, hut in order that our Savages might derive some henefit from it, Monsieur the Governor, endowed with uncommon zeal and prudence, invited us to put something into it which might strike their eyes and their ears. We had the soul of an unheliever pursued by two demons, who finally hurled it into a hell that vomited forth flames; the struggles, cries, and shrieks of this soul, and of these demons, who spoke in the Algonquin tongue, penetrated so deeply into the hearts of some of them, that a Savage told us, two days afterward, that he had been greatly frightened that night by a very horrible dream.

What the play was we do not know, but it was plainly not a religious play. It may have been a play by Hardy—a play like "Alcestis" would afford an opportunity for the Algonquin scenes. Or it may have been a play by Corneille, possibly the "Cid." In all the editions of the "Cid," from 1637 to 1644, the play was called a "tragedy-comedy." Piraube, who doubtless selected it, was a royal notary in Quebec from 1639 to 1643, and close to the Governor. He must have seen the "Cid" played in France. As the tragedy was published in 1637, he could easily have secured the text. Or, it may

have been one of Richelieu's composites. We only know that it must have been a published play of some acting excellence.

The next reference to play-acting in Quebec speaks of the "Cid" by name. In the "Relations" for 1646 Jerome Lalemant tells us:

On the last day of the year they gave a performance at the warehouse, Enacting the sit. Our Fathers were present—in deference to Monsieur the Governor, who took pleasure therein, as also did the savages—that is, fathers de Quen, Lalemant and defretat: all went well, and there was nothing which could not edify. I begged Monsieur the governor to excuse me from attendance.

The Lalemant mentioned is the writer's nephew, Gabriel, who had just arrived from France, and who died by torture at the hands of the Iroquois in 1649. De Frétat had also just come from France. De Quen had been in Canada eleven years; but his attendance at this play of Corneille's suggests the interesting possibility that he may have heard its author's name before that name became famous. Corneille, we know, was educated by the Jesuits at Rouen; and De Quen entered the Society at Rouen the year that Corneille as a boy of fourteen was awarded the important prize of a large folio volume, for proficiency. Both Le Jeune and Vimont, who saw the 1640 "tragi-comedy," also entered the Society at Rouen while Corneille, as far as we know, was a student of the Jesuits there. In 1651 the "Relations" speak of another play by Corneille: "December 4. There was a performance of the Tragedy of 'Heraclius,' by Corneille." And in 1652 the "Cid" was played again: "April. On the 16th, there was a performance of Corneille's Tragedy, 'le Scide.'" These early Quebec plays seem to have been produced usually under secular auspices, but in 1658 the Fathers themselves, or rather, their French and Indian pupils at the college, gave a play:

July 28. Monsieur the governor did us the honor, with Monsieur The abbé queylus, of coming to dine at our house. There he was received by the Youths of the country with a little drama in french, huron, and Algonquin, in our Garden, in the Sight of all the people of quebec. The sieur governor expressed himself as pleased with that reception.

This play is the first that we know to have been written wholly in America; and perhaps it is our last example of genuine American dramatic writing—writing, that is to say, in a native American tongue. Sulte adds greatly to our knowledge of it by giving the names of the parts and players. Although it was produced by a religious order, and almost certainly written by some one connected therewith, it was in no sense a religious play, but a play more like one of our minor Jacobean masques—a compound of tableau, allegory, and ballad. I give the names of the characters: Le Génie universal de la Nouvelle-France; Le Génie des Forêts, interprète des étrangers; Les quatre Français qui chantent les compliments; Le Sauvage Huron; L'Algonquin; Étranger du Sud; Étranger du Nord; Captif Huron, and Captif Nez-Percé. At least four other plays were produced in Quebec before 1702, the earliest date named by Daly and Ford. One of these was a religious spectacle of some kind—one of two referred to by the Fathers during this period. I quote from the "Relations" of 1659: "August 3. A representation was given in our chapel of quebec, in honor of Monseigneur the bishop of petraea. Everything went well." In 1668 a secular play was given twice—by whom is not clear:

February The 7th and 9th. The play of Le sage Visionnaire was performed with great success and to every one's satisfaction. It was as well received the second time as the first.

And six weeks later, a second religious play: "March The 21st. Master Pierson had a short latin play performed, on the passion of our Lord; it was successful." The last of these plays was Molière's "Tartuffe," the performance of which at the castle, in 1794, caused a rupture between Governor Frontenac and the bishop, St. Vallier, which never healed. This was the only performance that was opposed by any one during the entire period, and it solely because of the subject-matter of the play.

I have brought these early dates together because of their interest to the students of the drama. Mexico would afford still earlier references to the acting of religious plays; but the later literary and dramatic history of Mexico has no connection with that of major North America. I think that 1640 will prove the earliest reference to dramatic writing in the America that now speaks English; but I hope to find allusions to play-acting that will carry that date back to nearer the beginning of the century.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

University of Wisconsin, January 10.

INIQUITIES OF THE DUTY ON BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the recent articles in the *Nation* in regard to the iniquitous tariff on books it has been frequently stated that books in foreign languages are admitted free of duty. Of late, however, it has been rumored that the duty is again to be placed upon such books. A recent decision of the New York customs appraisers will show that a duty may be exacted from nearly all books in foreign languages under the present law. Some time ago I imported a copy of an annual publication, the Jahresbericht über die Leistungen und Fortschritte auf dem Gebiete der Neurologie und Psychiatrie. Like all such works it contains a full bibliography of the subject for the current year, in which the titles of books, medical journals, and articles are given in the original language. Of course, some of these titles referred to English and American works, so that the appraisers decided that the book was printed partly in English and therefore dutiable under the law! Soon some appraiser will decide that "a" and "die" are English words, wherever or however they may be used, which will enable the customs officials to collect a duty on every French, German, or Italian book.

PHILIP COOMBS KNAPP, M.D.

Boston, January 18.

ART COLLECTIONS FOR SMALL CITIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I complain of the poverty of our small cities like Newburgh, for instance, with respect to collections of works of art? Neither painting, engraving, ceramics, nor architecture can be enjoyed or studied in any collection open to the public. If some of the money that streams towards libraries could be directed into this channel it would promote culture and confer the best sort of pleasure.

ISABELLE G. OAKLEY.

Newburgh, N. Y., January 19.

RETIRED OFFICERS FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I trust you will have a good word to say relative to utilizing the services of officers on the retired list, which is now being agitated in Congress. No one knows except those who have had the experience what it means to an active and capable man that on his sixty-fourth birthday he finds himself with nothing to do. Too old to take up new pursuits, he has outlived and broken all ties and associations formed before he entered the service, and the cemetery is about the only place open to him. Many of the officers of that class are very capable, have had long experience in responsible positions, and are of undoubted integrity. To those of us who have been busy all our lives, it is a great hardship to have nothing to do, and the army is losing the service of a large body of very capable men.

P. H. RAY,
Brigadier-General U. S. Army.

Youngstown, N. Y., January 18.

AN EXPLANATION FROM MR. FLEXNER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I regret that absence from the city and other causes have postponed so long my noticing the objection which Dean Briggs has made in your columns to my interpretation of what he said in reference to the new method of examining students for admission to college. It is clear to me now that I have attributed to Dean Briggs a view that he was merely characterizing in phrases used by its partisans without his meaning in the passage cited either to approve or to condemn. I am very sorry, indeed, to have misunderstood his position. My criticism should have been directed altogether against the theory in question without saddling any responsibility for it on Dean Briggs.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER.

New York, January 30.

THE SENATE AND THE PRESIDENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In estimating the forces that make up Mr. Roosevelt's unpopularity with the Senate, should not more emphasis be laid on the feeling of envy in that august body than was done in your editorial paragraphs of January 14 on that subject? Mr. Roosevelt has achieved at one bound, rather than by the usual long and laborious path, the popularity which all politicians aim at. He was originally a political accident, was never liked by politicians anyhow, did not pursue their methods, was a man of profound convictions—blurted out those convictions—and, worse than all, won the popular heart by demonstrating that he had a backbone—somewhat as Cleveland did—to the horror of professional politicians. I am not discussing the correctness of his political views, but I wish to call attention to his earnestness and manliness, his frankness and fearlessness. To the average wire-pulling, log-rolling, trimming, and compromising politician, such a character is

inexpressibly hateful; there are few primaries in this land in which politicians would not instinctively join forces at sight to squelch such a dangerous and iconoclastic personage, and, per contra, there are few districts in which such a man would not be instantly taken up by the people and given the highest office at hand, provided he were brought to their notice. The gist of the situation is that Mr. Roosevelt is now shorn of all power, is practically a common citizen, but still the idol of the popular heart. Behind all the Senate's hostility lies the motive force of envy: really the greatest compliment under the circumstances possible. E. L. C. M.

Chicago, January 19.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co.'s spring list includes the following titles: "Bill Truetell," by George H. Brennan; "The Delafield Affair," by Florence Finch Kelly; "Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons," a new collection of old tales of California, by Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes; a history and forecast of the Panama Canal, entitled "The World United," by John George Leigh; "Letters from China," by Sarah Pike Conger, wife of the late minister to China; "The Empire of the East," an illustrated description of Japan, by H. B. Montgomery; "A Summer in Touraine," an illustrated study of the châteaux of the Loire, by Frederick Lees; "A Summer Garden of Pleasure," by Mrs. Stephen Batson; "The Point of View," and "A Talk on Relaxation," by Alice K. Fallows; "Making the Most of Ourselves," by Calvin Dill Wilson, "True Manhood," by Cardinal Gibbons; two companion volumes, "The Art of Speech and Deportment" and "Selected Readings," by Anna Morgan; "The Railway Mail Service," by Clark E. Carr; "Jane Hamilton's Recipes," a book of old-time Virginian cookery, by Charlotte M. Poindexter; "What Is a Picture?" and "My Chums in Caricature," by Herschel Williams.

"Lincoln's Birthday" is celebrated by Moffat, Yard & Co., with an anthology of that name compiled by R. H. Schauffler. Harpers also will bring out a new and revised edition of the "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," containing recollections by such men as U. S. Grant, Henry Ward Beecher, Walt Whitman, Charles A. Dana, and Robert G. Ingersoll. The book was first prepared by A. T. Rice, when he was editor of the *North American Review*.

A new book of "Yale Verse," covering the period from 1898 to 1908, is to be issued by the Yale Publishing Association. It will contain selections from the undergraduate magazines, together with a number of university prize poems. It will be uniform in style with the volume of 1898.

We have received the fourth biennial edition (1909) of "Who's Who in New York City and State," edited by John W. Leonard and published by L. R. Hamersly & Co. It is made on the plan of the national "Who's Who," but owing to its restricted locality is able to include many names not in the more general work and to devote more space to minor details of biography.

Of the new English "Who's Who," for 1909 (The Macmillan Co.), there is nothing to say, save that the number of biographies has been again increased, and that for excellence of form and for general usefulness it still leads the other directories of which it is the model. The time must soon come, we suppose, when its growing bulk will make necessary the exclusion of all but British names. This could be done with less loss now that America, Germany, and France have their own guides.

"Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage," for 1909 comes out in a new cover of blue and gilt, but is otherwise not changed in plan. By its lists of Titled Relatives it gives a complete survey of the families of the present nobility.

An eighth edition of J. G. Bartholomew's "Handy Reference Atlas of the World" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) contains several new plates and shows revision of the old maps. The lettering though necessarily small is clear. Some of the city maps, however, are scarcely detailed enough to serve any probable purpose. We observe, too, that Staten Island seems to have baffled the cartographist. In the general map of the Eastern States it is attributed to New York, while in that of the Eastern and Middle States (itself a useless duplication) it goes to New Jersey. Again in the map of New York city it is called only Richmond, though the other boroughs receive their local names.

Nearly one-third of the 686 pages of R. F. Foster's "Complete Hoyle" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) is devoted to bridge and whist, and the rest to indoor games, including billiards and pool. Hoyle is probably more widely quoted than any other authority, and none is more fallible. Mr. Foster has, however, compiled the rules of all games in a systematic manner, and since he is second to none in this country in knowledge of the best way of playing the various games, his book will be valuable for reference. Hoyle, however, in this case, is merely a pseudonym nowadays. The original Hoyle would be absolutely worthless.

The progress of industrial education in this country is described by more than a score of its leaders in the January monograph in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*. Booker T. Washington contributes a summary of results and prospects. Carroll D. Wright reports on the work of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education. All the other articles deal with special problems or schools. Miss Mary Schenck Woolman's estimates of the relative value and cost of teaching various trades in a girls' trade school bring us information much wanted at the present stage. Her figures are largely drawn from the Manhattan Trade School, of which she is director. Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Columbus, and Manila institutions give account of themselves, likewise six schools conducted by private industrial corporations, stores, and labor unions. Too short and inconclusive, but in excellent spirit is the closing paper by John Golden, president of the United Textile Workers of America, on "The Position of Labor Unions Regarding Industrial Education." Mr. Golden cites instances to show that organized labor is no longer prejudiced against such teaching.

The emancipation of Mohammedan women is shown to be one of the most remarkable and encouraging results of the recent bloodless revolution in Turkey, by Miss Mary Mills Patrick, president of the American college for girls at Constantinople, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January. What the first use which they will make of their freedom will be is indicated by the fact that "there is no subject that is being discussed with greater interest and vigor in the Turkish press to-day than that of the education of women." For some time past they have been permitted to become teachers; a normal school at the capital called the "Home of the Lady Teachers" sends out annually a class of from sixty to one hundred graduates, while weekly lectures for women are given in the new Mohammedan Medical College in Constantinople. During the past twenty-five years there have been many women writers of poetry, romances, and works on philosophy, ethics, and religion. Three new reviews for them are now being published in Constantinople, and women's papers in other parts of the empire. Another noteworthy indication of the new spirit awakened in the empire is given in the same magazine by President H. S. Bliss of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut. For three days, to celebrate the granting of the Constitution, there were assemblies of Jews, Christians, and Moslems in that wonderful sacred enclosure of the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, which has been for ages barred to all but followers of Mahomet.

Further evidence of the progress of the English language in the Philippine Islands, a matter remarked incidentally in an editorial in the *Nation*, November 19, 1908, p. 485, discussing the beginnings of a Filipino literature, is afforded by the appearance of a bilingual monthly, edited and published at Manila, under the double title *Biblioteca Nacional Filipina* (*Philippine National Library*) by Manuel Artigas, a Filipino; and by the publication of a weekly English edition of *Libertas*, a daily periodical of Manila, owned by the order of St. Dominic and published as the organ of St. Thomas University and of the Roman Catholic hierarchy at Manila. During the earlier period of American occupation, *Libertas* was bitterly, though rather covertly, anti-American, as spokesman both of Spanish feelings of resentment and of the friars' fears and prejudices. A change in its attitude followed soon after the Manila archbishopric was occupied by an American; it has for some time been "reconciled," and is now, indeed, in general, a supporter of "the establishment," civilly, as well as ecclesiastically. Its English edition will serve as an organ of American Catholics, to some degree; but there is also, as in the case of the English edition of *El Renacimiento*, the Filipino radical newspaper, a desire to reach out toward that new generation of English-speaking Filipinos, especially in the provinces, that the American schools are beginning to bring on the Philippine stage.

A new edition of "A History of the Philippines," by David P. Barrows, director of education under the Philippine government, has lately been issued, this time with the imprint of The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. At the time of its appearance in 1905, it was noticed in these columns

(*Nation* of March 1, 1906, p. 177) as the best brief survey of Philippine history available in the English language. The book then attracted a good deal of attention, not because of its merits, but because it was assailed by Archbishop Harty and others in the Philippines and by the Catholic press of this country as being unfair to the Catholic Church in what was said of the Spanish friars and Jesuits in Philippine history. The fact of the matter is, the book is very fair, and is far more considerate of the friars and Jesuits than the most notable Spanish Catholic historians have been. Interested parties desired to oust Doctor Barrows from his position, and they employed Archbishop Harty and the American Catholic press to this end. It was represented that Doctor Barrows had used his position to introduce into Philippine schools this textbook, not only for his own profit, but with a view to "de-Catholicizing" the rising generation of Filipinos. The fact was, the book was written before he became director of the Philippine educational system, and, when it finally appeared, he declined to put it on the list of school texts, deeming such action improper, though his teachers desired to use it, as filling a place long vacant. To the demand that he withdraw the book from sale, a demand addressed to the War Department and transmitted to him by cable, without comment, he had the courage to answer that he would not do so. Now, in the second edition, he says:

> I have carefully reviewed all these criticisms that came to my attention and have concluded that, almost without exception, the statements should remain as first presented. The book, therefore, appears again practically without alteration, except for the correction of typographical errors and the occasional modification of a paragraph.

Students of Spenser will welcome a convenient edition of "The Fowre Hymnes" (1596), of Love, of Beauty, of Heavenly Love, and of Heavenly Beauty, by Lilian Winstanley (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The introduction is a study of Spenser's debt in general to Plato, of the influence of Plato on these "simple songs," and of the influence of the renaissance Platonism of Marsilio Ficino and Giordano Bruno. This last influence, here treated more fully than in any previous commentary, is made especially apparent by numerous quotations and parallels. The notes, without being too minutely linguistic, clear up many of Spenser's archaisms. Chiefly, however, we are glad to have the poems themselves in this handy form, the only separate annotated edition available. Hardly in the splendors of the "Faerie Queene" itself do the enthusiasm and intensity of the poet's poet show more clearly or more significantly than in these throbbing stanzas.

"The Fool of Quality: or the History of Henry Earl of Moreland," a novel by Henry Brooke, very popular in the eigbteenth century, is issued by the John Lane Co. in two volumes of "The New Pocket Library." The work first appeared in 1766 in five volumes, and ran through several editions. In 1780 John Wesley got out an abridgment in which he commended the work "as one of the most beautiful pictures that was ever drawn in the world." In 1859 again Charles Kingsley edited a two-volume edition, in which he praised the book as containing "more of that which is pure, sacred, and eternal than . . . any book published since Spenser's 'Faerie Queen.'" And now Francis Coutts in his preface to this new issue apostrophizes Brooke as a "great-hearted, wittty, worthy creature," whose volume is "gay and yet gracious; bright, yet profound; human, yet incorrupt; ideal, yet true."

The purpose of W. S. Monroe's "In Viking Land" (L. C. Page Co.) is "to give prospective tourists some notion of the benefits to be derived from a visit to Norway and to inform those who prefer (or are forced by circumstances) to travel within the covers of a book." This purpose the volume serves very well. The historical chapters and those on commerce, transportation, education, literature, etc., give just a minimum of information, while the descriptive offer a clear idea of the nature of the country and the life of its people. Special chapters are devoted to the three principal cities, Christiania, Bergen, and Trondhjem. There is an appendix of suggestions for travellers. The illustrations are an important feature, well selected and executed. The text reads too much like a translation. On page 73 there is a curious error (misprint?), when the author says that "on the 4th of November [1905] *Karl XIII*, second son of King Oscar, was offered the Norwegian throne."

The *Atlantis*, a Greek newspaper of this city, has had the enterprise to publish in modern Greek a complete history of the United States in one volume (Ἱστορία τῶν Ἡνομένων Πολιτειῶν τῆς Ἀμερικῆς). The authors, Solon I. Vlasto and Nikolas Gertzis, make no pretensions, we suppose, to be specialists in the historical field, but, so far as we have looked into their work, they seem to have constructed a clear and interesting narrative. The book may be recommended to classical Greek scholars, who desire to familiarize themselves with the modern idiom. The transliteration of the proper names will alone afford considerable amusement. Μεϋφλάουρ, Τζὼν Χάγκοκ, Μπώφφαλο, and Ρῶσβελτ, for instance, have a certain piquancy.

"Banzai" (Baker & Taylor Co.) is a German prophecy in the form of fiction of the great war between Japan and the United States that is due this year. It was commented upon in the *Nation* (July 23, 1908, p. 73), when it appeared in the original. The translator has done his work smoothly, but without quite ridding the text of a foreign flavor. He might have taken the liberty to change such names as John Halifax and Traddles, which sound unconvincing when applied to living people.

In the Sammlung Göschen (Leipzig: Göschen) Wilhelm Kroll has just issued a compact though comparatively complete "Geschichte der klassischen Philologie." It is based upon the best of modern sources and is attractively written.

After the exceptionally long interval of ten years, the first volume of Robert Davidsohn's "Geschichte von Florenz" (Berlin: Mittler & Sohn) has been followed by the second, which, from a literary and artistic point of view, is fully equal to the first. This second volume of nearly thirteen hundred pages appears in two parts: one entitled "Staufische Kämpfe," covering the period of 1209-1267; the second, "Die Guelfenherrschaft und der Sieg des Volkes," coming down to the establishment of democracy in 1295. The two parts fill nearly thirteen hundred pages. The author announces that the next volume is in preparation.

That monumental product of organized German scholarship, Hinneberg's "Die Kultur der Gegenwart" (Berlin: B. G. Teubner), has now reached the modern literatures, and the tenth part, just published, is concerned with the Romance and Celtic languages. Of the valuable summaries of Gaelic, Cymric, and Cornish, by Zimmer, Stern, and Kuno Meyer, it is unnecessary to speak, nor of Meyer-Lübke's competent survey of Romance philology. But special attention should be called to Prof. Heinrich Morf's sketch of the Romance literatures. In three hundred pages he has summed up, with admirable tact and intelligence, the literary history of France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, from their origins to the present day, with a glance at Rumania and South America. His work, written with equal lucidity and insight, represents German scholarship at its best; and if separated from its less interesting context, would be admirably adapted for translation into English as a sketch of the great literatures of Western Europe.

The edition of German classics published by the Deutsche Verlagshaus Bong & Co. of Berlin and Leipzig, under the general title Hempelsche Klassiker-Ausgabe, is now being reissued in a revision entitled Goldene Klassiker-Bibliothek. The characteristic features of this edition are a critically correct text, excellent introductions and biographies, copious and well selected notes, with good portraits and facsimiles. The books are very well made, but are sold at the low cost of 1.50 marks a volume.

Heinrich Heine's "Memoiren" have just been published in a beautiful edition by Carl Curtius, Berlin. Wherever the fragmentary character of the materials leaves lacunæ the skilled editor and Heine specialist, Dr. Gustav Karpeles, has as far as possible supplied the data from the other writings of the poet.

Carl Reissner of Dresden has begun the publication of a new series of fiction under the general title Deutsche Novellen. Four volumes have appeared, containing the works of Frida von Bülow, Ottomar Enking, Wilhelm Jensen, and Marianne Mewis.

"Der Rosengarten deutscher Liebeslieder" is a comprehensive and well selected anthology, containing 628 pages of characteristic German love songs of all times, beginning with the Minnegesang and coming down to our day. Julius Zeitler edits and publishes the work in Leipzig. The old Minnesongs have been retained in their original Middle High-German garb.

In the Kieler Studien zur englischen Philologie, edited by Dr. F. Holthausen, the latest addition is a "literary investigation" under the title "Samuel Richardsons Belesenheit." The author is Dr. Erich Poetzsche.

In view of the fact that on July 10 the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Calvin will be celebrated, special interest attaches to the selection of his letters, "Johannes Calvins Lebenswerk in seinen Briefen: Eine Auswahl von 670 Briefen Calvins in deutscher Uebersetzung," soon to be published by J. C. B. Mohr of Tübingen. The translator is Rudolf Schwarz, and an in-

troduction is supplied by Prof. Paul Wernle. The work will appear in two volumes. The compiler has selected from the 1,400 letters of Calvin found in the Corpus Reformatorum those which present all sides of the man. The professed aim of the work is to do for Calvin what Carlyle has done for Cromwell. The text is to be accompanied by short explanatory notes.

R. Eckart's "Hundert Stimmen aus vier Jahrhunderten über den Jesuitenorden" (Leipzig: J. G. H. Wigand) is an excellent collection of material from both sides of a great controversial question. Vol. I. 200 pages, is entitled "Der Jesuitenorden im evangelischen Urteil"; and Vol. II, 175 pages, "Der Jesuitenorden im katholischen Urteil." The author has evidently aimed to select from both churches only witnesses who are scholarly and fair-minded.

The angling library of the late John Gerard Heckscher of this city, to be sold by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company February 2, 3, 4, and 5, is said to be the largest but one in the United States, and quite the largest ever offered at public sale. It numbers 2,320 lots. Among the principal features of the collection are copies of all the editions of "The Compleat Angler," before 1824, including the rare first edition of 1653. Another uncommon book is Dame Julyans Barnes's "The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," separated from Wynkyn de Wordes's 1496 edition of "Hawkyng, Huntyng and Fysschynge wyth an Angle." With this, the earliest English book on angling, stands the first American book, C. S. Rafinesque's "Ichthyologia Ohioensis," Lexington, Ky., 1820. Other important titles are: Mrs. T. Edward Bowdich's "The Fresh-Water Fishes of Great Britain," 1828-38; Phineas Fletcher's "Sicelides," 1631; P. Bleeker's "Atlas Ichthyologique des Indes Orientales Neerlandaises," with 420 colored plates; Marcus Elieser Bloch's "Allgemeine Naturgeschichte der Fische," with 432 hand-colored plates; and Richard Blomes's "The Gentleman's Recreation," with about 100 colored plates.

Charles Rockwell Lanman, professor of Sanskrit at Harvard University, and general editor of the Harvard Oriental Series, has been elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France (Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres). He is the ninth American now holding that title.

The death is reported of "Hesba Stretton," a novelist who received her training under Dickens. Her real name was Sarah or Hannah Smith, although she was known in private life by her pseudonym. Among her many religious and philanthropic stories are: "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Hester Morley's Promise." "Half Brothers," "Carola," "Jessica's First Prayer," "Bede's Charity," "Soul of Honor," and "The Highway of Sorrow."

From Amalfi comes the report of the death of Ludwig Habicht, the popular novelist, at the age of seventy-six. Among his stories are "Der Stadtschreiber von Liegnitz," "Vor dem Gewitter," "Am Genfersee," and "Unter fremder Schuld."

Nikai Karasin, the Russian novelist and illustrator, has died at St. Petersburg in his sixty-eighth year.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN AMERICA.

Race Adjustment: Essays on the Negro in America. By Kelly Miller. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $2.

Following the Color Line. By Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

Studies in the American Race Problem. By Alfred Holt Stone. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.

Each of these volumes is a compilation of more or less detached articles, many of them previously published in magazines or prepared as occasional addresses, and in some instances already widely read and commented upon. None of the books, accordingly, attempts an orderly treatment of the negro problem, either as a whole or in any large aspect of it. There are wholesome differences in point of view, and some observable differences in the equipment of the authors. Taken together, however, the writers are singularly in accord in their efforts to describe conditions exactly as they are, and to indicate with precision as well as with good temper the main lines of progress and retrogression. The appearance of three such books in a single publishing season testifies again to the abiding popular interest in this our gravest, most difficult, and most complicated social problem.

Of the fundamental change which has taken place in the attitude of even thoughtful Americans toward the negro and his future, these volumes are an interesting evidence. So long as the events of the Civil War and Reconstruction were fresh in mind, the dominant political opinion of the country unhesitatingly affirmed the essential equality of the negro and white races, notwithstanding the wide difference in social development; urged the supreme efficacy of the ballot as a means of strengthening and preserving the newly conferred freedom; and dwelt upon the moral wrong of denying to the negro, especially in the South, equality of civil, political, and even social opportunity. That this ideal, however, whether as a whole or in many of its detailed features, has lamentably failed of realization, the most ardent believers in the social philosophy of Reconstruction have been forced to admit. The ballot, widely and avowedly withheld in large parts of the South by a variety of ingenious devices, has long since ceased to be for the average negro either a means of grace or the hope of glory. Instead of social equality we have social discrimination. The significant thing about all this is, not that it has happened, but that it has been so generally acquiesced in. For ten years and more there has been growing a volume of literature which either assumes, or affirms as a fact, the fundamental and eternal inferiority of the negro race, justifies the exclusion of members of that race from effective competition with whites, denies their fitness to vote or hold office, disparages their efforts to obtain an education, and apologizes for the brutal vengeance too often wreaked upon them for their real or fancied crimes. It is no longer fashionable to praise the virtues of the negro, save as a menial, nor is it entirely easy to be friendly to him, save through the medium of an impersonal organization.

Partly as a result of this ominous revulsion of feeling, but mainly as a thoughtful protest against its excesses, there has developed a new method of approaching the negro problem, of which the three books named above may be regarded as typical and worthy examples. Students have at last begun to realize the necessity of observing the negro as he is, without prejudice for or against him; of determining his racial status, his intellectual and moral qualities, his physical constitution and tendencies, his conduct in free contact with the whites, and his productive capacity as a worker. Where the older literature dealt with the negro in the mass, the newer deals with him individually or in small groups, and on both the economic and the political sides. Such inquiries concern themselves little with the "rights" or the "future" of the negro, but much with what he is actually doing. To paraphrase Booker T. Washington's happy remark, the tendency today is not to discuss whether or not the negro ought to be recognized, but rather to discover and make clear what he has done to entitle him to recognition.

Professor Miller of Howard University, for example, himself one of the most scholarly representatives of his race, discusses in his book such practical matters as the negro's part in the solution of the negro problem, the status of the city negro, the surplusage of negro women, the movement for industrial education, the contrasted opportunities for the negro in the North and in the South, the rise of negro professional men, and the careers of notable negroes. His protest against lynching, already familiar under the title of "An Appeal to Reason," enforced as it is by carefully-sifted statistics, is still one of the best and sanest discussions of that hideous, but unsolved question; while his exposure of the shallow pretence, gross prejudice, and underlying brutality of "The Leopard's Spots" and other of Dixon's frothings is as admirable for its calmness and good temper as for its thoroughness and skill. Professor Miller announces no programme and permits himself little generalization; but his patient and detailed examination of the facts of negro industrial and political life, and his quiet emphasis upon that which is hopeful

and encouraging, compels belief that the negro, despite his admitted limitations, is steadily rising in the scale of civilization and justifying such freedom as is, however grudgingly, accorded to him.

Mr. Baker's attitude, on the other hand, is that of the experienced newspaper reporter, practised in observing closely and in following clues, skilled in choosing relevant and illustrative facts, accustomed to describing things as he sees them, but without marked sense of perspective. "Following the Color Line" is an attempt to discover and expose the facts regarding race discrimination and the reason for it, and to explain the attitude of the South, both black and white, towards race riots, lynching, and other less violent, but effective attacks upon negro individuals and negro communities in various parts of the country. Mr. Baker's conclusion that the white man rises against the negro whenever the negro comes, or appears likely to come, into effective economic or political competition with him, and that discrimination and denial of social equality, being grounded in a conviction of white superiority, are inevitable preventive checks applied to keep the races apart, is not, of course, novel; but the wealth of illustration which crowds his pages gives telling force to much of what he says.

Mr. Stone, who for several years has been known to a small circle as one of the most acute and painstaking students of negro conditions in the South, has made a volume out of a number of addresses and magazine articles, to which Prof. Walter F. Willcox adds three papers on negro criminality, census statistics of the negro, and the probable increase of the negro race in the United States. Mr. Stone is at his best in dealing with statistics and concrete economic conditions, and his studies of the negro in the cotton lands of the Yazoo delta have been recognized by economists as of prime importance. The paper on "The Mulatto Factor in the Race Problem," first published in the *Atlantic* in May, 1903, and extensively commented on at that time, is a substantive contribution of permanent interest. In the field of agricultural labor, which he is apparently making his own, Mr. Stone can speak with authority; but in the broader field of social and political relations, he is less happy. His papers on "The Negro in Politics" and "Mr. Roosevelt and the Negro" are repetitious and inconclusive. As regards negro criminality, Professor Willcox finds "a large and increasing amount of negro crime . . . manifested all over the country," due to "defective family life, defective industrial equipment and ability in comparison with their competitors, increasing race solidarity among the negroes, and increasing alienation from the whites" (p. 474). To the extent to which the Southern whites minimize their own responsibility, or Northern whites ignore Southern conditions and the effect of Federal policy since the Civil War, each helps to perpetuate sectional antagonism.

All of these writers agree in approaching the study of the negro problem with open mind, in keeping close to facts and avoiding vague or sententious generalizations, and in attending to small details with patient care. Mr. Baker, more accustomed than the others to tilting a lance, frankly affirms the intellectual and moral unfrankness of the South in its attitude towards the whole question; but his volume, like the others, bears testimony to the evident, though painfully slow and irregular, progress of the better class of negroes in morals, education, economic efficiency, wealth, and political capacity. The one fact that stands out glaringly, however, in all these discussions is the well-nigh universal tendency, North as well as South, to discrimination against the negro as belonging to an inferior race. We are brought face to face with the as yet unsolved problem of democracy—the ability of a democratic society to comprehend within its spirit races essentially diverse. To this hard question neither writer ventures more than a hesitant answer, an expression of hope rather than of confident faith. They leave the educated and efficient negro where they find him—on trial before a changing and unsympathetic democracy.

CURRENT FICTION.

Heather. By John Trevena. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

This book is the second of a moorland trilogy, begun with "Furze, the Cruel" (see the *Nation* of March 26, 1908, p. 387). Heather typifies endurance, and the last book is to deal with Granite as embodying strength. In spite of a certain crude power in the first of the series, "Furze," one was left wondering whether it would be possible for human ingenuity to construct a much more disagreeable book. "Heather" answers this question; it can be done, and Mr. Trevena has done it. After the present work, our faith in his dismal possibilities is unlimited. He may have a sense of humor and produce in "Granite" a thing of sweetness and light; but in this supposition the reader's hope and faith are not coöperative. "Heather" begins at a tomb, whence the scene shifts to a sanatorium for consumptives, an institution that, as portrayed by Mr. Trevena, savors strongly of an asylum for the insane. From this auspicious beginning the tale moves on consistently through disease, filth, madness, discouragement, and degradation indescribable of body and mind. By a final *tour de force*, Winnie Shazell, the personified Heather-spirit, is returned to her native moor and, supposedly, to happiness with George Brunacombe; but after almost five hundred pages of the ingredients specified above, one is inclined to meet the suggestion of a possibility of wholesome joy with incredulous apathy. The characters are for the greater part entirely unconvincing; Cruickshank at his wildest never conceived such a phantasmagoria of grim caricature. Their one great common bond is a strenuously dwelt upon aversion to personal cleanliness. Among them all only three are represented with a thoroughly sane and healthy outlook on life—Gregory Breakback, the clean-hearted peasant visionary; Tobias, the fox-terrier; and Bubo, the one-legged owl. One is compelled to believe that Mr. Trevena is endeavoring to set forth some great truth—no aim less potent could have sustained him through this grewsome task: the question is, What is he trying to tell?

The Adventures of a Nice Young Man. By Aix. New York: Duffield & Co.

The anonymity of this book really piques curiosity; for, unlike the general run of unacknowledged novels, it possesses exceptional qualities of style and temper. Its author is an observant spectator of the present, but his imagination turns for contrast and refreshment to the eighteenth century—to the time of the Queen Anne wits and moralists, to the time of Pamela, Joseph Andrews, and Dr. Primrose. It is a part of the interesting reaction, of which William De Morgan's books are also a part, against the self-consciousness, the small realism, the unhealthy psychologizing of the "new literature." The success with which "Aix" has laid off the new literary man and put on the old is remarkable; he has not only achieved a fluent, humorous, easy-chair style of the eighteenth century—we need not say exactly whose—but he has assumed also, with equal happiness, its moralizing and humanistic spirit.

The special novelty of the book is that it holds this antique literary mirror up to contemporary life in New York. The hero and narrator is a young man of to-day whose youth was nourished on Latin and Greek and the English classics by an almost extinct type of scholarly clergyman in an out-of-the-way place. Like an adventurer from another age, he enters the metropolis to seek his fortune. His ideas of religion and morals hark back to Pope and Bolingbroke; his notions of polite society to Congreve and Dryden. He steps into literary circles where Fanny Burney is mistaken for a living author and Fielding for a contemporary of "rare Ben Jonson." His scraps of Horace and Molière cause a raising of eyebrows. In many other re-

spects, however, he finds the modern world similar to that which Tom Jones knew. It is a pity that so dashing a piece of bravura was not more vigorously sustained. In the latter part of the novel the initial mimetic impulse seems to flag, and the piquant personality of the hero subsides rather disappointingly into that of the author. Furthermore, the narrative, episodic enough throughout, is artificially broadened toward the end, checked, and overburdened by the serious satirical purpose. As a result, the work is notable neither in structure nor in characterization. Its interest lies very largely in the archaic literary flavor and the peculiar play of the comic spirit over the selfishness, the vanity, the feverish business, the smug absorption in the present, the superficial culture of present-day Americans. The satire hits many marks, but it is singularly genial and entertaining; it strikes with a kind of old-fashioned wit and antique urbanity.

The Tramping Methodist. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. London: George Bell & Sons.

The first pages of this story give signs of its being a novel of theology and dogma. The time is eight years or so after the death of Wesley. The Methodists had seceded from the Established Church, Methodism was in bad repute, and the tramping preacher ran no small chance of ill-usage. Humphrey Lyte was born into a family of debased churchmen. Doctrine might be rigid, but life was lax, and the little boy underwent a quite theatrical amount of cruelty before experiencing instant conversion from reading à Kempis. Later, his yearning for a more frequent administering of the Sacrament than the easy-going parishes of his neighborhood afford, turns him from being "loyal churchman and devout Sacramentalist" to Methodism. The final impulse is furnished him by a happy falling in with a saintly Methodist trio of friends, a father and daughter, and a famous, ragged, wandering preacher, a man of "two loves, God and Nature, and two books, the Bible and the green earth." Just as the reader has settled to the expectation of a novel of creeds, a wind blows through the pages and the hero, preacher though he is, proves to be a gypsy of gypsies. His mission is to save souls and it takes deep hold of him. But Nature comforts him in all his wrestlings of spirit, and in his profound personal sorrows. With him, the reader does a bit of road wandering that Stevenson might have prompted.

And now begins the fermenting of a real plot in a good old English way. It deals with past injuries and present vengeances; with faithful love and loyal self-sacrifice; with treachery, murder, and sudden death; with foul prison life, and freedom on Sussex downs; with fervent religious faith, even to the brink of martyrdom, and rescue by the arm of the Lord. The whole is almost a revival of the novel of an older day; rather, perhaps, a combination of several time-honored models. It has a foundation of theology, an atmosphere of "Lavengro," but a "Lavengro" less occupied with towns and more with rivers, skies, dewy mornings, and the songs of birds; it has a touch, too, of the hero-villain-and-mystery manner of "Smugglers and Foresters." After the slight preliminary depression, after dogma has yielded to piety, it is a story of real substance and interest, in a vein uncommon now, a welcome return to dignified ways of fiction.

The Letters of Jennie Allen to Her Friend Miss Musgrove. By Grace Donworth. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

These letters are a strictly domestic product of a type sufficiently established to require no protective tariff. A New England woman, who lives in her brother's large and tumultuous family and makes her living by sewing on "rappars," writes voluminously to a friend and unfolds the heart and hearth affairs of herself, her family, and her neighborhood. She is "a woman without nerves" and with a capacious heart, and is disclosed by the march of her pen as a humble instrument of Providence in making crooked things straight and rough things smooth. There is not a kind action or a blunder in spelling that Jennie Allen does not profusely practise. From spoiling her little nieces and nephews to reuniting parted lovers runs the range of her altruism. Her letters are written in the quintessence of dialect made up of New England, Pomona of Rudder Grange, and Jeames Yellowplush. At lamentable moments some deplorable punning and other lapses from taste pull the book down below even its own moderate level. But with those drawbacks there is diversion of a plain, amiable, ragcarpetty sort between its covers.

Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino: Illustrating the Arms, Arts, and Literature of Italy, 1440-1630. By James Dennistoun of Dennistoun. A new edition, with notes by Edward Hutton; illustrated. 3 vols. New York: John Lane Co.

"As for the corruptions and moths of history, which are epitomes, the use of them deserveth to be banished as all men of sound judgment have confessed." So wrote Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning"; and his great rival Coke, showed himself of the same opinion:

> This I know, that abridgments in many professions have greatly profited the authors themselves; but as they are used, have brought no small prejudice to others; . . . . for I hold him not discrete that will *sectari rivulos,* when he may *petere fontes.*

Such was the counsel of two great Elizabethans, and who shall gainsay it? Yet the author who would follow it, not only in his own researches but also in his manner of writing, can hardly hope for his reward from the general reader; and we are, therefore, not surprised that James Dennistoun's learned "Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino" has reached only its second edition, after a lapse of well nigh sixty years. That he spared neither time nor labor, that he made himself acquainted with all available original sources, that he examined innumerable manuscripts in half the libraries of Central Italy, that his work is sound and scholarly and honest—all these things have profited him little with the public, because he is too full, too exhaustive, and too prolix. For years to come, his book will probably continue to form one of the principal quarries, from which historians of the houses of Montefeltro and Della Rovere must hew much of their most valuable material, but it has found and, we fear, will always find, even in its new dress, but a limited circle of readers. Its great and abiding usefulness is as a work of reference.

And this is a fact which Mr. Hutton has consistently borne in mind. Except for the correction of such errors as were obviously due to oversight and the occasional transfer to the footnotes of digressions which unpardonably interrupted the narrative, he has wisely left the text of his author untouched. His business lay with the notes; and his notes are precisely what notes to such a work should be. It would be difficult to imagine anything better. Crammed with references to all the latest Italian authorities, they form an extraordinarily complete catalogue of the literature of the subject, and have brought Dennistoun entirely up to date. The index, too, is remarkably full and accurate, and it is no exaggeration to assert that, thanks to its editor's unselfish industry and zeal, the value of the book has been more than doubled. Mr. Hutton has done excellent work before in more than one field of literature, but he has never yet done anything for which the serious student of things Italian will feel so profoundly grateful.

A special feature of this new edition is its illustrations, some of which, such as the portraits of "Giulia Diva" and Cesare Borgia, from contemporary medals, now in the British Museum, are of a more than superficial importance. The pictures, over a hundred in number, have been selected to reflect the spirit of the book, which flings its arms wide and embraces many things besides the Counts and Dukes of Urbino. Accord-

ingly, in addition to almost all existent portraits of the Montefeltro and Della Rovere Dukes, their Duchesses and courtiers, the artists and men of letters, with whom they surrounded themselves, we have a large number of pictures illustrating the fashions of the period, the manner of dressing the hair, the wearing of jewels, and so forth. In a word, both publisher and editor have done everything in their power to make the work as useful, as attractive (and, dare we say, as popular?) as its nature will permit it to become.

Naval Administration and Warfare: Some General Principles, with Other Essays. By A. T. Mahan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

While every product of Capt. Mahan's fertile pen deserves careful reading, this latest collection of essays possesses the added merit of exceptional timeliness through the initial articles, "Principles of Naval Administration" and the "United States Navy Department." Written five years ago, they discuss calmly and with judicial detachment the questions of organization and method recently forced upon public attention by the now famous Reuterdahl strictures in *McClure's Magazine* and the equally famous Newport Conference. In this fog it is to the deliberate expressions of thoughtful students like Mahan that we should look for guidance, rather than to somewhat hysterical charges and personal recriminations which stir up bad blood without materially advancing our knowledge.

In these papers, Capt. Mahan goes briefly over the history of the Navy Department from its original constitution with a Secretary and one clerk in 1798 to its present form (established in 1842), with a Secretary and several bureaus. The number of the latter was fixed at eight in 1862. It is among these eight offices that the Secretary distributes his public business under a law which grants him absolute discretion. He could, if he so desired, direct the Bureau of Steam Engineering to build guns and that of Construction and Repair to build engines. It follows that, the Secretary being abundantly able to organize the Navy Department after his own fashion, if anything be wrong therein the fault lies primarily at his own door, and not with Congress, which has done its full duty in devolving upon him this very responsibility. The way to reforms, then, is not through fresh enactments, but, rather, through more competent secretaries.

Two articles follow on the war between Japan and Russia. They are interesting as giving, first, a careful study of the strategical lines along which the campaign was certain to develop, and, second, the proof, through the event, of the soundness of the forecast. Intellectually, Capt. Mahan is here at his best. We must regret, however, a trick of lapsing into ponderous and turgid diction, no true reflection of the clarity of his mental processes. Noting, with disapproval, the dispersion of the Russian naval forces at the outbreak of hostilities, he draws the warning, for us, to keep our battleships together. No matter where they may be, far or near, they are formidable in direct proportion to their concentration.

The space at our command forbids discussion of all the other papers in this volume, but those relating to the Pacific cruise cannot be passed over. There was no necessity for Capt. Mahan's attributing to the critics of this move "a campaign of misrepresentation" in which "an obvious and perfectly sufficient reason for this cruise" was "ignored in favor of one less probable and *so far as knowledge went, non-existent*" [the italics are ours]. These last words and the guarded manner in which he qualifies his definition, as "a measure designed *upon its face* [the italics ours] to reach a practical solution" of an important technical problem, suggest a deeper and a hidden motive. If the inner history of this modern Odyssey is ever made public, it will undoubtedly transpire that the movement was originally planned in strategic preparation for an eventuality which, at the time (the spring of 1907) seemed not impossible; that, when the news of the contemplated voyage leaked out, the immediate result was to arouse grave suspicions of its real purpose abroad and downright consternation at home; that the ensuing tangle of confession and denial left us at last in such a position as to make advance and retreat almost equally ridiculous; that, as the best way out the mess, the transfer of our fleet to the Pacific was ordered under the guise of "a practice cruise"; that what would have been a startling move, if made without warning in March, 1907, became, through the delay till December of that year (most happily for all concerned) a peaceful round of international visiting; and that, save in learning better economy in the use of fuel, and in accustoming officers and men to rely less upon dockyards and more upon their own resources, the cruise has been largely devoid of professional education. Indeed, the itinerary has rendered evolutions in general and battle tactics in particular quite inadmissible. In this connection the list of questions posed by Capt. Mahan, such as where to coal, the amount required, how to get it to the points selected, the availability of certain estuaries and stretches of the ocean for this object, could as easily have been answered from the knowledge already in the possession of the authorities in Washington. In fact, many of the questions were so answered, as the excellent arrangements made in advance for replenishing empty bunkers and storerooms abundantly proves. Of course, something has been gained by the demonstration that these arrangements were found efficient, but, on this point, no reasonable doubt could ever exist. Had the experiment been tried under the conditions which govern in time of actual warfare, its value would have been very great; but these conditions were in no case simulated. In view of the fact that the commander-in-chief, Admiral Evans, was unfortunately incapacitated by serious and at times alarming illness from going on deck, more than a very few times, after leaving the West Indies, and that his duties were necessarily performed in his name by others, who rendered faithful and loyal service, it is surprising that Capt. Mahan would have us "recognize explicitly the indebtedness of the nation" to Admiral Evans.

The Bernstorff Papers. The Life of Count Albrecht von Bernstorff. By Dr. Karl Ringhoffer; translated by Mrs. Charles Edward Barrett-Lennard and M. W. Hoper. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $6 net.

This English version of "Im Kampfe für Preussens Ehre" puts before us, in a less inflated style than that of the original, the public career of a typical German diplomat. Count Bernstorff played some part in domestic politics. Like Hohenlohe and others, he was among those who early sighed for German unity, though with not a glimmering of the fiery furnace in which Bismarck was to forge it. Bernstorff had a brief experience in the Prussian ministry, but his chief title to remembrance is as a representative of his country at Naples, Paris, Munich, Vienna, and, longest and most important of all, London. The latter city was the scene at once of his chief trials and his main triumphs. He was there through the Crimean War and also during the war with France in 1870. In that year, by getting off to German warships prompt warning of impending hostilities, he saved them from probable destruction by the French. Throughout the contest, he played a useful part. To his hands fell the abortive negotiations with the Empress Eugenie, under Bismarck's direction, when that statesman was looking about, after Sedan, for some one to treat with. Yet little new light is thrown by these volumes upon that episode. Count Bernstorff's official correspondence, as here given, was icily regular, diplomatically null. The really interesting things are the private letters of Countess Bernstorff. Her accounts of family affairs, with her comments upon ministers of state, ambassadors, and royalties, public ceremonies, balls, en-

tertainments at Windsor, etc., can be read with mild pleasure.

Count Bernstorff's son, whose birth in London is here recorded, has just assumed his duties as German Ambassador to the United States.

Science.

Ruwenzori: An Account of the Expedition of H. R. H. Prince Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. By Filippo De Filippi. F. R. G. S.; with a preface by H. R. H., the Duke of the Abruzzi. Pp. xvi+408. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.

The expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi to Ruwenzori, anciently known as the Mountains of the Moon, was in some important respects without a parallel in the annals of African exploration. Though the range was accurately described by Ptolemy as mountains "whose snows feed the lakes, sources of the Nile," its existence has been doubted in modern times, since European travellers have been close to it without seeing it—owing to the extraordinary opacity of the atmosphere which often makes it invisible even in fair weather. On May 24, 1888, the range was discovered by Stanley, who gave it its present name—the one among many native names by which it was most widely known. Since that time there have been partial explorations of the region, but it was left for the Duke of the Abruzzi, who had already attained a leading place among explorers, by his ascent of Mt. St. Elias and his Polar expedition, to solve the mystery still hanging over the snow-clad peaks. With ten European companions, he left Naples April 16, 1906, and so wonderfully have the transportation facilities increased in east Africa by railway, steamer, and well-built roads that the place chosen for his headquarters camp, nearly a thousand miles from the coast and at an altitude of 12,461 feet, was reached in fifty-four days. Ten years ago, this journey would have taken more than a year. It was a singularly uninviting spot, so drenched with the nearly continuous rain that it was difficult to light a fire or to get fuel. In the ensuing five weeks ascents were made of sixteen of the ice peaks of the six mountains constituting the range. This gave the knowledge requisite to describe the general formation of the line of watershed, the configuration of the mountains, the relative height of the different peaks, their connection with the several valleys, and the extent and position of the glaciers. Astronomical, geological, and meteorological observations were taken and collections were made of the minerals, fauna, and flora of the region. In the 337 different species of plants collected, sixteen were found to be new genera and seventy-one new species; while the 106 new genera, species, and sub-species in the zoölogical collection make a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the African fauna. Many of the known species also in the collection had never been recorded in this part of Africa. The chief geographical result of the expedition was the demonstration of the fact that the range is composed of six masses, each mountain having several peaks set on a curve, the long axis of which runs north and south. The central group was named appropriately Stanley, the other five, Speke, Baker, Emin, Gessi, and Prince Luigi. To the untiring energy of the leader, seconded by the zeal and ability of his companions, the great success of the expedition may justly be attributed.

The account is not by the Duke or either of his associates, but by Cav. Filippo De Filippi, his companion on and narrator of a previous exploration. He has made such a judicious use of the notes and journals furnished him that it is difficult to conceive that he was not an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes so graphically. The first part of the volume narrating the incidents of the journey from the coast, and especially the account of Entebbe, the principal town of Uganda, has the greatest general interest. The details of the exploration work and of the numerous ascents, very similar in character as to perils braved and difficulties overcome, to which the main part is devoted, cannot be made entertaining. We except, however, the account of the ascent of the highest peak. When the Duke and his three Swiss guides reached the top:

> They emerged from the mist into splendid clear sunlight. At their feet lay a sea of fog. An impenetrable layer of light ashy-white cloud drifts, stretching as far as the eye could reach, was drifting rapidly northwestward. From the immense moving surface emerged two fixed points, two pure white peaks sparkling in the sun with their myriad snow crystals. These were the two extreme summits of the highest peaks. The Duke of the Abruzzi named these summits Margherita and Alexandra, "in order that, under the auspices of these two royal ladies, the memory of the two nations may be handed down to posterity —of Italy, whose name was the first to resound on these snows in a shout of victory, and of England, which in its marvellous colonial expansion carries civilization to the slopes of these remote mountains." It was a thrilling moment when the little tricolor flag, given by H. M. Queen Margherita of Savoy, unfurled to the wind and sun the embroidered letters of its inspiring motto, "Ardisci e Spera" (Dare and Hope).

The work of the translator from the Italian, Caroline De Filippi (born Fitzgerald), is admirable. The reproductions of the splendid photographs, nearly 200 in number, by a member of the expedition, Cav. Uff. Vittorio Sella, make the volume one of the most sumptuous books of travel within our knowledge. The wonderful beauty of the representations of the forests and the superb panoramic views of the range it is impossible to describe. In addition to the mountain scenes there are many pictures of the natives. In three appendixes are given the main scientific results of the expedition. There are five maps and an excellent index. We are glad to call attention to the fact that "the royalties on the sale of this book will be given to a Fund for the Relief of Italian Emigrants."

In his "Pulmonary Tuberculosis and Its Complications" (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co.), a handsome volume of nearly eight hundred pages, Prof. S. G. Bonney of Denver has the medical man, practitioner or student, in mind, and gives much space to purely clinical and practical matters. In the sixth part, particularly in its first fifty pages, however, there is a good deal of general interest for the intelligent layman as to safeguarding the community and the individual. A little further on there is an instructive discussion of the limitations of sanatoria. As to therapeutic measures, the attitude of the author is commendable, and he very properly protests against extending to pulmonary patients the principles of "physiological economy" in feeding, as some with more zeal than wisdom have recently proposed to do. Concerning current discussions of the importance of bovine tuberculosis, Bonney holds that the practical danger to man fully justifies vigorous measures for its extinction. Here, as elsewhere, the complete absence of reference to the literature makes it difficult for the student to appreciate the sources of the conclusion. The theory of Von Behrendt is mentioned, but we fail to find the fuller discussion of it which p. 35 seems to promise. The last chapter of all contains at some length the author's personal experience with bacterial vaccines, concerning which his conclusions are decidedly cautious, although not altogether negative. Among the numerous illustrations are more than sixty very instructive X-ray pictures (why not Roentgenotypes?) which would be yet more helpful if a clear picture of quite normal conditions were given for comparison.

The "Encyclopädie der mathematischen Wissenschaften mit Einschluss ihrer Anwendung" (Leipzig: Teubner), which was begun about ten years ago as the joint product of the Academies of Sciences in Göttingen, Leipzig, Munich, and Vienna, and which is edited by Felix Klein and Conrad Müller, has now reached its fourth volume, entitled "Mechanik." The first part, a book of more than seven hundred pages, has been issued. The first three volumes treated of pure mathematics.

The death is reported from England of George Gore, a writer on scientific subjects and especially electro-metallurgy. He was born in Bristol in 1826, but most of his life was spent at Birmingham, where, for a time he was lecturer in chemical and physical science at King Edward's School,

His investigations of hydrofluoric acid and the fluorides, definitely proving the analogy of these compounds with those of chlorine, are well known to chemists; and in 1865 he was elected to the Fellowship of the Royal Society, in recognition of the value of his work. In 1877 the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Edinburgh as an acknowledgment of his services to science. Some years later he declined the offer of a knighthood, but in 1891 he accepted a civil list pension. In addition to his contributions to the publications of scientific societies, his writings include: "The Art of Scientific Discovery" (1878) "The Art of Electro-Metallurgy," "The Electrolytic Separation and Refining of Metals" (1890), "The Scientific Basis of Morality," and "The New Scientific System of Morality."

The death is announced of Josef Maria Pernter, professor of meteorology and geology in the University of Vienna. He was born in 1848 at Neumarkt, Tyrol, in 1864 became a novitiate in the Society of Jesus, taught in various institutions, and in 1882 accepted a place in the Central Meteorological Institute of Vienna. Later he was made a professor in the university. He wrote largely on his subject, his chief work being "Meteorologische Optik," 1901-6.

Drama.

If "The Dawn of a To-morrow," the new play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, which was produced in the Lyceum Theatre on Monday evening, is not a very powerful or logical demonstration of the direct intervention of a divine providence in human affairs, it is, at any rate, more wholesome in sentiment than most recent pieces professing to deal realistically with the extremes of life, and tells an interesting though entirely conventional, unreal, and theatrical story. It is imitative in motive, incident, and character, and somewhat vague in purpose, but is adroitly put together, contains some effective scenes, and is likely to prove popular. Apparently it is intended to suggest the intimate relationship between what it calls the "new thought" and the orthodox faith in the potency of prayer, but it is too full of trite sensation and sentiment to merit much serious attention on either the scientific or religious side. The main theme of it is the mental, spiritual and physical regeneration of a once powerful and brilliant baronet, now seemingly in an advanced stage of paresis, through the agency of a feminine waif, who, by diverting his thoughts into new channels, giving him a new object in life, and inspiring him with her own simple trust in some mysterious, unseen guardianship, effects a cure which science had declared to be impossible. Unfortunately, the source of the providential interventions, which enable the ragged heroine to emerge triumphantly from various melodramatic trials and perils, may be traced so easily to the wire-pulling dramatist that happy coincidence no longer seems miraculous. Nevertheless, the story is an effective one for the stage.

The "Kassa" of John Luther Long, which Mrs. Leslie Carter has produced, at great cost, in the Liberty Theatre of this city, is offered as a poetic and allegorical romance, founded on the story of a Broken Butterfly in the ancient Hunnish "Book of the Dragon of Care," but is, in fact, one of the most violent, empty, and silly melodramas seen here in a decade. It is crammed with all sorts of absurd extravagances, sentimental claptrap, and ridiculous anachronisms. Kassa, a lovely princess and destined vestal, flees the cloister with a royal lover, who betrays her with a mock marriage, and then deserts her. She is then pursued by an amatory imperial chancellor, who threatens to have her false lover executed for sacrilege, if she will not secure his pardon by self-surrender. In the end she returns to the convent, thinking that she has passed through an evil dream. Doubtless the piece is intended to have a poetic and parabolic significance, but its construction is so crude, its personages and incidents so unreal, and its dialogue so commonplace that its meaning is unimportant. Regarded simply as a vehicle for the display of lurid and volcanic emotion, it may fulfil temporarily the purpose of Mrs. Carter, who provoked loud applause by her customary demonstrations of a passion which too often degenerated into frenzied rant. She no longer possesses the physical qualifications for a character of this sort, and her acting, though marked by a certain technical proficiency, has no intellectual or spiritual message. The piece is mounted splendidly.

Readers of the magazine *Der Türmer,* who have occasionally met in its pages aphorisms on life and art by Ludwig Fahrenkrog, the artist who has provoked much discussion by his heads of Christ, will not be surprised to see the announcement of a drama from his pen, "Baldur" (Stuttgart: Greiner & Pfeiffer; imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.).

Music.

The Story of Musical Form. By Clarence Lucas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Musical Forms. By Ernest Pauer. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. 75 cents.

To enjoy music, it is no more necessary to understand its structure than it is to know botany in order to appreciate flowers. Yet the study of botany and of the anatomy of music is likely to call attention to many beautiful details that might otherwise escape attention. Most books on musical forms are, unfortunately, so technical, so dry, so crammed with details, that the general reader shuns them. For this reason one must welcome Mr. Lucas's volume, which is not a text book, but an attempt to tell cultivated readers who are interested in good music some interesting and suggestive things about the art of composition. Students also will find it useful, because it is always an advantage to get a bird's-eye view of a subject before undertaking a systematic examination of details. Having held a position in this country as a professor of musical composition and history and had a varied experience in England as composer, conductor, and author, Mr. Lucas has secured that thorough mastery of his subject which enables him to write about it in a light, gossipy fashion. He further holds the reader's attention by an abundance of modern instances and references to the works of composers now popular.

There is no attempt to exalt form above substance, such as one usually finds in books on this subject:

> Form is the servant; ideas are the master. The function of form the servant is to help ideas the master to a better expression.

Mr. Lucas endorses and applies Herbert Spencer's doctrine that the chief function of the brain is feeling, not intellect: "the greater the brain, the more feeling." Holding this opinion, he naturally assigns a high place to composers whose works are preëminently emotional, among them Wagner, Liszt, Tchaikovsky, Grieg, regardless of their attitude toward traditional form. Pedants will stone him for what he says regarding Mozart and Saint-Saëns, yet every word is true:

> When the sonata form was new, Mozart put many compositions on paper that are of the slightest possible value except as excellent examples of balanced sonata form. . . . Probably not one young composer in a hundred would prefer Mozart's D-minor piano concerto to Saint-Saëns's G-minor concerto for the same instrument. Why must Mozart's be held up as the standard, and Saint-Saëns's as the irregularity? If we accept the latter work as the standard, then Mozart's is irregular. The fact is that neither is standard and neither is irregular. Any form that serves the composer adequately to express his thoughts is a good form.

A number of illustrations and facsimiles are scattered through the volume in a somewhat haphazard fashion.

Many details missing in Mr. Lucas's sketch may be found in Ernest Pauer's treatise, which is a text book for students. The first edition was printed thirty years ago, and in this new edition no attempt has been made to bring the remarks on programme music and Italian and on German opera up to date. These, however, take up only a few of the pages; the rest of the book, being concerned with forms established for generations, called for no revision. The variety of these forms is bewildering; of the sacred and secular forms of vocal music alone, Professor Pauer discusses fifty-five. He also devotes chapters to the national dances, mediæval and modern, illustrating his remarks with copious citations in musical type. When the student has mastered the contents of this volume, he will be ready for Riemann's "Kompositionslehre."

The concerts of the Philharmonic Society to be held Friday and Saturday evenings at Carnegie Hall will commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, who was from 1846 an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society.

The third symphony concert for young people will be given in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, January 30, under the direction of Frank Damrosch. The programme will show the influence of legends on symphonic music, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch will be the soloist, playing pieces by Mendelssohn and Chopin.

Art.

Herculaneum, Past, Present, and Future. By Charles Waldstein and Leonard Shoobridge. 48 plates. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

We have heard so much of Herculaneum in recent years, so many conflicting opinions regarding the importance of excavating the site have been voiced, that a book was distinctly needed giving an exact survey of present knowledge—such as a collection of data regarding the history of Herculaneum and the circumstances of its destruction, a full account of the excavations on the site during the past centuries, and a description of the objects found. A book presenting such material in concise and accurate form would have been more than welcome. "Herculaneum, Past, Present, and Future" is a work of a somewhat different nature. It contains, indeed, a number of chapters on the topography, the inhabitants, and the history of Herculaneum since the eruption, as well as some useful appendixes, passages from ancient authors referring to Herculaneum, a bibliography, a plan of the villa, etc. But the main object of the book is the publication of Professor Waldstein's scheme for an international excavation of Herculaneum. It might have been thought that the rejection of his plan by the Italian government in the spring of 1907 would have definitely ended his campaign. That supposition, it seems, was vain. This book reiterates the history of the various controversies on the subject and gives us an account of Professor Waldstein's travels through Europe and America, as well as of his correspondence with ministers, ambassadors, chancellors, and others. That this material is unique no one will dispute, but its scientific value to the world is not quite evident.

Another feature of the book is the presentation of Dr. Waldstein's advice as to the best ways and means for carrying on the excavation. A vivid picture is drawn of what an ideal excavation of Herculaneum should be. In Dr. Waldstein's opinion:

While all the experimental and mechanical sciences have within the last few generations been improved and have kept pace with all the discoveries of modern times, archæological excavation has remained in the cross-bow stage as compared with the modern repeating rifle.

Moreover, he thinks that "it is not only important to excavate, but also to preserve the monuments and objects which have been excavated," apparently implying that this sentiment is peculiarly his own and not generally shared by other excavators. Had these statements been written twenty years ago, they would hardly have been true; but it would seem that no one familiar with excavations carried on at the present time in Greece, Crete, and Egypt could fail to be impressed with the intelligent and up-to-date methods adopted for the actual digging, the careful manner of keeping accurate records (sometimes with an elaborate system of photographing each layer as it is found), and the manifold contrivances to preserve the various finds. Every one will admit with the author that the circumstances and methods of the Argive Heraion excavations were unfortunate; but, happily for the science of archæology, this case is not typical. If it were, our methods of excavation would indeed "require complete revision and reform."

There are different opinions regarding the expectations we should entertain from a complete excavation of Herculaneum. But even those who think that our future finds there will be at least on the level of the rich harvest derived from the Herculaneum villa will hardly go so far as to propose that the energies of the whole world should be concentrated on this one site to the neglect of others. And yet Professor Waldstein, in the scheme which he has so picturesquely mapped out, proposes to have at Herculaneum a staff of one hundred archæologists and other experts, together with a number of associates, and apparently an army of workmen. The facilities which he would afford to these excavators are royal, but we cannot help thinking that if the world can suddenly be made to show such an intense interest in archæology, we should like to use these generous gifts to the best advantage, and instead of presenting a spectacular show at one place, help on the work at other equally important sites. For, though the finds at Herculaneum have been both numerous and exceptionally well preserved, we must not forget that, even if often derived from Greek originals, they are almost entirely of Roman workmanship, and that there are many sites in Greece, in the islands, and in Asia Minor, where we may look for genuine Greek works of the first importance, or perhaps the solutions of some of the problems of prehistoric and early Greek archæology.

Besides the chapters mentioned above, which deal with the historical side of the subject, and which we understand are mainly due to the industry of Mr. Shoobridge, the book has another merit—a remarkably rich series of illustrations. It is therefore a pity that there is not included a general chapter on the art of Herculaneum, with a short discussion of the more important pieces found there.

The literary style is uneven, as is natural in a case of joint authorship. The English is poor in places and the sentences are often involved; for example:

Even without the destructive hand of man, envious Time of itself sees that its own soul of change should feed on the death of the spirit of each age of man, and on his works, perennial as bronze, on which he has imprinted his living spirit.

The series known as Hausschatz deutscher Kunst der Vergangenheit, published for the Allgemeine Lehrerverein of Düsseldorf by Fischer & Franke of Berlin, has lately added two numbers to its reproductions. One is entitled "Aus den Kupferstichen Daniel Chodowieckis," by S. Rüttgers, with forty-two plates; and the other, "Die Kleinmeister; Auswahl aus dem Werk der Kupferstecher nach Dürer," by the same editor, with thirty-four plates. The illustrations, especially those of Chodowiecki, are well selected, and all are well reproduced. This series is, considering the low price (1.20 marks), one of the best of the many now being published in Germany.

Among the new books recently published in Christiania none is of more general interest to the world of art and letters outside of Scandinavia than "I Kamp og i Fest" ("Fighting and Feasting"), "stories about himself and others," selected from Fritz Thaulow's papers, and edited by his widow (Copenhagen, Christiania, and Chicago: Gyldendal Publishing Co.). To those who are interested in Fritz Thaulow's personality almost all of these stories will be significant. American readers will find a special interest in the papers dealing with his trip to America, some years ago, to act as judge at the art exhibition in Pittsburgh. It is to be regretted that the editing and the proofreading has been so carelessly (or ignorantly) done. The closing paper, entitled "Literature-Painting, Literature-Music, and Literature-Dancing," written on the occasion of the Rembrandt celebration in the Amsterdam Rijks Museum, must be regarded as Thaulow's artistic will

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and testament. Though unfinished, it will appeal to all admirers of Thaulow's art. A carefully edited and annotated translation of a selection from this volume might find a considerable public in America.

The superintendent of museums and monuments, Prof. Antonino Salinas of Palermo, reports that the most important picture of the collection, the altar-piece, by Antonello da Messina, has been found in the ruins of the Museum of Messina. The central painting, the Madonna Enthroned, signed and dated 1473, was found almost uninjured, but falling stones had broken the wings and the upper panels, although their principal parts were preserved. This fine work had previously been much injured. Three valuable Flemish paintings also were recovered, and strangely enough, over seventy specimens of vases from the mediæval potteries of Urbino and Faenza, and seven cases of artistic silver. It is also officially stated that all the Byzantine and Greek manuscripts and the Aldine editions in the university library have been found unhurt. Although the cathedral is a mass of ruins, some of the sculptures of the ancient façade and the mosaics from the apse have been saved.

A French archæological mission has made some interesting discoveries in Tangiers, Morocco. During some building operations in the new quarter of that city a Roman necropolis has come to light. In one tomb were found well-preserved frescoes; the subjects are varied—a bird of bright plumage encircled by wreaths, a Roman standing between two horses, a leopard, a peacock, etc. Though several of the tombs show that they have already been at least partly plundered, it is hoped that further discoveries will throw light on Roman civilization in Morocco.

Among the exhibitions in the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by Paul Cornoyer at Powell's, till January 30; portraits by Emil Fuchs and water colors by H. Anthony Dyer, Knoedler's, January 30; paintings, Henry W. Ranger, Macbeth's, February 4; American Society of Miniature Painters, Knoedler's, February 6; paintings by Edward Lind Morse and drawings by William Fuller Curtis, Bonaventure's, February 7; etchings and engravings by Schoengauer, Dürer, and others, Wunderlich & Co.'s, February 15.

The Emperor William has conferred the decoration of the order "Pour le Mérite" on J. S. Sargent, in recognition of his preeminence as a portrait painter.

We have to report the death of several French artists: Auguste Mury of Donzy, who was in his fifty-fifth year, had studied under Rossin and exhibited first in the Salon of 1876; a flower-painter of Lyons, André Perrachon, at the age of eighty; Amédée Besnus, a landscape painter, aged seventy-seven, who lived in Paris; Antony Regnier, aged seventy-two; and Honoré Boze, aged seventy-eight, both of Marseilles.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Horace N. Things Korean: A Collection of Sketches and Anecdotes Missionary and Diplomatic. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.

Atkins, Arthur. Extracts from the Letters with Notes on Painting and Landscape. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

Brooke, Henry. The Fool of Quality, or the History of Henry, Earl of Moreland. 2 vols. John Lane. $1 net.

Bury, J. B. The Ancient Greek Historians. Macmillan. $2.25.

Chittenden, L. E. Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel. Harper. 50 cents net.

Denison, T. S. The Primitive Ayrans of America: Origin of the Aztecs and Kindred Tribes. Chicago: T. S. Denison.

District in the XVIIIth Century, The. History, Site-Strategy, Real Estate Market, Landscape, etc. As Described by the Earliest Travellers. Judd & Detweiler, Inc.

Driesch, Hans. The Science and Philosophy of the Organism. Vol. II. Macmillan. $3 net.

Fow, John H. The True Story of the American Flag. Philadelphia: W. J. Campbell. 75 cents.

Gaskell, Elizabeth C. North and South. Henry Frowde.

Greenwood, Grace. Merrie England: Travels, Descriptions, Tales and Historical Sketches. Ginn. 40 cents.

Hall, H. Fielding. One Immortality. Macmillan. $1.50.

Lamb, Charles and Mary. Works in Prose and Verse. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.

MacNutt, Francis Augustus. Bartholomew De Las Casas: His Life, Apostolate, and His Writings. Putnams. $3.50 net.

Merwin, Samuel. Drugging a Nation: The Story of China and the Opium Curse. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.

Orcutt, William Dana. The Spell. Harper. $1.50.

Phillips, David Graham. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Appleton. $1.50.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. By Distinguished Men of His Time. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice. Harper. $2 net.

Richardson, Henry Handel. Maurice Guest. Duffield. $1.50.

Schechter, S. Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology. Macmillan. $2.25.

Seager, Henry Rogers. Economics: Briefer Course. Henry Holt.

Sinclair, Upton, and Williams, Michael. Good Health and How We Won It. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.20 net.

Stelzle, Charles. Principles of Successful Church Advertising. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

Symonds, Margaret. Days Spent on a Doge's Farm. Century. $2.50 net.

Thomson, James. Complete Poetical Works. Edited by J. Logie Robertson. Henry Frowde.

Wheeler, Joseph T. The Zonal-Belt Hypothesis: A New Explanation of the Cause of the Ice Ages. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1909.

The Week.

There is no reason for surprise at the Supreme Court's decision in the Continental Wall Paper Company case, that debts cannot be collected through the courts by a Trust. The language of the so-called Anti-Trust Act of 1890 is distinct and its penalties severe; one of its sections goes further even than the court went on Monday, and provides that "any property owned under any contract, or by any combination, or pursuant to any conspiracy," as defined in the prohibitory clause of the law, may, in the course of interstate transportation, be seized and condemned. What the court declared on Monday was, in the words of Justice Harlan's opinion, that the court "will not lend its aid in any way to enforce or to realize the fruits of an agreement which appears to be tainted with illegality," even when such refusal shields "a defendant who has got something for which, as between man and man, he ought perhaps to pay." This statement enunciates no novel principle. The real question at issue was whether the Wall Paper Company was or was not acting in restraint of trade under the law of 1890, and therefore an illegal enterprise. The court declares this to have been the fact; for the company had obtained a virtual monopoly in its branch of trade, had fixed prices 50 per cent. above what would have prevailed in a competitive market, and had refused to sell to the defendant, a jobbing merchant in the trade, except under a signed agreement to maintain the artificial prices. The decision, it is true, is rendered by a divided court on a vote of 5 to 4, but it will be taken as cumulative evidence, in line with the decision in the Tobacco Trust case, and last week's refusal of the Senate committee to emasculate the Anti-Trust Act itself, that there is to be no diminution of the terrors of the law for capitalistic tyranny.

If anti-Japanese agitators in California insist upon the passage of their bills, they may involve the nation in grave difficulties. Do the Californians wish to endanger our trade with the Orient? If they were really in danger of being submerged by an inrush of Japanese, there might be some excuse for their conduct, but that is not the case. The population of California, according to the last census, was 1,485,053, and is now much larger. The total number of Japanese under the Japanese consulate-general at San Francisco in the four States of California, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada and the two Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, is but 44,883, according to official figures. All told, the Japanese government does not know of more than 71,712 Japanese in the whole United States, of whom 3,403 are in Oregon and 17,623 in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, and Alaska. Surely, it is ridiculous to speak of peril from such a mere handful of Japanese —even though our fear may be a compliment to their industry and ability.

The outlook for the Newfoundland fisheries convention, signed last week by Secretary Root and Ambassador Bryce, is somewhat uncertain. The fact that the treaty is to be withheld from the Senate until approved by the Newfoundland government shows that such ratification is by no means regarded as a certainty. The treaty leaves the adjustment of our dispute with Newfoundland so completely in the hands of the Hague Tribunal that Premier Bond should have no valid reasons for holding back. But utter distrust of American intentions has become a part of the Bond faith, and he may feel that not even the Hague Court can escape the subtle effects of our corrupting influence. Hence it is reported that the Newfoundland Cabinet has not accepted the Washington arbitration treaty, but has submitted counter proposals. So the *modus vivendi* arranged last August for the season of 1908-09 runs on, the Newfoundlanders evidently thinking that ninety-nine years of *modus vivendi* are better than a permanent solution in which "principle" shall be sacrificed. If Newfoundland does yield, the change will come, we imagine, as a result of the play of domestic policies. Premier Bond's former unquestioned ascendency is breaking down. In November's general elections for the Legislative Council, the government secured a majority of only two in thirty-six. With less united backing Mr. Bond may become more conciliatory.

Secretary Root's last official act will not count least to his credit. In dismissing the demand of the Russian Government for the extradition of Christian Rudovitz, he has given deep satisfaction to thousands of American citizens who have seen in Russia's campaign against Rudovitz and his fellow-prisoner in this city, Pouren, an assault on the right of political asylum. The Russian Government charged Rudovitz with having committed murder, arson, burglary, robbery, and larceny in 1906. The defence argued that the acts committed by Rudovitz were in his capacity as a member of the Social Democratic party, delegated with others to inflict punishment on certain government spies. Commissioner Foote, in Chicago, held that Rudovitz was an ordinary criminal. Secretary Root has now reversed that decision. The doctrine of political asylum demands that the accused be given the benefit of every doubt; and that the absence of all intention to punish him for political offences be made a certainty. In the brief submitted to Mr. Root by counsel for Rudovitz, great stress is laid on the fact that the Russian case was based on the testimony of practically a single person; and that this direct witness had made two depositions, of which one, made less than a month after the acts charged in the indictment, is contradicted by another made sixteen months later. The first affidavit did not profess to identify the accused. The second did, besides falling into other discrepancies. Counsel argued that there could be little doubt of what had happened in the interval. Russia's well-known methods of dealing with political offenders had been brought to bear on recalcitrant or unsatisfactory witnesses. Their memories were refreshed. And that constitutes the crux of the question. Evidence that comes from a government that tolerates torture and summary execution must be received as suspect. We do not say that such reasoning entered into Mr. Root's decision. The case against Rudovitz, even if manufactured, was weak. But in

the undecided case of Pouren and in all future cases of the kind, it must be remembered that neither truth nor liberty flourishes under the knout.

If the House concurs, a new position in the State Department will soon be created with a title unknown in our political history: "Under-Secretary of State." The Senate voted this office, with a salary of $10,000, because of the overworking of all the recent Secretaries of State. "I know," said Senator Lodge, "that the work was so severe, the burden so heavy, that it was a leading cause in the breaking-down of Mr. Hay's health. I know how heavy the burden has been for Mr. Root to carry." Some man, he went on to explain, is needed who can administer the State Department in the absence of the Secretary, or when he is engrossed with diplomatic work of such moment that it can be entrusted to no other hands. "We want a man," Senator Lodge declared, "in a higher position, at a larger salary, than is awarded an Assistant Secretary." No one who is familiar with the State Department could possibly deny the need Mr. Lodge described. The Secretary is so harassed by politicians and by newspaper correspondents, is compelled to give so much of his day to visiting diplomats, or to visitors with legitimate business, or to dictation of necessary correspondence, that the wonder grows that he has any time and strength for the quiet, constructive planning and execution of large policies that have marked both the recent administrations of the office.

The importance of the Senate's action lies not so much in the fact that the Under-Secretary is to take rank immediately after the Secretary and above the Assistant Secretaries, as in the suggestion that this may be the beginning of the introduction into all our more important departments of the permanent sub-official, who shall uot be removed with every change of Administration, but shall become the repository of secrets, traditions, and customs, and therefore an efficient coach to the Secretary himself. The function of such an officer in England has been clearly set forth by the president-elect of Harvard in his notable work "The Government of England." A political chief of the department brings his administration into harmony with public and Parliament. He is also charged with rooting out old abuses, correcting the tendency to red tape and routine and preventing the department from going to sleep. The Under-Secretaries, on the other hand, advise on the questions that arise, from their background of experience and knowledge. The Under-Secretary is also something like the executive officer on a warship in that he gives directions to the proper subordinates for carrying out the decisions and policies of the Secretary. Again, he acts as a reader for his chief, making briefs on all questions requiring attention, so that a decision may be rendered quickly and intelligently. Sometimes the known opinions of an Under-Secretary make it impossible for him to stay in office, but generally, he is supposed to work with Tory or Liberal chief alike. Frequently, by reason of knowledge aud ability, he is the real Secretary. It was said of Sir Robert Herbert, who was permanent Under-Secretary from 1871 to 1892, that he was the man who controlled "the destinies of the Colonial Office." For the present, our Under-Secretary of State, if created, will probably hold office only with each Administration. Senator Nelson, however, in the debate, expressed the hope that he would become a permanent official and no one objected.

Whatever the motives prompting Congress to vote $500,000 for the development of military flying-machines, the act may have important consequences. The amazing progress of the past five years in aerial uavigation promises things that, but the other day, were wild dreams, and, even now, seem extravagant when set down in cold type. We cannot think out the possibilities of a perfect dirigible war balloon without realizing, long before we reach the end of the story, that, in the presence of such an instrument, a regiment will be as a swarm of caterpillars, and a Dreadnought scarcely more dangerous than a mud turtle. Were our government to offer a prize of $500,000 for a perfect aerial fighting machine, the naval budget might, in another twenty years, give us no more concern than the pensions for Mexican War veterans.

The thing that stands out most sharply in Mr. Root's address to the New York Legislature, last week, is his warning against throwing too great burdens upon the national government. Already, he declares, the efficiency of the governmental machine is much impaired by the excessive strain to which it has been subjected. Here, then, we have a great centralizer, speaking out concerning the dangers of centralization. Here is a man who has been part of the brain of Federal government, for ten years past, reporting that it is being seriously congested. The blood must somehow be got back to the extremities, or there will be a stroke. As it is, too much government work "smells of apoplexy," as Scott said that his later writings did. The process of heaping loads on the strong back of Congress and the administration began before Mr. Roosevelt became President, but under him it has gone on prodigiously. It is common to speak of this as "usurpation." Sometimes, there is pictured to us a dictator, greedy of power, reaching out to assume one function of the States after another. In reality, that does not seem to us the true explanation. We do not suppose that Mr. Roosevelt ever stops to think whether he is absorbing duties that had better be left to others. He is of inexhaustible energy and unbounded confidence, and sees no reason why all the troubles and problems of the people should not be referred to him direct. For him, it only means one sympathetic speech the more, an additional message to Congress, the appointment of still another commission, the enrolling of more investigators and agents. That costs him little time or thought; so that he welcomes the thick-coming appeals to undertake one novel task after another, and impetuously calls upon Congress to hand out legislation while he waits. But this is not government; this is high spirits tinged with general benevolence, in a man who thinks it, not a "cursed spite," but a cause of pure happiness that he was born to set right the times out of joint. The net result, however, is precisely the same as if all this binding of burdens upon the general government had been done with malice aforethought, instead of in sheer insouciance.

The only recourse is to stimulate and develop local government. Accordingly, Mr. Root, whose speech a couple of years ago was thought to favor the

idea of submerging the State governments in the national, put in an earnest plea for vivifying and extending the power of the State Legislatures, and for exalting home rule in every way possible. He avowed himself a convinced and unrepentant Hamiltonian, in the sense of believing in a strong national government, but is evidently fearful of the consequences of an unrestricted Hamiltonianism. He beholds with dismay the procession to Washington of men desiring Congress to attend to matters which village selectmen are competent to care for; and, evidently, if he could have his way, he would send all such persons home to work out their own salvation on the spot. At Washington, the President showers Congress with recommendations, but it, like the man in Anatole France's latest satire, who was buried under the valuable material which he had collected, is simply overwhelmed and does nothing. It is close observation of this spectacle that leads Mr. Root to issue his summons to this State, as well as others, to "exercise its powers."

Gov. Hughes cannot but regard as a blow the forced withdrawal of his nomination of Frederick A. Wallis as Superintendent of Insurance. The incident will be seized by all the small politicians of the State as proof that it is dangerous to make appointments without consulting the little tin gods of the machine. We shall hear again the familiar talk that the party leaders are really the only men who can exercise infallibly sound judgment in choosing persons of capacity. In fine, on the frail basis of a single conspicuous exception, there will be the usual attempt to erect a general rule. But if Mr. Wallis had been nominated on the recommendation of Herbert Parsons or T. L. Woodruff, no hostile inquiry would have been made into his record. The files of the Insurance Department would not have been combed to find matter that could be used against him. And if any outsider had attempted to impeach the fitness of the nominee, he would have been denounced as a "holier-than-thou" meddler. Of course, a different standard must be applied when it is a case of the Governor making his own selection. Reformers will not complain of this. They must be ready to have their acts searched as with a lighted candle. But it cannot be denied that the Governor acted in entire good faith, and that when he discovered his error in regard to Mr. Wallis he acted promptly and honestly. The position of Superintendent of Insurance is a most difficult one to fill. The Governor is absolutely right in feeling that the incumbent should be, if possible, an expert in this extremely complicated business. Yet the insurance expert can command a salary far greater than the State can offer him, and he may be unable to afford the sacrifice for the sake of serving the public. Then, too, the insurance business has been much demoralized by sharp practice, some of it within the letter of the law, some of it flatly illegal; and the older and more experienced agents are too often suspect. It may well be that under these circumstances the Governor will be compelled to rely simply on a man of high character and proved ability in other fields, and trust him to master the duties of a new office.

The Conference on Dependent Children, which met in Washington last week at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, is another of the praiseworthy undertakings to which he has lent the aid of his personal popularity and his office. In these social reforms he generally takes a keen interest, and he shows a chivalrous desire to help. This particular conference, composed as it was of 200 of the foremost workers of all faiths, who are devoting themselves to the care of destitute, orphaned, or delinquent children, reached the unanimous decision that the use of institutions for such children should continue only until homes may be obtained for them. Such a conclusion must carry great weight throughout the country. The conference decided, first of all, that children of parents of worthy character, suffering from temporary misfortune, should be kept in their homes, on the principle that a reasonably efficient family life is of greater value than the suppression of individuality and initiative by the routine and impersonal care of an institution; and that a little less cleanliness, together with the affection of a mother or of a good foster-mother, is vastly better than machine-like life of an asylum. The conference admitted, of course, that for certain classes of children there must still be institutions, but that where they exist they should be conducted on the cottage plan, after the manner, for instance, of the excellent New York Orphan Asylum at Hastings-on-Hudson. With that position every one must agree. The conference also recommended that the State inspect the work of all agencies which care for dependent children in any way, whether by means of private or public funds. This inspection should cover both the formal education of the children and the matter of physical welfare. Finally, the conference urged the close coöperation of all child-caring agencies, and the promotion of curative and preventive reforms. Since 52 per cent. of the dependent children in Troy, for example, are dependent because of the ravages of tuberculosis in that city, the reason for the last suggestion is obvious.

The latest "crisis" in the Balkans is to go the way of its numerous predecessors under benign pressure from the great Powers. Bulgaria is to be reasoned into discontinuing her warlike demonstrations, and the Porte is to be persuaded to accept monetary compensation for lost sovereignty. Servia and Montenegro are being made to understand that the Powers will not let their hands be forced. By its treatment of Greece, after its brief and disastrous war with Turkey in 1897, Europe showed that a little nation could not always plunge into a row and expect to be saved from all evil consequences by its big brothers. Consciousness of this fact must be present in the minds of Servian and Montenegrin statesmen. So far as the Powers themselves are concerned, the thought of war is unwelcome, not solely because of the terrific nature of a general European conflict. Even those people who have been predicting the inevitable approach of such a struggle—the war-mongers of Germany and England, for instance—would object to having the war forced upon them at a time and on a *terrain* not of their own choosing. German strategists engaged in ticketing every square mile of the North Sea and every rod of the English coast, or English naval lords, plotting as to the exact way in which the German fleet shall be destroyed off Kiel, would surely be vexed to have the fighting suddenly begin on the Rumelian border, or off Salonica.

OUR TRUSTEESHIP OF CUBA.

Americans may take solid satisfaction in reviewing their guardianship of the island of Cuba, which ended last week. By the early withdrawal of its troops and its military and civilian administrators, this country has again proved to the world the unselfishness of its efforts to establish in the island a government that is stable and independent. We found the Palma Republic in ruins in October, 1906; in 1909 we give back to the Cubans the control of their own affairs, with their governmental machinery considerably reorganized, with a new President, and practically a new Congress. As an additional security, some American troops are to remain near Havana until April 1; after that time the administration of President Gomez will stand alone. Thus under the direction of President Roosevelt the United States has kept its plighted faith in a way to make every one of its citizens proud.

We may be proud, too, of the work of the American military and civilian administrators, who have been unsparing in their efforts to recreate the government in twenty-seven months. Since the island was first turned over to us in 1899, we have learned much in the art of guiding Latin peoples, and the new knowledge has been put to good use. Many of the American officials have frankly regarded their task as hopeless because of the shortness of the time; but much has been attempted, such as the redrafting of the entire body of law, an undertaking which might well have extended through at least five years, with a subsequent period for observing the operation of the new statutes; for bestowing Anglo-Saxon laws upon a community accustomed only to a mixture of Roman law with Spanish and with American military decrees is an experiment new in colonial history. But the heads of departments have none the less given of their best, even when believing that they were asked to do the impossible. Men like Col. E. H. Crowder, Lieut.-Col. E. St. J. Greble, Col. William M. Black, Major J. D. Terrill, and Major J. R. Kean, who have respectively administered the Departments of State and Justice, of Government, of Public Works, the Treasury, and the Department of Sanitation, deserve public recognition for their fidelity to their arduous tasks.

The army of occupation commanded by Major-Gen. Thomas H. Barry has also merited high praise. The United States has probably never had in the field anywhere a better-trained or better-behaved body of men. Only a single grave crime has marred their extraordinary record. Everywhere, the soldiers have made friends and wiped out the memories of the excesses of the volunteer troops who overran Cuba in 1899. The health of Gen. Barry's army has not only reflected great credit upon his officers of the line and the Medical Corps, but it has proved that American soldiers can live in the tropics and work hard. The schooling of the troops has gone on vigorously, and the careful mapping of every foot of the island is, in itself, a valuable achievement. Gen. Barry has had every reason to tell his men, soldiers and marines, that they have lived up to our best traditions, and the President has officially extended his thanks.

It would, of course, be idle to deny that mistakes have been made. The general policy of the American Administration has too often smacked of compromise, of a desire to conciliate where a vigorous grappling with discordant elements would have been wiser. Thus the retention of one-third of the Congressmen on the insular payroll for doing nothing during the interregnum has seemed an injustice and a bad example to set to the community; again, Mr. Taft's inclusion within his amnesty proclamation of the men who killed the innocent rural guards at Guanabacoa, nearly a year before the revolution, was a tactical error, as was the payment of the insurgents for the horses they stole while "in the woods." But on these minor details we do not desire to dwell to-day. Moreover, it would be unjust to hold Mr. Magoon wholly responsible for the mistakes; Havana is too near Washington to make it always clear whether a given policy was Mr. Magoon's, or a superior's at the Federal Capital.

As to the island itself, time alone can tell whether the new administration is ready to stand on its own feet, or whether the Republic of Gomez will go the way of the Republic of Palma. There are disquieting signs, like the election of one of the reputed Guanabacoa assassins as the chief officer of the Senate, and of Orestes Ferrara, as President of the House—a man whom the Hague Conference would not accept as a delegate. But a land enslaved and degraded, deprived of all voice in its own affairs, corrupted by venal officials, cannot be expected in ten years or twenty to forget the lessons of long centuries of misgovernment.

HARRIMAN AS A POLITICAL PORTENT.

The election of E. H. Harriman to the directorate of the New York Central has been widely discussed as an important event in the world of finance. He has proved himself a railway operator of uncommon skill: under his management the properties of the Union Pacific, for example, have largely increased in value. It is not surprising, therefore, that in expectation of improvements to be made in the Central when he should be in control, the stock should, within a month, rise some 15 points. The patrons of the road are likely to secure better service; and in that respect his accession will be for the general benefit. But there is another side to the question. The Financial Supplement of the New York *Evening Post* on Saturday published a table showing the eleven systems in which Harriman, either directly or through coöperating capitalists, now has a dominating voice:

	Mileage.
Union Pacific	5,916
Southern Pacific	9,731
Illinois Central	4,378
New York Central	12,282
Atchison	9,350
St. Paul	8,687
Northwestern	7,623
Baltimore and Ohio	4,462
Delaware and Hudson	845
Georgia Central	1,914
Erie	2,571
Total	67,759

This means that Mr. Harriman now has in his grasp nearly one-third of the total railway mileage in the United States; and that third, embracing as it does such important interlacing trunk lines, implies a domain far wider than the bare figures would indicate.

But it is on the political rather than the financial aspect of these facts that we would dwell. The two phases of the subject are, indeed, inseparable. Mr. Harriman's ventures in the stock market with the $131,000,000 which he raised a year and a half ago through the use of Union Pacific's credit and surplus, not only demoralized the stock market, but extended his sway both as a

railway proprietor and a politician. He has his creatures not only in Congress, but in the Legislatures of the many States through which his lines run. He is even reported to have owned Governors. Certainly, B. B. Odell, jr., was very friendly toward him. If any one wants an example of State political machines manipulated in the interests of a railway, one has only to go to California, where Harriman's Southern Pacific stretches its tentacles from the Oregon line to Mexico. There one will quickly discover that the objection to Harriman is not merely that he is unscrupulous. It is bad enough to have legislators and city officials, as well as newspapers, devoted to the interests of a man whose methods are sometimes those of a buccaneer. But were Mr. Harriman the Archangel Gabriel, were he the most benevolent despot alive, were the Southern Pacific simply a huge engine run for the sole purpose of benefiting the inhabitants of California, those unhappy people would still groan under the yoke and cry out in wrath for deliverance. The American people will not view with equanimity the centralization of such vast power in one person. They say, and say rightly, that it weakens, and ocasionally even destroys, representative government. It is not the voters; it is huge corporations that more than once have declared what the laws shall be and who shall execute them.

This is why it is inevitable that the unbridled greed of Harriman and his kind is sure to be made the excuse for renewed agitation against corporations. We have just passed through a panic, and from one end of the country to the other financiers have been imploring, "Let us alone!" Well, if letting alone results in one man's securing so many thousand miles of railway—the common carrier of America—the advocates of government regulation, and even ownership, will find weapons ready forged to their hands. In this State we now have Public Service Commissions, vested with unusual authority; and though Harriman and the newspaper organs of Wall Street speculators may rage, the tendency will be—if we may judge the future by the past—to strengthen rather than weaken these commissions. The example, too, is sure to be followed in our neighboring States. The subject is already up for discussion in New Jersey and Connecticut. There, as in New York, the corporation interests are offering a brute opposition, but that opposition is certain to be defeated as soon as ever the issue is fairly presented to the electorate. Furthermore, there has been a long campaign for amending the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The defects of that statute are patent; but we doubt whether, with the vision of Harriman bestriding this country like a colossus, Congress would dare run counter to popular opinion by passing any amendment that might seem to favor the corporations. If corporations are subject to what their managers call vexatious and unjust restrictions, it is largely because men like Jay Gould a generation ago and John D. Rockefeller and E. H. Harriman to-day are the embodiments of corporate activity.

And it is to be remembered also that much of this talk about vexatious and unjust restrictions is based on an assumption as to the doctrine of *laissez-faire* that is no longer tenable. We go as far as any one in urging that each man be allowed, within the bounds of honor, to manage his own business in his own way. We view with dread all laws that may tend to cripple industry or check initiative. But we cannot assent to the theory, sometimes openly proclaimed, often tacitly accepted by corporation managers, that a public service corporation, by its very nature a monopoly, is a private business; that any man can manage a railway or a gas company as if it were merely his personal property. The public interest there must be conserved by firm restriction upon rates to be charged, securities to be issued, and operations in finance. As John Morley points out in his last volume of "Critical Miscellanies":

> Where a whole class of men is permanently at a disadvantage in its bargains with another, then by strict Gladstonian principle the state has a right to intervene as arbitrator, provided that it can do so with sufficient equipment of knowledge and impartiality.

It is because we would have the state as arbitrator, acting through an Interstate Commerce Commission, a Federal Bureau of Corporations, or through State Public Service Commissions, play its part with intelligence and moderation and avoid such violent extremes as government ownership that we are profoundly disquieted by the performances of the men of whom Mr. Harriman is a type. They furnish the demagogue and the wild radical with inexhaustible ammunition; they rob the conservative of his strongest arguments.

UNREST AMONG BOSSES.

Magazine writers are analyzing "spiritual unrest"; other great minds are explaining "discontent" of various kinds, afflicting various classes; but no one has given due attention to a social and political phenomenon more significant than any of them. We mean boss unrest. The usual state of soul in a boss is one of blissful self-complacence. Such a thing as searchings of heart—we do not say conscience, for the practical man in politics is not fool enough to search for what does not exist—has been strange to him. But on a sudden we see his class falling into doubt, uneasiness, and dissatisfaction. All the well-known signs of unrest are, in fact, visible to-day among the small Republican bosses of New York State.

It is not necessary to take our word for this. One of the suffering body has himself gone into the witness-stand, or the confessional. William Barnes, jr., of Albany has been publicly diagnosing his own ailment, and that of his fellows. He admits a "chaotic condition" in local leadership, which is, he confesses, "thoughtless and wanting in initiative." The chief trouble with the bosses is, he concedes, that for some years they have been thinking of themselves only as divinely ordained "patronage brokers," and not at all "leaders of opinion." And Mr. Barnes would have us now believe that they are filled with contrition for their shortcomings, and are proposing to develop a true "capacity for leadership," together with "the requisite stamina to withstand alleged popular demand." This is interesting, but perhaps even more so is Mr. Barnes's explanation of the causes of the low estate to which the bosses have been brought in New York. He strikes his finger on the spot in this way:

> The real cause was that the astuteness and cleverness of Senator Platt furnished for many years the thinking machine for the up-State Republicans. Being so long accustomed to having political advice given to them by Senator Platt, they became dull and atrophied.

This testimony of an expert, however, we are unable to accept as conclusive. Platt and a "thinking machine" are contradictory terms—unless money thinks

as well as talks. The power of Boss Platt was built up on a basis which was frankly mercenary. He took in the party funds, he paid them out by individual check, and that enabled him, as paymaster of the forces, to name and control members of the Legislature, hence to sell legislation, hence to force his creatures to vote into the United States Senate a man whom they despised—himself. This was the sole magic of Platt's power. He exercised it for some years through steady defeat. The party loathed him, but could not get rid of him, because he controlled its source of supplies, the campaign contributions. Then along came Bryan to make New York hopelessly Republican, and to deceive some into thinking that a vulgar and mercenary boss, of shocking morals, was really a shrewd political leader.

Pushing one side, therefore, Mr. Barnes's pathetic delusion that it is the disappearance of T. C. Platt which has disclosed the fact that his followers and understudies are men without force, grasp, or prescience, we must ask what is the true cause of the confusion and shame-facedness of the little bosses. The best answer is furnished in Gov. Hughes's speech in this city last Saturday night. Political conditions have arisen in which the bosses are not at all at home, and with which their old methods do not fit them to cope. A new spirit is astir. People are tired of political dictators, large or small. The voters have been fixing their eyes upon the exact facts, and they know that the Governor is right in declaring the delegate and convention system to be, in practice, a sham. It is not what it pretends to be. Instead of affording the party a means of expressing freely and accurately its wishes, it is, too often, the device by which it is bound and gagged and delivered into the hands of a selfish and dishonest clique. It is because the people have found out the fraud, and are determined to put something genuine in its place, that there is this great shaking of the dry bones going on. Ideas are taking possession of the popular mind. Gov. Hughes is but making himself their interpreter and enforcer. Now, nothing is so fatal to political bosses as ideas.

This is deliciously implied in the summons which Barnes issues to his partners in distress to muster up "the requisite stamina to withstand alleged popular demand." In the race-track agitation, last year, there was an idea—a moral idea—at work which Barnes valiantly withstood, but nevertheless it was strong enough to bowl him over. He also displayed splendid stamina, along with abundant stupidity, in opposing the renomination of Gov. Hughes, but then, too, down he went. Now he is starting out on another losing fight against an idea. That is the trouble with him, although he does not suspect it. All his vague discontent, his restless turning this way and that, and wondering what has become of his leadership, are merely symptoms that his disease is gaining upon him. Its cure is fresh-air treatment—that is, going out and getting into touch with the moral aspirations of the people. But, of course, that form of cure would be, to a boss, the same thing as suicide.

FILLING IN THE MAP.

Even so unmercenary a pursuit as geographical exploration does not escape the ineradicable taint of money-grubbing. Peary, before he sets out for the North, thinks it necessary to suggest how "useful" it would be finally to reach the Pole, or to hint at great savings to international shipping which might be effected by a definite examination into the antics of the magnetic pole. As a matter of fact, Peary knows, and those who are behind him know, that it is only the eternal lure of the hidden and the vague that draws men to the dreary regions of the Pole. Curiosity has been a sufficient reason for men's leaving home and kin and risking their lives in strange lands. It was primarily the desire to see that led on the Jew, Benjamin of Tudela, in the twelfth century, Marco Polo in the fourteenth, the great Portuguese and Spanish navigators in the fifteenth century, and their successors in turn down to the present day. How much of Columbus's interest in a shorter route to India and the conversion of its natives was fundamental, and how much was practical argument addressed to the cupidity of financial backers? He had the Unknown Sea to conquer, and he could think of any number of good business reasons why he should make the trial. And essentially the spirit of exploration is still the same. The zoölogist who goes to the Arctic with his knives and preserving fluids has little hope of bringing back a new breed of domestic animal for the use of man. He wants only to extend or rectify his lists of quite useless species and sub-species. In other words, he is curious.

For the curiosity of the professional explorer, the world, as the London *Times* notes in a recent article, still holds large stretches of unmapped ground. There is, of course, the classic North Polar region, where Peary is now busy, and whither Capt. Amundsen is planning to lead a six-year drifting expedition, largely on the lines of Nansen's famous undertaking. There is the vast Antarctic realm in the partial conquest of which Charcot's French expedition is engaged. In discussing this enterprise, Charles Rabot sums up the case in the Paris *Temps:*

> Imagine that in our own hemisphere our geographical knowledge were to stop at the White Sea, at the Siberian coastland, at Bering Strait, and the northern part of Hudson's Bay, and you will have an idea of the regions round the South Pole that still lie hidden from us.

Is not that answer enough as to the "use" of Antarctic exploration? The North and the South Pole are where man has still to draw the complete main outlines of his map. Elsewhere it is largely a matter of filling in—South America, which still holds two million square miles of unexplored territory; Arabia, with nearly half a million; Tibet, which Sven Hedin has not so thoroughly mapped but that there is plenty of work left for others; New Guinea, and Africa. Strange it is that the Dark Continent should come last, far from a dark continent now, and offering opportunity almost entirely for the detailed work of the scientific specialist.

How strong is the pull of the unknown in itself, is shown by the almost complete absence of what we may call the human element in modern exploration. It was not so much strange lands as strange beings that the early explorers went out for to see—foreign peoples, with their odd customs and costumes, their cities and temples, their politics and beliefs. The unknown that waits for the explorer of the present day is an unknown bereft of man. In the jungles of the Amazon, a few thousand aborigines may still be lingering; in the wilds of New Guinea we may come across some odd subdivisions of the Papuan stock; in the Sahara, there

may be an uncharted oasis here and there. But for the most part, our *terra incognita* of the present day is also *terra inculta*, great sand wastes in Sahara, Gobi, and Arabia; rock wastes in the Tibetan highlands; and the dreary immensities of ice about the Pole, where life itself is inconceivable.

Yet a few years more, therefore, and the romance of exploration that comes from the discovery of new faces and new minds will be gone. No other explorer will have Sven Hedin's opportunity in Tibet, where it was given him to sketch and photograph the daily life of partly unknown races. But even here our ignorance was only partial. With the broad lines we were fairly familiar; and, naturally, there is a corresponding decrease of the charm that feeds on curiosity. Ethnologists no longer have in store for us thrilling tales about Melanesians who eat their own offspring, or Bornese headhunters who can count only up to three and dine on steaks sliced from a living enemy. Even if some new tribe be discovered that is addicted to such unpleasant habits, the tale has lost its novelty. Besides, what the modern museum expedition lays most emphasis on is the fact that the Mulahs are brachycephalous, that they have several complicated dance steps, and that they show strong linguistic connection with the neighboring dolichocephalous Taritari. Yet, we presume that, too, is filling up the map of human knowledge.

EARTHQUAKES THEN AND NOW.

The flood of comment on the earthquake at Messina continues; yet in all that is said there is—as in the case of San Francisco—but little serious moralizing. We have the conventional expressions of pity and horror, we have generous responses to appeals for help; but we view the event with a scientific detachment which would have been impossible a century ago. Few persons speak of the hand of God; many, of the inexorable laws of nature. The difference indicates, we think, a far-reaching change in our attitude toward the universe.

True, a writer to the London *Nation* asks: "Why this holocaust of human lives? . . . for what reason; to what end?" This importunate questioner adds:

> I have considered my faith in God to be impregnable, my chief possession in life. I have questioned nothing, doubted nothing, but now I feel the bonds of faith snapping, and I turn to the teachers of the Christian religion and implore them to give me an explanation. . . . My reason tells me that this waste of human life, this gigantic sacrifice, in an unspeakably cruel form, of hard working, innocent men, women, and little children is—unnecessary. I will leave aside the epithets of unjust, unmerciful, and simply say, unnecessary. What purpose had it all?

The letter called forth various answers, the tone of which is very significant. Of a dozen which are published, all but two or three point out that earthquakes are merely natural phenomena, and that man, if he is to escape destruction, must keep out of the path of nature's lethal forces. The following is a typical reply:

> The earth commenced its existence as a nebulous mass possessed of a vast store of heat. It has been slowly cooling down for untold ages. The solid crust which has thus slowly developed is thinner in some parts than in others. As the cooling process continues, the *shell*, at its weakest parts, warps a little. This phenomenon of nature is called earthquake. That is "Why?"
>
> "Why" your correspondent should now "feel the bonds of faith snapping" I am at a loss to understand. In my turn I ask, Why? Does your correspondent require Almighty God to regulate the forces of nature in the interests of puny mankind?

But this curt contempt for the believer in "special providences," who is unable to reconcile such a frightful catastrophe with the idea of an omnipotent and merciful God, could have found relatively little sympathy and support in the eighteenth century; for then the notion of divine interposition in human affairs was still widely prevalent. Indeed, the theory of immutable law had hardly begun to penetrate the common consciousness; few men of that age could look upon our solar system as a clock wound up once for all, to run throughout eternity. Cowper in his "Task" described the great Sicilian earthquake of 1783:

> Revelry, and dance, and show
> Suffer a syncope and solemn pause,
> While God performs upon the trembling stage
> Of His own works, His dreadful part alone.
> . . .
> His wrath is busy and His frown is fell.

More striking yet are the lines of the professed Deist, Voltaire, occasioned by the earthquake at Lisbon:

> Comment concevoir un Dieu, la bonté même,
> Qui prodigue ses biens à ses enfans qu'il aime,
> Et qui versa sur eux les maux à pleines mains?
> Quel œil peut pénétrer dans ses profonds desseins? . . .
> Il existe pourtant. O tristes vérités!
> O mélange étonnant de contrariétés!

This same shock at Lisbon had a profound influence on Goethe, then a lad of six. In "Dichtung und Wahrheit" he tells us how the mighty terror which then spread over the world "deeply disturbed the boy's peace of mind." Like the modern Christian whom we have quoted, he felt that his faith in the goodness of God had been undermined:

> God, the Creator and Preserver of Heaven and Earth, whom the explanation of the first article of the creed represented as so wise and benignant, had, by giving both the just and the unjust a prey to the same destruction, not manifested Himself, by any means, in a fatherly character.

To the young Goethe there seems not to have been offered the ready consolation —which appears so satisfying in 1909— that in the cooling process the thin shell of the earth warps a little, and that it is silly to imagine Almighty God regulating the forces of nature in the interests of puny mankind.

The man of strictly logical bent may further sustain himself with the argument that from the point of view of mere physical law, the disaster that sweeps away a hundred thousand human lives may have no more meaning than the fall of that single sparrow which the Heavenly Father used to note. And even those of us who regard man as of more value than many sparrows, must admit that the fatalities from earthquake and tempest are no more perplexing, as part of a divine and benevolent order, than the agonies of millions of mothers dying in childbirth, the slaying of countless hosts on countless fields of battle, and the tortures of flame-wrapped martyrs. But death's daily toll of youth and innocence as well as of age and sin finds our minds staled by custom; and so feeble are our imaginations that the slaughter of whole armies at distant times and places seems dim, unreal, and of little moment. We are scarcely stirred unless the event stares at us from the front page of to-day's paper, and unless travel or reading has made us fairly familiar with the scene.

But close as Messina is to us, detailed as is our knowledge of city and people, prompt as are our offers of aid, we seem unable to look at the happenings there as a tremendous moral lesson. Goethe tells us how the earthquake at Lisbon struck fear to the heart of the whole civilized world. "The religious

were ready with reflections, the philosophic with grounds for consolation, and the clergy with warnings." From other sources also we know that this dreadful calamity was one of the stimulating causes of the Great Awakening. Men long dead in trespasses and sins began to reflect as never before on the meaning of life, here and hereafter. Can it be that the scientific spirit has robbed us of the old power to discern in the universe something beside the play of blind force on brute matter? Are we no longer plagued by misgivings as to the justice of the smoking sacrifice at Messina? This globe seems to have dwindled to a whirling clod of dirt in blank immensity. There are no vast unknown regions from which an angry God may launch his thunderbolts. The chemical constituents of land and water, of plant and animal, are analyzed, ticketed, and pigeon-holed; we think we know the exact laws by which they combine, disintegrate, and recombine in myriad forms. There seems to be nothing that can surprise, perplex, awe, or terrify us; nothing that can make our pulse check at a sudden vision of eternity and startle us out of our humdrum and sordid pursuits. We see in the present fleeting opportunity nothing immeasurably precious because within the hour the solid bases of the hills may heave like the sea and hurl us on "the black infinite ash-heap of the dead."

A GLANCE AT CURRENT AMERICAN FICTION.

Story-telling is now so important a matter to us, the art of fiction is so much a part of our daily talk and walk, that we may well take time to consider now and then what it is doing for us and what it is likely to do. We have ceased to look for the Great American Novel: the phrase suggests a kind of limitation. We produce, by all accounts, so many novels of eminence, that a distinction implying prëeminence must be regarded as invidious. This rather stiffens the problem for the busy reader who cannot give all his time to the masterpieces of the hour. He would really like to know what dozen or half-dozen among the novelists of the day are best worth following: to what writers he may look with cheerfulness, yet without fatuity, during the year or two to come?

In America the prospect is perhaps rather pleasing than imposing. Never, we are told, has there been so "high a level of workmanship"; never, certainly, have the workmen been more sedulous, more productive of fiction in bulk. The fact remains that we have nothing colossal to point to since the prodigy of "The Scarlet Letter." That was sufficiently American, one would think, in substance, as the best of our subsequent fiction has been. "Huckleberry Finn," "The Grandissimes," "Silas Lapham," "Daisy Miller," the short tales of Hamlin Garland and Miss Wilkins and Mrs. Deland—upon these exhibits we might well allow our case to rest. Taking them together, one must be struck with the geographical range of their Americanism. These writers are without exception still at work; but they may be taken to have made their distinctive contribution; no new thing has come from them of late, nor can it be expected in the future. Mark Twain's reputation is firmer than ever before; his academic honors have merely signalized the general consensus of bis importance as a national figure. For a long time he was listened to with amusement not unmingled with consternation, as something odd and egregious; but he is now recognized as the bell-wether of a vast flock. His fun, his hyperbole, his imperturbability are, after all, mere Wellerism with a different accent: it is the magnanimity of the man, literary and other, which we have come to see; and, rightly or wrongly, we take that virtue to be a property of the best Americanism, as of the best cosmopolitanism. There has been some extravagance in recent estimates of him as a man of letters, but he is undoubtedly a greater power in the land than the other veterans we have named. Mr. Cable, while he has retained much of his old charm, has made distinct concessions of late to the demands of popular romance. Mr. Howells long ago gave up the propaganda of realism, and has been for some time rather the amiable and humorous commentator on life than its stern or literal delineator: it is clear that we shall have no more Laphams. Mr. James, with an enthusiasm as indefatigable as that of Mr. Pickwick on tbe ice, continues the refinement of his method—to the confusion of all but the adept. "Henry James's fiction," says one of that number, "is ultimate in its exposition of the possibilities of a high psychical entertainment." This, it appears, is the kind of entertainment which the future holds for lovers of fiction.

Certainly they might fare worse: but is the jig quite up with romance? It must be admitted that, while the popular romancers still command the ear of the general, their audience is brief. Masterpiece follows masterpiece, and at the end of the twelvemonth hardly an echo of them all lingers. Far and away the most popular American novel of the past season, the best-selling best-seller in the book-mart, was Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Shuttle." It is a book of no moment whatever, from any reasonable point of view, and the busy reader need not trouble himself with its author in the future. Of her, as of Elizabeth Robins, Ellen Glasgow, John Fox, jr., Robert W. Chambers, and, alas, F. Marion Crawford, it need simply be recognized that they are popular and intend to remain popular. Winston Churchill, on the other hand, shows promise of pulling ahead of what we had come to regard as his class. He remains quite without distinction of manner, and has not even learned to be firm in his syntax. But persons who found in "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and the rest a pretentious crudeness of substance as well as of form, must have discerned in "Mr. Crewe's Career" a quality really distinguished and rare. The singular thing is that this quality should be so pure, in view of the tractarian character of the tale. Mr. Churchill's experience as a defeated reform candidate for political office in a State ridden by a great corporation would have supplied a petty person with a store of small flings and innuendoes—and little else. But Mr. Churchill has come out of it all in excellent spirits, and his novel is less a work of satire than of pure humor. He may yet be a person for the literary historian to reckon with. At all events, he promises better things than he has done, better things than he has ever promised before.

Meantime the cause of wholesome romance continues to be supported by Mr. Cable and Mrs. Deland. On the part of Mr. Cable, as we have said, there has been of late a leaning toward the incidental and spectacular. He seems to have said to himself, "Go to, I am a romancer: and if people want their romance spiced with adventure, with bloodshed even, they shall have it." So we find him considerably occupied, in "The Cavalier" and "Kincaid's Battery," with the purveying of incident and situation—or apparently occupied, for it is clear that old New Orleans has again laid its spell upon him from the first page, and it is the communication of that spell in which he really delights. So of Mrs. Deland's "Old Chester": she never seems to breathe quite freely away from it. We grudge her absence, her excursions into more commonplace fields of romance. And we wish she might confine herself to the simpler elements and the simpler methods of tbe earlier tales. Another Helena Ritchie we need not ardently desire.

A writer of the younger generation with a natural vein of romance is Robert Lovett. One suspects him to be a little fearful of it, a little smitten with the methods of the new "psychical" realism. A confusion of motives has been his undoing hitherto. He does not know when to have done, when to let well enough alone. For example, the first part of "The Winged Victory" is

a well-nigh perfect thing in itself, a very beautiful idyl of youth which one is tempted to tear out its context and have bound by itself. For the ensuing parts have to do with undergraduate life in a Middle-Western coeducational university—a crude life which has the air of being reported verbatim; and with a studio life of which the writer has nothing new to delineate. No method of realism, plain or fancy, physical or psychical, is likely to serve Mr. Lovett as his really rare instinct for romantic interpretation may.

It is true that most of the names which range themselves in one's mind as of the best promise, as most to be looked to in the immediate future, refuse to connect themselves in any way with the idea of romance. These writers are concerned, they would tell us, with life as they find it, not as they fancy it, and chiefly with a life mental, psychic, or individual. Now a microscope is to be held up to nature, now a camera; never by any chance a Mirror of Shalott. The limitations of a talent so preoccupied are clearly seen in the work of Robert Herrick. In the first place, he asks us to be interested in perfectly commonplace persons, little individuals snapshot at random from the crowd, and set before us "enlarged." How much more do we know of his characters at the end than we knew at the beginning? At best they remind us of the people we meet every day, people with whom we have a bowing acquaintance, whose features may have interested us at first sight, but who seem thereafter to have no attributes of consequence beyond these same features. Mr. Herrick has, we understand, been accused of reproducing in the form of fiction actual persons and situations of his acquaintance. The charge is one that many novelists have had to face, but in this case it has an inherent probability beyond the common. And if his novels are lacking in dignity of characterization, they are also haphazard in construction, both episodical and diffuse. There is a profusion of materials, but too little command of them in the large. His stories continue, incident is added to incident, and speech to speech, but there is little natural development. For example, the opening chapter of "Together" is of marked interest. A study of American marriage, ventured with the reverence and high enthusiasm which mark those introductory paragraphs—what might it not amount to? But the thing, somehow, does not come off. Various subsidiary persons and episodes intervene; or, rather, there is such a reduplication of possible interests that in the end one is by way of becoming indifferent to the question of their relative value. And yet one cannot feel that Mr. Herrick is born a mere recorder of the casual fact. What we have to hope for from him is an increased power of elimination and of sublimation, fewer lifelike individuals and more speaking types, less of didacticism and more of free interpretation.

A less experienced writer has ventured with firmer step upon the very ground chosen by Mr. Herrick. "Neith Boyce" is interested in the same types of Americanism, or rather of human character as colored by the conditions of our American life; and in "The Bond" she has dealt successfully with the absorbing problem—the problem of marriage under the complicated condition of modern life—which "Together" seems, after all, to have done no more than successfully circumnavigate. And there is a restraint, a compactness, a saliency, in this study of a single striving and erring human pair which is lacking in Mr. Herrick's naturalistic panorama of matrimony. They are, to be sure, an exceptional pair, even in this day: their marriage is a disconcertingly modern "arrangement," yet a perfectly logical and by no means unparalleled application of current theory. The man is a painter, the woman a sculptor. They are drawn together by the old-fashioned emotion of love as well as by congeniality; but the marriage is based upon the explicit understanding that the individual life of neither is to be interfered with. The wife retains her "bachelor" quarters and studio, as the husband retains his. A flat, neutrally situate, is the common ground upon which the business of matrimony is to be somewhat parentheticallly conducted; children are not provided for in the scheme. But children occur, to appear at first as mere incidents, but later in their true light as symbols of the psychical process through which an inevitable fusion has taken place. And so, however strained at, the bond holds firm; their mutual love is real, if not heroic or exultant. They are not converted in the end to a different kind of pair, we leave them yet committed to the familiar and merely not hopeless task of mutual forbearance and affection. A serious study of such a theme, free from sensationalism as well as from sentimentalism, is an achievement of great merit in itself, and of still greater promise as the work of so young a writer as we take "Neith Boyce" to be.

Of Miss Sedgwick and Mrs. Wharton, we, of course, expect much. Their methods have a common delicacy, due to common sources: without Bourget, without Mr. James, they could hardly be what they are. Yet we take it that finesse is really the breath of their nostrils, and not merely the trick of their pens; and it is, in the nature of the case, a feminine finesse. Miss Sedgwick is said to have a wider audience in England than at home; she has certainly not achieved such a degree of popularity as has been accorded to Mrs. Wharton. Yet they seem at a glance to be doing much the same kind of thing. Miss Sedgwick might almost have written "Madame de Treymes"; and Mrs. Wharton might almost have written "The Rescue." Their work has the episodical quality of its kind—little epic breadth, much elaboration of detail. We breathe a rarefied air: not for us the vulgar tumult of that life so eagerly depicted by our Fielding, our Dickens; we are as little exposed to "lowness" as in an eighteenth century comedy. A cosmopolitan suavity of manner, a Gallic grace of diction, are to be expected of such characters as occupy the foreground; persons like servants, tradesmen, poor relations, and others to be naturally held under suspicion of vulgarity, are strictly kept in the background, as they are said to be in polite life. Such being the specifications of personnel, we are confined pretty closely to the Atlantic seaboard, in so far as we insist upon being interested in life upon this side of the water at all. But London offers a better body of material and Paris a better still. There is, after all, something extraneous and exotic in the method of such writers. It represents a degree of sophistication, of civilization if you like, to which we have not yet attained, and to which it is hardly our dearest ambition to attain. Mrs. Wharton seems on the whole to be more closely confined to the situation, the episode, than Miss Sedgwick, so that her novels present the elongated situation, or the multiplied episode, rather than a fluid or cumulative narrative. Her latest long story contains the suggested material of at least three novels. But she has amazing cleverness: one has the feeling that if she were to addict herself altogether to the novel for awhile a larger power might develop than is likely to under the steady importuning of magazine editors for the commodity which everybody knows she can turn out. One is sorry to hear of her contracting for a series of "stories about men" in the near future for a well-known periodical. This method of subsidizing talent and bending it to an editorial notion is not a promising omen for our fiction.

The present worship of the short story may naturally lead to such arrangements. The market price of the commodity is so high as to be practically mandatory. And, indeed, however reluctant one may be to admit all that is claimed for the article itself on absolute grounds, there is no denying that it is our specialty. The short story is certainly not so new a thing as has been asserted, nor is it, perhaps, so great a thing; but we shall leave it better than we found it—almost as good, perhaps, as it can be made. Mrs. Wharton is, thus far, at her best in the tale, and so are most of her contemporaries. So are Joseph Conrad, Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, H. M. Rideout, Miss Alice

Brown, "O. Henry," F. J. Stimson. So, we should say, is Hamlin Garland, if he did not seem to have slipped already into the past. "Main-Travelled Roads" was and remains the most powerful collection of short stories dealing with American provincial life. Mr. Stimson's "Jethro Bacon," Mr. Rideout's "Wild Justice," and several of the earlier tales of Miss Wilkins, are, taken by themselves, as effective in the same field. Miss Wilkins's experiments in extended narrative have lacked the peculiar excellence of her short stories; and some of her recent excursions in the direction of romance have approached the ludicrous. Her command of New England rustic life and character is as assured as ever, and we need only wish of her a renewed fidelity to the theme and mode of her early choice. Miss Alice Brown is another painter of New England genre, to whom we must continue to look: she sees her country folk through other-colored glasses than those of Mrs. Freeman, but with equal sympathy and candor. And with her again the short story form seems to be the natural medium. Short-story writers of a younger generation abound: whether creators or created of the popular magazines, it would be hard to say. Perhaps the most brilliant and versatile of them is "O. Henry"; but many of them are brilliant and most of them are versatile. It is hard to guess which of them will improvise best in the near future, or what their improvisation will be seen to amount to in the long run.

H. W. Boynton.

CANADIAN LITERATURE IN 1908.

Ottawa, January 25.

The last year has been notable for the number of important publications bearing upon the history of Canada. In several respects first place must be given to Miss Agnes Laut's "Conquest of the Great Northwest" (Outing Publishing Co.). This is, as the sub-title says, the "Story of the Adventurers of England Known as the Hudson's Bay Company." The two previous histories of the company—Dr. Bryce's "Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company" and Beckles Willson's "Great Company"—being notoriously inaccurate, Miss Laut's book will be the more welcome. Miss Laut found the bulk of her material in Hudson's Bay House, London, and in the Public Record Office. From the former she secured many important documents, the very existence of which was hitherto unknown, such as the Journals of Peter Skene Ogden and the Letters of Colin Robertson; from the latter a great deal of entirely new material bearing upon the voyages and character of Radisson, d'Iberville's exploits in the Bay, etc. Covering to a large extent the same field, but from a different point of view, is L. J. Burpee's "Search for the Western Sea" (New York: Appleton & Co.), a history of the exploration of Northwestern America. The course of exploration is traced through Hudson Bay and inland to Lake Winnipeg, on the one hand, and, on the other, from Lake Superior westward, the united streams of exploration culminating in the famous overland expedition of Alexander Mackenzie. Two volumes that are admirable examples of scholarship combined with readability are Prof. C. W. Colby's "Canadian Types of the Old Régime, 1608-1698" (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), and Prof. George M. Wrong's "A Canadian Manor and Its Seigneurs" (New York: The Macmillan Co.). Time was, and it is not so very long ago, when a Canadian professor of history would have scorned to waste his valuable hours on Canadian history. Here, however, we have two books on purely Canadian themes, by the professors of history in two great Canadian universities. In the former book, Professor Colby discusses various aspects of French colonization in the New World from a novel point of view; in the latter Professor Wrong tells the romantic story of the old Seigneury of Murray Bay, as gleaned from letters and papers found in an attic room of the Manor House. A. G. Bradley's "The Making of Canada" (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) seems to be part of a series of histories of Canadian periods, of which his "Fight with France for North America" is an earlier, and his "Canada in the Twentieth Century" a later, link. The period here covered is that immediately following that of the "Fight with France for North America"—the half-century to and including the War of 1812-14. Though the book contains nothing new, nothing, in fact, which has not been more fully dealt with in such books as Smith's "Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony," Scott's "Simcoe," Mr. Bradley's own work on "Dorchester," and Lucas's "Canadian War of 1812," it fulfils very satisfactorily the author's intention "to depict the most vital and most interesting period of Canadian history within a compass that is neither sketchy on the one hand nor monumental on the other." The year has also been marked by the practical completion of an ambitious, and on the whole creditable, Canadian series, The Makers of Canada (Toronto: Morang). Four volumes were published in 1908: George R. Parkin's "Sir John Macdonald," Adam Shortt's "Lord Sydenham," R. H. Coats and R. E. Gosnell's "Sir James Douglas," and Charles Lindsey's "William Lyon Mackenzie." The latter is a reprint of an earlier edition, with a considerable amount of additional material by the author's son, G. G. S. Lindsey. The four are of unequal merit, Dr. Parkin's "Macdonald" and Professor Shortt's "Sydenham" being decidedly superior to the other two. A supplementary volume, now in preparation by L. J. Burpee, will contain a complete analytical index to the series of twenty volumes, a critical bibliography of the several periods of Canadian history, and a collection of brief descriptive and biographical notes covering many topics and lives omitted from the series. All this material will be in one alphabetical arrangement, and will be followed by a series of historical maps and plans.

During the year, the Second and Third of the Publications of the Champlain Society appeared. The former is Nicolas Denys's "Description and Natural History of the Coasts of North America (Acadia)," translated and edited, with a memoir of the author, collateral documents, and a reprint of the original, by Prof. William F. Ganong, of Smith College (see the *Nation* of November 12, 1908, p. 467); the latter is "Documents Relating to the Seigniorial Tenure in Canada, 1598-1854," edited, with an historical introduction and explanatory notes, by Prof. W. B. Munro, of Harvard. Apart altogether from the advantages to students of having an authoritative translation of Denys's peculiarly difficult and inaccessible text, and a serviceable collection of the more important documentary material, bearing on the seigniorial tenure in Canada, these publications will be found valuable for the sake of the full and scholarly historical introductions with which each is equipped. The current volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada contains a number of important papers of an historical nature, in both the French and the English sections. Of these, probably Dr. J. Edmond Roy's "Essai sur Charlevoix"—the first instalment of an exhaustive study of the father of Canadian history—is of the greatest value. Benjamin Sulte brings together a quantity of scattered and hitherto inaccessible material bearing on Étienne Brulé and his explorations; Col. E. A. Cruickshank discusses Hull's Invasion of Canada in 1812; Archbishop Howley throws new light on the Labrador Boundary Question—a matter of local interest to Canada and Newfoundland; James H. Coyne edits the Talbot Papers, with their interesting bearing on the early history of Ontario; and Mr. Burpee edits the Journal of Anthony Hendry, of the Hudson's Bay Company—a narrative of the earliest visit of a white man to the Blackfeet. While no publication has come from the Canadian Archives in 1908, a great deal of highly useful work was accomplished—some of the results of which will appear during the current year. These will probably include a second instalment of Professor Shortt's "Documents Relating to the Constitutional History of Canada," and the first of the Archives Bulletins, containing

three journals, edited by L. J. Burpee —La Rocque's Journey to the Yellowstone, Murray's Yukon Journal, and McDonell's Journey to the Qu'Appelle. A summary of the work of the Archives, present and prospective, will be found in an article on "Coöperation in Historical Research," in the October number of the *University Magazine* (Montreal).

It may not be inappropriate to mention here a book by the Dominion Archivist, Dr. Arthur G. Doughty—"The Cradle of New France" (Montreal: Cambridge Corporation). This is a popular history of Quebec, prepared in connection with the Tercentenary. It is unnecessary to say that, while the story is condensed into some three hundred pages, and is intended for the average reader rather than the scholar, it has none of the faults of most popular histories. The Quebec celebration is also more or less responsible for F. B. Tracy's "Tercentenary History of Canada," in three volumes (New York: The Macmillan Co.); for a couple of small volumes by Dr. J. M. Harper of Quebec, "The Earliest Beginnings of Canada" and "Champlain, a Drama"; for a new edition of William Kirby's "Golden Dog," and for a grist of more or less important articles in Canadian, English, and American magazines. A few other publications of an historical nature may be briefly mentioned. John S. Ewart's "Kingdom of Canada" (Toronto: Morang) is a collection of lectures and essays bearing upon Canada's status in the British Empire and her international relations (see the *Nation* of September 17, 1908, p. 262); W. B. Tucker's "Camden Colony" (Montreal: Lovell) is an interesting contribution to the romantic story of the United Empire Loyalists; "Through the Mackenzie Basin," by Charles Mair and R. MacFarlane (Briggs), contains a narrative of the Athabaska and Peace River expedition of 1899, with a number of valuable notes on the mammals and birds of Northern Canada; J. W. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada" (Briggs) is a new edition of an old book, with additional chapters on Hudson Bay as a sea route to Europe, and upon musk-ox hunting; and in "The Story of Old Kingston" (Musson) Miss Agnes M. Machar tells the romantic story of one of the oldest of Canadian towns. One may also mention here the appearance of a new edition of a very useful Canadian book of reference—"Lovell's Gazetteer of the Dominion of Canada" (Montreal: Lovell), edited with an introduction by G. Mercer Adam.

The imaginative side of Canadian literature has been rather neglected in 1908. In poetry, there is not much of importance to record beyond Dr. Wilfred Campbell's volume of "Poetical Tragedies" (Briggs). Two of these plays, "Mordred" and "Hildebrande," were published in a small volume in 1893; of the other two, "Daulac" tells the dramatic story of the heroic young Canadian who, with his handful of followers, held back a horde of Iroquois at the Long Sault; and "Morning" is a purely imaginative piece of work. In "The Great Fight" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Mrs. Drummond has brought together a few of the hitherto unpublished poems of the late Dr. W. H. Drummond, with several brief prose sketches, interesting as revealing the unsuspected powers of the "Poet of the Habitant," in a different medium. During the year, Canada lost the two leading imaginative writers of Quebec—the veteran poet, Louis Fréchette, and the young lyrist, Émile Nelligan. Among several of the more recent writers of Canadian verse, one at least must be mentioned, because of the promise of her occasional poems in the periodicals — Miss Marjory Pickthall. Her "Evening" in the *University Magazine*, reveals the character and quality of her verse. In fiction, by Canadians, one may barely name Mrs. Everard Cotes's "Cousin Cinderella" (see the *Nation* of October, 1898, p. 415); Miss L. M. Montgomery's "Anne of Green Gables"; Charles G. D. Roberts's "House in the Water" (see the *Nation* of August 27, 1908, p. 187); Theodore Roberts's "Brothers of Peril"; W. D. Lighthall's "The Master of Life" (a strong historical romance); and Nellie L. McClung's "Sowing Seeds in Danny." Without attempting to give even the briefest summary of their valuable contents, mention must be made here of two recent works by Prof. John Watson, of Queen's University, "The Philosophy of Kant Explained," and also "The Philosophical Basis of Religion" (see the *Nation* of August 6, 1908, p. 117).

Of French-Canadian publications in book form, the more important are A. G. Morice's "Dictionnaire historique des canadiens et des métis français de l'ouest" (Kamloops, B. C.: published by the author); F. J. Robidoux's "Conventions nationales des acadiens" (*Moniteur Acadien*); F. L. Desaulniers's "Les Vieilles Familles d'Yamachiche" (Montreal: Pigeon); Abbé Henri Cimon's "Aux Vieux Pays" (Chicoutimi: Delisle); Eug. Rouillard's "La Côte nord du St. Laurent et le Labrador canadien" (Quebec: Laflamme); and Abbé Camille Roy's "Essais sur la littérature canadienne" (Quebec: Garneau).

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Several items of Americana are included in the library of Lord Polwarth, which is to be sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, on February 15 and 16. The most interesting is a perfect copy, with the frontispiece and map, of "The Discovery of New Brittaine," by Edward Bland and others, London, 1651. The only copy offered at public sale in recent years is Barlow's, which brought $135 in 1890. That is probably the same copy that, after having been in the libraries of Charles H. Kalbfleisch and Marshall C. Lefferts, is now in the E. D. Church collection. It contains the curious frontispiece showing "Indian Wheat" and "An Indian Jay," but does not contain any map. The map, noted by Sabin, seems to be the identical map issued with the third edition of Edward Williams's "Virginia Richly and Truly Valued," also published in 1651, and it may have been inserted in a few copies of "The Discovery of New Brittaine." The John Carter Brown Library copy lacks the leaf of dedication, as well as the frontispiece and map. Among other books included in this sale are: The "Æneidos," Caxton's translation, 1490, an imperfect copy (78 leaves out of 84); Higden's "Polychronicon," Southwarke, Peter Treveris, 1527; Gower's "Confessio Amantis," Berthelette, 1532; Sir Thomas More's "Woorkes" (1557); and a very extensive and interesting collection of English pamphlets, several thousand in number, sold as 120 lots.

On February 10 and 11, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell an unusual collection of session laws, statutes, codes, etc., 1,609 lots, relating to fifty-two States, Territories, and Indian nations. A few eighteenth century imprints are included. On February 16, 17, 18, and 19 the same firm sells the genealogical library of the late Samuel S. Purple, the most extensive collection of this kind ever offered for sale at auction. Dr. Purple began collecting books on American genealogy as far back as 1850. His copy of the "Genealogy of the Family of Mr. Samuel Stebbins," Hartford, 1771, the first Amercan genealogy to be printed in separate form, lacks several leaves, but the pamphlet is practically unprocurable in any condition. Of the total 2,807 lots, 235 are manuscript genealogies and pedigrees, many of them made for Dr. Purple. Sets of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, the *Magazine of American History*, and other periodicals are included.

Arthur Sjögren's papers on printers' marks ("Boktryckare- och föläggaremärken under 1400-talet"), which appeared in *Nordisk Boktryckavckonst* during 1907 and 1908, have been issued in a handsome edition of 100 copies at the remarkably low price of 10 kronor. Some fresh material has been added. While containing little that is new, the volume is interesting as the first on this subject in Swedish.

Correspondence.

BOOKS IN COLONIAL VIRGINIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent discussion in the *Nation* in regard to the earliest appearance of copies of Milton in Massachusetts, and, incidentally, in the other colonies, has suggested the idea that it might be of interest to carry the investigation farther and make a more general survey. It should be re-

membered, however, that the information which remains in Virginia (and no doubt the same is the case elsewhere in the United States) is far from comprehensive. The inventories, which are the main reliance, in a majority of cases where books are mentioned, only say "books," "a parcel of books," or "a library of books." In numerous instances where references to such inventories have been published, the persons who made the notes have not had time to copy titles, where they have been given; but only to count them. The entire or partial destruction of the records of a number of the older Virginia counties has also deprived us of much data.

I have not included Greek and Latin books which appear to have been quite numerous in all of the colonies from an early date. The following list is compiled from the *William and Mary Quarterly,* the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography,* and some manuscript inventories in the collection of the Virginia Historical Society:

Ben Jonson's "Remains," 1667.
Donne's Poems, 1667.
"Astrea" (French), 1667.
Prynne Against Prelacy, 1667.
Selden's "Titles of Honor," 1667.
Bacon's "Natural History," 1690.
Baxter's "Saints Rest," 1690.
Homer's Iliad (in English), 1690.
Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," 1701.
Fuller's "Worthies," 1701.
Sir William Davenant's Works, 1701.
Camden's "Britannia," 1701.
Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying," 1701.
Waller's Poems, 1701.
Howell's "Letters," 1701.
Herbert's "Divine Poems," 1701.
Sandys's "Travels," 1701.
"Hudibras," 1701.
Quarles's "Divine Poems," 1701.
"Don Quixote," 1701.
Montaigne, 1701.
Gower's "Confessio Amantis," 1701.
"Pilgrim's Progress," 1710.
"Orlando Furioso," 1715.
Hobbes's Works, 1715.
Raleigh's "History of the World," 1715.
Chaucer, 1716.
Cowley, 1716.
Drayton, 1716.
Erasmus (in English), 1716.
Bacon's "Essays," 1716.
Milton's "Paradise Lost," 1716.
Shakespeare, 1719.
Locke "On the Human Understanding," 1719.
Machiavelli, 1722.
Clarendon's "History," 1722.
Evelyn's "Sylva," 1722.
Burnet's "History of Own Times" and "Reformation," 1722.
Pascal's "Thoughts," 1722.
Locke's Works, 1734.
Temple's Works, 1734.
Shaftesbury's "Characters," [*sic*] 1734.
Spectator, 1734.
Tatler, 1734.
Pope's Homer, 1734.
More's "Utopia," 1734.
Guardian, 1751.
Addison's Works, 1751.
Pope's Works, 1751.
"Robinson Crusoe," 1751.
"Tale of a Tub," 1751.
Dryden's Satires, 1751.
Congreve, 1755.
Farquhar, 1755.
Pope's Odyssey, 1760.
Swift's Miscellanies, 1760.
Pryor's Poems, 1760.
Bolingbroke on History, 1760.
Jonson's Plays, 1760.

W. G. Stanard,

Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va., January 21.

FACTS AND FIGURES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has only just been drawn to Dr. W. J. Rolfe's interesting letter in your issue of December 10 last under this heading. Mr. Rolfe quite justifiably draws attention to some inaccuracies regarding the numerical length of Shakespeare's plays, which figured in the original edition of my "Life of Shakespeare" (first published in 1898). But I should like him and others to know that all save one of the errors to which he now draws attention stand corrected in the second edition of my "Life of Shakespeare," which was published in London in 1899. In the various English reissues of my work since that year, my statistical information corresponds except in one point, with Mr. Rolfe's "facts and figures." It is a matter of deep regret to me that the publisher of my book in America has omitted in successive reprints up to this date to incorporate any of the corrections which I duly forwarded to him. As a consequence I have from time to time, as on this occasion, been esteemed in America to be oblivious of misconceptions and misstatements which I have as a matter of fact long since acknowledged and set right. I am glad to be able to add that my American publisher has now promised to issue a revised edition of my work, which will incorporate all the corrections and new information accumulated by me during the past eleven years. I think that Mr. Rolfe will find in the revised American edition no discrepancy between his "facts and figures" and my own.

Sidney Lee.

London, January 20.

POE'S DEFINITION OF POETRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: J. M. Robertson, in his "New Essays Toward a Critical Method" (p. 84, note), says:

> It is remarkable that no one has ever pointed out that Poe's excellent definition of poetry, "the rhythmical creation of beauty," is a condensation of a sentence by (of all men) Griswold.

The authority for this statement is not clear, the facts being apparently as follows: Griswold, in the preface to his "Poets and Poetry of America" (1842), has the following: "The creation of beauty, the manifestation of the real by the ideal, 'in words that move in metrical array,' is poetry." This preface is dated "Philadelphia, March, 1842." In the same month, if not earlier, Poe was writing the review of Longfellow's "Ballads" in which his famous definition first occurs—since this review appeared in *Graham's Magazine* for April, 1842. Griswold, then, may have slight priority; but considering the dates is it safe to assert that Poe was indebted to Griswold?

There is, however, further evidence bearing on the point. Poe wrote at least three reviews of Griswold's "Poets," besides lecturing in Philadelphia on the same subject. In the second of these, which appeared in the Boston *Miscellany,* November, 1842, he quotes the sentence from Griswold's preface given above, "because," he says, "it embodies the *sole true* definition of what has been a thousand times erroneously defined." This perhaps looks as if Poe were giving Griswold credit for the definition. In a third review, however, published anonymously in the Philadelphia *Saturday Museum,* 1843, he says, after quoting the same sentence:

> Now what is this but a direct amplification by our poet [Griswold] of the definition of poetry—"*the rhythmical creation of beauty*"—which appeared in Mr. Poe's *critique* of Professor Longfellow's ballads, from which *we* know and *he* knows he stole it?

Would Poe make this charge so explicitly and directly without warrant? Is it possible that Griswold stole from Poe, instead of *vice versa*? Is it possible, for example, that Griswold, who succeeded Poe as editor of *Graham's* (in April, 1842, as the date is usually given), had access to the manuscript of Poe's review of Longfellow as early as March, 1842, when he was writing his own preface? Or is there any other explanation of the similar
Some of your readers may be able to clarify this matter. F. C. Prescott.

Ithaca, N. Y., January 28.

SCHURZ'S "REMINISCENCES."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The appreciative reviewer of the third volume of Carl Schurz's "Reminiscences" (*Nation* of January 21), in transcribing the sub-title, accidentally makes it appear that the supplementary sketch of Mr. Schurz's public career covers only the years from 1869 to 1896, instead of to 1906. It would be a pity to leave the reader of the review with the impresson that the last decade of Mr. Schurz's life had been ignored. During this decade he again and again gave illustrations of his best qualities as orator, writer, and publicist. Yet the limitations of space positively forbade that more than a chapter, mainly about him as an anti-Imperialist, should be given to these years. Here, as elsewhere, all but a few of the most interesting personal details and documentary citations had to be excluded, not from lack of material, but from lack of room.

Frederic Bancroft.

Washington, D. C., January 25.

"LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, jr., in the *Nation* of January 14, with its allusion to the sonnet, "Love's Omnipresence," credited to Joshua Sylvester, moves me to inquire upon what authority anterior to Palgrave's, if any, the credit is given.

In the volume of selections from Sylvester, prepared by myself, and published last fall, I should have liked to include the sonnet in question, but did not feel justified in so doing, because I was unable to find it in any edition of Sylvester's collected writings, and further, because it had a more artistic finish than any other of the love sonnets of that poet. If I can make it appear to myself that I was mistaken, by finding that the verses were attributed to Sylvester before the beginning of the eighteenth century, I shall be greatly pleased. The sturdy old Puritan has been a victim of unreasonable prejudice for so long a time that I rejoice in whatever tends to his good repute; but I don't

believe that he himself would desire to obtain honors not actually his due.

THERON WILBER HAIGHT.

Waukesha, Wis., January 25.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sorry that I cannot answer Mr. Haight's question. I confess that in attributing the sonnet to Sylvester I went no further back than the "Golden Treasury."

Now that the subject has come up again, may I quote Shelley's version of the Plato epigram, which I have long looked for, and at last found introduced into the concluding stanza of Canto ix of "The Revolt of Islam"?

"Fair star of life and love," I cried, "my soul's delight,
Why lookest thou on the crystalline skies?
O that my spirit were yon Heaven of night,
Which gazes on thee with its thousand eyes!"

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., January 28.

A PROPOSED PLAN OF COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The problem of college preparation has been much simplified since the formation of the College Entrance Examination Board, with the consequent tendency toward a real uniformity in requirements. But these examinations have one great disadvantage, namely, that they are subdivided to such an extent that a student may find himself obliged to take, for example, six or seven separate examinations in Latin, as Prof. W. T. Foster of Bowdoin pointed out in the *Nation* of December 17, 1908. This multiplication seems caused by the effort to discover both the amount and the quality of work done by the student. The alternative plan of admitting on certificate and without examination students from approved schools carries with it its own well-known evils. A third possible plan, followed by a few colleges, of admitting on examinations set as tests of the quality of work done with no attempt to determine the amount (for example, sight translation only as the language requirement) has also disadvantages that I shall point out later. A combination of these plans would, it seems to me, be both practicable and efficacious. Under this plan the college would require (1) a definite statement from the preparatory school as to the amount of work; (2) an examination to test the quality. Both the statement of the school and the result of the examination would thus be considered in admitting students. This plan would have certain considerable advantages for the college, the school, and the student.

The colleges that now admit without examination, on certificate, are always in danger of accepting ill-prepared students. Under the scheme proposed, such students would show in examination their unfitness, and would be excluded. The colleges that now make their examinations a test of quality of work, with little regard to amount, would no longer run the risk of admitting superficial students who manage to "bluff" their way through. Most American colleges attempt to avoid the evils of both systems by giving examinations to test both quality and amount of work. But the evidence as to amount thus obtained is not so trustworthy as a detailed statement from the school; nor is the test of quality so searching as an examination on quality only would be.

The advantages to the preparatory schools are no less marked. The preparatory school would have an authoritative word as to the admission of students, without taking the undue responsibility that it now really assumes in issuing the certificate. Moreover, in preparing students, the school would be able better to fit them for college work, without sacrificing interest to the necessity of reviewing over-minutely in the last years the whole requirement for admission.

The student, instead of entering solely on the statement of his school, with consequent uncertainty as to his fitness for college work, would enter with the consciousness of having had his work thoroughly tested. On the other hand, as compared with the student now attempting to gain admission through examination only, the student entering under the plan proposed would approach his examinations with comparative freedom from uneasiness, knowing that his work in the four or five school years would be duly considered, and that he would not be denied admission on the unsupported testimony of a few days of hasty writing. He would also be spared the great number of examinations, as explained above.

Of greater importance than anything else would be the coöperation between college and school, the placing on the college of the responsibility for admitting students, and on the school of the responsibility for preparing them not merely to pass entrance examinations, but to pursue freshman studies.

Toward this desired end we have already taken a decided step in the formation and the successful operation of the College Entrance Examination Board—proof that we have the necessary machinery for making the readjustments suggested.

ELIZABETH FORREST JOHNSON.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., January 22.

A JUDICIAL EXCRESCENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the recent Hains trial, and of the many other exhibitions of similar character which have been witnessed throughout the country in late years, is it not about time that we abandoned the practice of temporarily delegating sovereign power for certain purposes to a miscellaneous collection of twelve men who happen to be gathered together in a jury box? The practice is indefensible from any standpoint. It is not legally recognized; and, though a conspicuous reality in fact, in theory it has no existence. The theory is that the sole function of the jury is to determine the facts, and that it belongs exclusively to the court to determine the law and apply it to the facts found by the jury. The practical application of this theory is a task of considerable difficulty, but it is accomplished fairly well in civil cases, where the court exercises a supervisory control over the action of the jury through its power to direct or set aside verdicts. But in criminal cases it is not so. There the theory breaks down through the operation of the principle of criminal jurisprudence that the accused shall not be twice placed in jeopardy for the same offence—"jeopardy" in this connection being held to mean "the situation of a prisoner when placed on trial before a jury duly sworn and empanelled, and charged with his deliverance." This principle effectually cuts off the power of supervisory control which the court exercises in civil cases, and thereby renders the action of the jury final and irretrievable, where the verdict is in favor of the accused. The result is that, in such cases, the jury may render a verdict that involves impossible findings—for example, a finding that white is black, or that two and two make seventeen—and there is no power of correction. Here, instead of the court's applying the law to the facts as found by the jury, the jury are told what the law is, and are then virtually left to make the application for themselves, free from all power of correction. In this way the jury are for that particular case temporarily vested with what is practically sovereign power. Possessed thus of this accidentally acquired power, the jury may if they choose give arbitrary acquittal of the most heinous crimes in defiance of the plainest principles of law and the most conclusive proofs of guilt.

That such power cannot safely be entrusted to the average jury is abundantly proved by the many flagrant miscarriages of justice which we constantly see resulting from it. Examples of national prominence are plentiful, but they are only typical of a great number less prominent, but no less flagrant. For example, last year in this city a man sought out his wife, whom he had mistreated and from whom he was separated, and on her refusal to return and live with him, promptly drew a revolver and did his utmost to kill her, firing a number of shots and wounding her seriously, but not fatally. He was tried for assault with intent to kill. There was the usual defence of emotional insanity, and the usual attempt to blacken the woman's character. After a long drawn out trial the jury returned the incomprehensible and utterly preposterous verdict, "Guilty of simple assault"—a verdict which necessarily involved the absurd finding that the accused was sane enough to be guilty of simple assault, but not sane enough to be guilty of assault with intent to kill or to do great bodily harm. The judge was furious. He scored the jury roundly and dismissed them from further attendance as unfit for jury duty, but beyond this he was powerless. The utmost penalty prescribed for the small misdemeanor of which the defendant was convicted was a brief imprisonment, so that the net result of the trial was that the defendant had a few days in jail for rest and recuperation, after which he was free to resume the practice of wife-shooting whenever so inclined. Some light was thrown on the mental processes by which this verdict was reached by a remark afterwards made by one of the jurymen giving as a reason for voting as he did, that he did not like the way in which the assistant prosecuting attorney treated the defendant's attorney. With this remark as a starting point, one may imagine the great variety of influences which contributed to the rendition of this marvellous verdict.

In many cases of verdicts of acquittal it is quite evident that the jury have reacbed that result not by finding the facts and applying the law to them, but through the in-

fluence of sympathy—thus in a manner usurping and exercising that branch of sovereignty which is known as the pardoning power. The fact that the jury may be thus influenced is often the chief reliance of criminal practitioners. To induce the jury to usurp and exercise this power in violation of their sworn duty is the sole purpose of the many sensational appeals that are constantly being made to sympathy and prejudice. And it is precisely in this vulnerable point in our jury system that the insidious and anarchistic lie that is partly concealed in that highly mischievous phrase "the unwritten law" has found its most effective lodgment. There is no doubt that by the frequent repetition of this phrase both orally and in the newspapers jurymen have been led innocently to believe in a vague way that besides the law given them by the court there is another and higher law which excuses the criminal act and authorizes them to disregard the law of the land and follow instead the dictates of their own feelings.

The blame for these miscarriages of justice is usually laid upon the jurymen; but this is frequently to follow one injustice by another. While the jurymen may not be altogether blameless, the chief blame rests not upon them, but upon ourselves, who complacently tolerate and perpetuate this defective system—a system which imposes difficult and highly important duties upon untrained men not fitted for their task, and at the same time further enhances their difficulties by leaving them exposed to insidious and powerful influences which they are unable fully to comprehend or resist.

In justice to those who are compelled to do jury duty as well as to society at large this evil demands to be remedied —now as never before. The frequent occurrence of such cases in our courts is fast becoming a national disgrace, which can and should be averted. The peculiar feature of our judicial system involved in these cases is not a legitimate and necessary part of that system, but rather an accidental and unnatural outgrowth from the maladjustment of the two principles above adverted to—a judicial excrescence which should be removed and replaced with something more consonant with reason and common sense and more promotive of the ends of justice. What that "Something" shall or may be is too large a question to be discussed here. That the task of devising it and securing its adoption will be an arduous one must be admitted, but it must also be admitted that this very serious danger-point in our judicial system should be no longer left unguarded. If it be true as assumed in theory that the power in question cannot be safely intrusted to the courts, it is at least equally true as demonstrated in practice that it cannot be safely intrusted to the jury. And it surely should be possible to devise some method of vesting it where it will be freer from danger of abuse than it now is.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, January 30.

THE HETCH HETCHY VALLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 21, Warren Olney, an ex-Mayor of Oakland, Cal., makes an appeal to the readers of the *Nation* to favor the taking of the Hetch Hetchy Valley as a reservoir for the city of San Francisco, and to aid against the "monopoly" which is making the "principal fight" against it. We here in the East have been under the impression that the "principal fight" against this unnecessary invasion of the National Park was being made by the Appalachian Mountain Club, and that the good citizens of San Francisco who are clamoring for this taking are afflicted with the same form of hysteria that seems to characterize their action when the word Japanese is mentioned to them.

Their neighbors in California are not so charitable in their view. The Los Angeles *Evening News* said, editorially:

> There was never any reason or excuse for giving away this water, except that San Francisco wanted it, and was too stingy to be willing to go into the open market and buy. The Hetch Hetchy scheme is a fine thing for San Francisco, but, in plain language, it is a "steal." We concede that San Francisco needs more water and needs a municipal water system. That being true, the city should either buy the Spring Valley system outright or buy elsewhere.

The facts, which the ex-Mayor neglects to give, are these:

The city is now using daily about 32,000,000 gallons of water. The present capacity of this "monopoly" is 35,000,000, and it has undeveloped resources sufficient to supply over 100,000,000 gallons per day. The quality of the water is good. The city engineer's report estimates the daily use of water in 1948 at only 57,000,000 gallons. The city and the water company have been jockeying for some years over the sale of the company's plant. The city wants it, and the company is willing to sell. The present plant has cost in actual cash over $28,000,000. The company has indicated a willingness to sell for $32,000,000. The city, through its engineer, has appraised the value at $25,000,000, and has stated a willingness to give $28,500,000, although neither side has ever made a formal offer. The State Constitution requires the city to fix annually the water rates to be charged by the company. This it has done for the past six years at so low a figure that the United States courts have, on the application of the company, regularly and promptly enjoined the proposed rates as confiscatory. The Board of Supervisors of the city in 1906 ordered the "works and franchises" forfeited to the city, because the company would not accept rates based on a 5 per cent. return on $25,000,000, above actual operating expenses without any allowance for depreciation. The city has full power to take the entire plant of the water company by eminent domain, and have the price to be paid fixed by the courts. This proceeding the water company, the market value of whose securities has been much depressed by these attacks, has urged the city to adopt, but without avail.

There are a number of other excellent sources of water supply open to the city by purchase, either in the open market or through the courts. It frankly prefers the Tuolumne River supply because it hopes to get that from the national government without cost. No one seriously objects to this exhibition of municipal thrift. The present fight comes because the city not only wants the water for nothing, but also wants the nation to surrender one of the natural wonders of the National Park for a reservoir, because the high walls and narrow mouth of the valley make its transformation into a reservoir cheap. The proposed scheme will give the city 500,000,000 gallons daily, sixteen times its present needs, and it does not propose to construct a delivery system of more than 60,000,000 gallons daily, which it is estimated will be sufficient for the next forty years. Mr. Olney omits to tell us that a part of the plan of the city is to dam Lake Eleanor, a beautiful lake also within the park, and this part of the system, as at present planned, will deliver 57,000,000 gallons per day, and is capable of large extension; and that, in the opinion of its engineers, this supply alone is ample for the city's needs, as in its drainage basin "there are many small lakes which can be converted into storage reservoirs of considerable capacity." There are plenty of other sites for storage reservoirs than Hetch Hetchy. The existing reservoirs on the San Francisco peninsula will hold nearly 28,000,000,000 gallons, while the capacity of Hetch Hetchy, as at present planned, is but 33,000,000,000 and a reservoir can be built in the Calaveras Valley, near San Francisco, to hold 30,000,000,000, so that a supply for fully two years can be constantly kept on hand in the vicinity of the city. It must not be forgotten, therefore, that the only reason Hetch Hetchy is desired is because it is a very cheap place to build a dam.

There is one more cat in this meal. The city also has discussed using this mountain supply for the generation of electric light, and thus save its present annual expenditure of $300,000 a year for municipal lighting. This is a highly commendable object, if it were not sought at the expense of the whole country.

I say nothing here of the beauties of the valley. If there were mosquitoes there, I did not see them. The valley is remote because Congress has not yet seen fit to build seven or eight miles of road from the end of the present road at Hog Ranch. When that is built, the valley will be as accessible as the Yosemite itself was up to the time of the building of its railroad two years ago. The taking of Hetch Hetchy closes for all practical purposes the whole northern half of the park. How long will the city permit parties of 150 people, with attendant servants and horses, to camp along the river which supplies its reservoir? It was with such a party that I camped for four weeks in this watershed, where we were forced to leave two dead horses.

I submit that the Los Angeles *News* has made out its case, and the country is facing, and fighting, an attempt to secure from Congress "a license to steal."

EDMUND A. WHITMAN.

Cambridge, Mass., January 25.

AN APPEAL TO SUMMER RESIDENTS OF MAINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among your readers there must be many generous persons who are summer residents of Maine, and who may, therefore, be interested in the following statement: The laws of Maine provide for State agents appointed by the Governor to enforce the statutes respecting cruelty to

animals, and such an agent, Dr. J. H. Rollin, was appointed about sixteen months ago, at the request of the Farmington Humane Society. Dr. Rollin gives his whole time to the work, goes to all parts of the State, and is, in fact, a travelling humane agent—the first of the kind, it is believed, in the world. The scheme has attracted wide attention, and seems likely to be adopted in many other States, especially if it can be continued in Maine as an object lesson. The Farmington Humane Society is a weak society, consisting chiefly of one benevolent woman, and Dr. Rollin's salary has been paid mainly by summer residents. Among those who have taken especial interest in the matter are, Mrs. Margaret Deland, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, S. R. Taber of Chicago, the Hon. William B. Sanders of Cleveland, Clement Newbold of Philadelphia, and George B. Dorr of Boston. But the fund is now exhausted, and the work must cease unless new contributors come forward. The cruelty to horses and cattle in northern New England, especially in winter, and especially on remote farms, in logging camps, and on logging roads, is far greater than would be imagined by any one unfamiliar with the facts. Dr. Rollin has been remarkably successful. In two hundred cases he has procured an improvement in dilapidated barns which sheltered horses and cattle; he has mercifully killed 150 worn-out and incurably lame horses; he has prosecuted the worst offenders, among whom was a man who tied a rope to a horse's tongue and pulled it out; he has given away blankets to poor men; he has supplied needy families with food aud clothing; and has distributed books and papers among school children.

The undersigned acts as agent in this matter for the Farmington Humane Society, and any contributions sent to him will be received with gratitude. He refers to the Hon. S. T. Pullen, president of the Portland Humane Society; George T. Angell, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and Dr. William O. Stillman of Albany, president of the American Humane Association. HENRY C. MERWIN.

No. 3 West Cedar Street, Boston, January 26.

"NO REFUGE BUT IN TRUTH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot let your editorial of January 28, "No Refuge but in Truth," pass without a word of respectful protest.

With the general principles which you lay down no man of sense will in these days refuse to agree. All of us, be we conservative, liberal, or radical, can surely come together on this point, at least, that truth which we ourselves recognize as truth cannot honorably, profitably, or, in the end, successfully, be concealed or disguised. Nor is it difficult to admit that a theology maintaining itself by subtle sophistries and forced interpretations must, "in this era of universal education," eventually, and even quickly, succumb to the growing demand for openness and clearness of thought.

But that "much of ancient Christian dogma rested" on the "old cosmology," or that "the Christian ideal of character" is all that is left of Christianity, or that sound theology sanctions the belief in a "crassly materialistic and inconcelvable heaven," or that "the findings of natural science" necessitate the attenuation of theism to a half-hearted belief in Arnold's "cold impersonal force that, at best, makes for righteousness"—such statements as these, appearing under the general *imprimatur* of a journal like the *Nation* demand some indication that not all of your readers yield to them their agreement and consent.

Whether modern Christian thought is to be overwhelmed by the contention that the cosmology on which "ancient dogma" rested has given way before a truer system, is, to say the least, rather doubtful. I am not aware that the theology of to-day is in any particular inconsistent with the verified findings of astronomers, geologists, and physicists from Galileo to Lord Kelvin. Nor can I perceive any inherent opposition between Christian doctrine and the modern philosophy of evolution—even if the latter include, among its subsidiary hypotheses, the theory of abiogenesis, or "spontaneous generation." Those portions of early theology which have been invalidated by scientific discovery were in no instance essential to the general doctrine itself, and have long since been discarded and forgotten. To say, again, that present-day theology teaches a "crassly materialistic and inconceivable heaven," is to argue with epithets, and to educe proof from mere accentuation of statement. That nothing remains of Christianity but the ethical ideal developed from its doctrines, is an assertion against which there is here space but to oppose an earnest denial. And, lastly, the assumption that theism has been finally despoiled of all rational justification and basis, is not for a moment to be admitted. That modern science is atheistic, may by granted; but that is only because science is confessedly restricted to material phenomena, and can never penetrate, in either physics or psychology, to the supramaterial, life-giving Fundament. Our greatest psychologists are precisely those who teach this doctrine.

It should not require repetition, at this day, that theism is not disproved or weakened because the telescope has scanned the heavens in vain for an anthropomorphically conceived deity; or that the theory of an immaterial source of mental activity has not lost any of its force through the inability of the X-ray to get beyond molecules and matter. Theism has nothing to fear from, has, indeed, nothing to do with, "the findings of natural science." It rests, as Cardinal Newman so gently but persistently urged, not on any scientific examination of matter, but on an introspective examination of our mental and moral life. Theism starts with the "Universal Postulate" of Spencer that "inconceivability of the opposite is the highest assurance of truth"; it challenges any mind, scientific or other, to conceive of a thought, or a volition, or a prayer, as a material, spatial entity, so many inches long, or broad, or deep—that is, to conceive of mind as matter; and it concludes—snatching its test of truth from the mouth of the apostle of cosmic evolution—that the mind is a supramaterial, *i. e.*, a spiritual entity. But this spiritual entity must have a source, and that source itself must be spiritual, and must be, like its offspring, possessed of intelligence and will.

The question, of course, is not one that can be adequately discussed in the space that may be allotted here. Let it be recognized, finally, that religion is not a syllogism, but a standpoint; not an inference reached after a scientific or philosophic "voyage of discovery," but a deliberate and thoroughly reasonable choice of one attitude towards life and its mysteries in preference to any other. It finds its source in spirit and conscience; and as such is forever immune from a science that, on its own admission, is restricted to the spatial and material, and from a philosophy that, again on its own admission, is restricted to the phenomenal and the relative, and perpetually excluded by its very nature from the spiritual realm that contains a conscience and a God. WM. J. DURANT.

Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J., January 29.

Notes.

The Oxford University Press is about to publish a book by W. H. V. Reade, called "The Moral System of Dante's Inferno" Mr. Reade thinks that the common opinions concerning "The Divine Comedy" may be considerably modified.

Harpers are to issue a new edition of Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," which will include Macaulay's "Marginalia," recently published in a separate volume.

In answer to an inquiry as to the original editions of Eugene Lee-Hamilton's poetry, we may say that all of the books, except, we believe, the two novels, were published at his own expense. The editions were small and bear many imprints. We are informed that no authorized edition is obtainable in the ordinary way, except "Dramatic Sonnets, Poems, and Ballads: Selections from the Poems of Eugene Lee-Hamilton," with an introduction by William Sharp, London, Walter Scott (in Canterbury Poets). The selection was made by Lee-Hamilton himself, but is representative only as regards the sonnets. The same house has an edition of his novel, "The Lord of the Dark Red Star." An unauthorized edition, "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours," has been published by Thomas B. Mosher of Portland. Heinemann of London and Duffield & Co. of this city have in preparation an amplified copyright edition of "Mimma Bella," and, we understand, are planning a comprehensive book of selections to be made by Mrs. Lee-Hamilton.

Of the attractiveness of W. S. Braithwaite's "Book of Georgian Verse," just published by Brentano's, there can be no question. A surprising amount of poetry has been packed into a single stubby little volume, printed in good type and on thin but opaque paper. On the editor's judgment in selection some strictures might be made, although in the making of anthologies, if anywhere, the rule *de gustibus* is in force. Still it does seem reprehensible in a book devoted mainly to the eighteenth century to pass over Christopher Anstey, if only for the place of Bath in Georgian society; and there are other names missing which certainly have as strong a claim on our memory as some

of the obscure Scottish gentlemen admitted. However, enough of every sort is included to give a good survey of verse from Thomson to Wordsworth. For ourselves, we almost forgot to criticise the book under the spell of Landor's epigrams which first caught our eye. Certainly he is the prince of anthology writers, as is natural in one who drew so much of his inspiration from the Greek Anthology. Reading his poems here amidst the work of so many other poets, we were impressed by his power of producing an impression by a deliberate restraint and, so to speak, diminution, as seen in his "night of memories and of sighs" (which a famous German scholar once emended to "life"!), his "tears are longer ere they dry," and a score of other minute touches. We observe that the notes forget to mention that "Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel" is from Sappho; and we protest against the inclusion of "The Hamadryad" in place of his wonderful masterpiece, "Iphigeneia and Agamemnon."

Prof. F. A. Blackburn's edition of the "Exodus" and "Daniel," once attributed to Caedmon, is one of the most satisfactory offerings that have so far appeared in the Early English section of the Belles-Lettres Series (D. C. Heath & Co.). From a literary point of view these poems are much more inviting for classroom use than Prof. J. W. Bright's specimens of the West Saxon Gospels, and though they are less brilliant than the "Judith," edited by Prof. A. S. Cook, they are not open to the objection to that interesting text—its extreme shortness. It should be said, however, that Professor Blackburn has had primarily in mind the linguistic student. He has transcribed his text from the Junian manuscript with the most painstaking literalness. All proposed emendations are relegated to the footnotes, in which are included copious suggestions of earlier commentators—many of them worthless—to exercise the critical acumen of the young philologist. The vocabulary is exhaustive, even to the point of recording the 159 occurrences of the conjunction "and." The formal merits of the introductory matter are perspicuity, conciseness, and methodical arrangement. The more vital merits are a cautious judgment and a fondness for facts. He sets forth one original suggestion of considerable importance, namely, that the accent marks in Anglo-Saxon poetry do not, as is generally supposed, indicate long vowels, but rather metrical stresses. He admits, however, that the evidence is as yet incomplete, and, with the sound critical spirit that makes the whole book a model of its kind, suspends judgment.

There is a place for the Oxford edition (Henry Frowde) of "The Works in Prose and Verse of Charles and Mary Lamb." Canon Ainger's edition suffers both from incompleteness and from deliberate and utterly unwarranted alterations of the text. The seven volumes edited by E. V. Lucas have the merit of scholarly exactness, and contain everything that can reasonably be attributed to Lamb; but they are not pleasant books to handle and read, and, after all, comfort in reading in the case of an author like Lamb is an essential requisite. The edition in twelve volumes, edited by William Macdonald, is accurate, sufficiently complete, and is made up in the attractive form commonly given to his publications by Mr. Dent. We must add, however, from personal experience, that the books, if dainty, are also somewhat flimsy, and do not wear well. The edition now prepared for the Oxford Press by Thomas Hutchinson (editor of Wordsworth and Shelley in the same series) is for the "works" practically complete and is textually accurate. It is, too, considering its cheapness and the amount of matter (1,720 pages) crowded into two volumes, agreeable to eye and hand. The Letters are not included, and this may seem like having "Hamlet" with the Dane left out. Perhaps they are retained for a third volume, and, if so, Mr. Hutchinson, who has proved his capacity for painstaking and judicious work, may perform a true service; for the text of the Letters still needs rectifying in many details.

"Hazell's Annual" for 1909 (imported by Scribner's) is, as usual, the indispensable book for any one who wishes to have at hand a survey of the recent events of legislation, government, finance, civil life, education, army, etc., of Great Britain and, in less detail, of other countries. A number of new titles appear this year, including, among others, Airships, Old Age Pensions, and Unemployed Question. The book is minutely indexed and thoroughly trustworthy.

"The Commercial Products of India" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Sir George Watt, is an official publication consisting of a digest of information on the products which are of present or prospective industrial or commercial importance. It is an abridgment of the "Dictionary of the Economic Products of India," by the same author published in six volumes in 1885-94, and now out of print. The general plan of treatment may be indicated by the article on cotton, which occupies fifty-six pages. It begins with a sketch of the history of the plant in all countries from the earliest times. Then follows an account of the various species in India, the methods of cultivation, the manufactures, including the wages of mill operatives, and the foreign and domestic trade. To each section is appended a list of authorities from which the facts are derived, the statistical returns being brought down to 1905-6. All who carefully examine this unique work, the aim of which is to be of practical value to the commerce and industry of the land, must be profoundly impressed by the enormous development of India's natural wealth under English rule. To take a few products only; the exports of linseed in 1832 were 3 cwt., in 1904 they amounted to 11,182,000 cwt. The output of the coal mines increased from 459,408 tons in 1868, to 9,783,250 in 1906. "Tea now occupies half a million acres of land formerly waste," the exports amounting to thirty million dollars a year, while the annual value of the cotton crop, insignificant a century ago, is now one hundred million dollars. Some of the information, we observe, is rather trivial. Moreover, the usefulness of the work as a book of reference would have been increased by the addition of tables of measures and values.

The two latest additions to the series of Baedeker guide-books (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) are "Italy from the Alps to Naples" and "Greece." The former is the second edition of an abridgment of the three more detailed volumes, "Northern Italy," "Central Italy and Rome," and "Southern Italy and Sicily." It is designed for "travellers who have only four or five weeks at their disposal, and intend to devote their time either to a rapid and comprehensive survey of the country or mainly to the attractions of Rome and Naples." It contains 25 maps and 52 plans. The "Greece" is the fourth edition, with 16 maps, 30 plans, 2 diagrams, and a panorama of Athens.

"A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador," by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, jr. (Doubleday, Page), is an account of a journey through Labrador, from Hamilton Inlet, on the Atlantic Coast, to Ungava Bay, a part of Hudson's Bay, by the Nascaupee and George Rivers, and Lake Michikamau. The purpose was to explore this route, which had been chosen in 1903 for the first "Hubbard expedition," under the leadership of the author's husband, Leonidas Hubbard, jr. It will be recalled that, on account of fatal initial mistakes, he lost his life in the frozen wilderness, while his two companions, Dillon Wallace and George Elson, barely escaped. Mr. Hubbard's chief objects were the indulgence of his love of adventure, the desire to get material for a "good story," and to pick up what scientific information he could, by a close study of the Indians and an effort to map the country through which he passed. These were presumably also Mrs. Hubbard's objects, as she expresses her purpose to "complete" her husband's work. Well outfitted, and accompanied by four good woodsmen, one of whom was the faithful Indian, George Elson, who was with Mr. Hubbard, she finished her adventurous journey with singularly little hardship, but at such a rate of speed, especially towards the end, that she found very little time for scientific observation. Though the party encountered a few Indians, both Montagnais and Nascaupees, there was no opportunity for any study of their habits. Little shooting was done, except for the pot, and almost no fishing, which was a pity, in view of the fact that the expedition passed through a fine game and fish country. The topographical results were of slight value, and the book is almost devoid of notes on flora and fauna. In a word, it is as a volume of entertainment that the work is recommended, for it is excellently written, in a natural style, and with much vivacity. Though Labrador is far from being the *terra incognita* that many later explorers would have us believe, and journeys through it are common and by no means very dangerous if proper care is used, Mrs. Hubbard's expedition nevertheless proves her a woman of enterprise, energy, and pluck.

Miss Beatrice Grimshaw's "In the Strange South Seas" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is the continuation of the story of her enterprising journey in the Southern Pacific, the first part of which, on Fiji and the New Hebrides, was noticed in the *Nation* of January 30, 1908. Here she narrates in the same lively and entertaining way her adventures in Tahiti, Samoa, the Cook and other groups of islands mostly under the control of the New Zealand government. Their great undeveloped wealth in soil and climate admirably adapted to the cultivation of tropical fruits and the opportunities which they offer to white settlers with

some capital are clearly shown. The chief impression left by her book is that these isles are a "garden of Indolence, a lotus-land, a place where one dreams, and wanders, and listens to the murmuring reef-song, and sleeps under the shade of a palm, and wakes but to dream again." For nearly three years she voyaged from one to another of the eight groups in the small sailing vessels which are the only means of communication with the outside world. It was an adventurous journey as she was without any companion, but she was treated everywhere with unfailing courtesy, especially in those islands which she was the first white woman to visit. Her descriptions of the wonderful color effects in the coral atolls, the fruit groves, and the life of the natives, their passionate fondness for flowers, dancing, singing, and swimming are very vivid. One of the most interesting places was Tonga, one of the Friendly Islands, which has a king, "a real palace, guards of honor, a parliament, a prime minister, a chancellor of the exchequer, and a large number of public officials. All these are Tongan natives." Six or seven years ago the king, wishing to provide himself with a queen of equal rank with himself, "first applied to the Emperor of Germany to know if there was a German Princess of marriageable age whom he could have. The Kaiser politely replied in the negative." Their high opinion of their own importance is shown by the fact that "when the war between China and Japan broke out, Tonga politely sent word to Great Britain that she intended to remain neutral." The concluding chapters contain an account of a short stay in Samoa and a visit to the Hot-Water Country and Geysers in New Zealand. There can be no doubt that such a cruise as Miss Grimshaw took would be ideal for the wearied toiler of the busy world. Many of the fifty-six illustrations are remarkable for their beauty. If the author would condense her two volumes into one, leaving out many of the descriptions of scenery which are tiresome because of their sameness, and scores of trivial incidents, and add an index and a map, she would make a valuable contribution to the literature of a little-known part of the world.

Our strongest impression on picking up W. M. Rossetti's "Family Letters of Christina Georgina Rossetti" (Scribner's) is one of disappointment for a great opportunity lost. Mr. Rossetti has for a number of years been issuing monographs, biographical introductions, and books on the greater members of his family. The pity is that he should have scattered his energy on so many incomplete publications instead of concentrating it upon one solid memoir. As it is, the best of his material has gone into pamphlets and introductions, leaving his larger works, like the two volumes of 1906, entitled "Some Reminiscences," singularly jejune and fragmentary. A proper history of the Rossetti family would be a book of great interest and value, and no one had better opportunities for writing such a memoir than the editor of these letters; as it is, we must look to another. The present letters of Christina Rossetti, we must say regretfully, are of slight interest, and this slightness is emphasized by their publication in a separate volume. They are almost entirely brief notes. Here and there some reference to literary matters drops in, as when she mentions the family liking for Barham's extraordinary ballad "As I Lay A-thinking," or when she speaks of Emily Dickinson's "wonderfully Blakean gift, but therewithal a startling recklessness of poetic ways and means"; but these are exceptions. Nor do the letters throw any new light on the character or experience of the writer. Considering the intimacy of her verse, we should be glad to have any clearer revelation of her feeling toward James Collinson and Charles B. Cayley; but of such confession there is in these pages not a hint. The only excuse we can find for the publication is that some day the man who shall write the desired history of the family may find in it a few sentences to his purpose.

A collection of family letters of unusual charm is published under the title "Memoirs of a Vanished Generation" (John Lane Co.). The family of Edmond Knox, cadet of a noble Irish house, had the habit of sprightly and intimate correspondence. Their letters from 1813 to 1855 mirror life with an agreeable distortion of the scale which reduces the doings of '48 to the same magnitude as Bessy's matrimonial chances. "By the time you come home," writes Mrs. Knox to her soldier-son in Canada, "I shall be occupied in taking Bessy into the world. I wonder if I shall have any luck!" Bessy was no beauty, but was "thought very agreeable in conversation." From her letters, she was a merry, sweet-hearted girl, and the reader hopes anxiously that one of the eligible young men with whom she dances may endow her with a title and a carriage. But fate is as inexorable as Henry James, and Bessy married a country parson and a widower, and died at thirty. The soldier-son came home in 1842 on a year's leave. He crossed from Sandy Hook to Deal in thirty days, reached London the day after landing, "ordered a complete rig-out of clothes from Jones in Regent Street," and went to the Haymarket to see Mme. Vestris the same evening. His laconic diary shows his joys in Paris, where he dined in company with "Thackeray, the author," and hired a window for five francs to see two men guillotined.

In calendaring the State Papers (Colonial Series) for the year 1700, Cecil Headlam, the editor, has found a census, taken in that year, of the white inhabitants of Jamaica. In view of the fact that many of the families in the United States are descendants from forefathers who first settled in the West Indian colonies, this announcement will be of interest in this country. It will not be practicable to print the names in the next Calendar, but the fact of their existence will be noted. Family associations between the States and the West Indies were pointed out by Samuel Drake, in the Register of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, about fifty years ago, and since then they have been further elucidated. It is well known that Hamilton came from Nevis. Dallas, the first Secretary of the Treasury, was a native of Jamaica. Gen. George Gordon Meade of Gettysburg fame was descended from a family of colonists in Montserrat. A branch of the Winthrop family "planted" in Antigua; and a branch of the Lees in Barbados. There is good reason to believe that it may yet be proved that John Washington, who settled in Virginia about 1657, went thither from Barbados.

The British League of the Empire has just issued its text-book, "The British Empire: Its Past, Its Present, and Its Future," a work of about 800 pages, with 54 pages of good index. About 240 pages have been contributed by the editor, Prof. A. F. Pollard, on the history of the British Isles. The treatment of India, the Colonies, and their possessions, is therefore, necessarily, on a very inadequate scale. Of places in the New World, Canada is assigned 75 pages; Newfoundland less than 9; Bermuda, less than 2; the Falkland Islands 1½; and the West Indies, about 30. One of the committee for the preparation of the history, Sir Frederick P. Pollock, has contributed 34 pages on "The Future Organization of the Empire." The work has been prepared from moneys provided by the Spitzel Imperial Education Trust, founded on a gift of £5,000 by the late Mr. Spitzel.

Interest in Thackeray has revived in Germany. In a series of treatises on English and German philology, edited by Alois Brandl, Erich Schmidt, and Gustav Roethe there has appeared a book of 152 pages by Dr. Erwin Walter, entitled "Entstehungsgeschichte von W. M. Thackerays Vanity Fair." The first German edition of Thackeray's complete works, translated by Heinrich Conrad, has also appeared upon the market.

A contribution to the Turkish question has just come from the press of Rütten & Löning, the Literarische Anstalt of Frankfort, "Der erlöschende Halbmond," by Alexander Ular und Enrico Insabato. The subtitle, "Türkische Enthüllungen," is not a happy choice; for a book that frankly promises revelations of any kind is rarely devoid of an unpleasant element of sensationalism. It is to the authors' credit that they have maintained a certain dignity in the treatment of a subject which lends itself so easily to the methods of yellow journalism. The work is likely to add to the reputation of Ular, who came into prominence as the author of "Die gelbe Flut," a novel of Chinese life remarkable for its insight into customs and conditions ordinarily hidden from the foreigner. The two authors merely report the facts, point out the relation between seemingly unrelated things, guide the reader through the labyrinth, and analyze the various aspects of the economic and political problems involved.

The city of Hamburg, Germany, has just opened a Colonial Institute, and a modest pamphlet gives the addresses on the occasion. Hamburg has steadily increased the number of its useful institutions—a great hospital, an excellent astronomical observatory, a capital municipal library, a well planned system of schools, now culminating in a local university, with a scientific academy. And finally, mindful of its large interest in the prosperity of German colonies, it has provided a Colonial Institute, for the training of officials, merchants, planters, and all who may seek employment in the colonies. The hearty acknowledgment of the imperial government was made by the secretary of the colonies, Bernhard Dernburg, who was trained as a merchant in the United States, and as an official in the German African colonies. The principal address was that of Prof. Karl

Rathgen, of the staff of the new institute, describing its scope and organization. In addition to chairs filled by members of the various local faculties, three new professors have been called to teach law, geography, and Eastern history; and in addition courses will be given in languages, natural history, medicine, and politics.

A useful compendium of facts is the new work of Dr. O. Schwarz, which appears in the Sammlung Göschen, entitled "Die Steuersysteme des Auslandes." It describes in considerable fulness the tax systems of all the leading nations of the globe, except Germany.

"Buddha: Sein Leben, seine Lehre, und sein Einfluss bis auf unsere Zeit," by Theodor Simon (Gütersloh; C. Bertelsmann), is divided into four parts which treat of Buddha's Life; Buddha's Teachings; the Spread of Buddhism in Asia; the Influence of Buddhism on Modern Thought and Life. One feature is the author's effort to show the similarity between Buddhism and the philosophies of Schopenhauer and Hartmann. The parallels between the teachings of Jesus and Buddha are, according to the author's view, more seeming than real. He further insists that Buddhism does not advance but retards and deadens civilization.

The house of J. C. Hinrichs, Leipzig, has now, with the publication of the twenty-first volume, completed the third edition of that greatest storehouse of Protestant theological learning, the "Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche," originally projected by Prof. J. J. Herzog, but now edited by Prof. Albert Hauck. Some four hundred scholars have contributed more than forty-three hundred articles to the more than seventeen thousand pages of this edition. A supplementary index is yet to follow.

John Gilmer Speed, grand-nephew of the poet Keats, died at Mendham, N. J., February 2. He was born in Kentucky fifty-five years ago, and was a graduate of the University of Louisville as a civil engineer. After his graduation he practised his profession, built several railroads, and at one time was city engineer of Louisville. At the Centennial Exihibition he was chief of the bureau of transportation. From 1879 to 1883 he was managing editor of the New York *World*, and from 1883 to 1887 travelled abroad extensively, doing magazine work. On his return to America he engaged in various editorial work and wrote much for the magazines. In later years he made the horse his special subject. In 1904 he was appointed commissioner to purchase breeding stock for the Philippines, and was afterwards employed to inspect horses and mules bought for work in the Panama Canal. His published books are: "Keats' Letters and Poems," "A Fall River Incident," "The Gilmers in America," "A Deal in Denver," "The Horse in America."

Miss Martha Finley died at her home in Elkton, Md., January 30. She was born at Chillicothe, O., in 1828, and spent her girlhood at South Bend, Ind. In 1868 under the pseudonym of Martha Farquharson she put out the first story of "Elsie Dinsmore," which was such a success as to justify twenty successors, the last, "Elsie's Winter Trip," being published in 1902. She was also the author of the "Mildred Books."

The death is announced of the Rev. Arthur G. Butler, for a time assistant master at Rugby, head master of Haileybury from 1862 to 1867, and from 1875 to 1895 tutor of Oriel College, Oxford. Besides winning distinction as a teacher he published several books of verse: "Charles I, a Drama," "Harold, a Drama," "Choice of Achilles, and Other Poems."

News comes of the death at Paris of Albert Mérat, poet and librarian of the Senate, at the age of sixty-eight. He was in early life a friend of Verlaine's, and collaborated with him in a book of sonnets, "Avril, Mai, Juin."

Charles Tardieu has died at the age of seventy in Brussels. He was a well-known figure at Paris during the later years of the Second Empire, and founded *L'Art*. He afterwards went to Brussels, where for several years he edited *L'Indépendence belge*.

From Jena comes the news of the death, in his fifty-second year, of Karl Vollers, professor of Oriental philology. His best known work is "Die Weltreligionen."

Johan Jakob Borelius, professor of theoretical philosophy at the University of Lund from 1866 to 1898, has died in his eighty-sixth year. A follower of Hegel, he felt that the anarchistic and materialistic views held by the Hegelian left were caused by their not having drawn the full consequences from the master's dialectic principles. Borelius was most widely known for his polemics with C. J. Boström and Boström's followers, especially Sigurd Ribbing. During the last years of his life he was engaged on a large work on metaphysics, only parts of which have been published.

OSCAR WILDE.

Oscar Wilde. By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.50 net.

It was only a little while ago that R. H. Sherard published what professed to be an authoritative biography of Oscar Wilde; and now appears a criticism of much the same scope and intention by Mr. Ingleby. While recognizing the impossibility at this point of anything like a final or definitive evaluation of his author, Mr. Ingleby expects to reach, if only for the time being, a relatively just, or at least a thoroughly comprehensive, estimate. He hopes to make a correction or two, if not an entire rectification. In this respect his volume is a pendant to Mr. Sherard's. Unfortunately, however, neither of these gentlemen succeed in inspiring much confidence. To be sure, Mr. Ingleby has moments of great sanity; but they are followed by paroxysms of enthusiasm so reckless and extravagant as to prejudice even his more lucid intervals. His book is further compromised by the circumstance that its conclusions are wholly inconsistent with its principles. Mr. Ingleby censures Oscar Wilde's character and condemns his theories of literature; and yet he lavishes unsparing praise upon the writings which are the expression of that personality and the illustration of those ideas. At the same time he is quite devoid of petty intolerance and unfairness. He quotes as liberally from detractors as from panegyrists. He recognizes that there is such a thing as a difference of opinion, and he looks behind as well as before. The fact seems to be that admiration has become an involuntary habit with him—a kind of tic which he is unable to check or control, and which has ended by suborning the intelligence to issue it a set of counterfeit credentials.

For Mr. Ingleby, Oscar Wilde is simply a brilliant example of the general thesis that character has nothing to do with literature—or art, as he would probably prefer to call it. He insists that "the man's life and the man's work" are wholly separate and independent, and "should not be regarded as identical," much less judged by the same standard. On the one hand, there is "the artist, all of whose works were pure, stimulating, and splendid," and who never wrote "a line that was immoral and impure"; and, on the other hand, there is "the criminal, part of whose life was shameful," but whose "criminal side . . . was only a part of his complex nature horribly disastrous for himself and his personal life, but absolutely without influence upon his work." For this reason Mr. Ingleby prefaces his criticism by a distinct study of "the Man"—though on his own showing such a study in this connection must be merely idle, if indeed it does not prejudice his author in the very manner he himself deplores, particularly as this is the most interesting and significant part of his book. And, by the bye, when will critics have done with this silly fashion of dissecting their subject into man and artist, as though an artist were ever anything but a man? In this case, at all events, Mr. Ingleby apportions his "man" among four "periods"—the period of æsthetic pose and attitudinizing, the brief heyday of literary and social fashion, an interval of obscuration and eclipse, succeeded by a sudden momentary flare and rapid extinction. On the whole, nothing could be more moderate and impartial in tone than this survey. That it is, if anything, over-indulgent, is a fault with which the generous reader will find it easy to sympathize. After acknowledging Wilde's "unconquerable egoism," the "self-appreciation and confidence which reached not only the heights of absurdity, but surely impinged upon the borders of mental failure," the "extraordinary and abnormal divorce between will-power and intelligence"—in a word, the man's fatal *hybris;* Mr. Ingleby draws a balance in the following terms:

> In regarding the whole field of the poet's life . . . one finds him to be a sweet and noble nature, with much of the seren-

ity of "highness" which accompanies a great genius, yet obscured, soiled, overlapped, and periodically destroyed by a terrible and riotous madness, both of talk and thought. It is a facile and dangerous thing to attribute all the good and noble actions of any man to his "real self," and to say that all the evil he wrought and did came from madness or irresponsibility. If such a doctrine were to be generally accepted and believed, laws would lose their *raison d'être,* punishment would become a mockery, and society would inevitably end.

Yet possibly it may be that some few souls exist of whom such a statement may be true. If such exceptions do exist and have existed, then surely Oscar Wilde was one of them.

So be it. It is ill to crowd the dead. In view of the inequality of custom one would be as charitable as possible with a man of extraordinary gifts lest one confound too many in an indiscriminate condemnation. Yet in view of Mr. Ingleby's general proclamation of divorce as between literature and character it is impossible to avoid recalling Boileau's commentary:

Le vers se sent toujours des bassesses du cœur,

or, to keep somewhere near the same artistic kind, the remark of Théodore de Banville:

Comme, en somme, ta poésie exprimera ton âme, on y verra se refléter clairement les vices, les faiblesses, les lâchetés, et les défaillances de ton âme. Tu tromperas les hommes peut-être, mais non la Muse.

But Mr. Ingleby goes even farther. Toward the close of his volume he virtually concludes a separation between a writer's opinions, too, and his work. That he himself, in spite of his protestations, is sufficiently under the influence of common prejudice to feel the desirability of setting out his author's life in the fairest possible colors, is clear from the preceding quotation. But his condemnation of Wilde's views is thoroughgoing:

Enough has been said and quoted to prove . . . that art, while it is the chief regenerative force in life, cannot possibly be dissociated from morals, that Wilde's view of art in its relation to morals is entirely unsound and dangerous to the half-educated and those who do not know how the greatest brains of the world have regarded this question.

And it is strictly in accordance with these principles, developed at length in the chapter on "The Philosophy of Beauty," that he censures "De Profundis" solely on the strength of its content:

Now if the book were merely an excursion in attitude, a considered work of art without any profound relation to the truth of its personal psychology, then I think the book would be a less saddening thing than it undoubtedly is. . . . [But] if the work is absolutely sincere, as I believe it to be, then, from the moral point of view, it is, indeed, a terrible document. It shows us how little the extraordinary, complex temperament of Oscar Wilde was really chastened and purified. It provides us with a moral picture of monstrous egotism set in a frame of jewels.

What, then, is left to a work of art in default of character and ideas? Nothing, apparently, except style. But while the conclusion may serve to explain the possibility of Mr. Ingleby's enthusiasm, in the teeth of the preceding considerations, when he comes to examine his author's "work," yet it must also diminish the value of his praise for the serious reader. And, indeed, this part of the volume leaves the mind in something of a turmoil. It is disconcerting enough to hear Wilde's frequently superficial and catchy trick of expression lauded through thick and thin as "the supreme art of the genius," to find his rather amateurish dramatic vein ranked with the thoroughly experienced stage-craft of Sardou, to listen to the confident prophecy that "'A Woman of No Importance' is certain of immortality," to read of "the *supreme* and splendid passages" in which he has treated of Dante's Divine Comedy—and that, too, in the same breath with "his curiously topsy-turvy views of life." But all this is nothing to the *volte-face* whereby the critic concludes of "De Profundis," in defiance of his own criticism just cited—"I know of nothing written in recent years that comes anywhere near it as an almost flawless work of art." Surely, in reference to such "a terrible document," such "a picture of monstrous egotism," this can mean nothing if it does not mean that a work of art is art only in as far as it is factitious.

It is not so much that Oscar Wilde was not in his way a clever and even at times a brilliant writer—but that all this laudation is so entirely wanting in proportion, in the sense of measure and relativity. Indeed, the critic himself is wickedly suggestive at times of the *bourgeois épaté,* to whom he frequently refers with some disdain—the dumfounded Philistine, who is too dazed to exercise his judgment upon the object of his detestation or admiration. And it is just this fact, that the writer does not understand exactly what he is praising, or why or how much, which damages in its upshot and intention what is in some particulars an interesting and even a judicious book.

CURRENT FICTION.

Septimus. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

Septimus is a fresh and delightful figure among story-book heroes. Superficially, he is a person frequently to be seen upon the comic stage: the lack-lustre, anæmic, wool-gathering young man of genius, who cannot manage his cuffs, or remember where he lives. In short, he appears to be an ass, and the spectator is encouraged to enjoy him to the full as such. But the point of the story is that he is gradually perceived to be, not an ass, but a lion in ass's skin. Septimus Dix ("Simple Septimus" he was called for serial purposes) is a lonely, eccentric young Englishman, with the brains of a mathematician and the heart of a child. He has plenty of money, but insufficient presence of mind to care for or enjoy it rationally. He is at the mercy of a rascally valet, an ex-burglar, and of whatever sharp practitioners may chance upon him. Of course, the irrational thing about the situation is that such a born victim should have outlived an unprotected boyhood without being absolutely stripped by the sharp practitioners, who in real life seldom leave their operations to chance. To make matters worse, Septimus is an inventor, with heavy ordnance as a specialty. When we come upon him, however, not even the patent lawyers have succeeded in draining him dry, and he is safely if aimlessly pottering about at Monte Carlo. At the roulette-table he meets a young Juno of an English widow, Zora Middlemist, who is, like himself, loitering alone through Southern Europe. They strike up a whimsical acquaintance. Each really needs the protection and companionship of the other, and they resume their travels in discreet proximity. Presently there enters upon the scene another man, almost as unusual as Septimus, one Clem Sypher, proprietor of "Sypher's Cure," and self-styled Friend of Humanity. His remedy is worthless, but he does not know it. On the contrary, he believes that it is destined to relieve the world's suffering: it is a religion with him. Virtually a quack, he is spiritually a "poet with an ideal." Of course, both men fall in love with Zora Middlemist. But the love of Septimus is all meekness, and he is easily convinced of the sisterliness of Zora's feeling for him. It remains for him to prove to his own satisfaction the depth of his devotion by an act of self-sacrifice which involves another woman and in the end makes for his own happiness. Zora is for Sypher—not Sypher the triumphant friend of humanity, but Sypher the fallen, robbed of his great mission. yet resolute and worthy of a strong mate. It all makes up a pleasant fantasia, perhaps, rather than a novel in the "strenuous" sense now commonly attached to the term: and for this, one is inclined to say, so much the better.

Rose-White Youth. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Co.

This book will take readers of a certain age back to that favorite of their youth, author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," and other delectable tales of somewhat long-drawn sentiment, who called herself "The Duchess." In later

years one came to associate that title with the simulacrum of a middle-aged figure in dressing-sack and curl-papers discoursing unctuously and profitably of young love. "Dolf Wyllarde" is better bred than "The Duchess," but the style is not quite free from the shabby-genteel complacency of the middle-class romancer sure of an audience. Most of the persons, the wicked and beautiful society woman, the languid middle-aged breaker of maidens' hearts, the silly young lord, are among the ordinary properties of British fiction. And Betty, the present incarnation of "rose-white youth," bids fair at first to be a mere replica of the familiar pathetic heroine: the young girl whose real (and unfortunate) parentage has been concealed from her, and who is destined to become an heiress in time to secure the matrimonial services of the middle-aged heart-breaker. But there is something really fresh and youthful about this particular Betty, something altogether unconventional in the manner in which death is permitted to release her from the responsibilities of her wealth and the condescensions of her languid lover. The consummation is unexpected, but it retroacts upon one's impression of the story as a whole.

Captain Margaret: A Romance. By John Masefield. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Buccaneering in the seventeenth century is a theme of perpetual attractiveness, and it would take a far less animated pen than Mr. Masefield's to divest it of interest and spice. This, however, is only the third or fourth reflection suggested by his romance. The first one is that he has shown atrociously bad taste in the delineation of his villain, whose vices are pricked out in intolerable detail. The second thing that strikes the reader is the amazing incomprehensibility of everybody's behavior. A stained glass window sort of lady may marry an odious animal and may ignore his vices, but she could not be so blind to his unspeakable boorishnesses as Olivia was to those of her husband. Captain Charles Margaret, who was forced by accident into taking his old love and her brute of a husband on his own ship from England to the Spanish Main, was of a long-suffering patience, too good to be true; too good, indeed, to be good. His friend Perrin is variously described as a burnt moth, very wretched and haggard, a broken emotional creature, with the defects of a woman, wearing a bright green satin lining to his coat, "for, like most vicious men, he loved the color green." And he, too, is incomprehensible, minutely described but in nowise conveyed. The sailing master, an expirate, is more defined, but equally incredible in his blending of patience and violent temper.

There is unquestionably power of a sort in the ruthless adventure and uncovenanted blood-curdling; and a chivalrous appeal in the unexplained worsbip of the boneless Olivia by all the characters except her husband. He, in the end, is handsomely treated in being allowed to die of yellow fever, and Capt. Margaret's long-suffering adoration finds reward. Long before these romantic events have run their course, however, still another point has been forcibly thrust upon the reader, namely, the astonishing language of the recital. Strong in the matter of phrase and epithet, the sentences are literally hacked into pieces by periods. And what kind of speech, for any one, but especially for subjects of King James, is here? "Don't you forget it." "She was a bute, all right." "Not on your life." No archaic cock and pye for Mr. Masefield.

The Calico Cat. By Charles Miner Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This is a study in rustic pettinesses, humors, vanities, and angularities; in boyish imaginings and resolve; in comical situation threatening to grow serious; in buffoon cowardice ultimately made ashamed. A Calico Cat was at the bottom of the events which for a time convulsed the village of Ellmington. Though not in permanent evidence as an actor, she is the propelling force behind all the commotion, and is appropriately clothed with the attributes of mysterious power. To be calico is to be without possible reproach of monotony. To be a cat is to be unapproachable, diabolically remote, yet damagingly present; a model of domesticity, if large families and a taste for mild milk in the saucer of civilization can prove it; an untamed daughter of the jungle, if pedigree may be established by voice, ferocity, and witch-like powers of prey. The mystery of the East and the creation being in every cat, give a competent author one, and he has a subject made to his hand. To entangle one, and that a yellow calico one, in the meshes of a shooting affair, a hint at smuggling on the Canadian frontier, a grand jury inquiry, and yet to keep it a genial family tale, doughnutty and comfortable, proves ingenuity and deserves thanks from seekers after the harmless necessary story of amusement.

Venice: Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic. By Pompeo Molmenti; translated by Horatio F. Brown. Part III: The Decadence. 2 vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $5 net.

With these volumes Professor Molmenti concludes his history of Venice. They cover, roughly, the last two centuries, from the battle of Lepanto in 1571 to the extinction of the Republic in 1797. They are written on the same plan as their predecessors—political events occupy little space, whereas the life of the people is studied in great detail. In so far as the outward affairs of the Signory had relatively little importance after the Spanish Conspiracy, this method of treatment suits very well; and yet we cannot think it right to dismiss Sarpi with a page, the twenty years' war in Candia with a paragraph, and the achievements of Morosini "the Peloponnesian" with bare mention. Friar Paul's management of the controversy between Venice and Rome not only typifies the policy which Venice maintained for a thousand years towards Papal encroachment, but it will serve forever as an example for any state which is defending itself against the attempt of ecclesiastics to get control of its temporal affairs. So the Candian War and Morosini's campaigns in the Morea deserve to be treated fully, because they display the persistence, in spite of old age and of the enervation of a long period of luxury, of the spirit which made Venice great. The contrast between these truly heroic episodes and the prevailing decadence ought to be emphasized strongly.

But Professor Molmenti's chief interest is in the social and moral conditions of the last two centuries. These he describes vividly and minutely. He has literally ransacked every cupboard. He tells the life of all classes—patricians, priests, artists, courtesans, gondoliers, servants—from birth to death. He writes exhaustively about industries and finance, theatres and sanitation, art and literature, crimes and dissipation. Nowhere else in English can one find such an elaborate array of facts concerning the manners, activities, and morals of the later Venetians. In addition to the printed material, which is enormous, Professor Molmenti has had access to many family archives, and he enriches his notes with many striking extracts. While doing full justice to the thoroughness of his work, and gladly admitting its interest, we may question whether he has not devoted undue space to the period of decadence. Venice had a political existence extending over thirteen hundred years. Of this great duration, three centuries may be assigned to adolescence and two centuries to old age; but the period of old-age was not particularly significant. Gambling, jaded sensuality, extravagance, elaborate and vapid ceremonies, folly triumphant—these are the symptoms common to prosperous states in their decrepitude. That Venice lasted as long as she did in spite of them shows how solid her constitution, both social and political, was at prime.

In reading a mass of social details such as are here set forth one must al-

ways distinguish between what is characteristic and representative, and what is unusual or unique. Naturally, the scandals are reported: how far do they indicate the average conduct of the time? Above all, when it comes to sexual license, it is difficult to know the exact limits; for witnesses otherwise careful are inclined to generalize from too few data, if not to accept rumor and suspicion as valid testimony. The topical method itself, which Professor Molmenti uses, tends to destroy the balance. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that his general description is correct. He has done for Venice singly what Burckhardt tried to do for the Italian renaissance as a whole. This work, which is an expansion, as we have said, of his earlier monograph, deserves to have a permanent place among the social chronicles of Italy. The great variety of its subjects, the well-chosen illustrations, and Mr. Brown's fluent translation will commend it to English-speaking readers, for whom the charm of Venice never grows cold.

Miscellaneous Papers. By Charles Dickens. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The "Miscellaneous Papers" of Charles Dickens, consisting of contributions to various newspapers, and now—nearly forty years after his death—first included in the authentic edition of his works are interesting chiefly as additional evidence of the man's enormous activity. Here are 736 closely printed pages, matter enough to represent the life work of a slender literary talent of these degenerate days, and all this is but scattered wisps of Dickens's harvest, negligently left for the gleaning of an overscrupulous posterity. Though there is much good reading between the covers of this bulky tome, there is little of rare quality. As an editor Dickens was not so much a literary genius as a masterful business man. He did, indeed, conceive his journal *Household Words* with his genius, but he edited it, as it were, with his left hand.

Readers of his life will remember that it was his original design to call the paper by his own name, *Charles Dickens*, or *Charles Dickens's Own*—so completely had he identified his sentiments with those of the middle-class households into which he wished to penetrate, and so well did he understand the commercial value of his name. He did not pose as an intellectual leader, nor had he thought deeply on the matters which excited his editorial comment; he had, however, seen with his own eyes and felt in his own person many widespread evils against which he cried out as with the *vox populi*. But even in dealing with the gravest subjects he never sacrificed his sense of fun to his sense of dignity. For example, he writes as follows of the "late lamented Mr. Dove," a recently executed murderer:

> That amiable man, previous to taking the special express-train to Paradise, which is vulgarly called the Gallows, indited a document wherein he made it manifest to all good people that the mighty and beneficent Creator of the Vast Universe had specially wrought to bring it about that he should cruelly and stealthily torture, torment, and by inches slay, a weak, sick woman, and that woman his wife, in order that he, Dove, as with the wings of a Dove (a little blood-stained or so, but that's not much) should be put in the way of ascending to Heaven.

Moreover, in spite of his fierce diatribes on the bowie-knife press of "The States," the author of "American Notes" knew the journalistic value of strong sensations. The two long papers in this volume on "The Lost Arctic Voyagers" will compare favorably with Jack London's best for raw and horrible shudders. The official report on the lost exploring party of Sir John Franklin made it fairly certain that the latest survivors had prolonged their lives by "eating the dead bodies of their companions." Dickens, under the pretext of reassuring the public, pours out all the information he possesses on the grewsome devouring of human flesh by travellers and shipwrecked sailors in the last extremities, judicially weighs the evidence, and proves—nothing at all.

Few of the papers in lighter vein are specimens of the author at his best: the humor romps with rather artificial energy; the conceits have not had time to mellow. Yet the fact that they were written at less inspired moments may give them value in the eyes of the Dickensian. The reader of the novels is bewildered—Dickens himself was bewildered—by the mysterious and unaccountable vitality of his characters. He felt rather like their man-midwife than their creator; for when he had set them on their feet and given them a start in the world they hurried with impudent independence away from his beck and call. In his work as editor he is still a writer of extraordinary vividness and abundance of impression, but he is working without daemonic assistance. He is an astonishing but fairly comprehensible phenomenon—a captain of literary industry utilizing his by-products.

Science.

The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity. By George Barton Cutten. Pp. 487. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Many a man who had remained untouched by the appeals of the clergy was drawn by the literary charm of Prof. William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" to consider seriously matters of religious interest. That work had preëminent value in that it led not a few crabbed minds to a wider religious sympathy, and awakened many of those who felt themselves estranged from the churches to see that they might still maintain a religious attitude, though they were unable to embrace the beliefs of their fathers. No other author treating the same subjects can be expected to entice his readers as does such a literary master as Professor James; nevertheless, the work before us may well be classed with his as a probable source of enlightenment. It approaches the subject from an entirely different point of view; it appeals to a different audience, being addressed primarily to the theological student; yet being written by a theologian rather than a professed psychologist, it may well have a special and salutary influence where James's greater work might not be effective.

Although Mr. Cutten cannot profess to be a psychologist of originality, he is by no means lacking in psychological learning, and his work displays few points that can be attacked on technical grounds. To be sure, he seems at times somewhat credulous in minor particulars, but no more than must be expected in one who is not trained as a scientist. On the other hand, the reader cannot but be impressed by the firmness of his conviction of the value of the religious attitude, a conviction which renders him the more willing to look facts in the face, and to accept valid interpretations of religious phenomena which a few decades ago would surely have barred him from Christian fellowship.

In one particular his book is especially timely at this moment: viz., in bringing before us in convincing form the close relation between hysterical phenomena and religious ecstasies. In these days when not a few of his clerical brethren, ill-informed in the history of human pathology, are teaching that nervous disorders are universally prevalent and on the increase, it is salutary to see sketched the record of the far more violent and more morbid neurological symptoms recorded in the story of religious habits and expressions, of "religious epidemics," "contagious phenomena," and "revivals."

Our author's insistence that the mental attitude of which prayer is the expression is of the very essence of religion (*e. g.*, p. 405) is surely fundamentally true and cannot be too often reiterated. His references to authorities display wide and discriminative reading, and in the main his deference to high authorities does not lead him astray. In one respect only do we discover a serious lapse in this direction. When he holds, as he does throughout the book, that "if God works directly in man He must work through the sub-

consciousness" (p. 18), he accepts a notion which appears to be entirely unwarranted, but which he can scarcely be blamed for entertaining, for he has probably gained it directly from certain words and implications found in Professor James's writings. He thus displays that unfortunate tendency, which Professor James has done so much to strengthen, to fall back upon mysticism when one finds one's self balked in the endeavor to attain clarity of conception. This "subconscious" is surely no more than what some of our psychologists now describe as "sub-attentive consciousness"; it is fundamentally of the same nature as clear attentive consciousness; and its manifestations therefore cannot be more essentially indicative of the influence of the Divine upon or within the man, than are the manifestations within the narrower field in which life appears to be guided by intelligence and reason.

"The Prevention of Tuberculosis," by Arthur Newsholme (E. P. Dutton & Co.), a volume of the new Library of Medicine, is confessedly written for the instruction and guidance of medical officers of health, to which service the author formerly belonged. Clinical and therapeutical matters are barely touched upon, save as they bear directly on the general question of the protection of the community. There is a good deal of historical and statistical detail, but not too much for the proper development of the argument. A longish first part treats of causative conditions with a good discussion of the sources of infection—and the conclusion that consumption is essentially an indoor disease, much encouraged by great density of population, general misery, and organic filth, favored by a moist soil in a manner difficult to explain, and transmitted by infection. Newsholme takes a firm stand that tuberculosis in man may be caused by the bovine bacillus, and that this is a constant source of danger, although much less frequently effective thau the human form. The view of Von Behring that most of us are infected by cow's milk in childhood, the disease having remarkable powers of latency, is regarded as untenable because it coutains too many assumptions quite opposed to our knowledge of the bacillus. The second section deals with the conditions which have already led to a reduction in the mortality. An interesting parallelism between general pauperism in Great Britain and deaths by phthisis is brought out, but with the distinct reservation that one does not explain the other. The examination of the statistics of a number of places and several countries develops the opinion that "the increase of institutional segregation has been associated with reduction of tuberculosis in the community affected by it." The reader will find it worth while to follow the steps by which this view is reached. Then follows, as a third part, a careful, but necessarily somewhat repetitious consideration of the methods to be employed in the reduction and extinction of tuberculosis. Here early recognition and the full employment of the resources of the dispensary and sanatorium are urged, but of paramount importance are the enlightenment of the public and a hearty coöperation at every step, few of the agencies to be employed being of a lasting value unless the patient and his friends fully appreciate the part they have to play. A bibliography of perhaps one hundred and fifty titles, in which we note Ruchle for Ruehle, makes no pretence to completeness, but will be found useful.

The ease with which new material is obtained must always be a strong argument for the study of the embryology of the chick, although many teachers doubt the wisdom of letting the student devote as much time to this animal as is usually given to it. In either case the new "Development of the Chick" (Henry Holt & Co.), which Prof. F. R. Lillie has prepared as an introduction to embryology, will be heartily welcomed; for there has long been need of a new text-book or a thorough revision of the best old one. This work is of medium size, about five hundred pages, liberally supplied with illustrations which, as a rule, are exceptionally clear. So special is the treatment that no extended notice need be given here, but it may be added that, although the author professes to have intended his book for beginners, he seems to have in mind beginners of a pretty high grade. In an appendix of about twenty pages are detailed references to the literature arranged according to the chapters of the book, a plan which has many inconveniences.

"A Laboratory Course in Plant-Physiology" by Prof. W. F. Ganong of Smith College (Henry Holt & Co.), a second and somewhat modified edition, is exceptionally concise and clear, and is written with good judgment throughout. Professor Ganong has fully comprehended the difficulty of giving in small compass the essential facts relative to the life of plants, and he has therefore wisely omitted most of the controverted matters which might indicate the range of his study, but which are of little use to the student. The treatise is, first and foremost, a safe guide to accurate experimentation. Various new devices are suggested, somewhat after Prof. W. J. V. L. Osterhout's admirable plan for constructing efficient apparatus of simple types. The author has attempted with a fair success to make his book of use also to those who have not within their reach the advantages of an institutional outfit. When we reflect that a good part of our recent knowledge in regard to the distribution and habits of our native flora has been due to the enthusiasm of amateur botanists, we may confidently hope that inquisitive persons may attempt the solution of some of the perplexing questions relative to the nutrition and movements of plants. Then, too, as a handbook for disciplinary training in elementary exact research, the volume will be of service. Physiology is substantially the application of chemistry and physics to the investigation of the activities of organisms; but it so happens that both chemistry and physics are just now undergoing certain rather radical changes in the fundamental conceptions, especially along the border between the two sciences. Even such an apparently simple matter as osmosis has been placed temporarily on a new speculative basis. To select from these subjects still undergoing revision, a few which will serve as a discipline in exact and satisfying research has not been easy, but Professor Ganong has done well with his task.

Modern scientific work is being conducted according to broader and better methods, as is illustrated in recent reports of various field workers. In place of the old-fashioned, meagre, more or less personal uarrative, with a mere uninteresting list of birds or mammals at the end, we have thorough accounts of the region explored. North American Fauna, No. 27, "A Biological Investigation of the Athabaska-Mackenzie Region," by Edward A. Preble, published by the Government Biological Survey at Washington, is a most valuable paper. This central portion of Canada is the chief habitat of the fur-bearing animals, and is the breeding ground of most of our great flocks of ducks and geese. Here, too, the wood bison still survives in sadly depleted numbers, for the majority of the calves are killed each year by wolves. Mr. Preble's monograph (574 pages, with colored maps and illustrations) begins with a brief itinerary, and then treats in detail the physical geography and climatology. Though the advance of spring in this boreal latitude is extremely slow, migrating crossbills, mosquitoes, moths, butterflies, and flowers appear as early as April. The next section is devoted to Life Zones and the causes underlying the remarkably sharp lines of distribution of animals and plants. The work of previous explorers—Hearne, Mackenzie, Franklin, and Kennicott—is reviewed, and their errors are corrected. Finally, presented in thoroughly systematic manner, with elaborate notes on food and life histories, we have a summary of the mammals, birds, reptiles, batrachians, and fishes of the region. A list of trees and shruhs, a bibliography, and a good index bring this important contribution to science to a close.

The eleventh volume of the sumptuous and admirable edition of the "Œuvres complètes de Christiaan Huygens," published by the Holland Scientific Society, has recently been delivered to American subscribers. It contains only the work of his youth, mainly upon mathematical subjects—rectifications, quadratures, tangents, magic squares, etc., and a more extended essay upon floating hodies, interpreting and completing Archimedes's treatment of this subject. The first feeling upon opening the work is sure to be one of delight at the completeness, the admirable form, and the apparatus for interpreting the text—plates, indexes, etc. Then one wonders why much of this material was thought worthy of publication at all. Surely the literature of precocity is already extended enough. But many of these essays have content as well as form, reminding one of Maxwell's early work; and throughout they are annotated with such care as to show what is new and the sources of the old. Where are our boys of sixteen who are doing this kind of work?

The current number of the *Archiv für Anthropologie* contains a detailed report of the excavations made last summer at Le Moustier, Dordogne, France, by the Swiss anthropologist, O. Hauser of Bâle; a critical analysis of the characteristics of the human skeleton found there, and its relation to the Neanderthal type, by Prof. H. Klaatsch of Breslau; and ten illustrations and a full-page plate which give a clear idea of the form and relative posi-

tions of the more important objects discovered (see "The First Race of Fossil Man," *Nation*, January 14, p. 44). These articles are published also as a separate monograph, "Homo moustieriensis Hauseri," by Fredrich Vieweg & Sohn, Brunswick. The general advance in methods of exploration, and especially the great care with which every detail has been scrutinized in this instance, have resulted in establishing facts regarding their burial customs unperceived in the earlier discoveries of skeletons of the Neanderthal type.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Darwin and the fiftieth of the publication of "The Origin of Species" will be celebrated at the American Museum of Natural History in this city on February 12. A bust of Darwin will be presented to the museum by the president of the New York Academy of Sciences, Charles F. Cox, and accepted by the president of the museum, Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn. Prof. John J. Stevenson will speak on "Darwin and Geology"; Dr. Nathaniel L. Britton will discuss "Darwin and Botany"; and Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus, director of the museum, "Darwin and Zoölogy." Dr. Edmund Otis Hovey, of the museum, chairman of the Darwin Memorial Committee, has arranged an exhibition of Darwiniana, and a series of illustrative specimens and groups of specimens bearing upon the Darwinian theory of natural selection. The exhibition will continue for one month.

Lorenzo Gates, the well-known botanist and conchologist, died at Santa Barbara, Cal., January 30. He was of English birth, but came to this country in 1853. He was the author of "The Channel Islands," "Aboriginal Weapons in California," and other works.

Drama.

THE DEATH OF COQUELIN.

Benoît-Constant Coquelin, the French actor, died January 26 at Pont-aux-Dames, Seine-et-Marre. Only a few days earlier, Edmond Rostand, who had been giving the finishing touches to "Chanticler," arrived in Paris, ready to begin the rehearsals of the play in which M. Coquelin, who had the leading rôle, was expected to be as successful as in "Cyrano de Bergerac"; but M. Coquelin succumbed suddenly to an acute attack of embolism, from which he long had been a sufferer.

He was born in Boulogne in 1841, the son of a baker. His natural inclination and ability soon led him in the direction of the theatre; and in 1859 he gained admission to the Paris Conservatory, and became a pupil of the distinguished actor, M. Regnier. From the first Coquelin exhibited extraordinary capacity. In less than a year he won the second prize for comedy, and made his first appearance at the Théâtre Français in the character of one of Molière's lackeys. Before he was thirty he had been elected a *sociétaire*, and was established as one of the leading attractions of the famous house. For a number of years he was seen most frequently in plays of the classic repertory, such as "Dépit amoureux," "Les Fourberies de Scapin," "Les Plaideurs," "Le Mariage de Figaro," and "Don Juan." By degrees he drifted into the more modern drama. One of his triumphs was in "L'Aventurière," his Don Annibal furnishing one of the most striking examples of humorous, yet realistic, intoxication known to living memory. Another famous impersonation was his Duc de Septmonts, in "L'Étrangère," which was followed by his Léopold in "Les Fourchambault." M. Coquelin early established what may be called a second reputation by his extraordinary felicity in the recitation of witty, pathetic, and humorous poetry. His delivery of these tid-bits was a wonderful illustration of finished elocutionary art.

As he became more famous, he began to grow restless under the restrictions of his contract with the Théâtre Français. Objection was raised to the provincial tours which he had undertaken, and he was informed that he must confine his public appearances to the Français, or forfeit the pension to which he was entitled. He declined to yield, severed his relations with the theatre, and signed agreements for his first American engagement. The fight lasted for three years, when a compromise was effected, by which he returned to the Français (in 1889), with the understanding that he should act there for six months in the year and be at liberty to play where he chose during the remainder of the time. Thereafter, M. Coquelin made frequent tours in France, England, and elsewhere, until his final retirement from the Français.

In this country his success was instantaneous and complete. His most characteristic performance, perhaps, was his Mascarille, long recognized as a masterpiece, but he appeared also in "L'Aventurière," "L'Aiglon," and "Les Surprises de divorce." Another impersonation that was greatly admired, especially for its admirable declamation and its noble death scene, was his Cyrano de Bergerac. But he was not at his best as a picturesque or romantic actor, as was shown by his unimaginative interpretation of the part of Mathias in "The Bells," and in his correct and clever but uninspired performance of Labussière in Sardou's "Thermidor."

Of his career viewed as a whole it must be said that he was not one of the world's great actors—he could not be ranked, for instance, in the same category with Talma, Rachel, Bernhardt, or Salvini—but he was one of the most accomplished performers produced by the French stage during the last century. Reared in the best traditions of the Théâtre Français, he was, in all the regions of comedy, a complete master of his art, his impersonations being no less remarkable for the perfection of their technical finish than for the richness of their natural humor. He owed much, of course, to the endowments of nature—high spirits, great bodily vigor, a vibrant voice, and an extraordinary comic and intelligent facial mask—but his chief triumphs were mainly due to sheer histrionic skill, an exquisite appropriateness of attitude and gesture, infallible control of facial expression, an irresistible vitality, and a wonderful elocution that gave the fullest effect to the most delicate emphasis. In the broader classic French comedy he had no rival. He could be effective also in romance or melodrama, so long as he was not required to interpret the deeper springs of pathos or passion.

The seven plays now added to John S. Farmer's Tudor Facsimile Texts (London: T. C. & E. C. Jack) were written probably in the twenty-five or thirty years following 1537, and thus bring to the general use of students valuable material for the study of that obscure period when the drama was passing from its mediæval to its renaissance form. They include such varied matter as "The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene," by Lewis Wager, one of the latest of the old English morality plays, here printed from a British Museum copy of 1567, a copy of an earlier-dated (1566) but otherwise identical edition being in the possession of W. A. White of this city; "The Play called the Four P. P.," one of the undoubted interludes of John Heywood, from the British Museum copy of 1545 (?); "The Chief Promises of God unto Man," one of the reformation plays by John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, from the unique copy in the British Museum of the first edition of 1538, a later edition being dated 1577; and the "Ferrex and Pollux" of Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton, from the authorized edition of 1570, one of the first beginnings of tragedy which has been frequently reprinted, but never before in facsimile. The other volumes are: "Apius and Virginia," by R. B. (Richard Bower?), from the Irish find of 1906, probably written in 1563; "Damon and Pithias," by Richard Edwards, from the British Museum copy of 1571; and "Jacob and Esau," from the British Museum copy of 1568. All these collotype facsimiles have been compared with the originals by J. A. Herbert of the museum and are guaranteed by him as practically perfect. Only admiration can be felt for the editor's zeal in thus at once placing these rare works out of the chance of destruction and making them easily accessible. As we have remarked of earlier issues of the series, the value of the undertaking depends on its bulk, and it is pleasant to know that already some fifty plays are in preparation. Our sole criticism we must repeat. The books could have been made doubly useful, and at relatively small expense, by printing a transliteration of the text in each volume.

The Ghetto is coming in for a large share of attention in recent German drama. Be-

sides the plays by Schalom Asch, a Yiddish writer successfully brought forward by S. Fischer of Berlin, there is a play by Arthur Holitscher: "Der Golem," a *Ghettolegende* in three acts, of which the scene is the house of a rabbi in the ghetto of a mediæval city.

The latest play of Charles Klein, "The Third Degree," which was produced in the Hudson Theatre on Monday evening, is an inferior work to "The Lion and the Mouse," in respect of significance and purpose, although it shows some advance in the art of technical construction. In general character it never rises above the dignity of melodrama, although the fact that it is founded upon a definite motive of general public interest distinguishes it from purely sensational pieces of its class. There can be no doubt that its central theme, the unscrupulous methods adopted by a certain type of police officer to secure the conviction of a suspected prisoner by the manufacture of a case against him, is a legitimate subject for dramatic treatment, but the particular instance used is not very ingenious or convincing, while the attribution of hypnotic power to a police captain of the lowest political type—apparently with the notion of giving the play a dash of the quasi-scientific flavor which is the latest theatrical fashion—is an expedient so far fetched as to be almost ridiculous. As a matter of fact, the piece is more of a demonstration of the occasionally deceptive character of circumstantial evidence than of dangerous police intrigue. In other words, the dramatist almost entirely fails to maintain his original proposition, which, in the end, is lost sight of. But he has written an effective and in many respects, well made melodrama, in which the situations are often interesting, if the types are conventional. The representation is helped greatly by some remarkably good acting by Helen Ware, who, in the part of the distressed heroine, fighting against desperate odds, gave an uncommon display of perfectly natural and womanly emotion.

The story of Rudolf Besier's new play, "Olive Latimer's Husband," now to be seen in the Vaudeville Theatre, London, is not a pleasant one but it seems to be told with considerable dramatic skill and knowledge of human nature. Practically the whole play is a series of conversations in the ante-room to a chamber where Mr. Latimer has died. Before his death he had written a letter to Mrs. Latimer's lover, Sir Charles Weyburne. Of this letter the doctor secures possession, and he insists upon delivering it in spite of Mrs. Latimer's tearful appeals. She fears that it is a denunciation and will make mischief. Finally, after much suspense, the missive is opened, and proves to contain the writer's dying wish that his widow and Weyburne may be wedded at the earliest possible moment, being plainly intended for each other. But the request has an effect directly opposite from that which was intended, for it provokes remorse in the breasts of the former lovers and makes them both resolute to avoid union. The acting of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the character of the heroine is described as remarkably effective.

Somerset Maugham's latest comedy, "Penelope," which has just been produced at the Comedy Theatre, in London, seems to be in the main a conventional piece, but full of amusing touches and an occasional unexpected turn. Penelope is a young wife, who discovers that her husband is engaged in an intrigue. She summons her parents, and demands a divorce. But her father, a sage philosopher, bids her pretend ignorance, arguing that the husband will soon tire of his new flame. This turns out to be true. The husband finds his double life expensive, grows heartily sick of it, and finally makes a confession. He is told that everybody has known all about it all the time. Then, instead of professing penitence, he flies into a rage, denounces his wife's conduct as disgraceful, and proclaims that he alone of the whole family is possessed of any moral principle. This was the turn that most pleased the audience. All the critics agree that Marie Tempest is exceedingly well suited in the part of the wife, and never acted with more humor or spirit.

Charles Frohman has a new one-act play by J. M. Barrie, in which Ethel Barrymore will be seen before long.

Music.

MENDELSSOHN AND STRAUSS.

February third was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mendelssohn. During his brief life of less than thirty-nine years, he was the idol of the musical world, and for about a quarter of a century after his death in 1847, his popularity continued unabated. Then came a violent reaction. Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz, and Wagner, who had been overshadowed by Mendelssohn, came forward, and his fame paled. For a time it seemed as if it would fade away altogether; his music was neglected in private houses as well as in concert halls; to be a Mendelssohnian was to be an old fogy. Presently the pendulum began to swing once more the other way, but not so far. Music-lovers were learning to discriminate between inspired work and uninspired. Mendelssohn's songs, which had so long triumphed over the far superior productions of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and others, are now, with a few exceptions, acknowledged to be obsolete. Much of his pianoforte and chamber music also has vanished. But his choral works, "St. Paul" and "Elijah," have stood the test of time, if not so well as Bach's and some of Handel's; and among his orchestral pieces several are as fresh to-day as when they were written.

Musical compositions are as ephemeral as literary works. To be able to say of any composer sixty-two years after his death that some of his works are as fresh as when they were given to the world, is to assign him a place among the immortals. That Mendelssohn is looked on as an immortal is shown also by the extraordinary interest in his centenary, here as well as abroad. Apparently, every musical organization in the country, small or great, is arranging a Mendelssohn programme. Everybody will thus have an opportunity to confirm or revise his opinion of the greatest of the Hebrew musicians. Richard Wagner once wrote a sensational pamphlet in which he declared that in none of the arts had the Jews produced creators of the first rank. In a more temperate mood, however, he declared that Mendelssohn was the greatest specific musical genius since Mozart. Wagner called him "a landscape painter of the first order," and regarded the "Hebriden" overture as his masterpiece; Wagner admired the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, that marvel of genius which Mendelssohn wrote when he was seventeen, and which he never afterward surpassed or even equalled. This overture, with other numbers of his incidental music to Shakespeare's play, has often appeared on concert programmes, and it bids fair to live as long as any music now in existence.

There is reason to suspect that the great interest in the Mendelssohn centenary is due not merely to a desire to pay tribute to his now acknowledged genius and his fixed place among the classics, but is partly a result of the reaction against present tendencies of music, particularly in Germany. By an interesting coincidence, Richard Strauss's latest opera, "Elektra," was produced in Dresden last week—only ten days before the Mendelssohn centenary. The peculiarities of this music-drama have been cabled to all parts of the world, and in this city we had our own revival last week of "Elektra's" predecessor, so that an opportunity was afforded every one by attending "Salome" at the Manhattan, and one of the Philharmonic Society's Mendelssohn concerts at Carnegie Hall, to observe for himself the enormous difference between Germany's present musical hero and the hero of two generations ago.

Perhaps, the American correspondent who telegraphed after hearing "Elektra" that it is "a prodigious orchestral orgy, with nothing that can be called music in the score," was guilty of exaggeration; yet when Mme. Schumann-Heink was studying the rôle of Clytemnestra, Strauss himself is reported to have said to her: "It is not singing at all. You have only to groan, moan, and sigh, but it requires tremendous dramatic power." Deliberate exclusion of melody from both the vocal and the orchestral parts of his operatic music is Strauss's trade-mark. Long ago he discovered that the faculty of creating melodies is the weakest part of his musical equipment, so he cast about for means to hide that deficiency. The easiest way was to follow the example of Berlioz, enlarging the orchestra immoderately and laying on the colors so thick that few would know whether or

not a melodic pattern was sketched underneath. Wagner required for his stupendous Nibelung tragedies four clarinets and four trumpets, but Strauss must have seven clarinets, seven trumpets, and other instruments in proportion. Nor does he waste them; they are used for the weaving of a polyphonic web so intricate that the most expert musicians can hardly find their way. Indeed, it is conceded that much of this intricacy is not for the ear at all, but only for the eye of the reader of the orchestral score. Too much contrapuntal skill hath made Strauss mad, as it did the old Netherland masters of the sixteenth century, who wove together as many as thirty separate vocal parts, regardless of everything but ingenuity. Mme. Schumann-Heink tried to study the "Elektra" score with the composer himself, but found it "a forlorn hope"; he then advised her to apply to the man who had made the version for piano, and with his aid, at last, she "got a definite clew"!

In the hands of Strauss, German music has thus degenerated into a riot of virtuosity, a mere sport, in which he and his imitators (among them Max Reger) try to "go each other one better." But there are signs of revolt—signs that this orchestral virtuosity will ere long be ranked by serious musicians not much higher than the vocal fireworks of the colorature prima donna. Strauss would have never come into such vogue had not orchestral conductors been as eager to show off the skill of their bands as singers were to display their trills and runs and staccati. The universal interest in the Mendelssohn centenary indicates that the public is eager to return to the land where flows the milk and honey of melody. No doubt, Mendelssohn's music contains too much milk and honey; but even thus it is better than the mixture of vinegar, gall, and cayenne pepper which we get in the Strauss operas.

Among the latest publications of Breitkopf & Härtel is "Mozart as a Composer at the Age of Eight." It contains minuets and other pieces written in 1764 and found lately among autographs given to the German Emperor by Ernst von Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. The same firm has also just issued the third and last volume of Litzmann's biography of Clara Schumann; a book on Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved," and the correspondence between Liszt and the grand duke, Carl Alexander of Saxony, who were close friends for forty years. Many of these letters show how energetically and persistently Liszt tried to pave the way for Wagner. The grand duke called Liszt his "ministre intime," and often consulted him on other than musical matters, testifying: "He never gave me a bad or a selfish piece of advice."

Ever since the King of the Belgians, some years ago, made a public speech in Flemish, the literature of Flanders has been looking up. The latest work in Flemish to attract special attention is an opera by R. Verhulst and A. De Boeck, entitled "Reynaert de Vos," which has recently been produced at the Antwerp Flemish Opera, and which is declared to be successful from the musical point of view, though the text is rather prosy. The fact that this is the first purely Flemish piece of the kind put on the stage, and that Belgium is the early home of *Reynaert* gave unusual interest to the production. The story is based on the famous "Roman du Renart" and Goethe's "Reinecke Fuchs," and there is said to be an interesting analogy between Verhulst's production and the play by Rostand dealing with the tale of "Chanticler."

Paderewski gave his only New York recital on Tuesday afternoon before an audience which crowded Carnegie Hall. He has crossed the Atlantic this time not with the object of giving concerts, but of helping the Boston Symphony Orchestra to launch his symphony which he has only just completed and which will be played here in a few weeks. The fears that his absorption in that work might have impaired his skill as a pianist were dissipated at once when he played Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," a piece which he interprets as a sort of prophecy of modern music—an improvisation with modern recitative. He played Beethoven sonata Op. 111 in the same free and poetic manner; and then delighted his hearers with pieces by Schumann, Chopin, Debussy, and Liszt, to which he had to add seven extras.

In connection with the observance of the centennial of Haydn's death, May 31, 1809, the third congress of the International Music Association will be held in Vienna May 25 to 29. There will be special selections for Catholic and Protestant church music.

Twelve letters by Chopin to his friend Fontana were recently sold at auction in Berlin for $600; five Brahms letters went for $42; fifteen Wagner letters $200; and a Wagner manuscript, a dedicatory composition for the hotel-keeper Kraft, $240.

Art.

THE "INTERNATIONAL'S" EXHIBITION.

LONDON, January 23.

Of late, the foreign element at the International has shown signs of growing less, and this winter it is very much in the minority, to the great loss of the exhibition. Comparatively little comes from France; next to nothing from other European countries; from America, a disappointingly small group, though the Americans who have sent are all worth seeing. But if, for the moment, old standards are less rigidly upheld, the society still accomplishes much that an Academy of Arts, deserving the name, would never have left any other body of artists the chance even to undertake. One striking example will explain. Among the few Americans represented is Saint-Gaudens. The International was the first society in England to recognize him and to make him at all known in this country. Once it had exhibited his work, the Academy elected him an Honorary Foreign Academician. To most people, it would have seemed the duty, the pleasure, and the privilege of the Academy to organize a show of his sculpture, after his death. On the contrary, it has allowed this to be done at the New Gallery by the International. The pity is the impossibility, the first time Saint-Gaudens is at all adequately represented in London, of including any of his large, distinguished monuments. The bust of Gen. Sherman and the Head of Victory are here, and also photographs of at least the Sherman statue and the Shaw memorial, but they hardly give a fair idea of the originals. For the rest, there are many of his beautiful *bas-reliefs*—portraits of Mrs. Stanford White, Justice Gray, Robert Louis Stevenson, the Hon. John Hay, Bastien Lepage, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne McVeagh, and several others. But the British critics have scarcely noticed his work at all, or else have given it the faint praise that damns.

It is the same with almost all the American work. Mrs. Bessie Vonnoh has some charming little bronzes, studies of childhood and motherhood, of the people and things of the life she knows and understands, full of that right soul of realism which gives vitality and the stamp of truth. But, if I am not mistaken, she has not shown in London before, her name is not as yet familiar, and she is passed over for those who are busy turning out imitations of imitations of Rodin's least desirable work. Miss Cecilia Beaux's full-length of Mother and Child does not fare much better, though in its restraint, its quiet color scheme, its dignity, it is a reproach to the more sensational bids for notoriety of too many of the other exhibitors. But it is when the critics come to Arthur B. Davies that they are most wholly at a loss. Three of his paintings are here: Wavering Twilight, Bud to Blossom, and Four o'Clock Ladies, beautiful and tender impressions of color and light, arranged with a poetic feeling for pattern and an entire disregard of that sort of meaning which degenerates into anecdote. There is little in the galiery to compare with them in decorative charm of line and color balance, but they have been ignored save by one or two of the more enterprising critics. Henry Muhrman and Frank Mura, though more frequently seen in London, do not fare much better. Another American exhibitor is Henry Wolf, whose wood-block reproductions of paintings stand quite alone—as Timothy Cole sends nothing this year. Mr. Wolf's prints, after Ambrogio de Predis, Couture, and R. Swain Gifford, and his impression of Morning Mists are among the most distinguished work in the little room set aside for black-and-white.

To turn to the other foreign work is

to find that France has never made so indifferent a showing. The past has been drawn upon, and a small Manet—a beautiful, fresh impression of the sea at Boulogne—and an early Monet, a Daumier, and a Delacroix have been included. A prominent place is again found for Maurice Denis, the most national and logical of modern Primitives. It is amusing to come direct from the labored affectations of Burne-Jones, now at the Royal Academy, to the sincere simplicity of a large design like La Vierge à l'École, with its expressive spacing of flat color and large decorative feeling. Blanche has an amazingly clever, but unpleasantly violent, arrangement of flowered chintz, in an otherwise quiet interior; and Simon Bussy a nude, which, no doubt, appealed to him as a curious study in perspective, but to which he has not succeeded in imparting any other interest. It is, however, more personal than Caro-Delvaille's huge Sommeil Fleuri, which is nothing more than the able piece of flesh painting of the accomplished technician. With the sculpture there has been careful, if limited, selection. A characteristic series of bronzes, plasters, and marbles, by Carpeaux has been got together, less interesting in itself than as a record of a period very near to our own in point of date, but, in aims and methods, already remote. The busts of the Empress Eugénie and the Princess Mathilde, the statue of the little Prince Imperial, with his dog, Nero; the Susanna, and the Genius of the Dance have the prettiness and sentiment of the sculptor's generation, but less of the larger beauty and distinction that belong to all time. A comparison between them and as characteristic a series of Rodin might have been most interesting, but Rodin's contributions are fewer and of less striking importance than usual, consisting of a marble La Jeunesse de Minerve so smooth and trim and lifeless that it hardly seems to be the work of Rodin; and a plaster of the head of one of the *Bourgeois* in the large group at Calais, which does not explain itself when it is thus taken from the rest of the figure.

Italy is represented by a good but small Segantini, and Spain by one not very striking Garrido, instead of the many Angladas and Zuloagas that more than once have decorated the walls of the International. From Holland come two examples of Bauer's romantic architecture and a study of flowers by the late Vincent Van Gogh, a painter of individuality, who never won the success he merited; from Belgium, two brilliant, matter-of-fact outdoor impressions by Emil Claus. Beyond these things, I recall nothing from abroad in particular, except the vigorous and remarkable colored etchings by Olaf Lange, whose work I now see for the first time. It may be objected that the effects he strives after are beyond the proper scope of etching, but, at the same time, he manages very wonderfully to get what he wants; he knows how to put a design together, and his arrangements of reds and greens and golds have a distinct decorative value.

The work of British exhibitors hardly makes up for the absence, or the indifference, of so many foreign artists. I have said nothing as yet of George Sauter, who is a German, but he lives here and is associated rather with the British group. Of this group, not one other shows so interesting and personal a painting as his large Resurrection. It is an arrangement of nude and partly draped figures, the subject one the old masters loved, but the feeling and treatment essentially modern, the whole canvas full of sunshine and air. Sunshine and air again fill the ordinary London street as he sees it through its Spring Veil of tender green and luminous mists. Mr. Sauter is always the sincere, tireless student of nature, concerned with problems of atmosphere and light, and not handicapped by convention. This is why his work, whether you like it or not, has a vitality which other members of the International are in danger of sacrificing to formula. Mr. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon, for instance, have become so absorbed, each in his own formula, that they seem to forget the very existence of nature. Even William Nicholson, ingenious as he is, at times is so engrossed in pattern that everything else must be subordinated to it. The large, stately interior in which he has grouped his Earl of Plymouth and Family is charming, composed and painted with skill and unmistakable zest; but, if Lord Plymouth, as he lounges in the foreground, is an excellent portrait, the other figures have no more importance in the picture than the furniture, no more suggestion of life than the little statuette introduced into a study of still life which Mr. Nicholson is also exhibiting. James Pryde, too, is overweighted with pattern. He has a painting called The Doctor, with the explanation added that it is "No. 1 of a series of twelve pictures entitled The Human Comedy. This invites the inevitable comparison with Hogarth, and therefore reminds us that it is the study of character, together with a beautiful rendering of it in paint (scarcely the most salient qualities in Mr. Pryde's design), that alone can give value to the moral tale told on canvas. If I mention a fresh, radiant stretch of the sea at Dieppe by Morrice, I have come to the end of the list of paintings that had any interest for me.

But though the exhibition has been finer in the past, though much that is second-rate has crept in, it still reaches an infinitely higher level as a whole than such a collection of Academicians as the McCulloch show at the Winter Academy (see the *Nation* of January 21, p. 73), and is far more truly representative of all that is best in the art of to-day.

N. N.

THE GOVERNMENT AND ART.

A bill is pending in Congress to appropriate $20,000 for the purchase of a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, to be hung in the Capitol. The artist's name is not given in the dispatches, and he may have produced a masterpiece; but this process of acquiring works of art by special act of Congress is vicious. It has led to the defacing of the Capitol in the way that every visitor of taste must deplore. Some pushing Senator with a pushing artist among his constituents, a Representative skilled in log-rolling, will get through a bill for buying a statue by Gifted Hopkins, or a canvas by the greatest self-taught painter of Arizona; and that has been our equivalent for the art encouragement given in France by the label "acheté par l'état." Impulse and favoritism and preference without artistic guidance have brought together in the Capitol statues that fight with each other and paintings that scream at each other and at the spectator. One has only to go across the square to the Congressional Library to see the difference between official art of the happy-go-lucky sort, and that which exhibits really capable direction.

It is to introduce something like order and taste into the whole realm of the government's contact with art, that the President appointed the other day a volunteer Council of Fine Arts. The same end is sought by a bill presented on January 19 by Senator Newlands. It provides that the office of Supervising Architect of the Treasury shall be known hereafter as the Bureau of Art and Public Buildings. To this bureau is to be granted artistic control of all government art work. Of course, it is not possible to take from Congress its Constitutional right to display bad taste. Neither under the Newlands bill, if it should become law, nor under the President's order, would it be feasible to prevent the enactment of a special act to buy for a Senate committee-room a replica in marble of the pleasing bust of the Vice-President done in the best creamery butter for exhibition at an Indiana county fair. But short of interfering with these high prerogatives of Congress, the Council of Fine Arts can have supervision of all parks and public buildings and memorials in Washington, seeing to it that the matured scheme for the beautification of that city be adhered to; and can pass upon the plans for all Federal buildings to be erected in any part of the country.

This would be undisputed if the Newlands bill were to pass, authorizing by

law such artistic control. Set up solely by executive order, its validity has been attacked. The statute forbidding any department or officer of the government to "accept voluntary service for the government," is cited as a fatal barrier. But the apparent intention of this was to prevent the creation of a body of officials, commissioned but without pay; while the Council of Fine Arts, as appointed by the President, is purely an unofficial advisory body. Mr. Roosevelt simply declared that he should direct his Cabinet officers, in any public work which might fall under their power, to take the advice of these accredited artists. It does not seem possible to contest that action on the grounds either of law or of common sense. Clearly, it would be better to have the whole matter regulated by act of Congress. If there had been any chance of getting the needed legislation at this session, the President would doubtless have waited for it. As there was not, he acted, not at all in opposition to the Newlands bill, but in anticipation of it; there is little doubt that Mr. Taft will continue in force the executive order until the appropriate law is passed.

It was no reformatory spasm that led to this action at Washington. The project had been under consideration for nearly four years. It was brought to the attention of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects in 1905, and after being endorsed by them, was referred to the Fine Arts Federation of New York. At the prompting of a committee appointed by that body, the matter was laid before the American Institute of Architects. That being a national organization, might be expected to have more weight with Congress; and it appointed an able committee which reported at the annual meeting in 1907. Again the subject was worked over for a year, a new committee making an exhaustive study of the laws and customs regulating the action of foreign governments, particularly France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, in relation to the fine arts. Thorough search was also made of the records at Washington, to discover just how much this country had spent, and Congress was proposing to spend, for works of art. The whole result of the investigation, with a recommendation that Congress be appealed to, was laid before the Institute of Architects in Washington last December. Certainly, therefore, there has been neither haste nor lack of due consideration.

On its merits, the question can be argued with only one conclusion. This country has got beyond the Pleiocene age of art. With millions to lay out upon public buildings and monumental works, this government is simply bound to give the people the finest product that can be had for their money. A concrete illustration of the need of unified, competent, and consistent artistic direction is furnished just now by the controversies over the proposed Lincoln Memorial in Washington. The Senate favors building a highway from Washington to Gettysburg. In the House, a bill is pending to expropriate the land between the Capitol and the new railroad station, itself a monumental structure, and use that site for a memorial. Now comes the American Institute of Architects, to protest against both these proposals, and to insist that the original conception of the Park Commission plans for beautifying Washington be adhered to. This was to reserve a site for Lincoln by the Potomac, beyond the White House and the Washington Monument, where a noble approach and sweeping and harmonious vistas could be had. Clearly, all these plans should be passed upon finally by a disinterested tribunal of acknowledgd authorities in art. Only by setting up such a body of expert advisers can the government be saved from muddling and waste in its artistic work.

We have received from Charles Scribner's Sons the third volume of John Murray's reprint of Crowe and Cavalcaselle. A rival edition now being published by J. M. Dent & Co. has already had the good effect of compelling Mr. Murray to promise the completion of his undertaking within the year. We reserve till that date our appreciation of Cavalcaselle's original work, and our criticism of the competing editions.

"How to Appreciate Prints," by Frank Weitenkampf (Moffat, Yard & Co.), differs from half a dozen approved handbooks of the subject in being written for the unqualified beginner. Mr. Weitenkampf, as curator of prints in our public library, knows as no other man the many interests, mostly non-æsthetic, that centre about a collection of prints, and, while his own taste is trained, he gives to each popular motive its due place in his book. For readers moderately well informed on these matters his manual will seem diffuse and roundabout. But it is not written for them. The diffuseness is merely that of the patient mentor who by repetition, illustration, and apt dilution must make his lesson clear. For its public the book will do good. It will reach many who cannot grasp such manuals as the late Dr. Lippmann's. The field is covered fully, and even the different sorts of process engraving are included. We could wish the very summary and thin encyclopædic portion had been reduced in favor of a more extended appreciative treatment of a few great and typical engravers; also that the inferiority of reproductive engraving had been more strongly insisted on. Under the soft ground etching (p. 21), Cotman's "Liber Studiorum," almost the classical instance of the *genre*, should have been mentioned. Whistler (p. 38) had two, not one, mediocre prints in the book of the Junior Etching Club. If only for the record, John Foster, the first, and perhaps the worst, wood engraver of America, might have had his word of mention. Somewhere, too, in the discussion of autograph signatures there should have been a warning against late impressions, which, being subsequently signed by the artist for a fee, acquired a standing as proofs. We have seen, for example, Whistler's authentic butterfly monogram upon plates from the Thames set, of the latest (though really excellent) impression, that he affected utterly to scorn and disown. These casual suggestions may be useful in a second edition of this meritorious book.

Eduard Fuchs, who will be remembered as the author of "Die Frau in der Karikatur," a work which bore proof of great scholarship and judgment, has completed another ambitious work, "Illustrirte Sittengeschichte vom Mittelalter bis zur Gegenwart" (Munich: Albert Langen). It is in three volumes, each complete in itself, treating respectively the renaissance, the gallant, and the bourgeois period. Each volume contains about 450 illustrations in the text, and from fifty to sixty two-page illustrations, some in color, and all reproductions of the rarest pictorial documents of the history of morals and manners since the middle of the fifteenth century.

The excavations of the Deutsche Orient Gesellschaft in the vicinity of Ericha, the supposed site of the ancient Jericho, have resulted in most interesting discoveries. Not only have the walls of the city been unearthed, but the entire northern part of the citadel, which is situated on the slope of one of the seven hills on which Jericho was built, has been brought to light. It was fortified by an external and an internal wall, both of which were crowned by strong corner towers and connected at irregular intervals by walls. On the northern slope of the city, outside the walls, numerous remains of Canaanite houses were discovered, some of which were built against the city wall. In many cases the clay partition walls were still standing. Bodies of children, buried in jars, were found beneath the clay floors of the houses. Ovens and a drainage canal were also brought to light. Besides the Canaanite houses an interesting collection of Israelite houses, dating from about 700 B.C., was partly unearthed. Of these one was exceptionally well preserved. It contained a court yard open to the air, with a bench, a long room, and a kitchen opening on to the yard, in which the great water tun still stood in its original position. In this house were found numerous domestic utensils, such as plates, dishes, pots, amphorae, corn mills of red sandstone, lamps, torch-holders, and many iron implements. A number of graves of the early Byzantine era, containing vessels of clay and glass, were also discovered, showing that the site of ancient Jericho was inhabited at a much later period. Unfortunately, practically no inscriptions have as yet appeared. All that has been discovered are a number of stamps on the handles of jars apparently bearing the name of the divinity Jahu. The letters are Aramaic and probably date from the fifth to the third century before Christ. The excavations will be resumed in the course of the winter, and further discoveries are looked to with great interest.

The one hundred and fourth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts opened Saturday and will close March 14. There are 447 pictures and 180 pieces of sculpture, including seventy-six works from men who have never before exhibited at the Pennsylvania Acad-

emy. The following awards have been announced:

The Temple Gold Medal to Frederick P. Vinton for his portrait of Carroll D. Wright, president of Clark College.

The Walter Lippincott Prize for the best figure picture in the exhibition to Thomas P. Anshutz for The Tanagra.

The Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal for the best landscape in the exhibition to Theodore Wendel for Winter at Ipswich.

The Carol H. Beck Memorial Gold Medal, now awarded for the first time for the best portrait in the exhibition, to John S. Sargent for his portrait of Miss Mathilde Townsend of Washington.

The Mary Smith prize of $100 to Miss Martha Walter for her Portrait.

An exhibition of the paintings of Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida will be held at the Hispanic Museum in this city February 8 to March 8.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are pictures by T. W. Dewing and D. W. Tryon at Montross's, till February 13.

Alfred B. Copeland, artist, died in Boston, January 30, at the age of sixty-nine years. Much of Mr. Copeland's work was done abroad in Antwerp and Paris, but since 1896 he has lived in this country. His large painting, "Falling Leaves," is owned by the Boston Athenæum.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Austin, Stanley. The History of Engraving: From Its Inception to the Time of Thomas Bewick. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Baedeker, Karl. Greece; Italy from the Alps to Naples. Scribner. $2.40 net each.

Bousset, Wilhelm. The Faith of a Modern Protestant. Scribner. 75 cts. net.

Carr, J. Comyns. Some Eminent Victorians: Personal Recollections in the World of Art and Letters. Scribner. $3.50 net.

Combarieu, Jules. La Musique et la Magie, étude sur les origines populaires de l'art musicale. Paris: Alphonse Picard.

Crees, J. H. E. Claudian as an Historical Authority. Putnam. $1.50.

Crowe, J. A. and Cavalcaselle, G. B. A History of Painting in Italy. Vol. III. Scribner. $6 net.

Darwin, George Howard. Scientific Papers. Vol. II. Putnam. $4.50.

Davidson, K. L. Gardens Past and Present. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Dewitt, David Miller. The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln and Its Expiation. Macmillan. $2.25.

Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by James Hastings. Scribner.

Dixon, H. Clairborne. The Abbeys of Great Britain. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Dixon, Thomas, jr. Comrades: A Story of Social Adventure in California. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.

Eaton, Isabel Graham. By the Shores of Arcady. Outing Publishing Co. $1.25.

Euclid's Elements—Thirteen Books. Translated by T. L. Heath. Putnam. $13.50.

Fairweather, William. The Background of the Gospels, or Judaism in the Period between the Old and New Testaments. Scribner. $3 net.

Hall, Angelo. An Astronomer's Wife: The Biography of Angeline Hall. Baltimore: Nunn & Co.

Hazell's Annual for 1909. Edited by W. Palmer. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Henderson, Charles Richmond. Industrial Insurance in the United States. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $2 net.

Hrdlicka, Ales. Physiological and Medical Observations Among the Indians of Southwestern United States and Northern Mexico. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Jewett, Frances Gulick. Control of Body and Mind. Ginn. 50 cents.

Johnson, Owen. The Eternal Boy: Being the Story of the Prodigious Hickory. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc. The Pulse of Life: A Story of a Passing World. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Macquoid, Percy. The Plate Collector's Guide. Scribner. $2.25 net.

Maugham, William Somerset. The Explorer. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.

Maugham, W. Somerset. The Magician. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

Morawetz, Victor. The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States. North American Review Publishing Co. $1 net.

Nagel, Oskar. The Mechanical Appliances of the Chemical and Metallurgical Industries. New York: Published by the author, P. O. Box 385. $2 net.

Niedieck, Paul. With Rifle in Five Continents. Scribner. $5 net.

Osborne, William Hamilton. The Red Mouse: A Mystery Romance. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Ossig, Caspar Schwenckfeld von. A Study of the Earliest Letters of. Edited by Chester David Hartranft. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Poems of American History. Edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Seignobos, Charles. History of Contemporary Civilization. Translation edited by James Alton James. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Severy, Melvin L. Gillette's Industrial Solution: World Corporation. Boston: Ball Publishing Company.

Shurter, Edwin Du Bois. The Rhetoric of Oratory. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Staley, Edgcumbe. The Tragedies of the Medici. Scribner. $3.50 net.

Staples, Ernest Linwood. A Man of Destiny: Being the Story of Abraham Lincoln. An Epic Poem. Springfield, Mass.: Lincoln Publishing Co.

Stork, Charles Wharton. Day Dreams of Greece. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 75 cents net.

Utopian Papers. Edited by Dorothea Hollins. London: Masters & Co.

Watson, Foster. The English Grammar Schools to 1660: their Curriculum and Practice. Putnam. $2.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1909.

The Week.

Mr. Roosevelt's treatment of the anti-Japanese bills in the California Legislature illustrates his mental processes and slap-dash methods. With his desire to prevent the passage of those bills, the *Nation* is in heartiest sympathy. But the President has gone about the delicate task of allaying race prejudice, of preventing an action which was bound to give grave offence to a friendly nation, as if he were anxious to centre the attention of the world upon the California Legislature, as if with deliberate calculation he were seeking to produce the impression that war would result from the misbehavior of the Californians. A conference on the issue at the White House is immediately followed by a conference with the Secretaries of War and Navy. Then comes the dispatch of a column-long telegraphic message, and its immediate publication, although it is filled with alarming phrases, asserting that the proposed legislation "might accomplish an infinity of harm," "might cause very great mischief." All quiet and calm methods of moral suasion are thrown to the winds; and every opportunity is offered to the Jingoes and sensation-mongers of the press. Thus the prominence and prestige of the noisy little band of anti-Japanese agitators in California is heightened, and the position of the steady and conservative men who have no sympathy with the demgaogues is rendered more difficult. Indeed, in this whole matter the President's course has been very perplexing. In his annual message to Congress in 1906, Mr. Roosevelt not only severely criticised the Pacific Coast, but urged the naturalization of the Japanese, the actual extending to them of the ballot and all the privileges of American citizenship. This week, however, he assures the Californians that the "policy of the Administration is to combine the maximum of efficiency in achieving the *real object* which the people of the Pacific Coast have at heart." "Let me repeat," he added, "that at present, we are actually doing the *very thing* which the people of California wish to be done. . . ." The very thing? Exclusion, segregation, and all?

To drag such issues as miscegenation, race deterioration, and white supremacy into the discussion of the Japanese question, is merely to becloud it. Senator Newlands of Nevada may be right when he learns from history "that it is impossible to develop a homogeneous people by the juxtaposition of races differing in color on the same soil." The eloquent Fresno editor who writes in *Collier's Weekly* may be right when he asserts that the immigrants New York swallows the country can digest, but that the immigrants San Francisco swallows the country cannot digest. But the question of race-assimilation and nation-building with Asiatic materials was disposed of when the Japanese government agreed to limit emigration to this country. It is now for California to say whether the Japanese government shall be given the opportunity to carry out its agreement or whether it shall be badgered and harassed into a state of suspicion and hostility toward this country. The official figures are here to prove that the Japanese immigration has been cut down. Every sign points to a concentration of Japan's surplus population upon Korea and Manchuria. The flood that never was a flood is getting down to a driblet. There is no reason for alarm.

Newfoundland's acceptance of the fisheries arbitration treaty constitutes the last step but one in the settlement of a long-standing dispute that has engendered bitter feeling on both sides. It now remains for the Hague Tribunal to act. Its decision will give no room for cavil or cry of unfair play, such as unfortunately followed upon the verdict of the Alaskan Boundary Commission. Neither party to the present case is likely to come out seriously the loser. In the first place, it is already a gain to have substituted peaceful arbitrament for quarrelling; and once people agree to have their rights weighed by an impartial judge, it is wonderful how many a claim and "right" that has swollen to enormous size in the progess of mutual exasperation, shrinks to its proper small significance.

Much attention was drawn to the action of the House of Representatives in cutting down the appropriation for experimenting with military balloons from $750,000 to $250,000. Little notice, however, was taken of the defeat of an amendment to permit the War Department to import balloons and material for balloon experimentation free of duty. Recommended by the Military Committee, it was at first, on a division, adopted by a vote of 48 to 33. But then the wickedness of laying a hand upon the ark of the tariff began to penetrate the minds of the Republicans, and on a roll-call they rejected the amendment by 132 to 118. Thus was a great principle vindicated. American balloons for Americans! It was no answer to say, as Congressman Gaines did, that "a balloon when imported costs about $15,000 duty, and instead of saving the $15,000 to experiment with, we take it out of one pocket and put it in another." No such low and mercenary considerations could appeal to those who saw the real danger. The man who led this gallant resistance to paupermade balloons—and to common sense and progress—was a New York Representative, Herbert Parsons.

There are two distinct aspects to the facts elicited in the Senate investigation of the Steel Corporation's purchase of the Tennessee Coal Company in 1907. One has to do with the financial side of the operation, pure and simple; the other, with the famous "White House interview," in which a sort of plenary absolution from the legal obstacles was granted in advance. To a certain extent, the two considerations bear upon each other; at all events, the main defence of President Roosevelt's attitude has been the allegation that a crisis of extreme gravity was averted by the Steel Corporation's purchase, and could have been averted in no other way. On this assertion the testimony before the Judiciary Committee has now thrown considerable light. No institution was in danger because of its holdings of Tennessee Coal shares; in supposing so the President appears to have been misled. Certain individuals, however, and, according to the testimony, at least one Stock Exchange firm, were in

an awkward predicament. They were so placed, because they had tried one of those rash experiments familiar in Wall Street for half a dozen years before the panic of 1907—buying up the stock of a $23,000,000 property, chiefly on borrowed money, "jacking up" its price to a "corner" basis, and awaiting the day when they could force a powerful competitor in the trade to take over the property at fancy figures. This was the nature of what Wall Street described as the financial "hold-ups" of 1902, when the enterprising John W. Gates successfully "unloaded" his Louisville and Nashville and also Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville stock on the bankers of competing railways.

Gates, as was to be expected, figured again among the principals in the "Tennessee Coal deal"; his presence was a pretty sure warrant of the nature of the undertaking. It was not, however, a guarantee of its success. With the help of bank loans the process of putting up the price of this 4 per cent. dividend-paying stock to 166 was easy enough; but when the panic of 1907 swept over Wall Street, matters assumed a different aspect. Mr. Schley told the Senate committee that his banking house had borrowed five to six million dollars to carry the Tennessee Coal stock. Banks, however, were cleaning house in November, 1907; stocks with fictitious values and an artificial market were not in favor as collateral; the borrowers were asked to put up better security or pay off their loans. It was precisely then that the Steel Corporation managers, who had calmly refused to be coerced by the "hold-up" of the two preceding years, were begged to take the Tennessee Coal and Iron stock at their own price. The visit of Judge Gary and Mr. Frick to Washington, and the purchase of the property through issue of Steel Corporation bonds, were the result. People at large will doubtless reach contradictory conclusions. Some will say merely that the Steel Corporation drove a hard and clever bargain; others, that the corporation, with Mr. Roosevelt's assent, averted a serious disaster; still others, that the whole transaction amounted to pulling a group of speculators out of a scrape which their own recklessness had invited. But no one of these conclusions will touch the real question at issue—namely, whether the President had the right to pass final judgment, in advance of his legal advisers, on the legality of a great industrial merger.

Tulio Larrinaga, the delegate to the House of Representatives from Porto Rico, made a speech the other day in which, denying press reports that the whole of that island had become hostile to the United States, he said that, "as regards the American people and the nation, the same sentiment that existed at the landing of the Americans exists to-day." He was willing, however, to admit that there is some discontent, and that the island was dissatisfied with both its political and economic conditions. But to say that this spelled anti-Americanism was the greatest calumny that could be invented. He regretted to inform Congress that the agent charged with sending news to the American press was a paid employee of the government, which takes care "to have him always in a very good office." In return this correspondent disseminates wholesale lies. The Porto Rican Executive Council is, it appears, a monstrosity, an intolerable tyrant, which encroaches more and more upon the people's liberties; but the time has come when the people will no longer permit it to go beyond the law. Of course, the fault is with the organic act of 1900. That was specifically stated at the time to be a temporary one; but nine years later there is no sign of a change, and Porto Rico is really very hurt that Congress will neither amend this act nor care for its economic welfare. Then, too, local government is pushing the islanders to the verge of humiliation. But barring these slight troubles, Porto Rico is quite well, happy, and loyal, thank you!

The drastic punishment of Capt. Qualtrough of the battleship Georgia leads to the suspicion that the offence was more serious than the press dispatches have led us to expect, or that it was one of a series. Why else should Rear-Admiral Sperry have insisted upon so speedy a trial in the last foreign port of the cruise? Why could not the investigation have been postponed until the arrival of the fleet in home waters, when justice could have been done without attracting the attention of the whole world? There have been perhaps ten or a dozen officers tried since the fleet left Norfolk, but, on the whole, the behavior of officers and men has been so good as to reflect great credit upon the service. Hence the notoriety of the Qualtrough incident must cause especial pain to those who have conducted themselves so well during the long cruise. If, on the other hand, the severity of Capt. Qualtrough's punishment means that the navy is hereafter to be stricter with its drinking officers, the sentence is to be welcomed. Naval courts-martial have, of late years, seemed to display too great leniency with offenders of this class.

Gov. Hughes has at least forced his opponents to adopt new tactics. They have found out that they cannot beat him by cabal and midnight conference—by the bosses putting their heads together. The latter process, as in the case of Sydney Smith's jest about the vestry of St. Paul's, has in the past resulted in making merely a block pavement, over which the Governor could ride to his goal. This year, however, Gov. Hughes is not to be the only one to go before the people with argument and persuasion. Speaker Wadsworth's long address on Friday night in opposition to the direct primary shows that a new plan of campaign has been adopted. The fighting is to be in the open. That of itself is a great gain. A good part of what the Governor is contending for is already attained, if it be settled that all these questions are to be threshed out publicly. But Speaker Wadsworth is a little ridiculous, when he pictures the displacement of present party leaders by bosses of a much worse type, in case the scheme of direct nominations is put into effect; and when he describes the existing boss as one whose "every act is subjected to the closest scrutiny by the people." Then, too, Mr. Wadsworth points to Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin, who has already done such hard work as a horrible example of what may happen under the direct primary. He is said to have spent a large sum, variously estimated at from $100,000 to $250,000, in order to obtain his reëlection to the United States Senate. Speaker Wadsworth asks what limit to the corrupt expenditure of money there would be if the big New York millionaires should set out to buy a Senatorship under the direct-primary

system. To this it may be rejoined, first, that the new plan cannot be more expensive, or lead to more corruption, than the convention system; and, second, that the same means of checking venality in elections, which have been adopted under the latter, may be applied to the former, and extended when necessary. That is to say, a corrupt practices act may go hand in hand with a direct-primary law. Not only may full publicity of election expenses, both before and after election day, be compelled, but the sum beyond which a candidate may not go without thereby disqualifying himself may be fixed by statute. It has been done in England, and may be here.

Mr. Wadsworth further objects that, with the people making nominations direct, the cities would swamp the villages and the rural districts. What the objection really amounts to is to deny to the majority in the party the rights of a majority. The Speaker is confusing the government of the State, under the Constitution, with government of the party. In the Legislature, New York city cannot have, unless the Constitution is changed, the weight which her population might entitle her to have, on the democratic theory. In Rhode Island, the villages swamp the cities, by being over-represented, and becoming practically rotten boroughs, so as to keep Republican Senators at Washington. Does the Speaker wish that sort of misrepresentation fastened upon his party in this State? His argument really comes to this, that he is afraid the men who furnish most of the votes will desire to make most of the nominations. That is scarcely a position which a man can defend who believes in party management on democratic principles. In practice, it is probable that the Speaker's fears would prove to be imaginary. Men of weight and compelling personality and conspicuous fitness for office would not have their political opportunities cut off simply because they live in the country. The Speaker's remaining objection to the direct primary is that it would make an end of fusion movements in New York city, and be also a fatal blow to the non-partisan nomination of judges But it was not the direct primary, it was the delegate convention, that prevented fusion against Tammany in 1897. If there had then been an open and direct primary, the Republican bosses would have been compelled to endorse the nomination of Seth Low. As for a non-partisan judiciary, that has had its birth and support in the sentiment of the people, not in the benevolence of party chiefs; and there is no reasonable doubt that the same sentiment would make itself felt, perhaps even more powerfully, under the new system proposed by the Governor, but opposed by Speaker Wadsworth.

King Edward's visit to Berlin is in fulfilment of a promise made last summer. Relations between the two countries were none too pleasant then, and they have since become more strained. The Kaiser's indiscreet interview in the *Telegraph* let loose an immense amount of anti-English feeling which had been lurking in Germany. This set up, across the North Sea, the process of developing ill will and suspicion by induction; and we have just seen the nation stirred to the depths by a foolish play intending to show that England is exposed to invasion and ruin. The agitation has led the Admiralty to change its plans, so that the building of six Dreadnoughts is announced on the very day of the King's arrival in Berlin. It is naturally, then, a kind of restrained and sober hospitality which the German press and people are extending to him. The visit may be called well or ill-timed, according as the opportunity is used by the royalties and diplomats on either side. King Edward has been remarkably successful, on his travels, in promoting cordial understandings. With France, Russia, Italy, and Spain, the relations of England are on a much better footing than when he came to the throne. But the trouble with all these *ententes*, from the German point of view, is that they have left Germany out, and have given to European diplomacy the air of wishing to shut her up in a "circle." Hence the King's achievements in other capitals will make his work for conciliation in Berlin all the more difficult. Yet there can be no doubt that both he and his Imperial nephew earnestly desire peace, and will do all in their power to make the fêtes and speeches of the present week count for a better feeling and a firmer friendship.

The definition of Russian government must now be revised so as to read, "despotism modified by assassination regulated by the police." The *agent-provocateur* is a traditional feature of government by espionage. Police officials, to demonstrate their zeal and importance, will concoct plots for the purpose of discovering them. But that the Czar's secret police should have given their representative in the councils of the revolutionists a free hand against everybody save the Czar himself and certain favored ministers and officials, seems almost incredible. The fact that the prime leader of the Terrorists should have been a police spy, and that the head of the Russian secret police should now be tried for high treason, shows the chaos that rules both in the government of Russia and in the hearts of its citizens. If precedent counts, it will turn out that Azeff, head of the Fighting Organization of the Social Revolutionary party, who was permitted by the police to kill Sipiaguine, Von Plehve, and Grand Duke Sergius, provided the police were duly notified of the forthcoming event, was not all a spy. He was probably three-quarters revolutionist and one-quarter spy, just as the degraded Chief of Police Lapukhin was probably three-quarters spy and one-quarter revolutionist. Men who have worked both for the police and the revolution have not been rare in Russia. Father Gapon was almost certainly one of those. The sad feature of the Azeff affair is not so much in the hundreds or thousands of revolutionists whom the traitor must have sold into the hands of the police, but in the revelation it makes of the tremendous difficulties against which the revolutionary campaign must be carried on in Russia. The policy of Terrorism, always of questionable wisdom, is now practically shattered. What chance is there for "coercing" the tyrants into submission, when every step made in the policy of "coercion" is watched and checked up by the police? In other words, assassination has lost even its efficacy as a check upon despotism when it is assassination regulated by the police. Only a rising of the nation in mass can frighten the government, as in 1905. And for furthering such a national upheaval, the best measures are not dynamite and the pistol, but education.

LINCOLN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

The first instalments of the Diary of Gideon Welles, now publishing in the *Atlantic*, furnish us with one more means of measuring Lincoln with his contemporaries. In those dark days of 1863, Welles was not visibly under the spell of Lincoln's genius; he did not think that everything the President did was right and wise; the mythic faculty had not then begun to work. Yet in the matter-of-fact and impartial record which the cool Secretary of the Navy set down at the time of the Cabinet intrigue to secure the removal and disgrace of McClellan, the greatness of Lincoln is builded by Welles better than he knew. Stanton appears testy, vindictive, scheming; Chase was jealous, vain, meddling; Seward indifferent, when not tricky and dodging. Lincoln, throughout, was calm, patient, honorable, and of a sagacity overtopping the combined wits of his advisers.

The just way of judging a man is to endeavor to see how he ranks with those of his own generation, and how he meets the highest standards of his own time. To compare him with the great ones of another century, earlier or later, or to test him by moral or political principles not acknowledged, or not vivid, in his day, is to destroy historical perspective. It would be absurd, for example, to appraise Lincoln as a civil-service reformer. The thing had not swum into his ken. He practised the spoils system in the innocence of ignorance. For the true searching of his character we must look to the way in which he bowed before the categorical imperatives which tried the stuff of public men at the time he actually lived; and place him, to find his true rank, alongside his fellows.

It may be said that Abraham Lincoln as President was as much superior to the statesmen about him as George Washington, when President, was to the men whom his lofty presence dwarfed. But there was this difference: Washington's preëminence had been achieved and was generally acknowledged in 1789. Lincoln's was not only not admitted, but was denied, in 1861. Neither Knox nor Hamilton, nor even Jefferson, thought of challenging Washington; but Lincoln had at least two men in his Cabinet who thought themselves much his better, and took no pains to conceal this notion. It was with something almost like contempt for Lincoln's ability that Seward wrote that amazing letter to him, early in his Administration, practically offering to take upon himself the functions of the President. Readers will recall the gasp of astonishment with which that extraordinary communication was received when it was first given to the light in the Hay and Nicolay "Life." It was a fearful ordeal for the Illinois lawyer, unskilled in statesmanship. Here was his Secretary of State, the brilliant, the admired, the favorite of the educated classes, not only proposing to him the madcap policy of defying the world in arms, so as to unite the dissevered parts of the country, but plainly intimating his disbelief in the President's capacity and initiative, and proffering himself as the leader and saviour of a feeble Administration. A timid man would have been frightened, and either yielded to Seward or pretended to yield, while planning to get rid of him. A sensitive and violent man would have flown into a passion, lost the services of Seward and disrupted his Administration at the very start. Lincoln did neither. He quietly let Seward know that he expected both to direct his own Administration, and to have from his Secretary of State loyal coöperation. It was as easily and naturally done as if it were merely a case of adjusting the relations of a lawyer and his chief clerk in a Springfield office, but it was a crowning proof of Lincoln's magnanimity and fitness for great affairs of state. Seward never wrote him any more letters of that tenor! He had got his lesson.

This incident, first known more than two decades after Lincoln's death, well illustrates the way in which his fame has been heightened by all the disclosures of the lapsing years. Letters, diaries, archives have yielded their secrets, but not one of them has diminished Lincoln's stature. On the other hand, the reputation of his rivals has been deeply gnawed into by the tooth of time. Seward, we have referred to; he has been hurt, not helped, by what has been published since he quitted the scene. Chase has suffered almost more. His great abilities and undoubted patriotism were eaten into by the acid of ambition, so that he stands before us often petty, querulous, exigent, intriguing, and discontented. But perhaps none of Lincoln's contemporaries has had his once great fame more dimmed than Horace Greeley. He, too, felt himself above Lincoln by a thousand diameters; yet from the pitch of his assumed greatness as a statesman, he has fallen grievously, as history has set the forces of truth at work. Impatient, vacillating, impetuous, vainglorious (consult that letter which he wrote to Lincoln complaining that great men were getting to be few, and that even his own health was not good!), Greeley was about as ill fitted for high office as a man could be. He thought himself a great politician, but even there Lincoln beat him out of sight. Greeley's fatuousness in misjudging a political movement has just now been once more strikingly proved in a letter published by the biographers of Carl Schurz. Anything more pathetically absurd than his confidence that he was going to be elected President in 1872, when the very heavens were thundering the ruin of his campaign, it would be hard to find.

This sort of comparison may seem too feebly panegyrical for the Lincoln centenary. Yet when the poets and the orators have done their best, after legend and myth-making have begun, it is well to consider Lincoln in habit as he was, a man among men. When we perceive how the near-great or the over-great public men of his own life-time fall away from him, as he and they recede, and leave him towering above them in unmatched greatness of soul and reach of mind, we can at least feel that our appraisement of him is sure. Saul is higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward.

THE VETO OF THE CENSUS BILL.

In vetoing the spoils-tainted Census bill, President Roosevelt has splendidly met the hopes pinned to his stanchness as a civil-service reformer. He uses few words, but few are needed to expose and rebuke so obvious a fraud on the public. With great directness and entire frankness, the President shows that the provisions of the bill respecting the appointment of clerks in the Census Bureau are merely a blind for a division of the spoils among Congressmen. This veto is conceived in the spirit of the Roosevelt of the old ideals, strong on the side of good administration, and ready to put the brand upon those who

would cheat the people while pretending to serve them. So doing, the President deserves and will receive the support of intelligent and upright men.

The chief objection to the bill lies in the clause calling for the appointment of the 4,000 clerks in the Census Bureau by means of "such non-competitive examination as the Director of the Census may prescribe, the said examination to be conducted by the United States Civil Service Commission." That is most innocent-seeming. No spoils about that! All breathes of reform—examinations, the Civil Service Commission, and so on. Where do the spoils come in, along with the stratagems, if not the treasons? The facts are perfectly open, to those who care to seek for them. In the debates on the bill in both House and Senate, no secret was made of the intention to divide these appointments *pro rata* among Representatives and Senators. The talk about a non-competitive examination is merely an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the people. How the same device worked in the taking of the last census has been explained by F. H. Wines, who was at one time Assistant Director of the Census. He showed, in the first place, that all these non-competitive examinations were not free to everybody to try. The permission of the Director was necessary, and "such permission was a matter of favor, depending upon 'influence.'" Mr. Wines proceeds:

> In making selections from the list of those who passed the examination, no attention whatever was paid to their comparative rating. It was a "pass" examination pure and simple, and a rating of 75, with proper political or other endorsement, was sufficient to secure an appointment, where a rating of 100 would count for nothing without it.
>
> There were numerous instances in which an unsuccessful applicant was granted a second, third, or fourth trial, at the request of some Senator or Representative; and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it occasionally happened that the rating made by the examiner upon the papers filed was arbitrarily changed after they left his custody.

In reality, there has been no concealment in either house of Congress about what was actually planned. The clerks were to be parcelled out among the members—each man to have the naming of six or eight. Congressman Gillett of Massachusetts, who ably opposed the spoils features of the bill, stated in open debate what was the tacit but explicit agreement. The clerks were to be "equally divided among Congressmen without regard to party." Ten years ago, a Republican member got a larger share of the spoils than a Democrat, but this year it was to be share and share alike. What was the reason for this noble spirit of equality? Why, simply that the Democrats would not vote for the grab of offices unless they got their due portion; and there were enough Republicans to go against the bill and defeat the spoilsmen, unless the latter had struck hands with the Democrats on the basis of an equal "divvy." Mr. Gillett challenged contradiction of this "understanding," and no one rose to deny it. The same thing was made clear in the Senate. Senator Lodge said that there was no use in sticking in the bark of the phrases of the bill. "We throw open these 4,000 clerkships for appointment by Senators and Representatives. That is what it means."

Now, all this is not simply a disreputable trick, not alone a clinging to a system which has been proved demoralizing and which Congress has professed to abandon: it is also directly to endanger the accuracy, and so the value, of the Census itself. Students know that the trustworthiness of previous censuses has been seriously open to doubt. In some cases it has been damagingly impeached. We are bound to use every means within reach to put the Thirteenth Decennial Census as far beyond suspicion as possible. But if we load a lot of incompetent subordinates upon the Director, we directly increase the chances of bad work. He has to take the men whom Congressmen dictate, and he has to keep them whether they have any merits or not. Some of them may work out into a fair degree of efficiency, but, if a new Congress comes in, and their backer is not reëlected, out they go to make room for the hangers-on of the new member. The method infallibly produces poor clerks, and a census dragged out as much as possible in order to continue patronage as long as possible. Spoilsmen in Congress, it is true, like the glorious Hepburn, pull a long face and say that they never recommend anybody but able archangels to office, and would never think of trying to prevent the removal of an incompetent clerk who had been appointed at their request—or demand. But why endeavor to deceive, when the facts are known? The truth was bluntly put by Senator Lodge in a colloquy with Senator Curtis of Kansas:

> Mr. Curtis—Let me ask the Senator if he believes that there is a Senator on this floor who would ask a department to hold in office an incompetent clerk.
>
> Mr. Lodge—I am afraid, Mr. President, since the Senator asks me that question that we have all of us in both houses done it a great many times. [Laughter.]

The provisions of the bill are so indefensible, so vicious, that we do not see how Congress can fail to retrace its steps. There certainly would be no possibility of passing the original bill over the President's veto, were it not for the bad blood now existing between him and Congress. But it would be a fine way of taking revenge on the President, to injure the public service and damage the Census!

THE NEW CHARTER FOR BOSTON.

After nearly two years of investigation and discussion, the commission appointed to suggest improvements in the government of Boston has laid its report, with a draft of an amended charter, before the Massachusetts Legislature. The proposed changes are almost revolutionary. At a time when the New York City Charter Revision Commission is expected soon to publish its findings, and when unusual interest exists everywhere in experiments in municipal government, the conclusions of this Boston report deserve a wide hearing.

The report begins by setting forth conceded facts. The municipal administration has been both wasteful and inefficient. Expenditures have increased twice as fast as the population; yet the city is not keeping pace with its rivals, its growth is slow, "there is little demand for real estate, and almost none for vacant land," while there is general complaint of poor public service. The chief cause of the evil is bluntly stated to be that unscrupulous politicians have taken advantage of a cumbrous system of city government. There are "two legislative bodies," the members of which are "intellectually and morally incapable of action in the interest of the citizens at large." Their power has been used mischievously. In the executive departments, men of skill and character are rare. Appointments have been made purely for political reasons, and while the number of employees in-

creases, their efficiency decreases. It is an old story. The government of Boston has been made a prey of party politics.

Several radical plans of reform were urged upon the commission. There was, for example, the "Greater-Boston" idea, by which outlying communities were to be brought in to sweeten and save the city proper; there was the town-meeting method, such as has been adopted in Newport; there was government by a State commission; there was the theory of limiting the municipal suffrage to property-owners. But none of these things moved the commission. It contented itself with urging alterations of the existing charter, designed to make administration more business-like, and to drive out, so far as possible, the evil spirit of politics.

First of all is the aim to simplify. The thirteen aldermen and seventy-five members of the Common Council are to be swept away and replaced by a single council of nine. This is in line with general tendencies. Everywhere the bicameral system in municipal government is falling into disfavor. In Massachusetts, eleven cities have now adopted the single legislative body, and nowhere is there any desire to go back to the old plan. Moreover, the nine members are to be elected at large—three each year. This is expected to secure more capable men than election by wards. Their power, too, is to be limited. They may approve the budget, but not originate it; may reduce or omit appropriations, but not increase them. All their acts and resolves are subject to absolute veto by the Mayor.

It is proposed greatly to extend and centralize the powers of the Mayor. He is not to be hampered, as now, in the choice of his subordinates, and he may remove them at pleasure. One novel limitation is, however, introduced. Heads of department must be selected for peculiar expertness in their work, and cannot take office until the State Civil Service Commission has certified that they are well qualified. Imagine the terror of Tammany at such a provision! All these officials are to hold office for four years, and so is the Mayor, though in his case a modified form of the "recall" is provided for. The municipal election is to be held in January, when a Mayor will be chosen for four years. But a year from the following November, at the State election, the following question is to be submitted to the voters: "Shall there be an election for Mayor at the next municipal election?" In case this is answered "Yes" by a majority, then the Mayor will have to take his place on the ballot, with other candidates, in January; or, if by October 1 he files with the Secretary of State notice that he does not desire to go before the electors, then his term of office shall cease with two years. As will be seen, this is an ingenious plan, short of absolute recall, to compel the four-year Mayor to have his record passed upon at the end of two.

The most drastic change is a direct attempt to reduce partisan politics to the minimum. No party nominations are to be made. There are to be no city conventions, no delegates chosen to nominate. The commission, with a strange readiness to agree with Gov. Hughes, declares that the convention-system has "become completely discredited by the gross abuses" which have crept into it. Hence, the whole scheme is to be discarded, and nominations to the office of Mayor made on petition of 5,000 registered voters. No party designations of any kind are to be allowed on the ballot, "and there shall not be appended to the name of any candidate any such party or political designation or mark, or anything showing how he was nominated or indicating his views or opinions." Seasoned politicians, on reading this, will admit that it is not an *émeute*, but a revolution.

This bare outline suffices to show the nature of this proposed reform of the government of Boston, and how it fits in with the general movement to clean up and strengthen municipal administration in this country. Varied methods of attacking the problem are desirable. This Boston plan will be eagerly watched, both under discussion in the Legislature, and in operation in the city.

THE PH.D. AGAIN.

The uses and abuses of the Ph.D. degree is a subject which seems to be always with us. The matter is brought up again by an article in the *University of Chicago Magazine* for February, "Symposium on the Doctors' Questionnaire." In order to study the relation of the doctorate to the teaching profession, the following questions were sent to those who have taken the degree at the University of Chicago:

> In view of the fact that the great majority of doctors are obliged to engage in the work of practical teaching, would you propose that the university should in any respect modify its policy as to the doctorate? For example, would you support any or all of the following propositions: (1) That candidacy for the doctorate should be conditioned upon a higher and broader standard of general culture; (2) that candidates for the doctorate should be required to pursue courses in the philosophy of education or in the pedagogy of special subjects; (3) that the university should discourage a much larger number of persons from proceeding to the doctorate?

Some seventy-five replies were received, which Dr. Eleanor P. Hammond has briefly summarized. A large majority approved the idea of a higher standard of general culture; opinion on the second question was more evenly divided; and the third "was generally regarded as allied with the first in such a way as to make any explicit answer impossible apart from a profound consideration of the whole subject." Among the practical suggestions was the proposal "that a more extended command of English . . . be added to the present requirement of French and German." Still another recommendation was that a special degree be created for persons preparing to teach, or that the A.M. be rehabilitated for that purpose.

The idea of a special degree points pretty clearly to one cause of the present disrepute of the Ph.D. Several of the replies dwelt on the fact that not only colleges, but normal schools, high schools, and academies are, as one writer put it, making "a constant demand for doctors as members of their faculties." Of course, the supply is forthcoming. Institutions which are not at all equipped for training in research go through the motions, so to speak, and gravely confer a Ph.D. on youths who never have enjoyed any rigorous intellectual discipline. Other universities, whose resources are by no means contemptible, are so eager to build up a graduate school that they grant the degree to any one who has studied faithfully for three years and has written what may be euphemistically described as a thesis. In fine, taking the United States as a whole, we may say that the conditions under which the degree is now obtained are scandalous. To particularize is unsafe; but we should probably be within the truth in declaring that, with the present mad competition for quantity of

students rather than quality of work, not half the degrees of Ph.D. represent a serious contribution to knowledge.

The prospect of reforming those heads of schools and colleges who are now clamoring for doctors on their faculties is not at present bright. The college and school catalogue is still regarded in the light of a show-window where the goods must be displayed to the best advantage; and a list of teachers with "Ph.D." appended to each name is thought to have an hypnotic effect on parents and to convince them that here is the real thing in the way of scholarship. As a matter of fact, the man with the Ph.D. may be, as a teacher, grotesquely incompetent, particularly with pupils of the secondary school and of the college proper. His very training in research may have narrowed him till he is unfitted to guide any students except those who are advanced in his own little specialty. And yet some school principals and college presidents are so bent on making a cheap display that, to the neglect of real qualifications for teaching, they virtually force their teachers to secure a higher degree by hook or crook.

Nor does there seem much hope of turning the small but ambitious graduate school from the error of its way. The Ph.D. of Johns Hopkins and of perhaps half-a-dozen other American universities really has some meaning; but for the rest it indicates nothing more than industry, frequently misguided, for a period of two or three years after the bachelor's degree. On the other hand, the results of such industry, rightly directed, might be admirable. If the graduate student should zealously devote himself to what has been called "a higher standard of general culture," he might come to the work of teaching with excellent equipment—better, indeed, than if he had vigorously pursued some recondite subject in philology, history, or science. We really need, then, a higher degree to serve as a sort of certificate of liberalizing study of this kind. There are many men who, whether they intend to teach or not, would profit by advanced study; but they are not cut out for investigators; and unless they take a Ph.D. which is a sham, they have nothing to show for their progress beyond the now rather colorless A.M. Instead, then, of prostituting the Ph.D. till it is worth little more than the title "professor" as assumed by a bootblack or peripatetic quack, we might well, as some of the Chicago doctors urge, establish the "non-research" degree.

The idea is by no means new. It has been brought forward again and again in recent years. One of the most active advocates of the plan has been Prof. Irving Babbitt of Harvard. In his book, "Literature and the American College," as well as in other writings, he has argued that our doctor's degree might well be reserved, as in France, for work of considerable maturity, produced, perhaps, some years after a man has entered upon the labors of his profession. The French doctoral thesis is often a genuine contribution to knowledge, presented in effective literary form. Were our doctor's degree granted only for achievements of such distinction, we should obviously need the "non-research" degree. But even if we do not go so far as the French, rough common honesty, not to say the delicate conscience of the scholar, should dictate some change in the present method of conferring the doctorate.

THE DEATH OF CATULLE MENDÈS.

Catulle-Abraham Mendès was found dead in the railway tunnel at Saint Germain February 8.

Mendès, born in 1841, came of a line of Jewish bankers established in the south of France, but most of his childhood was spent in Germany and Italy. At twelve, the family returned to France and settled down in a château of Toulouse. Catulle was not sent to college, but he was under a tutor, a Latinist after the old fashion. When the boy was fourteen years old he gave to the local Variétés a vaudeville entitled the "Bailiff's Garters," which was played several times. At fifteen, he started a theatrical paper, and the following year his indulgent father allowed him to go up to try his fortune in Paris. Arsène Houssaye at once began printing his verses; and the elder Mendès, willing to give his son a start in the career he had chosen, set aside 20,000 francs to begin a magazine. So, in 1860, the new *Revue fantaisiste*, with its eighteen-year-old editor, made its appearance. Among the contributors are found the names of Théophile Gautier and Richard Wagner, Baudelaire, and the two Daudets. The review and its contributors were not looked on with favor by the police of the empire. An indiscreet poem, which, however, had nothing to do with politics, published under his own name, enabled the police to bring Mendès before the courts on the ground of bad morals. He was fined 500 francs and sent up to the prison of Sainte-Pélagie for a month. On his release, he found his review defunct and his father unwilling to advance any more money. Now followed a period of extreme poverty. Banville brought him four sous' worth of tobacco each morning; and, at last, Mendès sold a short story for thirty francs. It was the beginning. Much later, his father accepted the inevitable, but only on condition that his son should make another long sojourn in Germany. This had for chief result the rooting of the young man in Wagnerism, of which he was one of the first messengers to refractory France.

Meanwhile a thin volume of verse, "Philomela," printed in red and black with an exasperating dilettanteism of form, announced that a new school of poetry was arising in Paris. The single etching of the volume was signed Bracquemond—a name long since at the head of contemporary engraving, but then practically unknown. The widow of Gen. de Ricard gathered together in her salon the adepts of the new school. There were, besides Mendès, her son, who has written its history, François Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, Stéphane Mallarmé, and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Xavier de Ricard started a review, but Mendès found nothing better to write in it than his "Lettres à la fiancée." Barbey d'Aurévilly, the Romantic, had dubbed these poets "Parnassians" disdainfully. Mendès adopted the name and began a new review called *Le Parnasse contemporain*. Lemerre was persuaded to take up the review, and soon a series of volumes of verse appeared under the name. The newspapers, for a while, made fun of it, and of the long hair affected by the poets, but Théophile Gautier took up the cudgel for Mendès, who had married his daughter Judith, and forced the critics to recognize that French poetry had entered into a new phase, with verse classically correct, but with a new sparkle and limpidity. To this verse Mendès remained faithful, never yielding to the experiments in prosody or to the obscurity of the Symbolists, who succeeded the Parnassians, and whom he lived to see disappearing in their turn. Since money was as yet lacking to the young poet, the Princess Mathilde came to the rescue, making him an allowance of 1,200 francs from her own purse.

During the seventies he was still an intermittent editor, and his name was then associated with men rapidly becoming more famous than himself. A publication which had ventured to begin Zola's "L'Assommoir" suddenly took alarm and stopped it short; Mendès accepted it for the pages of his own erratic review. The scandal helped the

fortune of Zola, for the novel had an enormous sale, but it did little for the charitable editor. Despite all his work as editor and journalist, he was able to turn out an extraordinary number of plays and novels, many of them tainted with eroticism—years ago the number had already passed one hundred and twenty. Yet his plays—perhaps because the requirements of the stage enforced a much-needed reserve—have been remarkable in literary quality, as well as thoroughly dramatic. "La Fille de Tabarin" and "La Reine Fiammetta" are among the most famous. And his fiction has always shown a literary touch. Of his many novels may be mentioned "Les Folies amoureuses," "La Vie et la mort d'un clown," "Le Roi vierge," "Le Crime du vieux Blas," "Monstres parisiens," "Jeunes filles," "Jupe courte," "Tous les baisers," "Lesbia," "Méphistophéla," "L'Homme tout nu," "La Première Maîtresse," and "La Grande Maguet."

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS ON HISTORY.

PARIS, January 25.

In the usual abundance of French historical publications, there are a few works of high importance, many that form a solid underpinning of serious history, and more still that popularize readably the work of documentary historians. The notices which follow are placed in the chronological order of the epochs to which their subjects belong.

"Au Temps des Pharaons," by A. Moret, adds to the account of the Pharaohs as known to history some knowledge of that previous epoch of Egypt before the Pyramids, on which recent excavations have shed so much light (Armand Colin). Albert Vogt publishes "Basile I," emperor from A. D. 867 to 886—a history of Byzantine civilization at the end of the ninth century, wherein new research has also added much to the outlines drawn from scantier material by the genius of Gibbon (A. Picard).

R. Delachenal, in his two volumes, "Histoire de Charles V (1338-1364)," follows out the career of the first Dauphin of France to the death of Jean II and then through the wars of the English Edward III. It is a work of capital importance for the history of English attempts at conquest in France (A. Picard).

Three new books draw on the undying interest of Port-Royal and the Jansenists, who had the great advantage over our own Modernists of picturesqueness, political hatreds, and emotional personality. André Hallays has taken, *en flânant*, by the way, "Le Pélerinage de Port-Royal," from the church of Saint-Étienne-du-Mont in Paris, where its dead lie buried, and the Paris Port-Royal to Port-Royal des Champs, the Granges, and so back to Paris and Saint-Médard. Over the existing remains he reads each associated fragment of letters and chronicle of the time (Perrin). A. Gazier, last of the Jansenists, though all others perish, adds another to his volumes of gleanings by an edition of Racine's "Abrégé de l'histoire de Port-Royal," with full notes and bibliographical apparatus (Société française). The popular and documentary Ch. Gailly de Taurines in "Père et fille" gives, without theology, the touching history of the painter Philippe de Champagne and his daughter Sœur Catherine de Sainte-Suzanne, who was the Port-Royal nun cured by miracle; this does not hinder their friend's daughter, the great poisoner La Brinvilliers, from flitting across the page (Hachette).

"La Maison de Madame Gourdan," with a sub-title, "Vieilles façades parisiennes," by Eugène DeFrance, is an illustrated history of manners and customs at the end of the eighteenth century (Mercure de France). This brings us up to the Revolution, where we have a substantial work on "La France économique et sociale à la veille de la Révolution," by Maxime Kovalewsky, professor in the University of St. Petersburg (Giard). In the series of reproductions of the all but unknown works of L'Élite de la Révolution, the new volume consists of "Discours et rapports de Robespierre," with notes by the editor, Ch. Vellay (Fasquelle).

Frédéric Masson adds to his apparently endless series of documentary works on Napoleon, two volumes, "Autour de Sainte-Hélène"—striking and intimate details of the last years and of the adventurers who still swarmed around the great man (Ollendorff). L. de Lanzac de Laborie publishes a fifth volume of his series Paris sous Napoléon, comprising the history of public charities and assistance and the provisioning of it (Plon-Nourrit). Commandant M. H. Weil, who has already published five volumes on Prince Eugène and Murat, now issues a first volume of completest history of the last year of reign of "Joachim Murat, roi de Naples (1814-1815)"; so far we are given the preliminaries of the Congress of Vienna, from May to November, 1814. Each volume is sold separately (Fontemoing). "Journal du Comte P.-L. Roederer," with subtitle "Autour de Bonaparte," and notes by Maurice Vitrac of the Bibliothèque Nationale, is a rather dear volume (400 pages, 15 francs), by a man without much imagination or sympathy, and with some prejudices, whose occupations called him to the daily presence of Napoleon (Daragon).

Princess Radziwill née Castellane has edited with notes the "Chronique de 1831 à 1862" of her grandmother, Duchesse de Dino, the German princess, who was married passively into the family of Talleyrand, and came into his life to such a degree that she guided the veteran diplomat to the very door of the tomb. Meanwhile, she observed with immense common sense the court world of which she was a part, at London, and in Paris, and listened with untiring intelligence to the sayings of the man whose own memoirs proved so cruel a disappointment to those who insist on looking behind the scenes (Plon). "La Jeunesse libérale de 1830" is made up of letters of Alphonse d'Herbelot to the young Charles de Montalembert, and Léon Cornudet, men who resolutely turned from salvation in restored kings and began the movement of Catholics toward Pope and people—a movement still uncertain after eighty years (A. Picard).

The two volumes "Lettres à un ami," by the late Edmond Rousse, head of the Paris bar, and member of the French Academy, range from 1845 to 1880; they give the unpremeditated observations and opinions of a highly cultivated, professionally accurate mind in the presence of public events (Hachette). The letters of the siege of Paris and Commune are peculiarly valuable. It is not always easy for historians to discover just what competent persons thought on the spot. "La Commune au jour le jour," from bloody beginning to bloody ending, by Élie Reclus is a book of very honest memories by one who says of himself:

> I was not one of the personages, not even a confidant of the personages; I was a citizen among those who were least ill-informed—a thermometer lost in a corner.

This did not prevent Élie Reclus, whom the Commune had named director of the National Library, from being forced to fly his country, while his brother, Élisée, the eminent geographer, had his sentence commuted only as the result of a petition of Englishmen of science, led by Charles Darwin. This book deals with none of the philosophy, but only with the day-by-day realities of that enigma of terror (Schleicher). "La Comtesse de Valon," by G. Clément Simon, carries us to the opposite extreme of those troublous times (Plon). She was Apollonie de La Rochelambert, one of three sisters who had been close friends of the Empress Eugénie before her elevation. In spite of her friendship, she refused to give up her Legitimist prejudices and to appear at the new court. When the crash came, she was able to serve France, and later her own party, through the friends of her youthful years in Berlin, Manteuffel and others. Although the book is heavily put together—remembrances of life, of family and friends, and correspondence—it throws strong and interesting sidelights on the critical moment when the last and best of the Bourbons,

Count of Chambord, either deliberately and honestly or quixotically rendered the old monarchy forever impossible in France.

Two books tell the religious and honorable effort of a few men who recognized the causes of the destruction of all they held dear, and have striven to win back the French workman to Christian society. Count Albert de Mun, in "Ma Vocation sociale," tells his memories of the foundation of Catholic workingmen's clubs (1871-1875); they still exert an influence, perhaps slowly increasing, under a clergy no longer bound to the state (Lethielleux). The economical theory of the movement is explained in a large book by another of its founders, Marquis de La Tour du Pin La Charce—"Vers un Ordre social chrétien"—milestones from 1882 to 1907; it is probable many more weary miles will have to be traversed before any one social order triumphs in France (Nouvelle Librairie Nationale). A. Debidour, professor at the Sorbonne, in a second volume completes his erudite work, "L'Église catholique et l'état sous la troisième république," from 1870 to 1906, when state churches, though not state legislation of churches, ceased to exist in France. "Dans la Bataille" is a collection of papers by the present foreign minister of the Republic, Stéphen Pichon, whose activities have extended during his diplomatic career from the French West Indies to Tunis, and then to China, when the allied Powers entered Peking; they are written clearly and with point, and are good samples of the new diplomatic literature, unknowing pretence or ceremony.

Perhaps the chief book in French history of those recently published is the "Histoire de la France contemporaine," by ex-Foreign Minister Gabriel Hanotaux. The fourth volume has just appeared, comprising the entire foundation by Gambetta of the "république parlémentaire," and ending appropriately with the death of its founder (Boivin). It is probable that Gambetta, of whom the author was a pupil and disciple, would frown at the inordinate development since given to his main principle—the omnipotence of the legislative branch of government—but the egg is very apt to grow according to the laws of its species. It is natural that M. Hanotaux should not altogether appreciate or even understand the position of those less and of those more radical than Gambetta; but it is much that he should completely understand that which came into existence at the time it began. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The first part of the J. C. Chamberlain collection of first editions of American authors, which has been frequently referred to in this column, will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company of this city in four sessions on February 16 and 17. This part includes the books of ten nineteenth-century authors: Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Irving, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, Thoreau, and Whittier. The rarest and most sought for books of these authors, almost without exception, are included. While the first edition of Bryant's "Embargo" (1808), and Poe's famous "Tamerlane and Minor Poems" (1827), two practically unattainable books, are absent, a score of titles scarcely less notable, some of works which are now offered at public sale for the first time, are included. Among these are: Bryant's "Oration delivered at Stockbridge, July 4, 1820" (only once before offered at auction, Pierson sale, 1908, $145); Hawthorne's "Time's Portraiture," being the carrier's address to the patrons of the Salem *Gazette* for January 1, 1838 (only three copies known, never before offered at auction); "The Sister Years," another carrier's address, 1839 (six or seven copies known, two offered at auction, the record price, $290); Holmes's "New England's Master Key," 1863, six copies printed (this the only copy traceable, sold twice at auction, bringing $16 in 1894, and $110 in 1904); Holmes's "Lecture—1863," six copies printed (this the only copy traceable, twice sold at auction, bringing $15.50 in 1894, and $112 in 1904); Holmes's "Oration before the City Authorities of Boston" (1863), twelve copies printed before the lecture was delivered (this the only copy to come upon the market, twice sold at auction, bringing $19 in 1894, and $75 in 1904); the same, a second issue, with corrections, twelve copies only printed after delivery (this only copy to come upon the market); Longfellow's "Noël," an eight-page leaflet, 1864 (five copies known, this the only one ever offered at auction, Arnold sale, 1901, $55); Longfellow's "The New England Tragedy," 1860, the trial issue in prose (only two copies known, the other still in possession of the Longfellow family); Longfellow's "The New England Tragedy," 1868, the privately printed first issue of the poetic version, ten copies printed (never before offered at auction); Longfellow's "Kéramos," 1877, trial issue, printed before the poem appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1877 (never before offered at auction); Lowell's "Poems," 1844, large paper copy (only six copies known, only once offered at auction in recent years, in the sale of Brown University duplicates, 1901, $150); Lowell's "Mason and Slidell," 1862, the separate, printed from the types of the *Atlantic Monthly* (only once before offered at auction, in the Arnold sale, 1901, $175); Lowell's "Bigelow Papers," Second Series, London, 1864 (never before offered at auction); Lowell's "Address on Democracy," private issue, printed on one side only (three copies known, once before offered at auction, in the Arnold sale, 1901, $70); Lowell's "Lines on Reading of the Capture of . . . Slaves etc.," a leaflet, printed with Whittier's "The Branded Hand," 1845 (never before offered at auction).

In the above list the better-known, though equally valuable, titles which have occurred with greater or less frequency in the sales have been omitted. Among notable titles of this class, which would of themselves make any collection famous, are: Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" (1828); "The Gentle Boy" (1839); "The Celestial Railroad" (1843); "Peter Parley's Universal History" (1837); Holmes's "A Family Record" (1877); Irving's "History of New York" (1809); Longfellow's "Outre-Mer" (1833-34), the two numbers as first issued in the original paper covers, uncut; "Poems on Slavery" (1842); "Evangeline" (1847); Lowell's "A Year's Life" (1841), presentation copy from Lowell to Tennyson; "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets" (1845), presentation copy; "Poems of Maria Lowell" (1855), presentation copy; "Il Pesceballo" (1862), all three issues of this year; "Ode Recited at the Commemoration of the Living and Dead Soldiers of Harvard University" (1865); Poe's "Al Aaraaf and Minor Poems" (1829); "Poems," second edition (1831), presentation copy; Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" (1849); Whittier's "Legends of New England" (1831); "Moll Pitcher" (1832), in the original paper covers, uncut, probably the finest copy known; "Mogg Megone" (1836). The copy of Poe's second book, "Al Aaraaf," is one of the finest known, being in the original boards, uncut, with a presentation inscription from Poe's sister, Rose M. Poe. It is from the Frederick W. French sale, April, 1901, where it brought $1,300. It had cost Mr. French about $175, four or five years before. Since that sale the Nelson copy, with presentation inscription in Poe's autograph, sold in the Peirce sale for $1,825, and a copy with trimmed edges in the Appleton sale, 1906, for $1,500.

The Longfellow-Greene correspondence, comprising 545 autograph letters (37 being postal cards) from Longfellow to George W. Greene, was acquired by Mr. Chamberlain from a member of the Greene family. The earliest of these letters was written in 1830, and the last a few days before Longfellow's death in 1882. It is not probable that such another collection of Longfellow's letters has been preserved. Many of the letters, especially the early ones, are of great literary interest; and about 400 of them are unpublished. Samuel Longfellow printed many of them in his Life of his brother, but a comparison of the original manuscripts with the letters as there printed shows that he has exercised undue license in making alterations in the wording, and has deleted long passages without indicating omissions. Among other manuscripts are several early poems by Bryant, including one written at the age of twelve; Irving's manuscript note-book for "The History of New York," and a manuscript diary kept by him in Spain in 1828-29; Longfellow's "Hermes Trismegistus," the last poem published before his death; portions of Lowell's manuscript of "Our Own"; Whittier's poem on Fitz-Greene Halleck; besides autograph letters of most of the ten authors, many of them of exceptional interest. Eight books from the library of Nathaniel Hawthorne containing autographs (several of the signatures with the early spelling "Hathorne") are valuable association items.

The catalogue contains a preface by Major Emory S. Turner, a frontispiece portrait of Mr. Chamberlain, and numerous reproductions of title-pages and manuscripts.

Part II of the angling library of the late John G. Heckscher, which will be offered by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city February 15 to 18, includes the editions of Walton's "Compleat Angler," 127 lots. The

first edition of Walton's "Angler" (London, 1653) is, when in fine condition, one of the most valuable books of the period. The last copy sold at auction was William C. Van Antwerp's (formerly the Rowfant copy), for which Quaritch paid £1,290 in 1907. This, one of the finest known copies, in the original sheep binding, is now in J. P. Morgan's library. The Heckscher copy is described as fine and perfect, in a binding by Rivière, copied from an old English binding of the period. The Heckscher library includes also the second edition (1655), both issues of the third edition (1661 and 1664), the fourth edition (1668), and the fifth edition (1676). The fifth edition, with which was incorporated Charles Cotton's "Compleat Angler" and Venables's "Experienced Angler," was the last issued during the author's lifetime. C. S. Rafinesque's "Ichthyologia Ohiensis; or, Natural History of the Fishes Inhabiting the River Ohio and Its Tributary Streams," a pamphlet of ninety pages (Lexington, Ky., 1820), is the rarest and most valuable of American books on fishes. The Heckscher example is the first perfect copy to be sold at auction. Other notable books in this part are: Mascall's "Booke of Fishing with Hooke & Line" (1590); Nobbes's "Compleat Troller" (1682), first edition; Smith's "True Art of Angling" (1696); Gervase Markham's "Pleasures of Princes" (1614), as well as a number of other books by this writer; Dean Sage's "Restigouche and Its Salmon Fishing" (1888), one of the most valuable of modern books on angling.

Correspondence.

THE FIRST AMERICAN PLAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The writing and acting of the first play in what is now English-speaking America may be assigned to a date at least thirty-four years earlier than 1640, the date given by William J. Neidig, in your issue of January 28. In 1606, two years before Quebec was founded, and when Shakespeare was still alive, the Sieur de Poutrincourt brought a band of Frenchmen to settle at Port Royal, in Acadie. Among them was Marc Lescarbot, who wrote a history of New France, in which he tells what happened there under his own eyes. His chief, de Poutrincourt, coming back after a cruise along the New England coast, "arrived at Port Royal the fourteenth of November, where we received him joyfully and with a solemnity quite unknown in those parts." The account continues:

> For just as we were looking for his return (with great longing, for had ill befallen him we should have been in danger of confusion), I bethought myself of setting forth some piece of merriment, which we did. And, as it was written hurriedly in French rhymes, I have put it in "Les Muses de la Nouvelle-France," under the title of "Théâtre de Neptune," to which the reader is referred. ("Histoire de la Nouvelle-France," Book iv, Chap. 16).

The third piece in "Les Muses de la Nouvelle-France." Paris, 1609, is the masque, "Le Théâtre de Neptune en la Nouvelle-France," containing 242 rhymed lines. The characters are Neptune, six Tritons, four Indians, and a jovial attendant. Neptune appears clad in a blue robe and socks, hair and beard long and hoary, holding in hand his trident, seated on his chariot decked out with his colors. The chariot is drawn on the waves by six Tritons to board the launch wherein De Poutrincourt and his followers took their places on leaving their ship to go ashore. When the chariot is made fast to the launch Neptune addresses De Poutrincourt in fifty-eight lines, calling him "Sagamos." Neptune tells who he is, how great his power on the sea, and how he has often protected De Poutrincourt; Neptune further promises to favor De Poutrincourt's undertaking because he foresees destiny is preparing a flourishing empire for France in the New World. A trumpet then strikes up and encourages the Tritons to speak; one after another they deliver their parts covering eighty-four lines. They praise Neptune, implore the help of France and commend De Poutrincourt's bravery. The Indian word "adesquides," friend, is used. Strangely enough, the part of the fifth Triton was taken by a Gascon, who pronounced his verses "à peu près en sa langue." Next Neptune draws aside to make room for four Indians in a canoe bringing gifts. In seventy-eight lines they offer moose meat, beaver skins, and shell ornaments, but do not forget to beg for "caraconas," bread. Neptune and the Indians are thanked for their good will by De Poutrincourt, who invites them to the fort. Forthwith Neptune's troop sing a four-part song of four lines. This ended, the trumpet again sounds and they go their several ways. Cannons roar for a full quarter hour. On reaching the fort, De Poutrincourt is met by the merry attendant, who speaks the last eighteen lines of the piece greeting the returning chief and bidding the cooks to make ready every kind of good cheer. We have Lescarbot's word that this masque was actually "représentée sur les flots du Port-Royal le quatorzième de Novembre mille six cens six, au retour du Sieur de Poutrincourt du pais des Armouchiquois."

Here, then, is a play both written and acted in North America in 1606. As a masque it fulfils all conditions required by the definition of the word, if it is agreed that a masque was a dramatic performance in which the actors, properly disguised, represented mythical or allegorical characters.

Frederick Lewis Gay.

Brookline, Mass., January 29.

AN EARLY VIRGINIA PLAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following may be of interest as a contribution to the discussion as to the first play presented in America—a subject which W. J. Neidig takes up in your issue of January 28. In 1665, a play, known as "Ye Beare and Ye Cluh," was acted in Accomac County on the eastern shore of Virginia, by three citizens, Cornelius Wilkinson, Philip Howard, and William Darby by name. As soon as the fact was reported to the King's attorney, John Fawsett, he summoned them to court, where each was subjected to a rigid cross-examination. The justices of the court contented themselves at that session with ordering the culprits to appear at the next session in the habiliments which they had worn in acting the play; and they were also required to bring with them for inspection on that occasion a copy of "the verses, speeches, and passages" which they had declaimed. The justices must have found the performance to have been of a very innocent nature, for they directed the three men to be discharged, and the person who had informed on them to pay all the expenses of the presentment.

Philip Alexander Bruce.

Norfolk, Va., January 31.

ARNOLD'S "CHURCH OF BROU."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: M. Charles Cestre, professor at Bordeaux, printed in the Novemher-Decemher number of the *Revue germanique* an interesting study of Matthew Arnold in connection with Edgar Quinet. He points out that Arnold's poem, "The Church of Brou"—one of his most popular poems—owes much to an opuscule, "L'Église de Brou," published by Quinet in a volume of "Mélanges," in 1839. M. Cestre says courteously and sincerely that there is no fear of diminishing the just admiration deserved by Arnold for the poetic quality of his verses, by showing that they must have been suggested in their "motive," and in many of their details, by Quinet's prose.

Arnold transplants the church from its real situation in the neighborhood of Bourg, which Quinet accurately describes, to an Alpine valley; but he follows Quinet, not closely, but in spirit, in his enumeration of the builders—"the working train."

> Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders,
> German masons, smiths from Spain.

And he echoes Quinet's sentence, "Elle conduit elle-même la main de son architecte aveugle" with

> Clad in black, on her white palfrey,
> Her old architect beside.

But it is in the last stanza that the resemblance becomes important. Quinet sketches the main lines of a vision that had come to him of these beings who "sleep their marble sleep" in the surrounding silence:

> Who could relate their dreams? When they lift their cold eyelids they see the arches above their heads, the transfigured light of the windows, the motionless Virgin and saints, and they think to themselves: "This is eternity." And when the wind moans in the doors they murmur to one another: "Why, my beloved, do you so loudly sigh?" And when the rain drips on the roof above, they say: "Do you, too, hear on your dais the rain of the Eternal Love?"

Compare:

> So sleep, for ever sleep, O marble Pair!
> Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
> On the carved western front a flood of light
> Streams from the setting sun, and colors bright
> Prophets, transfigured Saints, and Martyrs brave,
> In the vast western window of the nave. . . .
> Then unclose
> Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose . . .
> Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
> Doth rustlingly above your heads complain . . .
> Then, gazing up 'mid the dim pillars high,
> The foliaged marble forest where ye lie.
> *Hush*, ye will say, *it is eternity*! . . .
> And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
> The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
> And on the lichen-crusted leads above
> The rustle of the eternal rain of love.

To compare—not a small thing, but a smaller thing, with a great one, this is like Shakespeare's use of Holinshed. He takes from him his facts, even his phrases, and throwing on them the light of imagin-

ation, transmutes them to something far more rich and rare. It should be said that the lines omitted in the above quotation render the passage much more beautiful.

M. Cestre, in connection with this discovery of his, remarks that some of Arnold's prose writings have so much resemblance, not verbally, but in thought, to those of Quinet, that it would seem not improbable that this was due to familiarity with Quinet's works. Some of Arnold's most important opinions bear the impress of French influence, and may be more or less definitely attributed to the special influence of Quinet. But this is too large a question to enter on here.

GRACE NORTON.

Cambridge, Mass., January 29.

CARL SCHURZ AND MARCUS AURELIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of Vol. III of Carl Schurz's "Reminiscences" (January 21), this extract is quoted from one of his letters:

Ever since I have been in official life I have adhered to the rule of regarding the official position occupied by me at the time as the last one ever to be held by me, and as decisive of my reputation as a public man.

This is a splendid present-day application of the general proposition set forth by Marcus Aurelius:

Hourly and earnestly strive, as a Roman and as a man, to do what falls to your hand with perfect unaffected dignity, with kindliness, freedom, and justice, and free your soul from every other imagination. This you will accomplish if you perform each action as if it were your last, without wilfulness or any passionate aversion to what reason approves. ("Meditations," ii, 5.)

BURGESS YOUNG.

Copper Cliff, Ont., January 29.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT AND THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Prof. A. Lawrence Lowell's first formal address as president-elect of Harvard University, printed in the *Harvard Bulletin*, he says:

It is commonly thought that President Eliot has ruled Harvard and the faculty with a heavy hand. It is not so. When I went to Cambridge one of my colleagues said to me: "If you fail to give satisfaction you will go; but so long as you give satisfaction you may teach as you please." That has been President Eliot's method of treating his subordinates, the members of the faculty.

Is it to be understood that as president of Harvard University Mr. Lowell proposes to retain his subordinates only so long as they give him satisfaction?

The president of another great university has recently expressed his opinion of the relation between the university president and the university professor. In his recently printed lectures before the University of Copenhagen, President Butler of Columbia University writes:

Almost without exception the men who to-day occupy the most conspicuous positions in the United States have worked their way up, by their own ability, from very humble beginnings. The heads of the great universities were every one of them not long ago humble and poorly compensated teachers.

AN 'UMBLE PROFESSOR.

New York, January 30.

PRESIDENT ALDERMAN EXPLAINS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I clip the following from your issue of January 21, and beg you will reprint it, and give me the privilege of saying just a brief explanatory word:

POE ECLIPSED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The enclosed item from a Cleveland paper you have perhaps already seen. It is hard to tell whether it is humorous or pathetic. The University of Virginia, which seems to depend upon a sprinter for its reputation, is entitled to sympathy.

EDWARD DICKINSON.

Oberlin, O., January 11.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., January 8.—Although President Roosevelt has written a personal letter to "Jim" Rector, urging him to another race with Walker, the man from South Africa, Rector cannot take part in such a contest without endangering his life. Rector, who is taking law here, and has done more to bring the University of Virginia into popular notice than any man since the days of Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the college, has been warned that he cannot live two years if he continues in training.

The article, dated Charlottesville, of course, did not emanate from this university, but appeared simultaneously in the sporting columns of various papers. Its author is unknown to us. President Roosevelt had no communication whatever with Mr. Rector. Mr. Rector has decided not to run any races with anybody, because he feels that his time should be given to his work in the department of law, and not because anybody has told him that his life is endangered. All of the facts stated, therefore, are untrue. The sporting reporter's opinion as to Mr. Rector's part in bringing the University of Virginia into popular notice is his own opinion, about which we knew nothing, and for which we are in no sense responsible. I had seen the article, and thought it very stupid to pay any attention to such absurd statements, thinking it rather an amusing example of wild enthusiasm on the part of a young reporter of sporting news. I know nothing of Mr. Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin, O., who felt impelled to send you the above communication. His impulse to write at all, and his reflections after yielding to the impulse, seem to me to reveal him quite plainly as a man lacking in about equal degree in both commonsense and common justice.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN.

University of Virginia, Charlottesville, January 26.

[We should not have published the matter to which President Alderman objects had we supposed that our readers would regard the clipping as anything more than an amusing example of American journalism. We are confident also that our readers have not missed the point of Mr. Dickinson's irony, and will not deny him either common sense or common justice.—ED. NATION.]

THE REMOVAL OF MASON AND SLIDELL FROM THE TRENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Within the last year and a half, three letters of Lord Palmerston, two of them addressed to Queen Victoria and one to Mr. Delane, editor of the London *Times*, have been published that show beyond cavil that the highest ministers and legal advisers of the British crown recognized that Capt. Wilkes, in taking Mason and Slidell from a British merchant steamer and then allowing the vessel to proceed on her voyage, had acted strictly according to the rules of the laws of nations as recognized and interpreted in practice by Great Britain herself.

In a letter on November 11, 1861, to Mr. Delane, Lord Palmerston, the Premier, wrote that on that same day he had presided at an important meeting, to consider what could be done to protect an expected English mail steamer, supposed to have on board the Confederate envoys, from being stopped and searched by an American war vessel just arrived at Portsmouth, supposedly with that object in view. Besides the Premier himself, according to Lord Palmerston's statement, there were present at this meeting the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Somerset, Sir George Grey, Mr. Hammond (afterwards Lord Hammond), Permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the three law officers of the Crown, Sir William Atherton, Attorney-General, Sir Roundell Palmer, Solicitor-General, and Dr. Phillimore, Counsel to the Admiralty. Of the conclusion at which these gentlemen arrived, Lord Palmerston wrote to Mr. Delane:

It appeared that, according to the principles of international law laid down in our courts by Lord Stowell, and practised and enforced by us, a belligerent has a right to stop and search any neutral not being a ship of war, and being found on the high seas and being suspected of carrying enemy's dispatches; and that consequently this American cruiser might, by our own principles of international law, stop the West India packet, search her, and, if the Southern men and their dispatches and credentials were found on board, either take them out, or seize the packet and carry her back to New York for trial. Such being the opinion of our men learned in the law, we have determined to do no more than to order the Phaeton frigate to drop down to Yarmouth Roads and watch the proceedings of the American within our three-mile limit of territorial jurisdiction, and to prevent her from exercising within that limit those rights which we cannot dispute as belonging to her beyond that limit.

Two days later Lord Palmerston wrote to the Queen to the same effect.

Two weeks afterwards, on November 29, however, upon hearing that Capt. Wilkes had taken Mason and Slidell off the Trent in the West India seas, the British Cabinet, contrary to their previously formulated judgment, decided to demand in a peremptory way the release of the Confederate envoys, and began to prepare for war. The same day, Lord Palmerston wrote from Downing Street to the Queen that at a Cabinet meeting just held, "the law officers and Dr. Phillimore, counsel to the Admiralty," in attendance, "it appeared to the Cabinet that a gross outrage and violation of international law has been committeed and that your Majesty should be advised to demand reparation and redress."

When the news of the act of Capt. Wilkes

reached America, every one, from Secretary Seward down, acclaimed Wilkes as a national hero. President Lincoln, alone, seemed to have had doubts about the wisdom of the bold sailor's action aiding the cause of the Union. In England, practically the whole nation, except Cobden, Bright, and their friends, regarded the proceeding as high-handed and an insult to the British flag. And had not Earl Russell's dispatch to the American government, demanding the release of the captured envoys, been revised and toned down in the cause of peace by the Queen and the Prince Consort, so as to afford the American government an avenue for honorable retreat, war would almost certainly have resulted between America and England. As it was, England's demands were so made that in the excited state of the public mind in America it was difficult for President Lincoln, Secretary Seward, and the Cabinet to meet the case so as to avoid an armed conflict with the motherland. But Secretary Seward, in a dispatch written on December 26, 1861, to Lord Lyons, the British minister at Washington, with rare ability acceded to the British demands without, however, conceding that Capt. Wilkes had not the right to stop the Trent in order to prevent the accredited envoys of the Confederate States from reaching the theatres of their intended action. Secretary Seward maintained, in writing to Lord Lyons, that Capt. Wilkes, in stopping the Trent to find Mason and Slidell, had acted in accord with the laws of nations, and that he could properly have placed a prize crew on board of her to bring her to an American port, so that the question whether Mason and Slidell could be considered as contraband, should be reviewed before and passed upon by a prize court. But because Wilkes, since his crew was much reduced in numbers and he did not wish to cause delay to the passengers on the Trent, had taken Mason and Slidell off the Trent and allowed her to proceed, Secretary Seward said that, acting under the rule laid down in 1804 by Secretary Madison, during President Jefferson's Administration, his government could not sustain the act of Capt. Wilkes. That American contention as formulated by Madison was that:

> Whenever property found in a neutral vessel is supposed to be liable on any ground to capture and condemnation, the rule in all cases is, that the question shall not be decided by the captor, but be carried before a legal tribunal, where a regular trial may be had, and where the captor himself is liable to damages for an abuse of his power.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell were, accordingly, given up to the British authorities, and taken to England on a British war vessel as gentlemen "of distinction."

The exigencies of the situation, as the British government fully appreciated, were such that the American government, because of the life struggle on its hands at home, could not afford to engage in a foreign war at that time, and was forced to yield to the British demand. Thus once more, as on so many other occasions, Great Britain's statesmen, taking advantage of the actual situation of affairs, won for her a contention to which she was not legally entitled. But at the same time, Capt. Wilkes's action and Secretary Seward's reserving the point that the American captain had acted within his legal rights by the laws of nations in stopping the Trent and taking the Confederate envoys from her, are sustained by the original judgment of the Premier of Great Britain and his legal advisers.

THOMAS WILLING BALCH.

Philadelphia, February 5.

THE POLICY OF RECONSTRUCTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to your review of Schurz's "Reminiscences," January 21, and other past utterances concurring with the now common charge that the reconstruction laws were dictated mainly by revenge and party policy, and that the avowed reasons were invalid, may I suggest some considerations justly to be borne in mind:

(1.) Is there not a confusion between what we now—not know, but are coming to think likely—and what was the natural inference from observed conditions then? The question is not of facts, but of motives; and how can the experience of forty years be fairly cited to cast blame on a generation which had not had that experience, so long as they reasoned justly from what they had? Or rather, the question is between two sets of motives, the Southerners' and the Northerners'. That the Southerners were *not* trying to reënslave their ex-slaves is, if true, a good argument for pitying their unjust fate, even while we wonder at their mischance in producing so astoundingly perfect a simulation of that process; it seems to me no argument at all for attributing worse motives to their opponents than before. If we think those motives defensible, provided the reënslavement was projected, we must hold them so if the reasons for belief would convince all rational persons now.

(2.) *Were* these reasons not sufficient? The *Nation* will hardly regard it as irrelevant or without weight that its conductors then thought them overwhelmingly so, and heartily advocated negro suffrage as the one alternative to permanent quartering of a Federal battalion in every Southern county. Mr. Godkin, Professor Norton, C. F. Adams *et al.* will not be termed vindictive partisans talking behind a mask; nor will Mr. Schurz or scores of others easily rememberable, among the then Republican leaders. Then why should the members of Congress generally be not entitled to credit for a like honesty of motive, at the bottom of action, with perhaps meaner motives on top? Would not the same facts now, if existent, lead the present editors and most other Northerners to the same conclusion? Every planter was to have his own negroes permanently back on his own plantation (by understood comity that would ostracize any one who hired another's, and laws forbidding town employment and compelling yearly contracts), hunt them down and chain them up if they ran away, and whip them at will. If this was not at least "semi"-slavery, to what would the name apply? Wherein did it differ from the old except for inability to transfer the negroes to other owners, and a nominal wage easily made a farce? When a righteous motive is supplied by all the knowledge possible short of Divine intuition, why is it necessary to postulate an unrighteous one?

(3.) Beyond this, a further justification has commended itself to perfectly cool and very acute minds. The late Alexander Johnston—anything but a passionate or partisan judge—held that to have admitted the Southern whites, hot with vengeance and with every conceivable motive for resisting the conversion of their old labor system into a new one they utterly disbelieved in and hated, to their old power in the national councils, would have been madness. The historic justification of the reconstruction policy, in his mind, was precisely its keeping the South busy with its internal policy till it was glad enough to let the new system remain. The truth of this view does not concern the question in hand; its honesty does, and there is no doubt that this policy of tying the hands of the South by the negro vote was entertained by many, and was not necessarily a policy of spite, but of serious and defensible statesmanship.

In a word (for a type), Stevens the partisan and the wrathful acted no otherwise than Stevens the shrewd and sincere statesman might well have done, and as the best of the Northern liberals—the very backbone of the later Liberal Republicans and the still later Mugwumps—did also, or advised and helped others to do. Is it good logic to attribute a different set of motives to men for the same action, according to whether we like them or not, or still worse, according to our later change of mind as to the judiciousness of their action? Since a Congress composed wholly of Godkins and Nortons and Schurzes would certainly have enacted substantially the same laws, those laws cannot *per se* be proof of other basic ideas than theirs.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

Hartford, Conn., January 31.

Notes.

The Macmillan Company announces the following books for publication during the spring: "Peace and Happiness," by Lord Avebury; "The Melting Pot," by Israel Zangwill; "Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero," by Prof. W. Warde Fowler; "The Roman Assemblies," by Prof. George W. Botsford; "The Earth's Bounty," by Mrs. Kate V. Saint Maur; "History of the City of New York," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "Statistical and Chronological History of the United States Navy," by Robert W. Neeser; "The Story of the Great Lakes," by Prof. Edward Channing; "History of the State of Washington," by Prof. Edmond S. Meany; "The Oldest English Epic," by Prof. Francis B. Gummere: "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," by Prof. Wilbur L. Cross; "Walt Whitman," by Prof. George R. Carpenter; "Selections from American Literature, 1607-1800," by Prof. William B. Cairns; "Robert Y. Hayne and His Times," by Theodore D. Jervey; "Principles of American Government," by Prof. Charles A. Beard; "The Government of European Cities," by Prof. William Bennett Munro; "The Government of Great American Cities," by Delos F. Wilcox; "The People's Law," by Judge Charles Sumner Lobingier; "Socialism in History and Practice," by Morris Hillquit; "Artificial Waterways and Commercial Development," by A. Barton Hepburn; "Wage-Earn-

ing Women," by Prof. Annie Marion MacLean; "The Laws of Friendship, Human and Divine," by President Henry Churchill King; "The Approach to the Social Question," by Prof. Francis Greenwood Peabody; "Studies in Religion and Theology," by Principal A. M. Fairbairn; "A Valid Christianity for To-day," by the Right Rev. Charles D. Williams; "Modern Thought and the Crisis in Belief," by Prof. Robert M. Wenley; "The One Volume Commentary on the Holy Bible," edited by the Rev. John R. Dummelow; "History of New Testament Times in Palestine," by Prof. Shailer Mathews; "What Is Pragmatism?" by Prof. James Bissett Pratt; "History of Education Before the Middle Ages," by Prof. Frank Pierrepont Graves; "The American High School," by John Franklin Brown.

The fifth volume of Ferrero's "Greatness and Decline of Rome" is promised by Putnams for this month. Among their other early publications are: "The Columbia River," by Prof. W. D. Lyman; "Fraternity," by John Galsworthy; "The Government of American Cities," by Horace E. Deming; "Historic Indiana," by Julia Henderson Levering; and "The Great Lakes," by J. O. Curwood.

During this month Sherman, French & Co. will publish "The Art and Science of Advertising," by George French, and "A Motley Jest," by O. F. Adams.

The Yale University Press announces for early publication "The Beginnings of Gospel Story," a study of St. Mark, by Prof. Benjamin W. Bacon.

A complete edition of the works of Tolstoy will, according to an Associated Press dispatch, be issued by a Moscow publishing house. It is announced that with the approval of Premier Stolypin the censored works of Tolstoy will be included in this edition, which will number about twenty-five volumes.

The Macmillan Co. has brought out an excellent edition of two of Mrs. Horatia Ewing's series: "Six to Sixteen" and "A Flat Iron for a Farthing," with illustrations in color, by M. V. Wheelhouse. The charm of Mrs. Ewing's style is still fresh, greater, perhaps, for the adult than for the child.

An edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South" in the World's Classics (Henry Frowde) will no doubt introduce many readers to what is certainly "one of the finest books in modern English fiction," and will help to dispel the delusion that the author has written only one book, "Cranford"—or two, if "Wives and Daughters" be added,—worthy of notice to-day. The editor of the present edition, Clement Shorter, quotes a fragment of an unprinted letter from Charlotte Brontë on the novel, and points out that two lengthy sentences have been repeated in the text with but slight alterations. In the standard Knutsford edition these sentences are omitted on their second appearance. They are here retained as a curiosity in literature.

The last six volumes containing Northanger Abbey," "Persuasion," "Emma," and "Mansfield Park," have been added to the ten-volume edition of Jane Austen, in St. Martin's Illustrated Library of Standard Authors (London: Chatto & Windus; New York: Duffield & Co.). The introductions, by R. Brimley Johnson, are brief, but they are sufficient; for Jane Austen needs no mediator between herself and the reader. The illustrations, by A. Wallis Mills, ten in each volume, are, as we noted in commenting on the earlier issues, well printed, dainty in color, faithful to the costumes of the period, and cleverly designed. No one but a genius can suggest pictorially the delicacy, the humorous characterization, and the irony of Miss Austen; but Mr. Mills has done as well as any one. The important point is that the type is bold and clear, the paper good, the book light to hold in the hand. Of the inexpensive editions of Miss Austen's novels, this is distinctly the best and most readable.

An anthology of some 650 closely printed double-column pages, containing "Poems of American History," sounds rather formidable, but as a matter of fact it includes an astonishing amount of verse which, if not great or artistically fine, has a certain go and interest. The editor, Burton Egbert Stevenson, remarks in his introduction that his difficulty has been to keep the volume within bounds, and that he has rejected material equal to three times the bulk of what has been included. It cannot be said that his work suffers from too narrow a standard, although any one will miss a favorite or two whose omission seems to him unaccountable—that sonnet of Longfellow's, perhaps, on the unknown victim of the war which Mr. Howells has singled out as one of the best in the language. The collection errs on the side of the too much rather than of the too little, but it remains true that the level of vigor and spirit will be a surprise to most readers. From the anonymous ballad on Nathan Hale, with the almost mystical lilt of its first two stanzas:

> The breezes went steadily thro' the tall pines,
> A-saying "Oh! hu-ush!" a-saying "Oh! hu-ush!"
> As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
> For Hale in the hush; for Hale in the hush.
>
> "Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,
> In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
> "For the tyrants are near, and with them appear
> What bodes us no good; what bodes us no good—

to the various effusions on the Spanish war by versifiers of to-day, there is an abundance of memorable work. Perhaps the least interesting section of all is that which deals with the Revolution; while the most striking feature of the later verse is the influence of Kipling and of Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The arrangement is by the chronology of events, not of writers; and brief editorial paragraphs make an historical thread on which the poems are strung. Houghton Mifflin Company has published the book in a style uniform with Prof. C. H. Page's anthologies of British and American poets.

The "Select Poems of Shelley," edited by George E. Woodberry for the Belles-Lettres Series (D. C. Heath & Co), should help Shelley to find his friends. The collection is a genuine golden treasury of the poet's most widely attractive pieces, and it is arranged with unusual tact and suggestiveness. Without in the least desiring to have the emphasis changed from literature to literary history, one wishes that the editors of the modern poets in this series had seen fit to follow the example of the editors of the older authors in furnishing a bibliography—it need not be exhaustive—and page references in the notes. To discover an editor who will render the student these mechanical aids is, however, vastly easier than to secure one who can induct the reader into the heart of the subject. One would not dispense with Mr. Woodberry's critical preface for any number of bibliographies. Happily endowed by temperament for this particular task, and fortified by extensive earlier studies, he displays in the treatment of his difficult theme a rare union of scholarly breadth with keen poetical sympathy and insight. More effectively, perhaps, than any previous critic, he defends the poet against the charge that he is lacking in substance and sense of reality. Particularly to be commended is the omission from this essay of everything tending to excite a petty and prurient curiosity about Shelley's private life.

It has been so long since any new volume has appeared in the Tudor and Stuart Library (Henry Frowde) that we had begun to fear its discontinuance. Now comes a reprint of Turbervile's "Booke of Hunting," line for line and letter for letter (with the exception of a few obvious misprints corrected), from the edition of 1576. It is a proper and entertaining book of venerie, which shows on every page that it proceeds from the great times of Elizabeth. "Afterwardes," as may be read on a page facing a quaint wood-cut of the Queen and her court—"afterwardes when all the huntsmen be come together, they shall make their sundry reports, and present their fewmishings [curiously enough, the "New English Dictionary" quotes no example of this word from Turbervile] unto the Prince or master of the game in field, one after another, every man rehearsing what he hath seene." What a picture of the old life such a sentence evokes. It is this seriousness as it were of a royal art that gives the book its attraction.

We have received with pleasure the last of the books printed by W. B. Yeats's sisters at the Cuala, formerly the Dun Emer, Press, at Dundrum, near Dublin. It is made up of an essay by W. B. Yeats, called "Poetry and Patriotism," interesting for its biographical details, and of a lecture by Lionel Johnson, which has never before been published. Johnson's essay is somewhat of the nature of an apology for his own aloofness from the Gaelic movement, and a plea for a larger tolerance of outside influences.

A forgetful generation may need to be reminded by "Memorials of Two Sisters" (Longmans, Green, & Co.) that Susanna and Catherine Winkworth were agents in the importation of German thought and literature into England in the last century. The letters of these worthy ladies open a window upon the "earnest," humorless, efficient society in which it was possible to meet the Cobdens and the Gaskells at "an eating-tea in the Pompeii room." Susanna Winkworth was chiefly known for her translation of Niebuhr's life and of the life of Luther. Catherine's main work was the "Lyra Germanica." They lived strong, wholesome, helpful lives, finding their chief excitement in theology and wrestling successively with Kingsley, Miss Cobbe, Pusey, John Stuart Mill, *l'art pour l'art*, Frederic Harrison and Protab Chunder Mozoomdar.

The "Recollections of a Spinster Aunt" (New York: Paul R. Reynolds) deals so

predominantly and so fluently with impersonal matters, the art, the music, and the social customs of the mid-Victorian period, that the reader is led to suspect that the "Dear Mary" to whom most of the letters are addressed was really the *Creamshire Chronicle*.

Mrs. John Lane contributes to the English translation of Anatole France's works a graceful and generally idiomatic rendering of "Balthasar" (John Lane Co.). This volume illustrates its author's versatile talent in the rôle of a teller of tales, brilliant, ironical, and fantastic. Besides the story which gives its title to the book—a daringly original conception of one of the Three Wise Men, dazzling in its Oriental color—there are included here "The Curé's Mignonette," a whimsical little satire on miracles; "M. Pigeonneau," the love-story of an Egyptian archæologist in M. France's happiest vein; "The Daughter of Lilith," based on a curious passage in the Talmud; "Laeta Acilia," dealing with an unsuccessful attempt of Mary Magdalen to convert a Roman matron; "The Red Egg," a physician's story of abnormal psychology; and "Honey Bee," which we are now enabled to say is one of the finest fairy romances in the language. This last tale, which was written *virginibus puerisque*, is of singular beauty and purity, and, being long enough to make a small volume in itself, might well be detached from its more sophisticated companions to serve as entertainment for old-fashioned children, uncorrupted by scientific story books. As for the rest, they are such things as a modern Sheherazade with masterly lightness of touch and artful silences might devise to beguile the leisure of a monarch.

Considering the period covered by Vol. VIII of Gaillard Hunt's "Writings of James Madison" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), very little really new material has been found. It begins with 1808, when Madison was still Secretary of State, carries him through his Presidency and the War of 1812, and runs to 1819, when he was in retirement with prestige and popularity seriously impaired. The last year of his service in the State Department had seen the fruitless negotiations with Rose on the Chesapeake affair, negotiations doomed to failure because the instructions of the British commissioner were based upon a profound and contemptuous error in estimating the American feeling on that subject. Madison had a difficult part to play, as he was still seeking to make effective Jefferson's commercial policy, and was defending to the best of his ability neutral commerce against the "sport of belligerents." He had not been President long before he found that he had been duped by the English, and again by France, and war was the only possible result. Little light is thrown upon the war, though Madison was often obliged to take charge of the different departments, so incompetent were the nominal heads. Fortunately, he became reconciled to Monroe; but even Monroe brought little strength to the administration. There was difficulty in filling the Treasury Department after Gallatin left on his peace mission, and the want of a good Secretary of War was chronic. The President was not able to attract to his service strong men, and the letters in this volume prove how restricted were his confidences. To Jefferson alone he wrote with entire freedom, and as if the outpouring of his thoughts on paper was of service to himself. John Q. Adams, minister to Russia and Monroe's Secretary of State, commanded his respect and a large measure of his confidence. This respect was gained by Adams's ability and capacity for intelligent management of public questions; but Madison could not follow Adams's suggestions for suppressing the Barbary pirates, deeming them too bold. Some letters on slavery and the Supreme Court, written in his retirement, make interesting reading, and his special Presidential messages are models of brevity. To Robert Smith he said: "A resort to formal messages on every occasion where executive information might be useful, is liable to obvious objections." Mr. Hunt might have enlarged his notes with advantage, and filled in the missing dates in diplomatic references. Was not the Cerberus intended on p. 76, where "Cerbeau" is printed?

Paul Barbier's "Age of Owain Gwynedd" (London: David Nutt) will prove of peculiar interest to the student of Welsh history. It was in the twelfth century that the struggle was most acute between forces of the Anglo-Norman monarchy and the Celtic tribal organization, between the ideals of the Celtic Church as they presented themselves to Sulien, and those of the Roman as they were conceived of by Hildebrand. Then, too, the literature of Wales revived and Celtic folklore began to penetrate into the writings of neighboring peoples. Mr. Barbier has selected for treatment the years between 1135 and 1170, between the death of Henry I and the eve of the overthrow of Welsh independence by Edward I, and he has taken as his central figure Owain Gwynedd, who, along with Rhys of Gruffudd and Llywelyn Fawr, swayed the destinies of the whole country during this period. Hence the present work is a connected and chronological account of the history of Wales during the years that he ruled in Gwynedd. It is published as it was written eleven years ago for the Newport National Eisteddfod, and is a welcome addition to the scanty literature on Welsh history.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the appearance of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona," which was written with the object of doing for the American Indian what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had done for the negro. It was promptly translated into many languages and was hailed by many as the "great American novel." It is still a good seller, but is now more modestly called "*the* California book" by George Wharton James in his "Through Ramona's Country" (Little, Brown, & Co.), a book of 406 pages, with many pictures, telling and showing all that any tourist on the trail of a famous story can want to know. There are Californians who profess to have known the original Ramona, or the Indian Alessandro; but Mr. James assures us that every character in the book is fictitious, Ramona herself being a composite portrait. The descriptions, however, and the background, are real; and this background of California scenery, missions, Indians, and their avocations and habits, is repainted by the author in sober prose. He is one of those sentimentalists to whom most Indians are white and most whites black, but let that pass. The Indians certainly were maltreated by the whites, though not so badly as they maltreated each other. The most interesting pages in this book are those describing the astonishing changes that have taken place in California since Ramona's day—the Indians nearly all gone, and replaced by Chinese and Japanese; Los Angeles, then a town of 5,000 inhabitants, now a city of 300,000, taxing itself this year $23,000,000 for an aqueduct to bring water a distance of over two hundred miles, and so on. A guide-book of even ten years ago is useless.

"Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast," by Clifton Johnson (The Macmillan Co.), covers more ground than the preceding book, beginning with the Grand Cañon of Arizona, dallying in southern California, and then proceeding northward to the Yosemite, to Oregon, Puget Sound, and Canada. It is not a guide-book filled with facts and figures, but simply relates what the author saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears; and the camera has aided the pen. San Francisco is described as it was before the earthquake. Each chapter has a note appended containing suggestions for intending travellers.

The project of publishing a great "Thesaurus of the Greek Language," which, largely through the efforts of Sir Richard Jebb, had been practically adopted by the International Association of Academies of Sciences, but which was later abandoned, has now been taken up in a new quarter. The Greek government announces its intention of marking the centennial anniversary of the War of Independence (1921) by the publication of such a "Lexicon of the Greek Language from the Earliest Times to the Present Age." The preparation of the work has been entrusted to a committee composed of Prof. Th. Kantos, G N. Chatzidakis, and S. Menandos, who are to select their coworkers and make all other arrangements. The government has for the present set aside 10,000 drachmas annually for the purpose. The committee has its offices in the Bureau of the National Library in Athens, where the manuscripts, too, are to be preserved. Prof. Karl Krumbacher, of Munich University, the leading living scholar on Byzantine Greek literature, publishes in the *Internationale Wochenschrift* of Berlin, No. 51, an article of considerable length on the character and contents of such a dictionary, and makes a plea for the organization of a Greek Academy of Sciences with headquarters in Athens.

A wealth of hitherto unavailable material is made accessible in the new "Quellenbuch," on the history of Ethiopia, published by the Jesuit scholar, C. Beccari, under the general title, "Rerum Aethiopicarum: Scriptores inediti a seculo xvi ad xix" (Rome: C. de Luigi). The new volume, "Emmanuel d'Almeida Historia Aethiopica," is the third in a set of four, which contain the hitherto unknown account of the investigations and travels of the Portuguese Manuel d'Almeida, who first came to Abyssinia in 1624 and remained there as the head of the Jesuit Mission to 1633. The three volumes that have appeared fill more than sixteen hundred pages, the bulk of which has been taken from the manuscript of the author, found in the archives of the Jesuits. The contents of Vol. III are divided into ten books, depicting the customs

and manners of the people, the history of Ethiopia on the basis of native sources, the history of the rise and fall of the Jesuit missions in Ethiopia, the religion, creed and church ceremonies of the natives, etc.

The biography of Abraham Lincoln by Carl Schurz has now appeared in a German translation, by Mary Nolte (Berlin: Georg Reimer).

The *Schwäbische Merkur* of Stuttgart reports that the late Eduard Zeller had in his last years prepared some reminiscences, "Erinnerungen eines Neunzigjährigen," which, although originally intended only for his nearest friends, are now to be printed, but not published. The veteran philosopher describes particularly his student life in the seminary and the famous *Stift* in Tübingen.

"Die literarische Gegenwart: 20 Jahre deutschen Schrifttums, 1888-1908," by Richard Urban (Leipzig: Xenien Verlag), deserves credit for thoroughness and discrimination, and, so far as is possible in criticising contemporaries, for impartiality. It was a very happy idea of the author to have his work introduced by a few words from the pen of Max Kretzer, who was the first novelist of that curious period of transition to be acclaimed by the new school, and the first to be forgotten.

Ludwig Thoma's robust Bavarian humor is so human as to appeal to a wide circle of readers, even when his subject is mainly of local interest. His latest book, "Briefwechsel eines bayrischen Landtagsabgeordneten" (Munich: Albert Langen), offers irresistibly amusing glimpses of rustic types, which he portrays as inimitably as does his illustrator, Eduard Thöny.

"Die Franzosenzeit in Deutschland 1806-15 in Wort und Bild der Mitlebenden," by Friedrich Schulze (Leipzig: R. Voigtländer Verlag), contains in its two handsome volumes an exceptional amount of new matter for the historical student. No fewer than 211 illustrations from contemporary sources are here reproduced, while citations from letters, brochures, memoirs, periodicals of all kinds, sermons, reports of ambassadors, poems, and the like, appear in their original form. The editor himself has virtually done nothing but arrange skilfully this rich material.

The "Tagebuchblätter eines deutschen Artzes aus dem Burenkriege," by Dr. Hero Tilemann (Munich: C. H. Beck), depicts the varied experiences of a young German physician, who, immediately after his graduation in Leipzig, enters the service of the Boers in the war with England. It is a posthumous volume, the author having given his life for the cause he espoused. By no means blind to the weaknesses of the Boers, he furnishes an inside view of the great struggle. There are two illustrations and one chart.

As the third volume of the scholarly "Geschichte des deutschen Volkes und seiner Kultur," by Heinrich Gerdes, we have a volume of 720 pages, with the special title, "Geschichte der Hohenstaufen und ihrer Zeit" (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot). The inner development of that period, rather than the external events, constitutes the bulk of the author's account. The best of modern sources have been made use of; but unfortunately the index is anything but complete. The work is to be continued down to the year 1500.

The excellent work of Theodor Zielinski, "Cicero im Wandel der Jahrhunderte" (Leipzig: Teubner), which originally appeared a few years ago as a volume of one hundred pages has, in the new second edition, come to be a solid book of more than four hundred and fifty pages. In substance the work depicts the personality of Cicero and his influence on the course of history, especially on the spread of Christianity and the renaissance. Some chapters, such as that on English Deism, are entirely new.

"Delbrück-Festschrift: Gesammelte Aufsätze, Professor Hans Delbrück zu seinem 60. Geburtstag dargebracht von Freunden und Schülern" (Berlin: Stilke) is an exceptionally rich collection of investigations in the departments of theology, philosophy, history (ancient, mediæval, and modern), political science, and linguistics. Leading scholars are well represented among the eighteen contributors. Adolf Lasson, for example, writes on "Geschichtswissenschaft und Philosophie"; F. J. Schmidt on "Ranke und Maxmilian II von Bayern"; K. Lehmann on "Hannibals letzter Kriegsentwurf"; Alb. von Ruville on "Bismarck, Napoleon III und Bayern im August 1866."

G. Schreiber's new work, "Die religiöse Erziehung des Menschen im Lichte seiner religiösen Entwickelung" (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer), is a thoughtful book on religious education, sharply opposed to the traditional methods of the church with its Bible history, catechism, and the like. The author advocates a system of religious pædegogics which shall present Jesus as the model.

"Jesu Persönlichkeit: Eine psychologische Studie," by Karl Weidel (Halle: Karl Marhold), is an effort largely along the lines of Wrede's "Messiahgeheimnis" and Schweitzer's "Von Reimarus zu Wrede," to outline in a scientific, yet a popular and compact, way a life of Christ from a modern point of view. It is the character of Jesus as portrayed by the Synoptic gospels which furnishes the material for this psychological analysis, which throughout is suggestive, even if radical at certain points. A work akin to it in spirit but differing in method and content is the "Jesus Christus" of Fritz Resa (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner), with the explanatory subtitle "Bericht und Botschaft in erster Gestalt," which has the special purpose of familiarizing pupils of secondary schools with the results of modern research on the person and work of Jesus.

A number of books on Africa have recently been published in Paris. Doubtless, President Roosevelt has already included in his preparations the book in which Guillaume Vasse describes how he killed, in three years of African hunting, 2,106 pieces of game—498 big, like antelopes, gnus, zebras, lions; 1,559 birds, 49 reptiles—"Trois années de chasse au Mozambique" (55 plates, Hachette). "La Mort de Philæ," by Pierre Loti, mingles with meditations which only Loti could write on the past of Egypt much deprecation of the ruthlessly unpoetic part which perfidious Albion is playing in the Egypt of to-day (Calmann-Lévy). Ernest Psichari, a grandson of Renan, plunges into an Africa which has no past, and where the dread sleeping sickness renders any present difficult, in "Terres de soleil et de sommeil" (Calmann-Lêvy). Edmond Doutté publishes, with a reproduction of amulets, an account of the survivals in North Africa, of underground human practices of the most hoary antiquity—"Magie et Religion dans l'Afrique du Nord" (Alger: A. Jourdan).

"La Côte d'Azur russe," by E. A. Martel, describes this diligent explorer's travels on a mission of the Russian government through southern Russia, the west Caucasus, and Transcaucasia, with thirty-four plans, and 400 illustrations after photographs taken by the author in this delightful, but little known region (Paris: Delagrave).

"Athènes couronnée de violettes," by Georges Ancey, is literature of high quality. The author's acrid plays of contemporary life are warrant for his powers of observation; but his vision of Greece is colored by classic myth and poetry far more than the late equally well written, but more modernist book of the romancer, Louis Bertrand. Like the "Sparta" of Maurice Barrès, such volumes issue forth from a high culture and philosophy peculiar to France, and embodied in Ernest Renan's prayer on the Acropolis.

Maurice de Waleffe in "Les Paradis de l'Amérique Centrale" offers the reader lively, and sometimes breath-taking, impressions of a Parisian, unbiassed by information and unembarassed by reflection, on the Antilles, Panama, Costa Rica, and Mexico (Paris: Fasquelle). On the other hand, "La Bolivie," by William Van Brabant is a carefully complete description of a republic, whose possibilities, not to speak of actualities, are wonderfully little known, 476 pages (Brussels: J. Lebègue). A small book which may open eyes to the international competition going on in this other America is "L'Amérique du Sud et l'expansion belge," by R. J. Pierre. (Paris: A. Colin.)

"Amérique et Japon," by John Spartali, with a preface by the French Admiral, Bienaimé, is not a book of travel; it compares the political and economic conditions of the two countries, gives the reasons which might bring on a conflict between them, and the present state of the armed fleets of each. It contains forty-four photographs, thirty plans of battleships, and three maps (Paris: Le Yacht).

A similar study of Old World countries, where international relations are strained, "Constantinople aux derniers jours d'Abdul Hamid," by Paul Fesch, 673 pages, with 324 photographs (Paris: M. Rivière), describes the struggle between France and Germany in the economic field. It is all the more valuable that it was written before present revolutionary uncertainties, in which inherited positions are not always perceived.

The annual report of the Public Library of the District of Columbia, for 1907-8, prepared by George F. Bowerman, contains an interesting passage on the circulation and the effect of "open" shelves:

It is gratifying to be able to report that the percentage of fiction circulated has been further reduced. In 1903-4, when no books except fiction were on open shelves for direct access, fiction formed nearly 84 per cent. of the total circulation. Gradually during the last four years more and more books from non-fiction classes have been put on open shelves, and more and more

help and guidance has been given to readers requiring assistance, with the result that the fiction percentage has been reduced to 65. The new useful arts and science room is an open-shelf room, where those classes are directly accessible to readers. . . . In spite of too frequent thefts from open shelves, the value of putting the people in direct contact with the books, instead of forcing their approach through a card catalogue, is so well attested by the gradually falling fiction percentage with the increase of such open shelves as to justify the recommendation still further to extend such facilities until it is possible to have the cream of all classes of the library directly accessible to readers. . . .

The effectiveness of the plan of having books on open shelves in stimulating circulation is strikingly shown by an experiment with a little collection of books of biography kept in one corner of the open-shelf room. The volumes of biography in the adult circulating department of the library number about 6,000. During two months 355 choice volumes of biography were kept in this special collection. From them there was a circulation of 783 volumes out of 1,538 volumes circulated from the entire subject of biography, or 45 per cent. of the circulation from the subject. The marked increase in circulation in the classes of travel, social and political sciences, and literature placed on open shelves, as shown in the report of the chief of the circulating department, argues strongly for the beneficial effects on circulation from open shelves.

At the Lenox Branch of the New York Public Library there is a Lincoln exhibition consisting of original manuscripts, books, portraits, and miscellaneous Lincolniana. The manuscripts include a legal "plea and notice," written by Lincoln when a young lawyer in Illinois; a recommendation for a negro boy, headed "Executive Mansion, Mar. 7, 1861," and a government document signed by both Lincoln and Seward. Among the books are all remarkable biographies of recent years and a few important eulogies, together with the works of Lincoln himself. There are a large number of portraits showing the President from youth to a short time before his death. These are mostly of poor quality artistically, being taken from contemporaneous magazines and papers; but they show the development of the strong, sad face so familiar in later life. The item of special interest in connection with the assassination is the large broadside issued by Stanton offering $100,000 reward for the arrest of Booth and his accomplices.

American students will find the British Museum much enlarged within the current year. The houses bought from the Duke of Bedford some years ago for £200,000, with the land on which they stood, have been cleared away, and a new building is being erected, which will be connected by passages with the main block. Two stories and the basement of the new building will be allotted to the library. In April, what is known now as the Large Room is to be broken down on the side near the new building, so that a larger room may be provided. While the alterations are going on, accommodation for students will be found in the Catalogue Room.

The City Library of Frankfurt-on-Main has issued a report of the organization of the American Department of the library, and of its development during the years 1905-1908. The collection consists now of some 3,500 volumes, half of them gifts of American universities, city and State governments, and the national government. Among the works specially mentioned in the report are complete files of the *Nation*, the *North American Review*, and the *Magazine of American History*. In the reading-room thirty-four American periodicals are available. A copy of the first German Bible printed in Germantown by Sauer is one of the treasures of the collection.

The Rev. Henry Griggs Weston, who had been president of Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa., since 1868, died February 6. He was born at Lynn, Mass., in 1820, and was graduated from Brown University in 1840. After twenty-five years' service as active pastor, he came to Crozer Seminary. Among his books are: "The Communion Lectures" (1867), "The Four Gospels," "The Epistle of James," "Constitution and Polity of the New Testament Church," "Outline of Systematic Theology" (with the Rev. E. H. Johnson), and "Matthew, the Genesis of the New Testament."

Adolf Stöcker died in Berlin, February 8, in his seventy-fourth year. At one time he was one of the favorite court preachers, but had fallen out of favor. He recently resigned his seat in the Reichstag, where for a number of years he occupied a semi-independent position as a Christian-Socialist. Among his publications are: "Predigtsammlungen," "Dreizehn Jahre Hofprediger und Politiker," "Wandelt im Geist," "Evangelienpredigt," "Eins ist not," "Salz der Erde," "Verheissung und Erfüllung," and "Evangelium, eine Gotteskraft."

From Altona comes the news of the death in his seventy-first year, of Karl Rethwisch, the Plattdeutsch poet. His best-known works are "Weihnachtsbilder" and "Knospen."

On January 20, at the age of eighty-six, died Prof. T. H. Aschehoug, the great Norwegian jurist, economist, and journalist. He wrote a number of books that have high standing.

PIONEERS OF CANADA.

The Conquest of the Northwest. By Agnes C. Laut. 2 vols. New York: Outing Publishing Co. $5, net.

The Search for the Western Sea. By Lawrence J. Burpee. New York: D Appleton & Co. $5, net.

In this commemorating age, the celebrations of centenaries, bi- and tercentenaries crowd close upon one another. The historical conscience, very much alive, and bent upon giving each past celebrity his due, sometimes lays an emphasis quite disproportionate upon characters and events of small significance. The books above named, however, mark a tercentenary at the observance of which few men will carp. The year 1609 is a critical date in the search for a waterway to the great Western sea, a quest not successful until almost three hundred years later; an incident of this quest is the opening of the Far North in America, a region by no means yet fully withdrawn from mystery, but destined plainly to be the home of millions of men. The books of Miss Laut and Mr. Burpee are both of them well-studied accounts of the same fine achievement.

In each narrative, the hero first celebrated is Henry Hudson, the inception of whose effort at Amsterdam, in 1609, bore fruit that same year in the discovery of the Hudson River, and the year following in that of Hudson's Bay. Hudson saw that the river would not lead him to the Western Sea. Cast out by his mutinous shipmates to perish in his little shallop, he did not see that the vast Northern bay which he had penetrated also afforded no practicable path to his goal; nor was that fact perceived for more than two hundred years by any one of his hardy and enterprising successors. The story of these path-finders is presented very interestingly by Miss Laut and Mr. Burpee. The pioneers were men of different strains: Radisson and La Vérendrye, the Frenchmen; Munck, the Dane; Hearne, Thompson, and Alexander Henry, men probably, like Hudson, of English blood; rugged Scotch, or Scotch-Irish, like McLoughlin, Lord Selkirk, Simon Fraser, and chief of all, perhaps, Alexander Mackenzie, discoverer of the Mississippi of the North, and first to cross the continent.

Both writers, in using their authorities, do not scruple to enhance the vividness of their recital by "reading between the lines." No doubt, an historian developing the truth from the meagre jotting of some old writer, is justified in inferring to some extent what must have been and supplying from his own imagination shading and color. But the writer who does this, risks much; he is tempted to go to unjustifiable lengths, arousing the suspicion that the account is more of fancy than of fact. Miss Laut's reading between the lines helps to picturesqueness. The ship's log is usually bare and bald to the last degree, made by fingers cramped with cold amid imminent dangers. Why not sketch in the environment that certainly existed—the crash of splitting bergs, the black lee-shore looming dangerously close by, the unending Arctic night, with its starry and auroral splendors? The Hudson's Bay trader's journal does not say that his cheek flushed and that he handled his gun nervously when he found his rival, the "Nor'wester," had anticipated him with the Indians bringing in beaver skins, but, of course, it must have been so and why not put in the touch? The explorer does not tell us that his heart stood still when his canoe plunged down the cataract, but whose heart would not, and why not quicken the reader's pleasurable thrill by supplying the suggestion? To fill out the picture is all very fine, but it is hazardous; and we think Miss Laut in particular might show more caution. In truth, an adherence to the bare words of her sources would have given often

vividness enough. Says Abacuk Prickett, the shipmate of Hudson:

> We raised land to the north, and commlng night, there hung on the easternmost coast point many ilands of floting ice, and a beare on one of them, which from one to another came toward us till she was readle to come aboord. But when she saw us looke at her she cast her head between her hinde legges and then dived under the ice, and so from one piece to another until she was out of our reach.

Mr. Burpee's practice as to reading between the lines is more restrained than Miss Laut's, comporting better with sober history, and his work, therefore, does not suffer in comparison with hers.

She appears to have consulted more authorities; the mass of manuscript material existing in England he seems to have used little. Yet he misses little that is essential, though it strikes us as strange that so important an affair as the conquests of Iberville in Hudson's Bay, near the opening of the eighteenth century, should receive almost no mention. To be sure, they were no part of the search for the Western sea, but Mr. Burpee's work is intended to be a history of the development of the Far North, as well as of the memorable search, and ought to note such episodes as this. As to geographical details, Mr. Burpee's book is admirable, the text being helped out by minute and well executed maps. He would have done his readers a favor, had he, like Miss Laut, divided his work into two volumes. His one volume is too heavy to hold in one's hand during the many hours which its perusal requires.

Both books are highly creditable to their authors—the first comprehensive records, supplemented by a profusion of beautiful illustrations, of the development of Northern British America as a home for men.

Canadian Types of the Old Régime, 1608-1698. By Charles W. Colby. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.75 net.

In a characteristically modest preface, Professor Colby disclaims for this series of popular lectures anything more than a new presentation of known facts. It is safe to say, however, that many of these facts will be new to the vast majority of readers; to all, indeed, who have not been close students of early Canadian history; and, moreover, they gain a novel and very real value because of the author's point of view and effective presentation. His object is to set forth certain aspects of Canadian life under the French régime; and to secure distinctness he selects a single personage as typical of each class, and places him well in the front of the stage, though not to the entire exclusion of minor figures. Thus, Champlain stands as the type of the explorer; Brébeuf of the missionary; Hébert of the colonist; D'Iberville of the soldier; Du Lhut of the *coureur de bois;* Talon of the *intendant;* Laval of the bishop; Frontenac of the governor; yet one learns at the same time a good deal about La Salle, Maisonneuve, François Hertel, Radisson, Hennepin, Nicolas Perrot, La Barre, Denonville, and other men of action of the old régime. The historical background against which these notable figures move is admirably sketched in an initial chapter; and the whole subject is rounded off by a final chapter, "The Woman," in which we are introduced to the heroine Madeleine de Verchères, and those pious and self-sacrificing ladies, Marie de l'Incarnation, Jeanne Mance, and Marguerite Bourgeoys.

The following paragraph, contrasting La Salle and Du Lhut, gives a fair idea of the simplicity and directness of Professor Colby's style:

> The vindicatlon of Du Lhut [from the charges of the mendacious Hennepin] may seem a disparagement of La Salle. But the foregolng paragraph has not been written with such lntent. Nothlng Du Lhut ever dld is so brllllant as La Salle's descent of the Mississippi to the Gulf. These two lovers of the wllderness had different gifts, and each expressed himself ln hls own way. Du Lhut had a steadiness and sagaclty which were lacking in La Salle. He could put hls talents lnto joint stock with those of other people. La Salle, in his self-centred isolatlon, his lntensity, hls *hauteur*, is more impressive, but it may be doubted whether he was more useful to his country. Du Lhut's task was to explore thoroughly the lands of the Sioux, through only a part of which Radisson and Groiseilllers had passed, to build forts among the Crees and Assiniboines, to establish the reign of peace among these western tribes, and to bring them all into cordial relations with France. Between them, he and Nicolas Perrot were worth more to their nation than a regiment of regulars.

The illustrations include reproductions of seventeenth-century engravings, such as the Habitation, at Quebec, and the Fight with the Iroquois, from Champlain's "Voyages," and the Martyrdom of the Jesuits, from Du Creux's "Historia Canadensis"; as well as portraits of the great French ministers, Richelieu and Colbert, and of Champlain, La Salle, D'Iberville, and others.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Missioner. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The temptation of St. Anthony has long been a favorite theme of many arts, and Mr. Oppenheim has cast no luminously original rays upon the subject in this his latest contribution to the moment's fiction. The Missioner is our old friend, the exponent of athletic piety, whose spiritual and physical beauty impress the weary-eyed woman of the world. In the present instance, she is so impressed, that after flouting him before her friends and denying him lodging on her estate, she gathers up her Paquin draperies and starts in pursuit of him. Her interest, however, is at first only that of the chase; and when he discovers this fact, he leaves her in a tempest of rage, and seeks oblivion in a round of somewhat unconvincing Parisian dissipation. His better self, however, regains the ascendant, and he returns to his work in London, saves the lady of his heart from the consequences of a youthful indiscretion, and the story ends in the good old way, with lovers two by two entering the matrimonial ark. The most interesting point of the book is reached in the chapter entitled "The Way of Salvation," where the Missioner abandons his evangelization of the poor to preach the gospel of responsibility to the rich. The note is not new, but can scarcely be touched too often or too decisively. The story, as a whole, leaves the impression that a more leisurely handling would have resulted in better work.

The Maison de Shine. By Helen Green. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

The life of the mummer has in it inextinguishable literary and dramatic value. Take the traditional situation of Harlequin laughing while his heart breaks with hidden pain, and you have ready-made tragedy. Take the contrast between the tinsel and glitter of the stage throne-room and the dingy reality of the actor's bedroom, and you have your infallible comic material at hand. That is why a book like Helen Green's "Maison de Shine," which attempts to chronicle life in a cheap boarding house for vaudeville "artists," is bound to carry a certain amount of interest. Unfortunately, our author has added nothing to the value of her rough material. The sketches move on in a succession of absurd plots and silly situations delineated in the spirit of what is known professionally as "slap-stick" humor. After a few chapters, it is largely monotony.

The Forewarners. By Giovanni Cena; translated by Olivia Agresti Rossetti; with a preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The stirring of new ideas among the artisans of Italy bears sombre result in this book. A proofreader in Turin, poor, intelligent, gentle, is moved by the remembered sorrows of his own childhood and the ever-present suffering around him to put into autobiographic form his griefs, his sympathies, and aspirations. To compel the attention of the King to his subjects' woes is part of his plan, and to this end he is willing to sacrifice his own life. His story is the story of the tenants of "Aëropolis," an attic tenement where are housed workers and idlers, geniuses and castaways, meeting on the common

ground of poverty. It is a tale of misery and degradation, irradiated here and there by neighborly office and the gleam of ideals. It is a cry of rebellion against the world's poverty, a wail of despair that "the hunger of some is due to the greed of the few."

The ghastliness of some of the episodes has hardly been exceeded in the literature of wretched humanity. A feature less familiar in writings of the sort is the absence of anarchism and violence from the remedial schemes of the writer. He plots against his own life only, and that to force a hearing. In his sketch of reconstruction the chief instruments are doctors and school teachers. Hereditary rights of property are to be abolished, but gradually.

The sensation produced in Italy by the book—such as to compel, it is said, a change of ending—it is not difficult to understand, particularly since, as Mrs. Humphry Ward points out in her preface, the pitiable estate of the Italian artisan has had hitherto less representation in literature than the conditions of either the peasantry, the bourgeoisie, or the cultivated middle class. It is, however, rather as a cry than a suggested cure that the book remains in the memory, and the cry is often broken, spasmodic, crudely incoherent.

The Sunny Side of the Hill. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

This story, like others of its well-known origin, is excellently adapted to feminine youth standing just a little beyond where the brook and river meet. As books for this class of readers are sometimes above them, and almost always beneath them, a welcome is due to a story which is mild, modest, interestingly eventful, and well-written. The home affairs and love affairs of an English family, district-visiting, tea-drinking, cycling, motoring, and gardening fill the days; and old-lavender stories of by-gone romances furnish a surrounding atmosphere. There is a loving, lofty mother, of Edgeworthy aloofness; a wise and merry spinster aunt; a lame hero with a motor car, several nice girls in addition to the bright-hearted, sensible little heroine, and no dabblers in malice prepense. But to give details of this simple story would be like analyzing a sugar plum; to criticise it like sitting in judgment on a kitten. Not that the story is all sweetness and frisk. There are troubles bravely met, and round pegs living cheerfully in square holes; a tale compact of good sense, healthy sentiment, and genuine highmindedness.

Dreaming River. By Barr Moses. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This little story would be negligible were it not for its underlying theme, which possesses sufficient psychologic interest to save the discussion of the work from the pettiness of breaking a butterfly. The tale is that of a young and singularly ill-balanced poet who lives hermit-wise in a lonely farmhouse called Dreaming River. To him comes for protection a girl of sixteen, a penniless orphan, who turns to him as her only kin in obedience to the last wish of her dying father. The growth of love between them, perturbed by blizzards and cyclones, both without and within, makes up the rest of the story, which ends with Dorothy's surrender, leaving the reader somewhat uncertain as to the resulting happiness. The author thus words the root of his matter:

> She had the secret at last! The self back of the deeds, and the thoughts, and the words; . . . and, after all, it was not the words nor the thoughts nor the deeds of a man that one loved, but the essence of his being, his self, his soul.

One can hardly fail to meet this statement with the oft-repeated questions: "How far can that essence be dissociated from those thoughts, acts, and deeds? Imperfect as these media may be, are they not the only ones through which the soul can declare itself? Is not the tree to be known by its fruits, the field by its mixture of wheat and tares?" Respect as we may the author's intention in this work, to these questions he gives no answer.

The Oxford Hymn Book. New York: Henry Frowde. $1.15.

This interesting addition to our hymnology was edited by Dr. Thomas Banks Strong, Dean of Christ Church, and Dr. William Sanday of Oxford. They invited the coöperation of Miss Mary Church, who edited the "Life and Letters of Dean Church," and the Rev. James M. Thompson, dean of Magdalen College. For advice in the choice of music Dr. Basil Harwood, organist of Christ Church, has been largely responsible.

In the selection of hymns the editors have been guided by principles which are at once so sound, so well expressed, and so rarely followed that we cannot do better than quote at some length from the preface:

> There are two ideals of hymn-book composition. One is, to endeavor to provide as far as possible for each several occasion that arises either out of the course of the Christian Year or out of the common vicissitudes of human life. The other is, to make a more restricted selection of those hymns which appear to satisfy a certain standard and to be content with a more approximate application of them to particular occasions. We should expressly wish to disclaim any thought of competing with the former type of hymn-book, which is already well represented. . . .
>
> The qualities that we have looked for most have been simplicity, directness, and genuineness of religious feeling. A certain sort of cheap sentiment, of conventional and rhetorical form, of weak and honeyed phrase, is what we have most sought to avoid. On the other hand, we have not been afraid of what some may think prosaic baldness, if it had the stamp of reality and if it was relieved by a few good lines. These are sometimes set off all the more by their plain surroundings.

The prime trouble with most hymnals is that they are far too large and consequently contain a vast amount of rubbish. The "Church Hymnal," now widely used by Episcopalians in this country, contains 679 pieces, of which more than half might well be spared. Some three years ago a new hymnal was prepared for the Methodists; it was an improvement on the old, in that it contained only 717 hymns instead of 1,117. "The Book of Praise," edited for the Golden Treasury Series by Roundell Palmer about forty years ago, prints in the revised edition 447. "The Oxford Hymn Book" has 332 in English and 18 in Latin; but a study of these pages serves only to strengthen our conviction that there are not more than 250 good hymns in our language.

But the significant feature of this volume is the sedulous avoidance of "cheap sentiment, of conventional and rhetorical form, of weak and honeyed phrase." No hymnal with which we are acquainted has so successfully adhered to this ideal. The key-note of the severity and directness of work is struck in the motto prefixed to Book i, from the "Sarum Primer" (1558):

> God be in my head,
> And in my understanding;
>
> God be in mine eyes,
> And in my looking;
>
> God be in my mouth,
> And in my speaking;
>
> God be in my heart,
> And in my thinking;
>
> God be at mine end,
> And at my departing.

From beginning to end there is nothing that may be condemned as soft or gushing. This austere taste is displayed as much in what is omitted as in what is put in. To take two examples of hymns with which people, both young and old, are specially familiar—Edmund H. Sears's "It came upon the midnight clear" and Phillips Brooks's "O little town of Bethlehem" are both left out. And so is Horatius Bonar's "I heard the voice of Jesus say." All of these may be excellent in their place, popular in public worship, and especially in Sunday-school, but they have no place in "The Oxford Hymn Book." There are, however, many substantial hymns for which an over-refined and sophisticated age seems to care but little. The editors themselves say:

> Our choice has gravitated toward what

may be called the Old Masters—Watts, the Wesleys, Doddridge, Cooper, Newton. We have taken excerpts rather freely from the New Version of Tate and Brady; and we have been more attracted than repelled by the archaism of some of the seventeenth-century writers.

That a compilation of this character should be accepted for congregational use, at least in this country, seems very doubtful. The members of our average congregations, the majority women, do not care for hymns of this vigorous but often somewhat rugged type; they are perplexed and perhaps repelled by the naïveté that suggests the old ballad:

A virgin unspotted, the prophet foretold,
Should bring forth a Saviour, which now we behold
To be our redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrappèd us in.

Aye and therefore be merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide.

At Bethlehem city in Jewry it was
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
All for to be taxèd with many one moe,
Great Cæsar commanded the same should be so.

But persons who are somewhat cloyed by the saccharine quality of the current hymnals and persons who care to study the history of hymn-writing and who often discover deep significance in the ancient points of view and modes of expression, will find much that will appeal to them in this scholarly collection of the Old Masters.

The music is, in the main, of the same character as the hymns—plain and dignified. "We have endeavored," say the editors, "to avoid harmony of a luxurious and chromatic type and we have not used any adaptations from modern secular melodies." This further restriction will also tend to lessen the popularity of the book, though enhancing its value for the specialist. The type in which the music is set, "based upon the fount for which punches were cut in Oxford about 1683 by Peter de Walpergen," heightens the effect of quaintness, but it is needlessly difficult to read. The indexes are excellent.

Great American Lawyers: The Lives and Influence of Judges and Lawyers who Have Acquired Permanent National Reputation, and Have Developed the Jurisprudence of the United States; a History of the Legal Profession in America. Edited by William Draper Lewis. Vols. I-IV. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.

Professor Lewis, dean of the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, here presents a series of biographical volumes of interest, primarily, to the lawyer, but by no means devoid of interest to the intelligent layman. His definition, for his present purpose, of the "great" lawyer is a broad one. It includes, of course, judges and lawyers who have acquired permanent national reputation. It also embraces both those who have permanently impressed the jurisprudence of their respective States, and those who by their teaching or writings have produced either a distinct effect on the law, or have stimulated new methods of legal thought. This series will, when completed, contain ninety-six biographical sketches arranged roughly in chronological order, of which nearly fifty are in the four volumes already issued. The secondary title of these volumes—"A History of the Legal Profession in America"—expresses an aim of the editor which the form of the work makes impossible of full achievement. For the discussion in sketches such as these of the development of different branches of law is, of necessity, brief and fragmentary. It is, rather, in gathering together in convenient form a series of able and well-written accounts of the legal achievements of the leaders of the profession from the middle of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the present, that the success of this undertaking lies.

In the somewhat perplexing task of selecting the subjects for the sketches, the editor, on the whole, has shown excellent judgment. Yet it is a matter of regret that he has found it impossible to carry out his original plan of including in the list more names of men prominent in our history, who as statesmen rather than as judges or as lawyers have done important work in developing the theories of the Federal Constitution. It would have been better, we think, to have kept to the first plan, sacrificing if need be such minor legal lights as, for example, Chief Justice Thomas A. Marshall of Kentucky, Chancellor William Harper of South Carolina, and Judge Peter Hitchcock of Ohio, who served their States well, but whose opinions do not bear the mark of extraordinary ability, or denying a separate sketch to Judge James Gould of the Litchfield Law School. We venture to suggest, also, that of the early members of the Federal Supreme Court, Justice James Iredell, keen of mind and bold and original in reasoning, was deserving of a place in these volumes, while the long and not unimportant service of Justice Samuel Nelson on the same bench might well have led to his inclusion.

The editor has been fortunate in enlisting in this work some of the ablest legal writers in the country. Prof. James Brown Scott of George Washington University, whose authority as a writer on international law is recognized, has contributed four admirable sketches of Alexander Hamilton, Chief Justice Jay, Chancellor Livingston, and Chancellor Kent, the last including an interesting comparison of Kent and Marshall. One of the most valuable articles is that on Chief Justice Taney, by Prof. William E. Mikell of the University of Pennsylvania. Especially interesting are his comments on Taney's discussion of the merits of the case, technically *dictum*, in the Dred Scott decision, and of the fondness of other judges of that time for indulging in the same fascinating but somewhat dangerous practice. The sketch of Chief Justice Shaw, by Prof. Joseph Henry Beale, jr., of the Harvard Law School, contains a keen summing up of Shaw's service to the development of law. Judge Simeon E. Baldwin of the Yale Law School is represented by sketches of Zephaniah Swift, James Gould, and Roger Sherman Baldwin. And the learned editor himself contributes an adequate account of Chief Justice Marshall. Among other important sketches should be mentioned those of Daniel Webster, by Everett P. Wheeler of New York; of Justice Story, by Judge William Schofield of Massachusetts; of Chief Justice Gibson, by Samuel D. Matlock of Pennsylvania; of Luther Martin, by Judge Ashley M. Gould of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; of François Xavier Martin, who played the most important part in the early legal history of Louisiana, by William Wirt Howe of that State; of Andrew Hamilton, one of the few colonial lawyers of wide and lasting reputation, by William Henry Loyd, jr., of Philadelphia; and the article by Margaret C. Klingelsmith of the University of Pennsylvania, on Justice James Wilson of the United States Supreme Court, who deserves a higher place in legal history than that commonly accorded him.

The real importance, however, of this series lies, not in its accounts of a few of our greatest judges, lawyers, and statesmen—their fame is secure—but in the biographies of men like George Wythe, Luther Martin, and William Pinkney (to name only a few of many here represented), intellectual giants and acknowledged leaders in their day, whose fame even in the profession is now in large part a matter of tradition. To bring together, in convenient, readable shape, as Professor Lewis has done, a record by competent hands of the achievements of men like these, is a work to be commended.

It may be added that the writers have shown, in general, a commendable restraint. The enthusiasm of the biographer is tempered with the intellectual caution fostered by the study of the law. Of course, one may be unwilling in many instances to accept as final the estimates here found of legal ability and attainment. The reviewer, for example, is unable to accord to Chief Justice Ellsworth the high praise given him by his present biographer, Frank Gaylord Cook. To our mind, Ellsworth, who was

slow intellectually, but shrewd, as befitted a Connecticut Yankee, has been overrated. His success was due rather to his keenness as a politician than to his ability as a statesman or a judge. We are not willing to accept as valid even the ingenious and entertaining plea of his other able biographer, William Garrott Brown, that Ellsworth has suffered because his lot was cast in the small State of Connecticut and his praises were not sung by some writer in the literary set of Boston and Cambridge.

With a few exceptions where a picture was unobtainable, a portrait of the subject of each sketch is given. We are glad to note further that the source of each portrait is given, and we have no fear in any case of such an unfortunate blunder as seems once to have been made in a legal history of some importance, where what purports to be a portrait of a Justice of the United States Supreme Court is in reality the likeness of a worthy New York merchant bearing the same name. We are surprised to find that Chief Justice Marshall is represented by the head from the Story statue. The best portrait of Marshall is that by Jarvis, the original of which was owned by the late Mr. Justice Gray; but either the painting by Inman, the crayon profile by Saint Mémin, or the portrait, with spectacles pushed back on the forehead, owned by Washington and Lee University, seems to us to be more satisfactory than the Story statue.

A favorable word may be added concerning the mechanical excellence of these volumes. The type is large and clear, the paper good. We note the following errors chargeable to careless proof-reading: In Vol. I, near the bottom of page 266, there is a superfluous "rather," and on page 447 of the same volume "of" appears in place of "or"; while on page 283 of Vol. III is a mysterious reference to "Cook [*sic*] on Littleton." We have heard recently that a learned law professor uses in the classroom the pronunciation here indicated; but we had not expected to see so soon in print the result of his teaching.

The Story of a Street. By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.60 net.

Mr. Hill has chosen for his theme a true symbol of the career of this country. "Wall Street" means now, the world over, something that is not confined within the limits of a single thoroughfare, but shapes destinies in all parts of the globe that are untouched by any other aspect of our history or ideas. He recalls its mean origin when Gov. Kieft summoned all interested persons to appear at seven o'clock on Monday, April 4, 1644, to erect a brushwood cattle-guard along the northern boundary of the village of New Amsterdam. This cattle-guard marked roughly the future course of Wall Street. The south side was determined by Peter Stuyvesant's stockade in 1653. The street was laid out in 1685 by Gov. Dongan, who contrived to cut its width down from 100 to 36 feet, the difference being added to a strip of lots abutting on it which had been secretly acquired by the Governor himself through a "dummy" purchaser. If this transaction were not enough to give standing to the street, its character was reinforced by the fact that the first house built on the north side became the property of Capt. William Kidd. In 1699 the stockade was removed as a nuisance, and New York ceased to be a walled city. In 1729 commerce invaded the street in the shape of a building erected by the Bayards for what they termed, more wisely than they knew, "the mystery of sugar refining." And always, from 1696, the head of the street was closed by the steeple of Trinity Church.

The changing physical aspect of the street has been noted by Mr. Hill with abundance of interesting detail, but the most significant part of the record deals with the events that here took place. The trial in 1734 of Zenger for alleged defamation of government, his defence by Andrew Hamilton and acquittal was the first legal triumph of colonial sentiment. Wall Street's part in revolutionary history is well known, but is told again briefly and well, for busy men to read. It should relieve for many the monotony of the daily walk to recall, besides the pageants of occupation and evacuation, that at No. 33 (then 58) Alexander Hamilton had his office, where sixty-three of the eighty-five *Federalist* essays were written; and that Washington's last official visit to the street, in 1790, was made for the purpose of passing the pipe of peace with the Creek Indians, whose self-appointed reception committee was the Society of the Sons of St. Tammany, organized in the previous year. The later history of the street is greatly condensed, being, indeed, merely outlined for the sake of the climax. The book bears evidence of careful study beneath its regrettably journalistic style, and contributes some fresh material.

Science.

Animal Romances. By Graham Renshaw. London: Sherratt & Hughes.

The Romance of Bird Life. By John Lea. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

In "Animal Romances" the author departs from his usual zoölogical and historical essays and launches into elaborate descriptions of wild creatures and their haunts—attempting "to present them as actually living and moving before the reader." Mr. Renshaw has a vivid imagination and an excellent command of language, but all this counts for nothing, because of his remarkable method of treating his facts. "Romance" with him stands for an endless succession of vivid incidents, couched in extremely short sentences, following so closely together that each essay leaves the reader mentally breathless and dazed. As literature, the work is unsuccessful, and as a truthful presentation of actual conditions the author is equally astray. Only those who have spent days and weeks in the jungles of the tropics know how secretly and slowly the furred and feathered actors move in playing their parts. In such places there are untold myriads of living beings on all sides, but to imagine these various creatures gathered near one place and to set them all roaring, dancing, fluttering, bathing, or fighting—such a Noah's Ark vaudeville is "romance" indeed!

The preface is dated from the Sahara Desert, and the author is evidently more at home in the continent of Africa than in other regions. No definite hint is given as to the country covered in each essay, this information being deducible only from the animals mentioned. Thus we place "A Passage at Arms" in South Africa, judging by the presence of sable antelope, bateleur eagles, and the Cape wagtail. To the uninstructed reader, the scene might as well be Asia or some other country. "The Hermits" is laid in some marvellous region in Canada, where everything from chipmunks and beavers to moose and mountain goats passes swiftly in review before us. The sources of the photographs are not indicated, but the reader is left to infer that the pictures are of wild animals in their native country. It is probable that most were taken on the Duke of Bedford's estate in England. The scope of the work is shown by an examination of almost any page. On page 17, for example, we find twenty-seven lines of text, purporting to represent a scene in the "swamp and jungle" probably of southern Asia. Fourteen creatures are described—silver-gray squirrel, tree shrew, black gibbon, wild pig, pangolin anteater, flying lemur, jungle fowl, oriole, bulbul, peafowl, dragon lizard, green flower snake, cicada, and sleepy butterfly. An average of two lines to each gives us a hint as to how much of real value as to their habits we may glean from these pages. After this one does not wonder that there is no index; the book itself is hardly more than an annotated catalogue.

Accuracy of statement may be tested in the chapter "The Forest People." The sun-bitterns, trumpeters, and horned screamer determine the scene as the Amazon and Orinoco region of South America. The hoatzin "flies across the marsh, hissing loud in alarm," but in

spite of such authority and that of the "Cambridge Natural History" this bird utters nothing but the most harsh and grating of cries. It is by no stretch of the imagination a "game-bird," and if Mr. Renshaw were ever compelled to taste one of these "stinking pheasants," as they are called, he would regret such a statement. He covers the shallow of a river with "multitudes of scarlet ibis, boat-billed heron, grebes, and swans," yet, if there is a swan in all this region it is still unknown to ornithologists. The "pendulum tail" with which the author has endowed the trogon is wholly fiction, and belongs by right to the motmot, while his theory of the red and green colors of the trogon simulating a flower and thus attracting insects, is rendered rather superfluous by the fact that the American trogons are fruit eaters. As the agouti is active all night and hides by day in the deepest hollow log, it is not easy to see how its "soft hide is all scarred with the bites of vampires."

Mr. Graham is at home in short and thorough historical essays on animals, in which field he has done some admirable writing; and it is because he is capable of so much better work that this volume has been thus criticised in detail.

In "The Romance of Bird Life," by John Lea (J. B. Lippincott Co.) the word "romance" may be interpreted to mean "almost anything" concerning the life of a bird. Indeed, the sub-title explains the scope of the book as "being an account of the education, courtship, sport and play, journeys, fishing, fighting, piracy, domestic and social habits, instinct, strange friendships, and other interesting aspects of the life of birds." This method of presenting the various phases of life under general headings, rather than in the course of the regular natural history description, has been used by Dixon, Bowdler Sharpe, and others. It is perfectly legitimate, and the boundless wealth of bird-life gains new interest when thus viewed. Judged as a compiler, Mr. Lea has been successful both in selecting and in grouping his material. Best of all, he has not hesitated to quote at length the original descriptions, thus offering a pleasing variety of diction and a vividness which are conspicuously absent from most compilations. His own contributions are clear and exact, but tend to become tiresome in details—the simplest facts being often explained at elaborate length. Birds from all countries are brought under notice. In such a *pot-pourri* one naturally finds errors, but fewer than would be expected; and most of these occur in the quotations from other writers. On page 307, for example, the scientific name of the black vulture is applied to the turkey vulture (the local name of which is turkey buzzard), and the misstatement is made that this latter species is the only vulturine scavenger of Charleston.

Among the scientific books to be published by the Macmillan Company this spring are "Faith and Works of Christian Science," by the author of "Confessio Medici"; "A System of Medicine," edited by Prof. Thomas Clifford Allbutt (second ed., Vol. IV.); "Concealing Coloration in the Animal Kingdom," by Abbott H. Thayer and Gerald H. Thayer; "The Physiology of Plant Production," by Dr. B. M. Duggar; "Forage Crops for the South," by S. M. Tracy; "Fruit Insects," by Prof. M. B. Slingerland; "Principles of Soil Management," by Dr. T. L. Lyon and Prof. E. O. Fippin; "Genetic Psychology," by Edwin A. Kirkpatrick; "The Psychology of Thinking," by Prof. Irving Elgar Miller; "Applied Mechanics for Engineers," by Prof. Edward L. Hancock; "Plane and Solid Coördinate Geometry," by Profs. H. B. Fine and H. D. Thompson; "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry," by Prof. D. A. Rothrock; "College Chemistry," by Prof. Louis Kahlenberg; "A Text-Book on Physical Chemistry," by Prof. Harry C. Jones; "The Elements of Light and Sound," by Profs. W. S. Franklin and Barry MacNutt.

Aided by the Russell Sage Foundation, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has issued under the title, "The Campaign against Tuberculosis in the United States" (New York: Charities Publication Committee), a comprehensive and useful directory of the sanatoria, hospitals, dispensaries, and associations which exist wholly or in part to combat this plague. Canada, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and Hawaii are included; there is no mention of Mexico, but Cuba stands perhaps prophetically between Connecticut and Delaware. In part the book, whose compilation is attributed to Philip P. Jacobs, is a revision of the directory which Miss Brandt prepared four or five years ago. About seventy pages are devoted to brief statements of the legislation of States and municipalities concerning notification, expectoration, and other matters. The estimate of the extent to which these laws are enforced is not very satisfactory, and seems to be largely guesswork, as, indeed, it must be. The copious index, in which we find Hawaii but miss Sandwich Islands, would be even better if it contained the names of all the places. Many institutions are widely known by the locality and the casual searcher is not always sure as to the State to which it belongs, and much less as to the exact title of the establishment.

Koch, in his popular lectures on dendrology, calls attention to the fact that at the dispersion of the great groups of the human race, each group carried from its ancestral home a particular kind of rose. The Aryans had their own which found its way, both east and west, under innumerable forms. In none of the descendants of these primitive peoples has love for the rose ever been lost, but it is among those who drifted westward that it is most pronounced. Other flowers have had their time of popularity and have passed out of fashion, but the rose has to-day a stronger hold than ever on all the European nations. Books on roses, even if they are not above mediocrity, find many readers, while the treatises which have real merit are on the shelves of all progressive horticulturists. To amateurs and professional cultivators who wish to inform themselves as to what is latest and best in regard to roses, we can cordially recommend a modest volume, "Roses and Rose-Growing," by Rose G. Kingsley (The Macmillan Co.). Miss Kingsley brings to her task literary skill, and a fair experience in the selection and cultivation of roses, for both of which she is indebted to the late Charles Kingsley of Eversley. She has made good use of the standard books, new and old, and has succeeded in preparing an attractive hand book such as Kingsley himself would have been delighted to use. She has also been exceedingly fortunate in her illustrations in color. In depth and delicacy, these reproductions are considerably in advance of any which have recently come to hand, and they add not merely to the attractiveness of the volume, but they may serve also as a safe guide in selecting varieties.

"Extinct Birds," by the Hon. Walter Rothschild (London: Hutchinson & Co.), is a sumptuous quarto of 244 pages, with forty-three beautifully colored plates. The work introduces us, as nearly as may be, to the birds which have become exterminated within the historical period, or, in many cases, within the past six or eight hundred years. To cover completely such a vast and difficult field in a single pioneer undertaking is, of course, impossible, and the defects, especially as to incomplete lists of specimens extant, are many; still the volume possesses great interest and value. Worthy of special note are the reproductions of the original drawings of the dodo, and the excellent restorations of the solitaire and moa. The causes of extinction are varied, but in many cases the blame must be laid to man. Examples are the great auk, dodo, moa, and the curious little tailless wren of Stephen Island, near New Zealand, of which the only thirteen ever secured were brought in by the cat of the lighthouse keeper. The edition is limited to 300 copies at the price of £25 each; and it is to be hoped that a new edition may be less expensive.

A work of especial interest at the present time is "La Science Séismologique" (Paris: A. Colin), by Comte de Montessus de Ballore, the author of several works on this "la plus jeune des sciences." The three parts into which it is divided treat of earthquakes, tremblings indicated by instruments, and their geologic results. It begins with an historical sketch of seismology, and closes with some useful practical considerations of "l'art de bâtir" in the countries subject to earthquakes. The astronomer of the Paris Observatory, G. Bigourdan, calls attention in the *Annales de Géographie* to the conclusive evidence which the Count has given in his work showing the falsity of the old theory that the great majority of earthquakes could be traced to regions of small extent. On the contrary, the records of the exceedingly sensitive instruments now in use indicate that they are largely simultaneous movements of the earth's crust. Numerous tables, charts, and illustrations add much to its value as a book of reference.

Scientific work of timely interest, often half-official and military, meets us in

"Autour de l'Afghanistan," by Commandant de Bouillane de Lacoste. The book is made up from notes taken in an expedition "along forbidden frontiers," with 120 inset plates from photographs of the author and five maps (Paris: Hachette).

Dr. Ludwig Darmstaedter's "4,000 Jahre Pionier-Arbeit in den exakten Wissenschaften," first issued in 1904, has appeared in a new edition, much enlarged in both size and scope, as indicated by the new title, "Handbuch zur Geschichte der Naturwissenschaften und der Technik." The new edition not merely records the final discoveries, but shows intermediate steps, so that the development of each discovery can be traced. Dr. Darmstaedter has been assisted by Dr. R. du Bois Reymond and Dr. Carl Schaefer, and has had the coöperation of a large number of correspondents.

Walter Morrison Allen, widely known as a designer of telescopes, died in Cleveland February 8, at the age of forty-two. He had charge of the construction of the forty-inch telescope at the Yerkes Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wis., and also of the twenty-six-inch telescope at the Naval Observatory.

Drama.

The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars, 1597-1603: Introductory to "The Children of the Revels, Their Origin, Course, and Influences." By Charles William Wallace [University of Nebraska Studies]. Lincoln: University Book Store.

Professor Wallace's book is the most thorough study we have of an Elizabethan theatre—to be sure, for a limited period of its existence, but that the most important. He gives us a searching examination, based on the original records, of the history of the foundation and management of Blackfriars during the years indicated above, and of the influence which it exerted in various ways on the history of the drama and the stage. The choice of this particular theatre has a double recommendation—first, on account of the interest of singularity which will always attach to the Elizabethan boy-companies, and, secondly, the fact that it was undoubtedly Blackfriars, and not the great public theatres, like the Globe, which in all essentials determined what the structure and arrangements of the modern theatre were to be.

From unpublished documents in the Public Record Office Professor Wallace is able to prove that both the seating capacity and the stage of Blackfriars were much larger than has been hitherto assumed—indeed, that it was the most expensive theatre erected in England before the new Globe in 1614. He argues with some plausibility that the Elizabethan habit of selling seats on the stage originated at Blackfriars, owing to the peculiar physical conditions of that theatre. The custom, of course, extended also to the Continent; but Professor Wallace is mistaken when he implies that it died out early in England. As a matter of fact, it continued in that country down into the sixties of the eighteenth century.

Professor Wallace is also able to trace clearly and in detail the circumstances which attended the formation and maintenance of the Children of the Chapel and to unravel the intricate history of Nathaniel Gyles, who was commissioned to obtain the boys necessary, and of Henry Evans, the lessee, in their relations to the theatre.

The main thesis, however, of the book is that, during this period, Blackfriars was an official theatre maintained at the Queen's expense. The evidence on this subject, we confess, does not appear to us so conclusive as it does to the author. Indeed, the passages from all but one of the documents which he cites are too obscure to base any conclusion on. Only the entry (September 18, 1602) in the diary of Philip Julius, Duke of Stettin-Pomerania, seems to us to possess any real weight. If Professor Wallace is right in interpreting this passage as relating to Blackfriars, that would decide the question. Probabilities favor this interpretation, but there are difficulties to be considered. Queen Elizabeth had nothing to do with the erection of Blackfriars, as far as we know, and it is hard to conceive that a whole hour's musical entertainment would precede the regular performance at this theatre, if the play given was of the type usual at Blackfriars. Certain it is that Professor Wallace is mistaken in inferring from the description in the diary that the play which the Duke saw was Chapman's "Widow's Tears." Apart from the cogent reasons advanced by Fleay for dating this play in 1605, it is sufficient to point out that there is no "royal" widow among its characters, Eudora being merely a countess; nor is there any Englishwoman in the piece. Besides, the term "casta vidua" could only be applied in an ironical sense to the heroine of a plot which is recognized on all hands as modelled after the notorious Matron of Ephesus.

It is to be hoped that Professor Wallace will soon make public the documents referred to in the note on page 56—"which give the origin of 'shares' in London theatres and Shakespeare's financial interest from the first in the Globe and Blackfriars."

"The Playhouse and the Play," by Percy Mackaye will be published by the Macmillan Company this spring.

A. R. Waller's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher in the Cambridge English Classics (Putnams) progresses regularly, the sixth volume, just issued, carrying it beyond the halfway point. Five plays make the present tale: "The Queen of Corinth," "Bonduca," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "Love's Pilgrimage," "The Double Marriage." The scheme of editing has been given in our notices of earlier volumes, and need not be repeated.

Though Charles F. McClumpha's volume containing Otway's two masterpieces, "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved," in the Belles-Lettres Series (D. C. Heath & Co.), does not present anything novel in the way of biography or criticism, its well-informed, competently written introduction, its text faithful to the first editions, and its up-to-date bibliography make it the best edition of the two plays obtainable. The only adverse comment to be made upon the preparatory essay is that in the attempt to recount the facts of Otway's career, to relate him to his French models and English contemporaries, to touch upon or discuss all his plays in relation to his dramatic development, and to sketch the general state of dramatic literature in the Restoration period, the various matters are somewhat congested, and penetration and thoroughness are sacrificed to comprehensiveness. Racine plus Shakespeare plus an enthusiastic temper is in the main the right formula to explain Otway's brief but striking endeavor to turn the apostate tragedy of his time back into the native English tradition; but Mr. McClumpha has given little more than the bare formula. There is still room for a searching investigation of that half-stifled counter-revolution of taste which struggled through all the years from the Restoration to the death of Dryden. To the direct imitation of French models, whether of the Cornelian or the Racinean type, the editor, in company with many other commentators, imputes rather too important influence. The tyrannies which galled the passionate Otway, as he repeatedly makes clear, were the pedantic critical theories imposed most obnoxiously by an audience of shallow criticasters, and the satirical and cynical spirit of the age. That he emancipated himself from them both, where the puissant Dryden failed, is a substantial evidence that he is entitled to the rank, which Mr. McClumpha denies him, of genius.

Julius Bab's "Deutsche Schauspieler," with sixteen full-page illustrations, is a valuable contribution to the history of the German stage, especially of Berlin and Vienna.

Adolf Müller, in "Das griechische Drama und seine Wirkungen bis zur Gegenwart," the eighteenth volume in the serles Sammlung Kösel (Munich: Kösel), discusses with scholarship and excellent literary taste the origin and character of the Greek drama; Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Greek comedy; and the influence of the Greek drama down to our own day.

"The New Lady Bantock," which was presented for the first time here in Wallack's Theatre, on Monday evening, will add nothing to the reputation of Jerome K. Jerome, either as humorist or dramatist. It is founded upon an idea which is not only fresh in a theatrical sense, but is clearly capable of amusing treatment. Unfortunately Mr. Jerome has spoiled it by gross and palpable exaggeration. There would be nothing wildly improbable in the supposition that a chorus girl, married to a foolish young lord, might find herself confronted

by inconvenient relatives in the kitchen, but that these should number twenty-three, constitute her entire family, and rule the establishment is a manifestly preposterous condition. It is not made any the more reasonable by almost grotesquely farcical handling. Nor is the performance by the star, Miss Fannie Ward, in the part of the embarrassed but ultimately triumphant bride in any way remarkable. But the representation acquires a certain artistic value through an uncommonly fine impersonation of an old, tyrannical family butler—a pompous, dictatorial, hypocritical, time-serving, but thoroughly capable and respectable servant—by Charles Cartwright. This is a veritable embodiment and a really first-rate bit of eccentric comedy worthy of a far richer setting.

The London Afternoon Theatre, that began its career at least defiantly with Hauptman's "Hanncle" (see the *Nation* of December 24, 1908, p. 636), has not proved so enterprising in its second programme at His Majesty's, but has fallen back comfortably upon George Bernard Shaw as principal attraction. The play selected, "The Admirable Bashville," is one of his least good, and, though a novelty to the public, has already been produced for the few by the Stage Society. Mr. Shaw describes it as a "Masterpiece in the Elizabethan Style." What the plot is matters little, the whole thing is a parody, or burlesque, of Mr. Shaw's novel "Cashel Byron's Profession," never well enough known for its parody to be amusing as a parody. The characters are used to give expression to the opinions generally and the paradoxes especially that Mr. Shaw delivers to the public. Much of the absurdity comes from "the Elizabethan style," from the pompous verse in which modern nonsense is spoken, and from the stage setting. Two Beefeaters bring in the stage properties; they hold up a big sign to explain at the beginning of each act where it is supposed to take place, while the same scene does duty for a room in Mayfair, a hall at Islington, a room in a country castle, and a few "supers" walking undisguisedly in the same circle round and round the stage must pass for the thousands in the audience at a prize fight. All this is excellent fooling, though at times directed not so much against Elizabethan as modern scenic methods. The actors carried off the nonsense with a solemnity that was beyond compare. Ben Webster, as Cashel Byron, never relapsed a moment from his heroic pose; Henry Ainley, to the Admirable Bashville, brought the earnestness of a Romeo or a Hamlet; Miss Rosina Filippi, in her rôle of mother and actress combined, delivered her lines of twaddle with unruffled dignity. But for all this excellence, "The Admirable Bashville" is thin, its humor long drawn out. Mr. Shaw's play was followed by a commonplace one-act piece, that might serve for the curtain-raiser to which no one is expected to come, called "Tilda's New Hat," made possible only by the excellent acting of Miss Agnes Thomas and Miss Farebrother. Altogether, this second programme of the Afternoon Theatre would be discouraging were it not for the promise of the third, a new play by Henry James, an event of no small literary and dramatic importance.

Charles Frohman has secured the American rights of "An Englishman's Home," the play by Guy du Maurier, which is reported to have made so big a sensation in London. Moreover, he promises to produce it in March, so that New York playgoers will not have to wait long before they will be able to judge for themselves of the quality of the piece. Written by an army officer, it takes the view of Lord Roberts and some other military men that an invasion of Great Britain, under existing conditions, is altogether feasible, and purports to show how it might be done. A London suburban home is suddenly seized by invading Germans, and the civilian master of it, who has ventured to show fight, is shot down upon his own lawn. The utter inefficiency of the "territorial" and other supplementary forces is demonstrated to the author's entire satisfaction. The invaders, of course, are supposed to have eluded the British fleet, which is just what British naval men declare to be impossible. In the original version of the play, the Germans were triumphant all along the line, but, in the amended scheme, they are ultimately repulsed by the Highland Brigade, whose advancing pipes are heard, as in "The Relief of Lucknow."

Sir Charles Wyndham has secured the English rights to Émile Fabre's play, "Les Vainqueurs," and will appear, in due course, as the influential lawyer and deputy, Daygrand.

Ernest Alexandre Honoré Coquelin, the French actor, better known under the name of Coquelin Cadet, died at Suresnes, February 8. He was brother of Benoît-Constant Coquelin, who died January 27. The last public appearance of M. Coquelin, whose talents had won him something of the fame achieved by his more distinguished brother, was at the Comédie Française, in October, 1907. The younger Coquelin was born in 1848 at Boulogne-sur-Mer. He, too, like Constant, abandoned the paternal trade of baker in consequence of a predisposition to the footlights, studied at the feet of Régnier, and, in due course, won a first prize for comedy at the Conservatoire. In 1867 he won a series of successes at the Odéon in comic characters of the classic repertory, and in 1868 joined his brother on the stage of the Français. During the war with Germany he quit the theatre for the field, where he displayed notable bravery. When peace was reëstablished he resumed his profession of actor, but left the Français because he was not chosen *sociétaire*. For a time he acted at the Variétés, but in 1876 returned to the Français, where his reputation and popularity increased steadily. Among his chief successes in the more modern drama may be mentioned his Ulrich in "Le Sphinx," his Frippesauce in "Tabarin," his Isidore in "Le Testament de César Girardot," his Frédéric in "L'Ami Fritz," and Basile in "Le Barbier de Séville." In 1879 he was admitted a *sociétaire*. Since then he has been identified with many important parts of widely diverse character, in such plays as "Le Bourreau des cranes," "Les Trois Épiciers," "Le Chapeau de paille d'Italie," "Le Député de Bombignac," "Denise," "Un Parisien," "M. Scapin," "Francillon," "Margot," "Grisélidis," "Le Faune," "La Vie de Bohême," and "Célimare le bien aimé." The list, although far from complete, will give an idea of his range, which extended from the broadest of low comedy to the more refined and intellectual types of eccentric characterization. His work was distinguished by its fine humorous significance, its veracity, and its exquisite technical finish. Like Constant, he possessed rare powers of recitation, and was in high demand as a monologist. He was also successful as a writer of comic pieces, being a frequent contributor to the press over the nom de plume of "Pirouette." He had been ill for a long time, and it was only the other day that he was retired from the Français with a pension, with the understanding that he should be reinstated in case he recovered his health.

Music.

The fifth volume of "Grove's Dictionary of Music," revised and enlarged under the editorship of J. Fuller Maitland, will be published by the Macmillan Company this spring.

In his "Mezzotints in Modern Music," published ten years ago, James Huneker had an essay entitled "The Greater Chopin," in which he tells of the time when he echoed the opinion of George Sand, that one tiny prelude of Chopin is worth all the trumpeting of Meyerbeer; and that was when Mr. Huneker knew chiefly the popular Chopin, the melancholy dreamer, the Chopin whom schoolgirls torture and sentimentalize. Subsequently Mr. Huneker discovered that there is also a greater Chopin, more masculine, grander, deeper, more daring, and revolutionary. To this day this greater Chopin is largely music of the future. "Chopin is among the immortals, and he is, it may be frankly confessed, admired for his less admirable music." To help ending this anomalous state of affairs, Mr. Huneker has compiled and edited for The Musicians' Library a volume entitled "The Greater Chopin" (Oliver Ditson Co.), which contains two of the ballades, two of the polonaises, four preludes, nine études, three nocturnes, three scherzos, and five others of the "greater" pieces; and to these he has prefixed one of his stimulating and luminous introductory essays, together with a bibliography. To play over these pieces is to understand how Saint-Saëns could write that all modern music had its germs in Chopin.

It has been said that singers die twice, the first funeral being that of their voice. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Sembrich Farewell to the American operatic stage last Saturday was a vocal funeral. There was a note of sadness in the ceremonies, which took up more than half an hour after the performance was over; but the prevailing opinion was that the great Polish prima donna is leaving the stage too soon. In the lesson scene from the "Barber of Seville" she was so girlish in action, appearance, and song that one could never have guessed she had been on the operatic stage thirty-four years; and she sang the "Ah, fors è lui" from "La Traviata" with a beauty and opulence of tone and a brilliancy of execution which, of the younger singers, Mme. Tetrazzini alone could have equalled. Why, then, does she retire from the operatic stage? Why not go on "farewelling" a

decade or two, after the fashion of Patti? Because she wishes to leave before people can express regrets that she did not go sooner. Moreover, she wishes to devote herself henceforth to concert work, which is less exhausting than opera, and she understands that her exquisite art is even more needed in the realm of the *Lied* than in opera. But perhaps the strongest motive in her mind is the realization of the fact that there is no new music for a singer of her type. Rossini, Donizetti, Mozart, and the young Verdi wrote for her, but they are dead long since. The only modern rôle that has appealed to her is Mimi in Puccini's "La Bohême." Wagner, Strauss, the later Puccini, and his Italian and French colleagues do not write for her. She has sung the only half-dozen of the old florid operas that the public now tolerates over and over and over again, till, as she frankly admits, she has become tired of them. But the *Lied* offers unlimited scope for the exercise of her art.

The demand for tickets for the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth exceeds all precedents. On November 3 no tickets were left for the first "Nibelung" cycle. And now, six months before the festival begins, the whole of the second "Nibelung" series is disposed of, as well as all the "Lohengrin" tickets, and also those for the "Parsifal" performances except on August 7 and 8. It is probable that the tickets for all of the twenty performances will be sold five months ahead.

Art.

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE EXHIBITION.

If the exhibitions of the New York Architectural League are to be accepted as a true indication of the estate of American architecture and the allied arts, it would appear that what was once called the "mistress art" has this year at least lost her primacy and become the mere bondmaiden of the decorative arts. Year by year the works of the painters, stained-glass designers, sculptors, bronze-workers, and other artists in the field of decoration have encroached upon the wall spaces formerly devoted to architecture; until in the present exhibition they have taken full control of the field. What corners of it they do not care for are occupied by drawings and photographs of buildings. This, at least, is the first impression made by the exhibition now in progress in the Fine Arts Building on West Fifty-seventh Street. Not only the South Gallery, which has always been devoted to the exhibits of the decorators, but the Middle Gallery, and even a considerable part of the Vanderbilt Gallery itself, are covered with their works; while there is an unusual scarcity of such large and important drawings or groups of drawings as have furnished the *clou* of many former exhibitions. Photographs of executed work constitute a considerable portion of the architectural exhibits, with the result of still further reducing the effectiveness and attractiveness of the exhibition. Their small size and dark monotone detract materially from the effect of *ensemble* of the architectural part of the show, and they lack the personal quality and interest one finds in drawings. Properly displayed, they are valuable adjuncts to drawings, but can never take their place in a large exhibition.

As one surveys the great mass of decorative works which so dominate the exhibition, comparing it mentally with the exhibitions of earlier years, the impression is likely to be one of great technical progress, but with less advance in originality and force than could be wished. The amateurish note of other days is gone; much of the work displays a sure hand and a good mastery of technic; there are evidently scores to-day where there were but a handful a few years ago, who can draw the human figure with vitality and compose with conviction. There are some vigorous canvases, some windows that one feels sure will be finely effective, not a little good sculpture, and, finally, there are the impressive displays of the work of the veteran painter and veteran sculptor to whom respectively the League has awarded its Medals of Honor this year, John La Farge and J. Q. A. Ward. These displays add a special distinction to the decorative exhibit, and with Edwin H. Blashfield's studies for the decorations of the Wisconsin State Capitol, and W. B. Van Ingen's frieze for the United States Circuit Court at Chicago, help to complete the overwhelming preponderance of the "allied arts" over architecture. One could wish that the rest of the decorative work displayed more strength and originality; but we may at least console ourselves with the reflection that the wild eccentricities of the European Secessionists of the Art Nouveau and Moderne Kunst, the cult of the bizarre and the ugly under the guise of protest against worn-out formulas and the commonplace, have not taken possession of our artists.

In the architectural section, the most noticeable exhibit is that of the competitive drawings for the new municipal buildings, with additional illustrations of the successful design by McKim, Mead & White. These might well have been given the centre of the wall opposite the entrance to the Vanderbilt Gallery. They exhibit architectural draftsmanship at its best; they are dignified, modern, American, representative. To many the Gothic pile by Howells & Stokes will appear more interesting as an architectural composition, than the accepted design in its classic dress; but whatever one's predilections, one can hardly fail to see in the very fact of this contrast of treatment, an interesting illustration of the direction which American style-eclecticism is taking in monumental architectural design. It would have been interesting to have a more adequate presentation of the design to whose authors was awarded this year the annual medal of honor in architecture, founded by the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects—the Phipps mansion, by Trowbridge & Livingston. It is shown by a perspective and photographs, but one might easily pass it over unnoticed, unless specially seeking it out. The same is true of the stately if somewhat frigid design for the new Post Office for this city; and of the winning design for the grounds and buildings of the Western Pennsylvania University at Pittsburgh—a vast scheme shown only by two rather small drawings in a corner of the gallery. A number of other important competitions of the past year are not represented at all; and there is a large amount of interesting and significant work projected or executed in the last year or two which would have added greatly to the attractiveness and value of the exhibition, but of which no sign appears on its walls. The presentation, even of current and projected work in New York city, is inadequate. Whether the failure to secure an adequate exhibit of work from New England and the West, as well as from our own city is due to the lack of enterprise of those in charge of the exhibition or to the apathy of those invited to contribute, the result is unfortunate. Certainly, if the object of the league exhibitions is to encourage interest in architecture, it would seem wise to offer more architecture and less mere decoration, and to secure a better and more adequate presentation of the really vital and important work being done throughout the country.

The most effective and attractive part of the purely architectural exhibits is perhaps, after all, to be found in the display of students' work, in the gallery of the Sculpture Society at the right, as one enters the building, and in the league rooms upstairs. The competitive drawings for the prize scholarship in the American Academy at Rome, and work by students in the Carnegie Technical Schools at Pittsburgh, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and others, are shown in the sculpture room. Why the drawings from the Columbia School of Architecture should all have been relegated to the upstairs room, which nobody visits unless by accident or on some special quest; and why so fine and serious a piece of work as Lucian Smith's McKim fellowship "envoi" from Rome should not have been allowed the honor of a place at least in some corner of the Vanderbilt

Gallery, is not easy to understand. Nor does there appear any good reason why there should be no indication, either by signs in the vestibule or by explanations in the catalogue, that a considerable part of the exhibits catalogued are to be found upstairs in the league rooms. The catalogue, indeed, furnishes no means of locating any of the exhibits, even to the extent of indicating in which gallery they are to be looked for.

The collaboration of the "Three Arts" for the special prize of $300 offered by the league, furnishes one of the most successful and attractive features of the exhibition. The subject, A Monument to a Great American Sculptor, is a rational and appealing motive, and the requirements were moderate as to scale, giving opportunity for refined decorative treatment. In most of the models submitted, the three arts are thoroughly and sympathetically blended into a harmonious composition; and they furnish interesting evidence of the realization of the purpose of the league to secure the coöperation of the sister arts of painting and sculpture with architecture.

SOROLLA Y BASTIDA.

Preceded by a heightening fame in Europe, which was accentuated by the success of exhibits of his paintings in both Paris and London, the Spanish artist, Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida, is now to be seen in New York. More than 350 of his pictures and sketches are on view at the Museum of the Hispanic Society of America, where they will remain till March 8. It is a collection extraordinary for range and brilliancy. To have produced at forty-six so great a body of mature work indicates uncommon fertility; to have attained such striking results argues genius. Sorolla's method is that of a modified impressionism, but such a seeing eye as his must be, such a rapid and sure technique, would have made him a great artist under almost any method. His painting seems absolutely direct. Critics are putting microscopes upon Velásquez's canvas, to see if they can discover anything like niggling under the broad free sweep of his brush, but it would occur to no one to apply such a test to Sorolla. His stroke is obviously as unwavering as that of a piston, the pure color being laid on in one jet. There is no fussing; all is immediate, the drawing, the modelling, being got by the swift use of the final color. He is called a triumph of the "new" school, but such great gifts as his would have glorified any school.

If definitions must be sought, Sorolla is not so much an artist of the *plein air* as of the full sun. His greatest mastery lies in rendering the highest notes of the Spanish sun. Especially powerful are his paintings of sea and sand in the brightest light, with fishing boats, and oxen to draw them up, and bathers and children playing on the beach or splashing in the water or racing into the wave or emerging from the bath—all under the sun of Valencia or San Sebastián or Biarritz. Many of the paintings dealing with these favorite subjects of Sorolla are positive *tours de force*, which simply leave the gazer astounded at the artist's extraordinary talent. It seems as if he had discovered a new way of fixing instantaneously in paint not only form and color, but motion. In such a picture as Alegría del Mar, the happy dash of the naked boys into the surf is life caught in the act, while the turned face of the youngster deepest in, with the one line of white to show where his teeth gleam in joy, is the keynote to the whole. In landscapes away from the sea, or under more sombre skies, Sorolla is not always so victorious; but flood him with sunlight, and he will flood you. Even in his portraits, he seems to desire to get his sitter out into the sun. One of his best is that of a gentleman sitting in strong light among bright flowers in his garden. The full length of the King of Spain, clad in brilliant uniform, is done out under the open sky, with an effect, as one bystander remarked, as if the King had swallowed sunshine and it was oozing from him at every pore. A much more powerful rendering of Alfonso's face is the darker one painted indoors, which for its unshrinking revelation of melancholy struggling through the mask of youth, and its air of a fatal heredity adding gloom to every feature, might well have been given the name which Sorolla has applied to his large picture of crippled children on the seashore, Triste Herencia. The portrait of Menéndez y Pelayo, done last year, is equally masterful.

The entire exhibit is a noteworthy event in this art season. Sorolla is certain to provoke wide discussion, in which admiration will be a common ground of all disputants, whatever their differences. It is said that his pictures may be shown in Boston, and possibly in other cities. If so, one can predict a new Spanish Conquest of America.

To those who desire to get a strong impression of the formality and dignity of life in the good days of Queen Anne and the neighboring periods, we recommend a volume, imported by Scribners, which, to give its full title, is called "English Houses and Gardens in the 17th and 18th centuries; A Series of Bird's-eye Views Reproduced from Contemporary Engravings by Kip, Badeslade, Harris, and Others, with Descriptive Notes by Mervyn Macartney." Some of the views are well known from the reproduction in modern biographies, but others have been for the first time rescued from old county histories and other obscure books. Together they will have some value for the architect and landscape gardener, and a great deal of interest for the student of eighteenth-century life. The notes by Mr. Macartney make no pretence to anecdotal entertainment or biographical fulness, but give the ownership, date of building, and other details of the sort.

A "Catalogue of the Collection of Casts" has been prepared for the Metropolitan Museum under the general supervision of Edward Robinson, assistant director. Brief histories are given of the originals from which the casts are taken, and references are added to the catalogue or special work in which full accounts of the originals may be found. Sources for studying in detail this great collection of models—it contains 2,607 numbers—are thus indicated to students of sculpture and architecture, while the merely curious will find about all they need in this single volume.

The third volume of the "Catalogue of the Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta," by H. Nelson Wright (Henry Frowde), contains the coins of the Mughal Emperors of India. There are over two thousand clear illustrations of these coins, together with descriptions, arranged according to metal and emperor, a map of Mohammedan mints, an historical introduction, and chronological appendices. The Iláhí era, established by Akbar in 1584, is shown in Appendix D to have begun on the "Nauroz" of 963 A. H., which occurred on 27th Rabi' II (not on the 5th Rabi', as claimed by Stanley Lane-Poole). The handsome volume of 350-odd pages is worthy of the Clarendon Press, and will be a boon to all those interested in Indian numismatics.

A new volume of the Kunstgeschichtliche Monographien (Leipzig: Hiersemann) is Carl Glaser's "Hans Holbein der Aeltere." It contains sixty-nine excellent reproductions. In the first part there is a critical catalogue of the pictures of the elder Holbein, beginning with 1493 and reaching to 1519. The second part is devoted to a critical estimate of the painter's art.

Spemann's Compendien is the collective title of a series of scholarly works on various branches of knowledge published in artistic form by the old Stuttgart house of Spemann. Dr. Robert Forrer, the archæologist, known not only as the author of many volumes on prehistoric man and archæological finds, but also as the owner of remarkable private collections of antiquities, has written the first volume: "Urgeschichte des Europäers von der Menschwerdung bis zum Anbruch der Geschichte," a volume of 500 pages with 1,500 illustrations. The two other volumes so far published are Bruno Bucher's "Kunstgeschichte" and Dr. Max Dressler's "Künstler-Anatomie." The work is among the importations of G. E. Stechert & Co.

In March, at the close of the Sorolla exhibition at the Hispanic Museum in this city, a collection of paintings by Zuloaga will be shown.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by G. Glenn Newell at Powell's, till February 13; paintings of dogs, Percival Rosseau, Knoedler's, February 13; etchings of Paris, Meryon, Keppel's, March 2.

In the *réserves* of the Museum at Versailles a portrait of Mme. de Sévigné by Ferdinand Elle has been discovered. It is twenty years earlier than the pastel by

Monteuil, and represents her *en buste* with a string of pearls in her hair. The hands are said to be notably beautiful. Another discovery at Versailles is a portrait of Marie Leczinska, painted in 1748.

W. Goscombe John, sculptor, and John Belcher, architect, have been elected Royal Academicians; B. Mackennal, sculptor, has been chosen A.R.A.; and Jean Paul Laurens an honorary foreign academician.

Finance.

THE PRICE OF METALS.

After rather long absorption in trivial and inconsequential affairs, the Stock Exchange has been suddenly confronted with a question of large scope, the problem of prices in the great metal markets. Present conditions are in many ways peculiar. A rather novel economic doctrine was thus set forth, on April 9, 1908, by the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation:

> Prices should at all times be reasonable and fair. The mere fact that the demand is greater than the supply—that the necessities of the purchaser are great—does not justify an increase in price, nor does the fact that the demand is less than the supply furnish an argument for lowering the price. In neither case would the quantity bought and sold be more or less.

Now the fact that a theory or policy is new does not mean that it is erroneous. The test of time, however, is likely to settle such questions, and that test has been applied. Reluctantly and under protest, the Steel Corporation made a slight reduction from $28 to $25 per ton in steel billets on June 9. This cut was declared by the average consumer to be too small to meet the requirements of the occasion. By the end of October, such effect on trade as it may have exerted had spent its force. With January, business on the basis of "official prices" came practically to a standstill; last week, it was admitted that independent mills, by means of secret cuts, were getting the bulk of the business offering.

It was inevitable that, from the manufacturers' side, the discussion of tariff revision should be insisted on as the root of trouble. But the course of events in another industry inspires skepticism as to the tariff agitation as a primary cause of sluggish trade. The dominant corporation in the copper market, the Amalgamated Copper Company, advanced the price of copper ¾ cent a pound between election day and the end of 1908. But manufacturers had their own ideas about an advance of 5 per cent. in the face of inactive trade. By the middle of last week, all the advance in copper, scored since October 30, had been lost through a steady fall in open market prices; last week, the Amalgamated's selling agency lowered its official prices.

The fact is pretty well established that in periods of depression following panic, prices must be reduced, in order to let industry get a fair start again. What has the outcome been in the past? Dun's "index number" of metal prices in this country shows that from 32.643 in the middle of 1873, the average fell to 25.254 in 1874, and continued to decline until 1879, when a sharp recovery began from the very low figure of 15.149. That year exceptional causes were at work, causing both the violence of the decline and the prolongation of depression. From the 14.030 mark in the middle of 1893—cost of manufacture and therefore prices having been greatly reduced in the twenty years preceding—average metal prices fell to 12.015 in the middle of 1894 and to 11.021 in 1895, an irregular recovery following.

The answer of the companies which are holding out for the high prices of prosperity is that this repeated lowering of prices was itself a cause of the prolonged depression; that instead of attracting buyers and stimulating trade, it upset all business plans, because nobody would venture to buy large supplies ahead, lest he meet a competitor later on, who had purchased at still lower prices. In short, prevention of the disorganization of prices is at least one factor in preventing prolonged depression. That there is force in this argument, considered from some aspects, most people agree. But most people will also make three points in their rejoinder. First, the argument against lowering prices despite reduced consumption of trade depression is, *a fortiori*, an argument against ever reducing them; the policy can only be enforced by practically monopolistic control of trade, which would make in theory always for higher and never for lower prices. Second, the experiment of stimulating trade by refusing price concessions was tried in 1908, and has, to all appearances, failed. Third, it is possible to use this very control of industry so as to make the requisite concessions in an orderly way, thus meeting consumers fairly while avoiding the demoralization of 1874 and 1894.

The third point is of high importance, not less so because the experiment was successfully tried by the dry goods trade last year, and in 1903 by the steel trade itself, under the same conditions of control as now exist. In March, 1908, when the Fall River mills discovered the conditions of consumption, they acted concertedly, cut production 25 per cent., wages 10 per cent., and, not least of all, prices 25 to 50 per cent. The outcome was an orderly resumption of trade, with demand first slow, then gradually increasing, until to-day the dry goods industry is on the most normal footing of any trade in the United States. So much for one test. The other was provided in November, 1903, when, in the face of financial unsettlement and disappearing demand from consumers, the so-called "steel billet pool," acting for the United States Steel Corporation and other great producers, cut billets from $27 to $23 per ton, and bars from $32 to $26—a very drastic reduction, in view of existing conditions. The revival in demand which followed, after the lapse of a few weeks; the recovery by April, 1906, of all the November reduction in price; and, after eight or nine months of uncertainty, a new and steady rise in the earnings of the steel trade, to a higher level than before—these are facts not without bearing on the present controversy.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

'Aliyyu'bnu'l-Hasan 'El-Khazrejiyy. The Pearl Strings: A History of the Resûliyy Dynasty of Yemen. Vol. III. Translated by J. W. Redhouse. London: Luzac & Co.

Andrews, Charles M., and Davenport, Frances G. Guide to the Manuscript Materials for the History of the United States to 1783, in the British Museum, etc. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Aristotle, Works of. Translated by J. A. Smith and W. D. Ross. Vol. VIII. Henry Frowde. $2.50.

Atkinson, Eleanor. Lincoln's Love Story. Doubleday, Page. 50 cts. net.

Austen, Jane. Works: Persuasion; Emma, 2 vols.; Northanger Abbey; Mansfield Park, 2 vols. Duffield. $1.25 each.

Avebury, Right Hon. Lord. Peace and Happiness. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Baker, Charles McCoy, and Inglis, Alexander James. High School Course in Latin Composition. Macmillan. $1 net.

Barker, Edward Harrison. France of the French. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Barnett, Canon and Mrs. S. A. Towards Social Reform. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Bauer, L. A. United States Magnetic Tables and Magnetic Charts for 1905. Washingington: Government Printing Office.

Beaumont and Fletcher. The Queen of Corinth, Bonduca and Other Plays. Edited by A. R. Waller. Putnam. $1.50.

Benson, E. F. The Climber. Doubleday, Page. $1.40.

Bibliographer's Manual of American History. Compiled by Thomas Lindsley Bradford. Vol. III. Philadelphia: Stan. V. Henkels & Co.

Bryant, Marguerite. Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. Duffield. $1.50.

Calhoun, Frances Boyd. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. $1.

Colmore, G. Priests of Progress. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.

Financial.

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Deeping, Warwick. Mad Barbara. Harper. $1.50.
Denis, Pierre. Le Brésil au XXe siècle. Paris: Armand Colin.
Denny, James. Jesus and the Gospel: Christianity Justified in the Mind of Christ. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $2 net.
Dixon, Clarissa. Janet and Her Dear Phebe. Frederick A. Stokes. $1.
Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. Rachel Lorian. Duffield. $1.50.
Early English Romances in Verse: Done into Modern English by Edith Rickert: Romances of Love; Romances of Friendship. Duffield. $2 each.
Foley, George Cadwalader. Anselm's Theory of The Atonement. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Fordyce, Alexander R. Elenore, or, Love's Conquest. Newark, N. J.: Brant & Borden.
Fry, William Henry. New Hampshire as a Royal Province. Longmans, Green.
Gibb's Travellers' Route and Reference Book of the United States and Canada. Gibb Bros. & Moran. $3.
Harris, Joel Chandler. The Bishop and the Boogerman. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Hearne, R. P. Aerial Warfare. John Lane Co. $2.50 net.
Itinerary of John Leland in or about the years 1535-1543. Parts vii and viii. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. London: George Bell & Sons.
Kennedy, James B. Beneficiary Features of American Trade Unions. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Keyzer, Mrs. Frances. French Household Cooking. Scribner. 60 cents net.
La Farge, John. The Higher Life in Art. Doubleday, Page.
Latifi, Almá. Effects of War on Property. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Laughlin, Clara E. The Death of Lincoln. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Lectures on Science, Philosophy, and Art. 1907-1908. Columbia University Press.
MacCracken, Henry Noble. The Answere of Adam. Oxford: Horace Hart.
Mackaye, Percy. Ode on the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln. Macmillan. 75 cts. net.
Margolis, Max L. The Holy Scriptures with Commentary: Micah. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Masson, Pierre-Maurice. Madame de Tencin. 1682-1749. Paris: Hachette.
Montenegro, Carlota. The Two Travellers: a Book of Fables. Boston: Poet Lore Co.
Moores, Charles W. The Life of Abraham Lincoln, for Boys and Girls. Houghton Mifflin. 60 cts net.
Ober, Frederick A. Sir Walter Ralelgh. Harper. $1 net.
O'Brien, R. Barry. Dublin Castle and the Irish People. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Department of Marine Biology. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Peters, Madison C. Abraham Lincoln's Religion. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Phillpotts, Eden. The Three Brothers. Macmillan. $1.50.
Porter, Arthur Kingsley. Mediæval Architecture: Its Origins and Development. 2 vols. Baker & Taylor.
Ramsay, Rina. The Straw. Macmillan. $1.50.
Roberts, Morley. David Bran. Boston: L. C. Page. $1.50.
Ross, Robert. Aubrey Beardsley. John Lane Co.
Sims, Geo. R. The Devil in London. Dodge Publishing Co.
Shakespeare, An Evening With. With Pictures and Music. Arranged by T. Maskell Hardy. Duffield.
Shakespeare. Old Spelling Edition. Merchant of Venice; Tempest. Duffield. $1 each.
Standard Bible Dictionary. Edited by Melancthon W. Jacobus, Edward E. Nourse and Andrew C. Zenos. Funk & Wagnalls.
Stanton, G. Smith. When the Wildwood Was in Flower: A Narrative. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. $1 net.
The Targum to "The Song of Songs"; The Book of the Apple; The Ten Jewish Martyrs; A Dialogue on Games of Chance. Translated by Hermann Gollancz. London: Luzac & Co.
Townsend, Edward W. The Climbing Courvatels. Frederick A. Stokes, $1.50.
Tudor Facsimile Texts: Heywood, John. Witty and Witless; Heywood, John. Of Gentleness and Nobility; Bale, John. A Comedy Concerning Three Laws of Nature, Moses and Christ; Redford, John. The Play of Wit and Science. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Wells, Charles. Joseph and His Brethren: A Dramatic Poem. Henry Frowde.
Whitlock, Brand. Abraham Lincoln. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Wrixon, Henry. The Religion of the Common Man. Macmillan. $1 net.
Young, J. W. A., and Jackson, Lambert L. The Appleton Arithmetics. Primary Book. Appleton.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1909.

The Week.

Lincoln's English style has been long admired. Where Lincoln got it, or, rather, how he beat it out for himself, has never been fully or satisfactorily explained. But it would appear that he not only had style himself, but is sometimes able to provoke it in others. President Roosevelt's address, at the Lincoln celebration in Kentucky, strikes us as the best piece of composition that ever came from his pen. Not without some obvious blemishes, it yet utters a just sentiment in fit language. Cutting away the excesses of his customary writing, the President has, in this speech, sought the simple word for the sincere feeling. With the brevity of strength, and with an awed sense of a personality too great for expression, Mr. Roosevelt's address is worthy of its theme.

William Nelson Cromwell's protest that patriotism alone impelled him to serve his country in the Panama affair, and that he has received nothing beyond proper professional recompense, will be read with satisfaction. The country hopes that no further scandals will be disclosed in this Panama mess, if only because the canal zone itself bids fair to continue to be the graveyard of engineering reputations. But Mr. Cromwell's denial, and the violent attacks upon the New York *World* and Representative Rainey in the House of Representatives last week, merely emphasize again the necessity of thoroughly laying bare all the Panama history. Mr. Cromwell and the Roosevelt administration must not forget that they are pursued by innuendo partly because the establishment of the Panama republic was so indefensible in law and morals, so obviously a fraudulent dismembering of a sister nation by a bogus rebellion, as to make suspicion certain. Therefore, the country is entitled to know the whole truth. It has been asked for at least twice the amount of money that was at first named as ample to build the canal; the progress of the enterprise has not been what was promised; the plans have been changed; and an impression of uncertainty given. Under such circumstances, inquirers must not be arraigned as slanderers or critics as traitors.

It is a fact open to sardonic comment that two such distinguished Constitutional lawyers as Judge Taft and Senator Knox should have forgotten that a clause in the Constitution made the latter's appointment in the former's Cabinet illegal. According to our organic law,

> No Senator . . . shall, during the time for which he is elected, be appointed to any civil office . . . which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased, during such time.

Now, the emoluments of the Secretary of State had been increased during Mr. Knox's term as Senator: therefore, he was ineligible to hold that office until Congress put back the salary of the Secretary of State to its old figure. His appointment, when clearly ineligible, cannot fairly be said to argue a growing disregard of the Constitution. No one thought of the inhibitory clause, for the reason that there has been for so many years no occasion to invoke it. Its purpose was, clearly, to prevent corrupt agreements between the Executive and members of Congress. Judge Story declared the object of the provision to be "manifest." "It is to secure the Legislature against undue influence, and indirect corruption, on the part of the Executive." The idea was, plainly, to prevent log-rolling combinations, whereby the President might get what legislation he desired by means of promises to put certain law-makers in fat offices. But such practices have so long ceased to be thought of as possible that the law forbidding them has been entirely forgotten.

There is, of course, no likelihood that Congress will heed the President's plea for a Federal children's bureau. Nothing is now likely to pass except the great appropriation bills. As a matter of fact, however, the proposal is harmless enough, for the children's bureau would have no functions beyond collecting and disseminating information. Today, if any one wishes to find out about child-labor laws, the number of juvenile courts, the growth of the probationary system, he has no general source of information. Desertion, juvenile illiteracy, illegitimacy—these are matters of vital interest to the nation, yet no one commands the exact facts as to their prevalence. Even the Conference on Dependent Children, the admirable results of whose sessions the President transmitted to Congress on Monday, began its statement of findings with the confession that it did not know how many dependent children there were. Obviously, every intelligent worker in this field is handicapped by this ignorance, intensified as it is by the attitude of State governments, some of which will answer an individual inquiry, and some of which will not. Much of the money now wasted on battleships might better be devoted to undertakings of this kind.

Trial by jury reaches its acme of absurdity in the case of the murderers of Senator Carmack, now proceeding at Nashville. After more than three weeks of elimination of the intelligent, a jury was found on Saturday which contains four absolute illiterates, two others who can barely read, while all twelve swear that they have not read a newspaper since the shooting, some adding, with a fine superiority like that of Mr. Balfour, that they had not read a paper for ten years. So much for the ridiculous laws in America, ostensibly aiming to secure impartiality in a jury, but really obtaining stupidity. Better openly fill the box from the idiot-asylums and the ranks of the defective. We sincerely hope that the Nashville jury will be capable of following the evidence and doing its duty; but certainly the law of Tennessee has done its best, not only to prove that it is an ass, but to make sure that the really competent men shall be barred from trying an issue, not only of life and death, but of civilization itself. Perhaps we needed such a ghastly exhibition in order to induce lawyers and judges to set about the long delayed reform of our jury-laws.

The decision of the Irish Nationalists not to sever their Parliamentary alliance with the Liberals, leaves the Asquith government in possession of that

dwindled majority of over 250 to which Winston Churchill recently alluded. The Liberal Cabinet seems in a condition to live out its appointed days, if it so wills. Its troubles, and these, of course, are bound to come, will arise less from the depletion of the government majority than from the serious problems of finance and administration that grow more difficult with the passing months. The Dreadnought mania is spreading. The strengthening of the land forces is, according to last reports, being feverishly prosecuted. Old-age pensions are eating up over £8,000,000 a year. Ireland calls for the emission of a huge loan to complete the land-purchase programme. Where all the needed money is to come from, Mr. Lloyd-George will have to show when Parliament reassembles in the course of a few days. And the English voter has this Hobson's choice: that if he turns out the Liberals and their financial plans, he must bring in the Unionists, who likewise stand for Dreadnoughts, increased land forces, and old-age pensions, and, in addition, father a fiscal policy which may set English revenues topsy-turvy.

It is reasonable to connect King Edward's visit to Berlin with the announcement that France and Germany have settled their differences with regard to Morocco. The meeting between King and Kaiser was received by a skeptical world as betokening no particular change in the tenor of Anglo-German relations. True, the King and Kaiser kissed when they met, but in London "An Englishman's Home" was playing to frenzied audiences. Yet it is difficult to see just what King Edward and the Kaiser could do to convince an unbelieving world of their sincere desire for peace between the nations. Germany and England have no concrete quarrels on hand, and therefore have nothing to make peace over. It is different with Germany and France. Between them the question of Morocco has hovered as a constant source of irritation. To have removed Morocco from the sphere of international contentions is to have done away with the most serious danger to European peace that has arisen in the last half-decade, not excepting even this winter's Balkan crisis. Nor is it conceivable that Great Britain, which has consistently been backing France in her Moroccan policy, should have nothing to do with the new arrangement with Germany. Thus King Edward, precluded from extending an olive branch on behalf of his own country, has spoken a word of good will to Germany through Britain's friend.

The French statesman whose reputation will most profit by the Franco-German agreement concerning Morocco is neither M. Clemenceau nor Foreign Minister Pichon, creditable though the arrangement is to them, but M. Jaurès. Ever since the appearance of the Moroccan question in acute form in the spring of 1905, the Socialist orator has fought, with tremendous persistence, against a policy of adventure in Morocco and in favor of a thorough understanding with Germany. M. Jaurès's demand that the French evacuate Morocco unconditionally, a responsible government could not, of course, entertain. But there can be little doubt that his incessant pleading for friendship with Germany has markedly influenced the course of the Clemenceau Ministry. The fact that in domestic matters M. Jaurès stands close to the revolutionary Socialists should not obscure his services to the cause of European peace. His confidence in the pacific intentions of the European masses when immune from Jingo agitation, might well be emulated by non-Socialistic politicians. It is a faith which the course of events on the Continent increasingly justifies. Whether statesmen have grown smaller or democracy bigger, it is no longer easy for a single diplomat to bring the war clouds over Europe. This was shown in the Balkan trouble. In spite of editors trying to lash themselves into a fury, in spite of diplomatic notes, rejoinders, deadlocks, crises, mobilizations, what Aehrenthal said, what Isvolski said, what Milovanovitch said, and what the Servians and Montenegrins were bound to do, the inclination towards a pacific settlement was manifest from the beginning. Europe does not play with the idea of war as it did in earlier days.

We may regret that differences should have appeared so soon within the ranks of the Turkish Constitutional party; yet there is reason for congratulation that the first crisis of the kind should have been settled in the proper way by a vote in Parliament and the retirement of the defeated Ministry. Dispatches from Constantinople have been meagre. Apparently, however, the Committee of Union and Progress, which engineered last summer's successful revolution and holds control of a majority in Parliament, has grown dissatisfied with the policy of the grand vizier, Kiamil Pasha, as needlessly timid and conservative. The committee leaders have felt that negotiations with Bulgaria and Austria should have been carried on more aggressively. For some time the organ of the Committee of Union and Progress has been vigorously attacking the Kiamil Cabinet. Its editor was ostensibly disciplined a few weeks ago, but that was evidently because the committee leaders were not quite ready to join issue. That they were not wasting their time, however, is shown by the almost unanimous vote of the Chamber against the Prime Minister. The crisis was precipitated when Kiamil, a few days ago, dismissed his Ministers of War and Marine, who were actively in sympathy with the Committee of Union and Progress.

But in the overturn at Constantinople there was clearly involved something more than a difference between the zealous reformers and cautious among the Young Turks. The difficult problem of the nationalities is now coming to the front, as was inevitable. The Young Turks who carried out the revolution, it will be remembered, were actuated in very large measure by a strong Ottoman patriotism. There was to be not only a constitutionalized Turkey, but a reinvigorated and consolidated empire, within which fair treatment should be accorded to every nationality, but predominance should go to the Turks proper, who, after all, were the masters and the majority. Hence the Committee of Union and Progress is anxious that Parliament shall not be turned into a device for dismembering the Empire under some such name as local self-government or national autonomy. The fact that Kiamil Pasha had his support among the Greek, Arab, and Albanian Deputies shows how the lines of nationality were being drawn. The downfall of Kiamil apparently means that the centralizing, patriotic policy of the original Young Turks will prevail for the time. Only on this ground can we understand why the new Premier should

be Hilmi Pasha, who, during his long term as inspector-general of reforms in Macedonia, made these reforms a farce and a tragedy. Hilmi was constantly referred to as the Sultan's *âme damnée*, his jackal. Surely, the Young Turks would not choose him as vizier if it were the Sultan alone they were afraid of.

The reorganization of the Austrian Cabinet has followed upon the recent adjournment of the Reichsrath amidst a glory of flying inkstands, fisticuffs, and objurgations unusual even for the Parliament of Cisleithania. Baron von Bienerth remains Prime Minister and keeps his Ministers of Interior and Defence. All the other portfolios have been distributed among representatives of the pacific nationalities and parties. The conditions offer a striking commentary on the measure of Austria's sincerity in her supposedly bellicose attitude on the Balkan question. Already rent apart by racial feuds, Austria would be playing with dynamite if she lightheartedly proceeded to an attack on the Slavs of Servia and Montenegro. The assimilation of the Bosnians will be a difficult task as it is. It would be rendered all the harder if war came first to leave behind it memories of hatred and bitter loss.

OUR RELATIONS WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

The settlement of our quarrel with Venezuela will doubtless be received in this country with mixed feelings. There will be general satisfaction, not altogether selfish, that Venezuela has entered once more into the circle of civilized nations from which Castro practically excommunicated her. There will be satisfaction, too, that the deadlock between the Venezuelan government and foreign enterprise, a deadlock by which both sides were likely to lose, should be removed, and that commercial intercourse is to be resumed. Finally, there will be satisfaction at the mode by which the agreement was reached. The various questions in dispute have either been compromised or relegated to the Hague Tribunal for adjudication, the latter procedure being a happy instance of the growing habit of peace among the world's diplomats. Criticism of the new arrangement will come from those who believe that on the most important of the issues the attitude of Castro was completely justified —namely, in the affair of the Bermudez Asphalt Company. The company's complicity in the Matos revolution has been established, and one may well ask whether under the circumstances any other government would have acted more leniently than Castro did. President Gomez now consents to restore the asphalt company's property and permit it to resume business on the payment of the comparatively trifling fine of $60,000.

Whether foreign residents in Venezuela will assume quite the haughty air of former days, whether foreign capital will go back to playing politics in the old unscrupulous ways, time alone will show. South America is dangerous ground for the prophet. Yet certain signs point towards better things. Castro has not lived and noisily wrought mischief in vain. He has served his country well by drawing notice to its wrongs, as well as to its shortcomings. The very conditions that made Castro's long reign possible were an indictment of the methods pursued by foreigners in Venezuela. It is scarcely conceivable that the country would have remained so long in a state of comparative content under the rule of a despot and a grafter, if Castro had not also played the rôle of champion of Venezuela against foreign exploitation. The American business corporation that organized and paid for revolutions for the sake of gain, the French citizen who behaved as if the police laws of Venezuela did not apply to him, the German citizen who lost a mule in a street riot and put in a claim for damages to the amount of ten thousand dollars—all this combined to mitigate the odium of Castro's tyrannies and embezzlements. If he finally fell, it was because even he went too far. He had "restored" his country by restoring it almost to that blissful state of isolation which brooded over Venezuela before Columbus touched its shores. Thus it was that Venezuela had to get back to normal relations with the outside world, and compromise was the only way. Still, if Gomez has yielded too much, there will always be the possibility of a Castro to keep the unscrupulous foreigner within bounds.

But more than by fear of vengeful dictators, the foreign trouble-maker in Venezuela and elsewhere in South America must be held back by the growth in Europe and North America of a healthy public opinion regarding the rights and duties of foreigners in these troubled southern republics. The time is, we trust, fast passing when the subject of a foreign Power may wrap his country's flag about some particularly nasty transaction, and have his country invariably back him up, unquestioning and unafraid. On this point the government of the United States has some reason to congratulate itself. We have made no concealment of the weakness of our cause where it has been weak. The press and the administration have shown no desire to excuse the misdeeds of the Bermudez Asphalt Company, and such general recognition of Venezuela's rights, even when defended by a Castro, is guarantee of a continued fair dealing with Venezuela on the part of the American people. If the Bermudez Company has been let off easily, it is partly because of a desire of both our government and the new régime in Venezuela to clean all troubles away and make a fresh start. It is doubtful whether the Bermudez Company or any other will care to appeal to Washington a second time with a story of "unjust" confiscation.

The shifting of our attitude towards Venezuela is typical of our changing view of Spanish and Portuguese America in general. The tendency now is to look upon that more than baker's dozen of republics as something beside the breeding place of comic-opera revolutions. The increasing prosperity of the southernmost republics, their growing prominence at international conferences, the closer intellectual intercourse between the two Americas—all this means fuller knowledge and completer sympathy. The old conception of South America as a continent inhabited by "greasers" who like to fight and hate to work, is, we regret to confess, still strong. It was formulated only a few days ago by that eminent authority on anthropology and student of alien races, Assemblyman Drew of California, when he pointed to South America as the home of "a shiftless, worthless, mongrel race, that the world does not want, the most worthless in the world." To that view there will be fewer and fewer subscribers as the years go by.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM IN FOREIGN EYES.

Although Lincoln the Emancipator is now less spoken of than Lincoln the man of the people, the statesman, and the President, there must be many thousands of people whose minds have turned to the extraordinary progress of the American negro since Lincoln struck the shackles from his limbs. An illiteracy cut from the 95 per cent. of 1865 to 87 in 1870, and in the three decades between 1870 and 1900 to something over 40; the ownership of vast tracts of land, the invasion of the industries and the professions—these things would strike with amazement those who gave their lives for the liberty of the slave, could they but see the results of that great sacrifice. For to most Northerners in 1860 the negro was a mere beast of burden, often, as in the case of the Sea Islands blacks, among whom the first negro regiment was formed, but little changed from African habits of thought and life; always pitifully ignorant and ragged; and, often enough, with lash-torn flesh and mutilated face.

That there are discouragements enough in our national attitude toward the negro forty-four years after Lincoln's death, cannot be denied. No one who took part in the celebration at Springfield, Illinois, last week can forget that but a year ago innocent negroes were butchered in the streets there because they were negroes. In the steady filching of the negro's political rights, we tend to revert to that condition of half-slave, half-free which Lincoln declared to be intolerable. He would, we believe, be the first to say that a native-born, educated—and often property-owning—American who is deprived of the ballot is defenceless before his enemies; and he would find illustrations without number to prove his contention. For Lincoln to see those same poor black creatures who swarmed about him when he reached Richmond after its fall, whose pathetic, hysterical joy over their saviour from slavery he curbed with such wise and kindly advice—to see these fellow-citizens now set apart in trains, street cars, and all public places, by an iron caste, would appall the greatest apostle of democracy. Appall, but not discourage. When to his disappointment in 1856 but two persons came to the mass-meeting he had called at Springfield to ratify the Illinois anti-Nebraska Convention of 1856, he heartened himself, his partner Herndon, and John Pain, by saying:

> Under all this seeming want of life and motion the world does move, nevertheless. Be hopeful and now let us adjourn and appeal to the people.

So must those who to-day work in his spirit, so must the negroes themselves, appeal to the people in whose hearts still resides that sense of justice in which Lincoln never lost faith.

Not even Lincoln himself, however, would be so optimistic as the latest student of our negro problem, Sir Harry Johnston, the African traveller and historian of African colonization, who has just contributed six articles on "The Negro in America" to the London *Times*. In his summary of our perplexities, he says, *solvitur ambulando:*

> While we are theorizing on this side and on that, predicting one extreme solution or another, in all probability the difficulty is gradually thinning out. In twenty years' time, there may be no more need to discuss the color question in the United States.

If this view seems almost fantastic, the standing of the writer and the fact that many of the most truthful pictures of the underlying evils of slavery came in antebellum days from the pens of such gifted foreigners as Harriet Martineau, Fanny Kemble, and George Thompson, forbid the curt dismissal of his hopes, and of his opinion as to the unique Southern attempt to carry on a democratic government and an industrial system with two groups of people wholly set apart. To Sir Harry Johnston, even with his wide knowledge of Africa, the segregation of "the educated and colored people of good standing" is simply "nonsense" that is bound, with time, to be abated. He does not believe that the recognition and humane treatment of these worthy people will either stimulate intermarriage of the races or lead to increased crimes against the whites.

Indeed, as to the "last excuse on the part of Southern politicians, mob orators, and ill-regulated journalists for slandering and oppressing the colored people," namely, the crimes against women, Sir Harry Johnston declares, with refreshing vigor: "The world, the educated world outside of the eleven Southern States, has had about enough of this bogey." While he was able to find twenty-four cases of attacks by black men on white women in the year 1907, he has learned, on good authority, that the charges of rape of white and black women by white men in the Southern States would "double the misdeeds of the negroes."

The white South will be still less pleased with Sir Harry Johnston's assertion that it needs education more than the negro, and that he is astonished at the childish ignorance of press and pulpit in the South and Central West, concerning everything, save the immediate interests of plantation or borough. "A self-satisfied ignorance," he calls it; and this "narrow, eminently provincial intellect" he blames for "all the trouble and exacerbation over the negro question." Finally he adds:

> When the South closes down all State discussion of that indefensible Civil War, and matches the physical beauty and vigor of its white population with an equally high mental development, the negro problem in the United States will be finally solved and kept in a state of solution.

That the white South is sorely in need of that enlarged vision, of which slavery and subsequent evils have hitherto deprived it, is indisputable. Fortunately, as Sir Harry Johnston sees, the change is at hand; the white South is beginning to get a higher and broader education.

Nevertheless, we wish the Lincoln celebration might have been marked by some great step forward for the colored people, not merely the endowment of this college or that hospital, but the creation by some of our philanthropists of a great fund, the income of which might be used for the intelligent help and guidance of the race. The negro needs to be studied, to be better equipped for all the duties of citizenship. The complicated question of providing for his education, in the rudiments of letters and sciences, in agriculture and the industries, and also in the professions, must be attacked with constructive intelligence working upon a large mass of carefully gathered facts. In this field of training the negro we still grope and stumble in the dark. Why build a Lincoln boulevard from Washington to Gettysburg when money might be spent in ways far more useful and more grateful to the spirit of Abraham Lincoln?

CONSERVING LABOR.

Nothing could be more hopeful or commendable than the recently awakened interest in the preservation of our natural resources. It is high time this awakening came, and nothing ought to

be said to discredit it; but it may be pertinent to ask whether we understand what our real resources are, and whether we are not overlooking our most destructive forms of waste. Corresponding to the economist's three factors of production, there are three conspicuous forms of waste—waste labor, waste land, and waste capital. The greatest of these is waste labor, but it is the form of waste which is least understood and appreciated. It is the most important because it is the human factor which is being wasted, and the human factor has always and everywhere been the greatest factor in the production of wealth. Communities have grown rich in poor environments, and poor in rich environments, but no community ever grew rich while lavishly wasting its human energy; and it is doubtful if any community ever remained poor which utilized and conserved its labor-power. The term, of course, includes mental as well as physical energy. That waste labor-power is the form of waste which is least understood and appreciated is shown by the fact that a great many people, perhaps a majority, not only do not deprecate it, but actually think it a good thing. A leisure class to consume the products of the workers is thought by many to be an economic necessity. Of waste labor there are four principal kinds: the unemployed, the improperly employed, the imperfectly employed, and the voluntarily idle. In the elimination of these four forms of waste lie greater opportunities for the constructive economist than in any other direction.

Of these four the least important—from the point of view of the economist—is the unemployed, and yet it is almost the only form which has received any attention. It is the least important because: first, it is normally and on the average the least efficient labor which remains unemployed; second, because the utilization of the labor-power which is now going to waste at the upper end of the social scale will go a long way toward solving the problem of unemployment at the lower end of the scale.

By improperly employed labor is meant that which is engaged in acquiring rather than producing wealth. Enterprises whose sole purpose is to cause two dollars to emerge from the pockets of other men where one had emerged before absorb a considerable fund of energy which ought to be concerned with blades of grass and similar things. It is unnecessary to mention the thief, the counterfeiter, the confidence man, and the blackmailer. Their activities are already regarded as predatory rather than productive, and the law is doing what it can to stop them. From the economic point of view, however, there is no great difference between the counterfeiter and the adulterator of food and drugs, or the manufacturer of shoddy; between the confidence man and the promoter of over-capitalized corporations; or between the blackmailer and a certain type of advertising agent who persuades you to advertise with him, not because it will do you any good, but because it will save you from harm. A really productive enterprise carried on by purely productive methods increases the wealth in the hands not only of those directly interested in it, but also of other people in proportion as it is successful; and the richer a man grows in such an enterprise by such methods, the richer he makes the country. The law-giver who can turn all our labor-power, mental and physical, into such channels will make the country so productive that nothing short of a foreign invasion or a geological catastrophe could prevent us from becoming rich, even if our material resources were as meagre as those of New England.

By imperfectly employed labor is meant that which is employed productively, but less productively than it might be. Wherever there is a man doing unskilled work who might, had he received the proper training, be doing skilled work, or doing skilled manual work who might be doing the more highly skilled and more needed work of managing and directing, there is a case of imperfectly employed labor. It is as great a waste of productive energy as it would be to have good garden land used for pasturing long-horned steers. Here, again, is a statesman's opportunity for enriching his nation, by providing the means for economizing to the greatest degree the labor power of the people. Much of it is now going to waste, in the sense that it has to be utilized in ways which are of little value, merely because of its over-supply, while other kinds of work are suffering because of the scarcity of competent men. As a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so an industry can expand only so far as its scarcest factor will permit. The scarcest factor is managing ability, and any policy, educational or moral, which will increase the supply of managing ability will enable industry to expand and to absorb greater numbers of the unemployed. Incidentally, this would do more than anything else to equalize the distribution of wealth.

The voluntarily idle are of two classes—those who have retired on a well-earned competence, and those who live on wealth which they themselves have never earned. The first class is not very large in America, though it is increasing. The American business man's habit of continuing to work after having accumulated enough to provide for all his possible wants is singularly economical of human energy, provided, of course, that his is a productive or really useful business. The longer he remains active, the greater the fund of productive energy at work in the community and the richer the community will grow. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that no one is idle who is fully occupied with some useful work, even though he be not actually earning his living by it; and that we are here considering only the economic results, and not the benefits which the individual, and through him society, may derive from leisure, travel, and intellectual recreations. With the second class of the voluntary idle we have not until recently been very much troubled, but our own prosperity is creating it, and we need to look to the future. Those who live on inherited wealth, and on wealth accruing from a rise in land values, make up the greater part of this class. Here are other conditions which challenge the constructive statesman. The loss of this kind of labor-power is especially regrettable, because it might often be labor-power of the highest type, which, if set to work, might increase the supply of the scarcest factor in the creation of wealth, both material and immaterial, and which might, therefore, strengthen society precisely where it is now weakest, and contribute most to our national prosperity. If a man of genuine capacity lives in idleness as a result of his fortune, all that capacity goes to waste. The effect of this is much like that of allowing our best land to run to weeds.

While we are devising ways and

means, therefore, for conserving our material resources, let us not overlook the enormous waste of human energy which is now going on, lest we be guilty of saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole.

THOMAS TRAHERNE.

I.

It is no slight thing to have discovered a new companion to Henry Vaughan and Sir Thomas Browne. If there was any doubt of the claims of Bertram Dobell to such an honor when, two years ago, he printed Traherne's "Poetical Works," it must be removed by the present publication of the "Centuries of Meditations."* Mr. Dobell has pieced together all the information —little enough—apparently to be found in regard to his hero's life. Thomas Traherne was born about the year 1636. His family was presumably of Welsh origin, so that we may conjecture a relation of race as well as of temperament with Henry Vaughan of Breconshire and with George Herbert of Montgomery. His father was a shoemaker of Hereford, where the poet was probably born, and where a certain Philip Traherne, a kinsman one supposes, was twice Mayor and lies commended in his epitaph "for his fervent zeal for the Established Church and clergy, and friendly and affectionate behavior in conversation, which rendered him highly valuable to all the royal party." Thomas attended the local grammar school, and thence proceeded to Oxford. Here he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1656; Master of Arts, 1661; Bachelor of Divinity, 1669; and was admitted by the Commissioners for the Approbation of Public Preachers to the Rectory of Crednell, alias Credden-hill, Co. Hereford, in 1657.

The only lifelike picture we get of him at college is from the preface to his own "Roman Forgeries":

> One evening, as I came out of the Bodleian Library, which is the glory of Oxford, and this nation, at the stairs-foot I was saluted by a person that has deserved well of scholars and learning, who being an intimate friend of mine, told me there was a gentleman, his cousin, pointing to a grave person, in the quadrangle, a man that had spent many thousand pounds in promoting Popery, and that he had a desire to speak with me. The gentleman came up to us of his own accord: we agreed, for the greater liberty and privacy, to walk abroad into the New Parks. He was a notable man, of an eloquent tongue, and competent reading, bold, forward, talkative enough; he told me. . . .

It is a neat vignette from the religious life of the day, with something about it of that mingled air of zeal and courtesy which Mr. Shorthouse reproduced so magically in "John Inglesant." And it forms a pleasant prelude to the quiet years of study and reflection that Traherne chose for himself after leaving the university. The literature of the seventeenth century is rich in the confessions of those who through all the turbulence of the times, in large part because of that turbulence, remembered, like Falkland, "that Truth in likelihood is where her author God was, in the *still voice*, and not the *loud wind*"; but the age contains no more beautiful expression of that choice, I think, than this Meditation of Thomas Traherne:

> When I came into the country, and being seated among silent trees and woods and hills, had all my time in mine own hands, I resolved to spend it all, whatever it cost me, in the search of Happiness, and to satiate the burning thirst which Nature had enkindled in me from my youth. In which I was so resolute that I chose rather to live upon ten pounds a year, and to go in leather clothes and to feed upon bread and water, so that I might have all my time clearly to myself, than to keep many thousands per annum in an estate of life where my time would be devoured in care and labor. And God was so pleased to accept of that desire that from that time to this I have had all things plentifully provided for me without any care at all, my very study of Felicity making me more to prosper than all the care in the whole world. So that through His blessing, I live a free and a kingly life, as if the world were turned again into Eden, or, much more, as it is at this day.

It is the modesty and moral prudence of such passages as this that by comparison take off the relish of the more self-assertive manner of Thoreau and the other moderns who make a profession of the free life in nature. Traherne, it should seem, set down his Meditation at the close of his career while living as a private chaplain with Sir Orlando Bridgman. That "mighty able man," as Pepys calls him, had apparently summoned Traherne to London from Creddenhill when, in 1667, he had been created Lord Keeper of the Seal. Five years later, on being deprived of the seal, he had retired to Teddington, a fair spot on the Thames three miles above Richmond, and taken his chaplain with him. He was, as we gather from contemporary chroniclers, of a precise legal habit and given to balancing and weighing all questions, "a man of great integrity," as Burnet says, "and had very serious impressions of religion in his mind." It is fair to believe that in the woods and hills of Teddington he was a companion of Traherne in his "study of Felicity." They both died in 1674, the servant three months after the master.

II.

Though Traherne is said to have written much, he published little. His "Roman Forgeries," the outcome of his discussion with the Papist at Oxford, appeared in 1673. Just before his death, he had sent a volume of "Christian Ethicks" to the press, but he himself never saw it in print. Twenty-five years afterward an anonymous work, "A Serious and Patheticall Contemplation of the Mercies of God," was brought out by the Reverend Doctor Hickes, "at the request of a friend of the author's." And at last, Mr. Dobell, from two manuscripts whose history reads like a fairy-tale of letters, gives to the world the "Poetical Works" and "Centuries of Meditations."

Of the two books now so miraculously given to the world, the prose "Meditations" is the more perfect accomplishment, more poetical really than the verse. It consists of four sections of a hundred paragraphs each, with the beginning of a fifth century left incomplete, one conjectures, by the author's death. There is a touch of pleasant mystery about the origin of the work. The manuscript is in a book given him, as we learn from the first Meditation, by a friend. "I have a mind to fill this with profitable wonders," he writes. "And since Love made you put it into my hands, I will fill it with those Truths you love without knowing them: with those things which, if it be possible, shall show my Love; to you in communicating most enriching Truths: to Truth in exalting her beauties in such a Soul." There is no clue to the lady's name, who inspired these fragments of truth; nothing known of her save that she was, as Traherne says, in an inscription on the first leaf of the manuscript, "the friend of my best friend." It should appear from certain notices in the fourth century that the work was to be a memorial of one to whom Traherne had looked as to an exemplar of wisdom—"he from whom I received these things," and who "always thought that to be happy in the midst of a generation of vipers was become his duty"—and at the same time a record for the lady of a secret life which that friend could not himself proclaim "because of modesty." She may have belonged to the family named Skipp, of Ledbury, Herefordshire, into whose hands the poet's manuscripts passed from his brother Philip, and who, it seems, kept possession of them down to 1888. Did she play a part in Traherne's life like that of Anne Finch, Lady Conway, to Henry More, who used to go to her place at Ragley and its woods for rest and inspiration?

III.

At least it is no idle thought to bring together the names of our Teddington chaplain and the mystical doctor of Cambridge. They were products of the same Platonizing tendency that sought peace and the beauty of holiness in the

**The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne.* From the original manuscripts. Edited by Bertram Dobell. London: Published by the Editor. Second edition, 1906.

Centuries of Meditations. By Thomas Traherne. Now first printed from the author's manuscript. Edited by Bertram Dobell. 1908.

midst of a people who were running after the bitterest fruit of zeal. To both religion was known by the spirit of gladness. Dr. More, we are told by his biographer, declared in his last sickness "that he did *gaudere gaudium Animæ Universi*, he joyed, as it were, the joy of the Soul of the Universe"; and that in a word is the very essence of Traherne's philosophy. He has almost nothing of theology, as it was practised in those days, or of the church. Far from that, Traherne's religion may almost be reduced to the simple belief that by the recollection of his innocent childhood the Christian can recreate about himself the happy childhood of the world. He was not the only man of that age who believed, as Wordsworth was to say later, that "heaven lies about us in our infancy." Wordsworth's great ode in fact was probably suggested by the exquisite lines of Vaughan's "Retreat":

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought; . . .
When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.

The idea to these poets of the renaissance seemed a pure piece of Platonism; it was in reality one of those ambiguous products that spring from the union of Platonism and Christianity, neither quite one nor the other. Plato had taught that we carried with us into the world visions of celestial things, and that learning was a kind of reminiscence, or rediscovery, of what was already ours. But he taught also that this recollection was to be attained by slow search and experience, and he would have been the first to repudiate Wordsworth's child philosopher and Vaughan's "bright shoots of everlastingness." That is Platonism interpreted through the Gospel: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." These doubtful amalgamations were in the air that men breathed, but I do not recall any other who accepted the splendid vision of childhood as seriously as did Traherne or reasoned out his faith upon it so explicitly. His poetry is a variation on the single theme,

The first impressions are Immortal all,

which he repeats with endless gusto. There is more of Blake than of Wordsworth in such a poem as "Wonder," which, as his work is still so little known, may be quoted almost at length:

How like an angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among His works I did appear
O how their Glory me did crown!
The world resembled His Eternity,
In which my soul did walk;
And every thing that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
The lively, lovely air;
Oh, how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense,
And all the works of God, so bright and pure,
So rich and great did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

. . . . . .

The streets were paved with golden stones,
The boys and girls were mine,
Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!
The sons of men were holy ones,
In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
And every thing which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,
Adorned the ground.

Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In every place was seen;
Rare splendors, yellow, blue, red, white and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
Great Wonders clothed with glory did appear,
Amazement was my bliss,
That and my wealth was everywhere;
No joy to this!

Cursed and devised proprieties,
With envy, avarice
And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,
Flew from the splendor of mine eyes,
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,
I dreamed not aught of those,
But wandered over all men's grounds,
And found repose.

Proprieties themselves were mine
And hedges ornaments,
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
My joys by others worn;
For me they all to wear them seemed
When I was born.

That is nearer to Blake, perhaps, than anything else you will find in the seventeenth century—yet with a difference. It has not the artful naïveté of the later poet; we are still in the generation of Cowley and the other metaphysical writers who lead on to Dryden, whereas in Blake one seems to feel the stirring under ground of powers that will bring in the new romance. Its rhythm is stiff, with none of that pretty lilt that gives to Blake at his best a music like "the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds." Indeed, Traherne was never quite a poet. But if he misses the melody of Blake, he also lacks the spirit of revolt that came with the later generation. He would never have admitted with Blake that the moral law belongs to the deadening experience which kills the innocent joy of childhood, or that formal religion is part of "the golden net" which keeps us out of Paradise. And, again, if his "cursed and devised proprieties" (properties) look forward to Rousseau's theory that the fall from innocence occurred when the first man fenced in a bit of land and called it "mine," he is still further from the bitterness of Rousseau than from the petulance of Blake. His wealth is in the power of enjoyment and not in possession; the riches he beholds are "my joys by others worn."

IV.

But to get the full measure of Traherne's force as one of those to whose imagination the gates of childhood have never closed, we must turn to the opening paragraphs of his third Century. It is probable that the "Meditations" were written later than the poems, and that, contrary to the custom of most poets, some of these reflections are really paraphrases of his verse, written over into more numerous prose. Compare, for instance, the stranzas just quoted with their counterpart in the "Meditations":

Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world, than I when I was a child. . . . The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees, when I saw them first, through one of the gates, transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared: which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the World was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it. I knew no churlish proprieties, nor bounds, nor divisions: but all proprieties and divisions were mine: all treasures and the possessors of them. So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of this world. Which now I unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

That, I am not afraid to say, does in its own romantic kind take a place among the superbest passages of English prose, and, indeed, the whole book of "Meditations" is of an almost ineffable fascination. For those who de-

sire a companion in their excursions into the country, there is no volume of prose within my knowledge more desirable than this of Traherne's. It will bring enlightenment also to those who have imbibed the odd belief that the real love of nature came in with Rousseau or with the romantic writers of the early nineteenth century. Nor does Traherne, in this trust in the restorative beauty of nature, stand alone. You will find it in the lyrical poems of the age, and in the sermons of men like Jeremy Taylor. It forms the splendid heart of "Paradise Lost," as displayed in the description of Eden. It is the substance also of the finer philosophy of the day, and Henry More was indulging in no mere rhetorical ornament when he brought the persons of his "Divine Dialogues" to an arbor in a pleasant spot amid the beds and alleys of a garden, in the cool of the evening. For it was just the office of the principal speaker to give "such a definition of the Kingdom of God as takes in the Kingdom of Nature also." In all these things Traherne was but a voice of the times, except for the precision and consistency with which he joined the love of nature to the innocence of childhood and found through a return to these the only path of salvation.

V.

We are here close to Rousseau's gospel of the natural man, and, indeed, these English writers are the chief source of that revolutionary creed. Yet, again, the difference is as important as the resemblance. Traherne has, like Rousseau, much to say of the corrupting influence of the world, but he is still far from instituting a sharp dualism between the individual and society. Men are rather divided by responsibility of their own choice into those who have kept or recovered the key to Paradise through a divine love, which is but another name for child-like openness of sight, and those who have lost the key. "There are many glorious excellencies in the material World," he says, "but without Love they are all abortive"; and with a sharper intonation of dualism: "That while others live in a Golgotha or Prison, we should be in Eden, is a very great Mystery." Nature is thus both a blessing and a curse; but this division—and here lies the very gist of the matter—arises from no belief in the loss, irremediable for us, of a divine state by some mythological Fall in the past, or of a perfect natural state by the institution of society, but depends upon the eyes of each man who looks out here and now upon visible phenomena. If a darkness came over the light of nature by man's first sin, yet even to-day, "O Lord," as he exclaims, "Heaven and earth are infinitely more valuable than they were before, being bought with Thy Precious Blood." There is no flaw in the world as it actually lies about us; here as you move in these streets and beneath these trees, as to Adam in Paradise, "the Omnipresence and Eternity of God are your fellows and companions," speaking to you in the splendor of material things, and becoming one with you by an absolute communion of the soul and nature. The perception of these privileges is by your own choice:

> Your enjoyment of the world is never right, till every morning you awake in Heaven; see yourself in your Father's Palace; and look upon the skies, the earth, and the air as Celestial Joys: having such a reverent esteem of all, as if you were among Angels. The bride of a monarch, in her husband's chamber, hath no such causes of delight as you.
>
> You never enjoy the world aright, till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars: and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world.

And again:

> It [the world] is a glorious mirror wherein you may see the verity of all religion: enjoy the remainders of Paradise, and talk with the Deity. Apply yourself vigorously to the enjoyment of it, for in it you shall see the face of God, and by enjoying it, be wholly converted to Him.

VI.

The worship and glorification of nature have never gone, can never go, further than this; nor is any one who has read these "Meditations" likely ever to forget them; they will return to him in certain moods to add a zest to his joy; but—alas, for these inevitable questionings—but do they contain quite the whole truth? Is there not, after all, something still wanting, something, perhaps, forgotten? As I read these golden sentences that conjure up the fabric of the world before us, I seem to be watching a child, who, on a strip of beach left bare by the tide, is intent on building a palace of sand for his amusement, rearing arch and dome higher and higher, adorning them with glittering shells and pebbles, lending to it in imagination the spell and inhabitants of fairyland. And all the while, the returning tide rolls inward, stealthily, slowly, and then a longer-reaching wave—and all is sand and shells and pebbles. And so it is with this transfigured world of the poets. We are entranced and lifted up, while the reality is withdrawn. But how is it when the tedium of life rolls in upon us; when the ambition for which we have striven fails and we are taught the deceitfulness of hope, or is achieved and we find to our dismay that we have no more capacity of enjoyment than before; or when a great loss by death or evil alienation darkens our ways—how is it then with this Paradise of the innocent? While reading the "Meditations," there came into my hands the volume containing the "Selected Poems" of Francis Thompson, published about the same time, and I was struck by the application of a few lines of "The Hound of Heaven" to Traherne's nature-cult. That poem, it will be remembered, represents the soul of man as pursued by a spirit which is utterly not of this world. The hearer of the call seeks a refuge from its unrelenting insistence in all the varied interests and ties of life—in family and friendship and love and science, and in the fellowship of nature:

> Across the margent of the world I fled,
> And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
> Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
> Fretted to dulcet jars
> And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
> I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be soon;
> With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
> From this tremendous Lover! . . .
> Still with unhurrying chase,
> And unperturbèd pace,
> Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
> Came on the following Feet,
> And a Voice above their beat—
> "Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

In all this worship of nature, and Traherne belongs to a school whose influence can be traced in a score of varying forms down to the present day—in all this fair symbolism there is a strain of illusion which melts away at the touch of the greater realities, leaving the worshipper naked and bewildered. *Ita magnam in animis cœlesti doctrina carentibus vim habuit natura rerum*, said a wise Pope. Nature is indeed a great and, it may be, a healing power; but its unquestioned domination is still in the heart of those who have missed the celestial doctrine, and there are evils against which its seduction is of no avail.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The members of the Bibliographical Society have just received Vol. IX of the transactions of the society, containing several interesting papers. Alfred W. Pollard, W. W. Greg, and Falconer Madan discuss the subject of bibliographical descriptions, and Mr. Pollard presents a scheme of rules and models which, if they could be adopted, would bring about greater uniformity in catalogues. In an article on "Books and Bookmaking in Early Chronicles and Accounts," the Abbot Gasquet has gathered from scattered sources a series of interesting notes as to the cost of books before the introduction of printing. An indenture dated August 26, 1346, shows that one Robert Brekeling, a scribe, undertook to write a Psalter, with the Calendar, for 5s. 6d., and the Office for the Dead, with a collection of hymns and collects, for an additional 4s. 3d. It is probable that the vellum upon which the writing was done was furnished by the monastery. For the illumination of the capitals an extra 5s. 6d. was paid, over and above 18d., which was allowed for the gold and 2s.

for the colors. Henry B. Wheatley writes on the signs of booksellers in St. Paul's Churchyard, and gives a "provisional list" of 175 "signs," mostly gathered from the imprints of books. A Bibliography of Richard Bentley, compiled by A. T. Bartholomew, with an introduction by J. W. Clark, although not printed for the society, has been distributed to the members. It is a volume of 125 pages, with three portraits and a facsimile letter. In an appendix is reprinted Bentley's "Proposal for Building a Royal Library" (1697) of which the only known copy is in the British Museum.

Part iv of the Henry W. Poor library will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company of this city on February 23, 24, and 25. This section is made up largely of books of special or private presses. There are seventeen lots from the Kelmscott Press, including one ("The Tale of the Emperor Coustans") on vellum, of which twenty copies only were printed; twenty-six lots from the Vale Press; thirty-eight from the Daniel Press, including some of the scarcer items; a nearly complete set of the Humphreys Press publications; publications of the Bibliophile Society; a large number of Mosher's books, several on vellum; and some of William Loring Andrews's issues, including "Among My Books," of which fifty copies only were printed. Among first editions of English authors, the most notable is a series of Robert Louis Stevenson's books, including "The Pentland Rising" (1866), his first book; the rare *Edinburgh University Magazine* (1871), four numbers, all issued; and the original Sydney edition of "Father Damien" (1890). Among other English authors are first editions of Swinburne, Charles Lever, Andrew Lang, Tennyson, and Oscar Wilde. There is a complete set of Thoreau, and a long series of first editions of Whittier, including "Mogg Megone" (1836) and "Moll Pitcher and the Minstrel Girl" (1840); and minor books of Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell. Several of Surtees's books with illustrations by "Phiz" and Leech are listed, among them the first edition of "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities" (1838). The most interesting of the older books is Walton's "Angler," second edition (1655), with manuscript notes in Walton's autograph on four of the fly leaves. As with the other parts of the library, there are many volumes in specimen bindings by the Club Bindery, Bradstreet's, and others.

On February 23, 24, 25, and 26, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will offer a collection, largely Americana, including books on the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Civil War, and local histories.

On February 25 and 26, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the autograph collection of the late Edward Abbott, with which is incorporated the correspondence of the Rev. William B. Sprague, one of the earliest of American autograph collectors. Among the more interesting items are several letters and manuscripts of Thoreau and letters to him from William Ellery Channing, Horace Greeley, and others. Manuscripts of Richard, Increase, and Cotton Mather, an A.L.S. of John Brown to his son, documents signed by several of the Presidents and signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a number of deeds and other documents relating to slavery are included.

Correspondence.

"WIT, WHITHER WILT?" AND OTHER SHAKESPEAREAN NOTES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some of the most perplexing of the minor problems of Shakespearean interpretation are those that have to do with popular sayings, quotations from old songs or ballads, allusions to familiar stories, jokes or quibbles, and the like. One of these is "Wit, whither wilt?" in "As You Like It" (iv, 1, 168), also referred to by Rosalind in the same play (i, 2, 59), when Touchstone enters. Its frequent occurrence in the literature of the time shows that it had become proverbial, but its origin and precise meaning have been a standing puzzle for editors and critics. Professor Dowden, however, has solved the enigma. In a letter received from him, a fortnight ago, he says:

> As the least iittle crumb of Shakespeare knowledge will be cared for by you, I may say that I think I can throw some light on "Wit, whither wilt?" Malone, you will remember, believed the words to belong to some song or madrigal. So it is. In that eloquent Puritan Thomas Adams's sermon, published in the same year with the same title as Webster's play (at least, published in 1612—my copy is 1613, second edition), "The White Devill," p. 39, he writes: "Many a Pope sings that common ballad of hell:
>
> Wit, whither wilt thou? Woe is me,
> My wit hath wrought my misery."

These rhymed lines suit the drift of Orlando's speech in "As You Like It," iv, 1, perfectly, I think.

Dowden had apparently forgotten, as I am sure I had, a quotation in Steevens's note ("Variorum" of 1821, vi, 472) from the preface to Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" (ed. 1621):

> Wit, whither wilt thou? Woe is me,
> Thou hast brought me to this miserie.

Steevens evidently assumed that the lines (except the "Wit, whither wilt?") were Greene's, or he would have seen that they were from a song or ballad; and the problem would have been solved nearly a century ago. He merely remarked that the question was "an exclamation much in use when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him." He cites examples of it from Dekker and Heywood, refers to others in Taylor the Water-Poet, and adds that the expression "seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance." Johnson thought it "must be some allusion to a story well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable." Malone says: "If I remember right, these are the first words of an old madrigal." Dr. Furness thinks they were probably from a ballad, and I have expressed the same opinion in my revised edition of the play.

Of jokes or plays upon words that have posed all the critics, in spite of the amusing "tricks of desperation" by which they have endeavored to explain them, many examples might be given, but one or two must suffice here. In "The Tempest" (ii, 1, 65), when Gonzalo refers to the fact that the garments of the shipwrecked company, after being "drenched in the sea," nevertheless seem "rather new-dyed than stained with salt water," Antonio replies: "If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?" None of the early editors attempt to explain this; but a recent critic thinks that the opening of the pocket looked like a mouth; and another says that "the pocket would be so full of mud that it would give the lie" to Gonzalo's assertion. Furness quotes these suggestions, but accepts neither of them. He might have reminded the author of the second one, that the magic which had made the garments as good as new would not have left mud in the pockets, if indeed any would have been there. The Clown's remark in "Twelfth Night" (iii, 1, 25) that "words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them," gets half a page of comment from six or seven critics in Furness's edition; but he adds that "none of them affords me [him] a ray of light." He suggests an explanation of his own which he "fears is quite as far-fetched as any of the others." It certainly is, and I will not be so unkind as to quote it.

The old story alluded to in "Hamlet" (iii, 4, 191) of the ape that unpegged the basket on the housetop and "let the birds fly" has eluded all critical research; like that in "Pericles" (iii, 2, 84) of the Egyptian who "had nine hours lien dead" (apparently), but was "by good appliance recovered"; and many another that was doubtless familiar to the theatre-goers of Shakespeare's day, but is now hopelessly lost.

The eighteenth-century editors were sometimes puzzled by allusions in the plays to old customs that had changed and been generally forgotten. In "King John" (iv, 2, 198) they were mystified by the reference to the tailor:

> Standing on slippers which his nimble haste
> Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.

A full page is devoted to the passage in the "Variorum" of 1821. Good old Doctor Johnson remarks:

> Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes.

Farmer suggests that "ancient slippers might possibly be very different from modern ones"; and Steevens, Tollet, and Malone quote from writers between 1580 and 1797 to prove that shoes in former times were often "rights and lefts." The fashion was revived in the earlier half of the nineteenth century, but shoes of the other style were made, at least for boys, seventy years ago, because (as I remember that I was told) they were supposed to wear better than "rights and lefts."

Some ancient customs have bothered the commentators down to our own day; like that alluded to in the "Merchant of Venice" (iv., 1, 129), where Gratiano tells Shylock that his "currish spirit" must originally have

> Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
> Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
> And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
> Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
> Are wolvish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

When I first edited the play (1870) I felt sure that I had somewhere met with a reference to old-time trial and execution of beasts for killing human beings; but as I could not then trace it I hesitated to mention it in my notes. The only comment upon it in the editions of Shakespeare that I

could find was an absurdly irrelevant one by Steevens in the "Variorum" of 1821, which Furness ridicules in his edition of 1888. It was the only one he had discovered, and he adds no explanation of his own. He suggests that the passage may possibly be "one of those actor's additions which Hamlet denounces," and that "this would measurably account for its grammatical awkwardness." He adds that "the whole passage, from 'Thy currish spirit,' to 'Infus'd itself in thee,' can be omitted without injury either to the sense or the rhythm." This is true; and I might be inclined to agree with him as to the possible spuriousness of the passage, if the "confusion of construction" were markedly worse than many examples cited by Abbott ("Grammar," § 409-417), or if I had not, before re-editing the play, in 1903, found abundant evidence of animals "hang'd for human slaughter." Many cases of such judicial proceedings in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are mentioned by Baring-Gould, in his "Curiosities of Olden Times" (1896). In 1386, for instance, a sow was hanged at Falaise for killing a child. In 1389 a horse was tried and condemned for killing a man; and in 1499 a bull was similarly sentenced for causing the death of a boy. The trials were conducted with all the formalities, either before the ordinary or the ecclesiastical courts; and in some cases appeals were made to a higher court, and decided in due form. It is said that during the witch persecutions in Salem dogs were hanged for supposed complicity with persons accused. The Jewish law (Exodus, xxi, 28) concerning an ox that had gored a man, may have been cited as a precedent. I must have learned some of these facts—I do not yet know from what source—before 1870.

By the way, in the passage in the "Merchant" the folios read "sterv'd"; and Furness (he cites my note of 1870 on the origin of this old form) asks how Pope pronounced "starve" in the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot":

> But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve.
> He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

He pronounced it as we do, but he pronounced "reserve" as "resarve"; just as he did in the rhyme with "observe" in "Epistle III." So elsewhere he pronounced "desert," rhyming with "heart," "convert" with "art"; and there are not a few similar rhymes in Shakespeare's Sonnets and other poems.

Apropos of puzzles in Shakespeare, there is one that has perplexed me for thirty years or more. Can any reader of the *Nation* throw any light upon it? The dramatist has two allusions to *schoolgirls*. One is in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (iii, 2, 202), where Helena says to Hermia:

> Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd
> The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
> When we have chid the hasty-footed time
> For parting us—O, is all forgot?
> All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
> We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
> Have with our needles created both one flower,
> Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
> Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
> As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
> Had been incorporate.

The other is in "Measure for Measure" (i, 4, 47):

> *Lucio*—Is she your cousin?
> *Isabella*—Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
> By vain though apt affection.

That girls of royal or noble rank were often highly educated under private tutors we all know, but what *schools* in which girls were taught together existed in that day? I have been unable to find any mention of such in any historical or other book on education, and no scholar or critic to whom I have put the question could answer it. All that Dr. Furnivall, who ought to know if anybody on earth does, could say was that "legally girls could attend the grammar schools" of that day; but I can find no evidence that they ever did, and all the probabilities are decidedly against it. No editor, commentator, or critic, so far as I can find, has anything to say about either passage; and nobody that I have consulted assumes that private tutors rather than schools are meant. To my thinking, there can be no reasonable doubt on that point. If there are similar allusions to schoolgirls in other writers of the time, I do not recall them. Can any of your readers cite any such?

W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, Mass., February 4.

A POINT IN SIDNEY'S VERSIFICATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Reading the second volume of Professor Saintsbury's "History of English Prosody," I rubbed my eyes at finding (in a foot-note to page 149) this statement concerning the first sonnet of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella":

> It is most noteworthy that the famous final line——
>
> "Fool!" said my Muse, "look in thy heart and write,"
>
> discards the lumbering top-hamper [twelve syllables] of the other thirteen, as if the Muse had applied the uncomplimentary epithet to them also.

Surely, said I, there is no such famous final line as that. Turning, however, to the reprint of the sequence in Arber's "English Garner," I found the same ten-syllable conclusion. In Grosart's edition of Sidney, on the other hand, I soon discovered the complete line,

> "Fool!" said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart and write!"

This is the form of the text in the "Arcadia" edition of 1598; and evidently also that of all the quartos of 1591 (these are not now accessible to me, but there is no hint of a variant reading either in Grosart's edition or the far more accurate one of Dr. Flügel). It would seem, then, that the decasyllabic form of the line is a mere error of Arber's transcript, which Professor Saintsbury has not only perpetuated, but made the basis of a critical dictum—a dictum very doubtful, even if the text were itself doubtful, since an Alexandrine sonnet ending with a shortened line would seem more like the result of accident than intention.

The mistaken text is repeated, unfortunately, in the new edition of the sonnets of the "Garner"—Sidney Lee's "Elizabethan Sonnets"—perhaps printed from the old plates; but the correct form appears in Ward's "English Poets" and in all other anthologies where I have found it. Finally I note that the erroneous form was quoted in Mr. Saintsbury's "Elizabethan Literature," where it led him (page 101) to describe the sonnet as "oddly compounded" of "thirteen Alexandrines and a final heroic." An error made so conspicuously, and so long ago, has very possibly been noted in print before this; but since it has reappeared in the new volume, and since the line in question is so deservedly famous, the matter evidently needs attention still.

Raymond M. Alden.

Stanford University, Cal., January 30.

AN ANCIENT VIEW OF DESTRUCTIVE NATURAL PHENOMENA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial in the *Nation* of February 4, "Earthquakes Then and Now," suggests the appropriateness of a reference to the discussions prevalent among Greek and Roman writers as to the question whether lightning was Jove's bolt of wrath or merely a natural force. Epicureans, Academicians, and perhaps also Cynics, with arguments probably derived from Pericles's friend Anaxagoras, were united in their attacks upon the Stoics, who defended the popular religious belief. Out of this controversy emerged a view with a decidedly modern ring. In Seneca's "Naturales Quæstiones," ii, 46, we read: "At quare Juppiter aut ferienda transit aut innoxia ferit?" To which the answer is given:

> Sic omnia esse disposita, ut etiam quæ ab illo non fiunt, tamen sine ratione non fiant, quæ illius est. Nam etiamsi Juppiter illa non facit nunc, Juppiter fecit ut fierent. Singulis non adest, et tamen vim et causam et manum omnibus dedit.

Herman L. Ebeling.

Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., February 8.

PAPERS RELATING TO LEIBNITZ—AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Several years ago the International Association of Academies commissioned the Academies of Paris and Berlin to prepare a complete edition of the works of that "mathematician, philosopher, and universal genius, Leibnitz." At that time the academies issued an appeal to the possessors or administrators of the public and private archives, libraries, and collections of Europe, with the request that they would search out and calendar and describe all the material in their hands which might prove to be of value for the projected edition. It either did not then occur to the scholars concerned that there might well be hidden in the public and private collections of the United States a very considerable amount of such material; or else they assumed that there was none.

During a long experience as secretary of the American Oriental Society, I had abundant opportunity to learn that the number of scattered Oriental manuscripts in the United States was so large as to be well worth cataloguing, and this wholly apart from the very important collection of Arabic manuscripts at Yale, and of Sanskrit and Prakrit manuscripts at Harvard. Considering all this, and also the American habit of travel, and the readiness and ability of Americans abroad to buy things of historic interest, it is much more than probable that well-directed inquiries among American collectors and librarians would not be unfruitful, if duly made on behalf of the Leibnitz project.

Several days ago there came to me a let-

ter from the secretary of the Royal Prussian Academy, Prof. Hermann Diels, requesting that inquiries of the kind just indicated might be set afoot by me. In bis name, accordingly, and on behalf of the academies concerned, I beg that you will give due publicity to this letter, which recites their wishes. The appended list specifies the things that will be useful. Information concerning their existence and whereabouts is what is in the first instance asked for, and such information may be sent to me, or, if the sender prefers, to the secretary of the Academy, Professor Diels, No. 120 Potsdamerstrasse, Berlin, W. 35.

CHARLES R. LANMAN.

Harvard University, February 5.

LIST OF PAPERS AND PRINTS RELATING TO LEIBNITZ.

(1.) Manuscript works (essays, memoranda of any kind) which are known or supposed to be from the hand of Leibnitz. Manuscript letters known or supposed to be from or to Leibnitz. Manuscript works or letters by or to or from persons who stood in personal relations with Leibnitz.

(2.) Collections of manuscripts of the period 1664-1716, not yet properly examined or calendared, among which there might well be pieces falling under head 1.

(3.) Printed books in which are found manuscript notes or dedications or the like from the hand of Leibnitz.

(4.) Other printed matter of the period 1664-1716, whether (a) works of which Leibnitz is the known or supposed author, or (b) letters of which Leibnitz is the known or supposed sender or receiver (such as those "De la Tolérance des religions" or the like).

(5.) Broadsides or pamphlets of the period 1664-1716.

HETCH HETCHY VALLEY AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Edmund A. Whitman of Cambridge, Mass., in your issue of February 4, in answer to mine relating to the use of Hetch Hetchy Valley as a storage reservoir to supply the cities about the Bay of San Francisco with water, is so misleading that I beg space to reply.

(1.) There is no sufficient available water for the uses, in the immediate future, of the people about the Bay of San Francisco nearer than the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This is a fact and not disputed, so far as I know, by any disinterested person who has knowledge of the local situation. The answer by parties interested in the local supply, and taken up by people who do not know the actual situation, is that a supply of 100,000,000 gallons per day can be developed locally, mostly from Alameda Creek, in Alameda County. This is an extravagant estimate, though it is possible to obtain a much larger supply than the 16,000,000 gallons per day that are now and for many years have been diverted to San Francisco from Alameda Creek. But if an attempt is made to withdraw more than 16,000,000 gallons per day from Alameda Creek the courts, at the suit of landowners in the Livermore, Pleasanton, Sunol, and Niles valleys, will certainly enjoin the diversion. That question has already been decided in exactly similar cases in our courts. The reason the owners of these exceedingly valuable lands in the valleys named will resort to injunction suits is that their lands are sub-irrigated by means of Alameda Creek and its tributaries through strata of gravel and sand. Large towns and prosperous communities are situate on these lands. Either to store the flood waters in reservoirs or to pump from the gravel beds, as the local water company has begun to do, will be of such injury to large communities and great orchard interests that the courts will, as has been done in similar cases in the Santa Clara Valley and San Bernardino, enjoin the diversion. If the courts shall fail to follow precedent, then the question of public policy would come in—shall these great communities be permanently injured in order to get water for the cities about the bay when there are other sources from which water may be obtained?

(2.) The large and growing cities of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, and Richmond on the east side of the bay, are acting in concert with San Francisco in this matter. The same main pipe line can supply all. These east shore cities are really in greater need of the Sierra supply than San Francisco. It is safe to say that a succession of dry years, such as are not uncommon in this climate, will bring on a water famine for all the bay cities.

(3.) All competent authorities conversant with the subject being agreed that the Sierra Nevada Mountains must ere long furnish the greater part of water for the bay cities, to what part of the Sierras shall those cities go? The nearest and most abundant supply is furnished by the Tuolumne River. Enough water comes from that watershed to meet the wants of all the bay cities, and also of all the landowners whose lands can be irrigated from it. The waters of all other streams flowing from the Sierras are already monopolized for power, or for mining, or for irrigating, and are actually needed for the irrigation of the lands that have the first claim upon them in order to build up prosperous communities thereon. To condemn the water rights on these streams will necessitate an outlay absolutely prohibitive. It is simply an impossibility. Nor should the water be taken from the landowners. It is to the interest of all that those lands should be made as productive as possible.

(4.) Before Hetch Hetchy Valley can be utilized as a reservoir, San Francisco is bound by its agreement with the Roosevelt administration to utilize the waters of Lake Eleanor. The outlet of Lake Eleanor flows into the Tuolumne River below Hetch Hetchy. This lake and our local sources of supply will be sufficient for the bay cities for many years to come, but ultimately Hetch Hetchy must be used to confer the greatest good upon the greatest number of people—that is to say, as an artificial lake to store water for the bay cities.

(5.) The United States many years ago parted with its title to all of the land on which are the meadows of Hetch Hetchy Valley. These are at the lower end of the valley. San Francisco has purchased those lands, and now has them in private ownership, and can do what she likes with them. What she asks is that the United States give her the right to overflow the lands still owned by the government in the upper end of the valley. In exchange for this she will convey an equal amount of land also owned by her in other portions of the park; she will also make roads to the valley and around the lake that will be created.

(6.) I know the feeling is very strong and controlling in San Francisco that the property of the local water company must be purchased, whenever it can be done at a price not excessively above what it is actually worth. But we do not wish to be placed in a position where the local company can say: "You cannot get water elsewhere, therefore you must pay the price asked." Mr. Whitman and his friends would put us in that position. They would have the United States say to us: "You shall not have the water from the Tuolumne River now going to waste, for we will not permit you to impound it, even on your own land, because in doing so you will necessarily flood land belonging to the United States, land that will be visited and camped on by perhaps as many as two hundred nature lovers every year." But it is said the city may resort to condemnation. Theoretically, yes, but practically, no. Besides, the court would instruct the jury to take into consideration lack of any other supply in fixing value of the supply to be condemned.

I beg your readers to consider the foregoing facts when discussing the question whether or not the government should permit San Francisco to flood the floor of Hetch Hetchy Valley. Under all the circumstances, is this request of San Francisco, acting for herself and the other bay cities, unreasonable? She is desirous of providing water for a great population from the only available and practicable source of supply. I submit to all candid and fair-minded men that to characterize her efforts as "an attempt to secure a license to steal," and as an indication of hysteria, is without justification. There have been plenty of exhibitions of hysteria in this matter, but not by the friends of San Francisco and the other bay cities.

WARREN OLNEY.

San Francisco, February 10.

Notes.

D. C. Heath & Co. announce for immediate publication Dante's "Inferno," edited, with notes, by Prof. C. H. Grandgent of Harvard. It is designed for the general reader as well as for college students.

Charles Scribner's Sons have about ready for publication a volume of essays, "Egoists," by James Huneker; a book on Siena, by Prof. Ferdinand Schevill of the University of Chicago, and a translation of Rudolph Eucken's "Poblems of Human Life."

In March Duffield & Co., in publishing a volume of stories by Helen Mackay, will make the experiment of issuing a new book in paper covers and quite in the common French form.

Robert Bridges has edited a selection of the "Poems by the Late Rev. Dr. Richard Watson Dixon," which is published by Smith & Elder of London. From the same firm is coming the Rev. W. Tuckwell's "Pre-Tractarian Oxford: A Reminiscence of the Oriel Noetics," which contains sketches of Provost Eveleigh, Copleston, Whately, Dr. Arnold, Hampden, and others of that group.

To Routledge's series of Golden Anthologies (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the latest addition is "The Hundred Best Hymns in the English Language," selected and arranged by the Rev. John Cullen, vicar of Radcliffe-on-Trent. The editor tells us that there are about three hundred good Eng-

lish hymns. From these he has chosen not merely the stipulated hundred, but thirty-three more for an appendix. These he has arranged "according to the Christian seasons and other occasions, for the convenience of those who may wish to use the book in family or social worship." That a majority of the hymns are wisely selected there can be no doubt; but Dr. Cullen has a decided leaning toward the sweetly sentimental, which the compilers of "The Oxford Hymn Book," as we noted in our issue of last week, so successfully avolded. His "foreword" closes with this sentence:

> May these hymns prove a consolation and comfort to all who read or sing them, and may we all at last sing in the holy choir of heaven.

After this we are not surprised to find E. Codner's "Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing," with the refrain "Even me"; C. Elliott's "Just as I Am, without One Plea"; P. P. Bliss's "Sowing the Seed," and Miss F. J. Crosby's "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Kipling's "Recessional" also appears.

Most devout Arnoldians would probably say, if asked for suggestions with reference to a volume of select poems from Arnold, "Omit 'Merope,' and include all the rest." Prof. Edward Everett Hale, in his "Select Poems of Arnold," in the Belles-Lettres Series (D. C. Heath & Co.), has not followed this simple principle, but a subtler one of his own devising. He has chosen his specimens to illustrate five different divisions of Arnold's poetical work, as follows: "Poems of the Personal Life," "Poems of Nature and Thought," "Poems Chiefly of Thought," "Elegiac Poems," "Narrative and Dramatic Poems." In making the first three divisions, he has done exactly what Arnold himself found fault with Wordsworth for doing. Wordsworth classified his works as "poems of the fancy, poems of sentiment and reflection, and so on." These categories, said Arnold, are "ingenious, but far-fetched, and the result of his employment of them is unsatisfactory." If unsatisfactory when the poet does his own grouping, it is much more so when done by an outsider. In the first place, the five classes noted above are obviously not mutually exclusive. On closer inspection, the dividing lines of the first three seem in many cases absolutely without meaning. For example, by what scheme of "mental physiology" can the "New Sirens" be included among the poems of the "personal life," while "Resignation" and "Dover Beach" are excluded? The fact is, "poems of the personal life" is a misnomer. What Professor Hale meant, or should have meant, was poems connected with an early love affair, real or imaginary, of an unhappy termination. We should not insist upon this confusion, if the entire point of the introductory essay did not depend upon it. At the close of his discussion, attempting to define the particular power of Arnold, the editor says, "He is not great as a poet of the personal life, in spite of the charm of some of the poems of 'Faded Leaves' and 'Switzerland.'" There, again, he should mean simply that Arnold was not a great singer of the love of man for woman. But the personal life of a man like Arnold includes other passions than love, and it is the poignant individual note with which Arnold voices these other passions—baffled passions for creative power, for religious faith, for inner peace—that is drawing the younger generation of readers away from the "Ring and the Book" and the "Idylls of the King" to "Empedocles" and a "Summer Night." Arnold's lyrical poems are the record of a soul out of joint with the age, and they are scarcely less personal than the diary of Marcus Aurelius or the journal of Amiel. Nor can we concur with Professor Hale when he says:

> We certainly do not find in the subject, at least, of the narrative poems, anything that particularly reminds us of the view of life that has been seen in the lyric poems.

The blind slaying of the son by the father in "Sohrab and Rustum," to mention only one of many instances, is a manifest exemplification of the "view of life" expressed in these lines from "Dover Beach":

> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

In the narrative and lyrical poems alike the plangent iteration of desires infinite and hopes impossible, subdued by stoical discipline and solaced by a certain loveliness in the natural world—this largely constitutes the power of Arnold.

The Lincoln centenary inevitably bears books on its flood. Among them are reprints of two long poems: "A Man of Destiny" (Lincoln Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.), by Ernest Linwood Staples; and "Abraham Lincoln, a Poem" (Putnams), by Lyman Whitney Allen. The first is in blank and very flat verse; the second is a series of lyrics, with higher flights but deeper falls. More ambitious, but scarcely more successful, is "The Burden Bearer: An Epic of Lincoln," by F. H. Williams (George W. Jacobs & Co.). In spite of a long succession of failure, it would be rash to assert that the civil war and Abraham Lincoln are unsusceptible of heroic treatment. From the unpoetic accidents, no doubt the fundamental heroism of the man and his age will be finally disengaged. Perhaps his legend is already forming in certain hardy imaginations. In the meanwhile, it is just the unpoetic elements that the popular fancy has seized upon and delights in, as characteristic—the homely, the racy, even the grotesque. And it is the peculiarity of Mr. Williams's poem to identify him with the circumstantial even more closely—to fuse and confound the two indistinguishably. It is in large part a political epic. Its author has felt himself impelled to trace not only the military, but the political, history of the period. In this way his poem resembles now a rhymed—or at least a metrical—gazette, and anon a rhymed or metrical newspaper. Something of the same criticism must fall to Percy Mackaye's "Ode on the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln" (The Macmillan Co.), though his task was as much easier as it was shorter.

> Who shall distil in song those epic years?
> Only the sibyl of simplicity—

writes Mr. Mackaye, and, despite the stirring swing of the lines here and there, it must be said that as a whole he has not succeeded in fusing the humbler details of Lincoln's life with the elevation of his general theme.

Turning from verse to prose, we find two little volumes that deal with the religious side: "Lincoln's Use of the Bible" (Eaton & Mains), by S. Trevena Jackson; and "Abraham Lincoln's Religion" (Boston: Badger), by Madison C. Peters. Stripped of homiletic embroidery, the facts appear to be that Lincoln was a free-thinker, in the stress of the nation's agony a devout theist, but never an orthodox or even professing Christian. His untimely taking off is the theme of two books, "The Death of Lincoln" (Doubelday, Page & Co.), by Clara E. Laughlin; and "The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln" (The Macmillan Co.), by David Miller Dewitt. Both follow official documents, and the records of court trials, though not always agreeing as to what is the weight of evidence. Of more general interest is "Abraham Lincoln: Tributes from His Associates" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), with an introduction by William Hayes Ward. These collected reminiscences appeared in the *Independent* in 1895, and are well worth preserving in book form. A companion to this is "Lincoln's Birthday," edited by R. H. Schauffler (Moffat, Yard & Co.), which gives a selection of the more notable essays and poems on the man, with extracts from his own speeches. Of all these occasional books the most interesting is the Life in the Beacon Biographies, by Brand Whitlock (Small, Maynard & Co.), which, despite one or two lapses in grammar and an occasional straining at heroics, tells the story of Lincoln's career concisely and entertainingly.

When the Professor of Things in General comes to his chair, he will find the Columbia University Press ready with a textbook. "Lectures on Science, Philosophy, and Art" contains twenty-one discourses, by as many specialists, who endeavor to describe in non-technical language "the achievements and the present status of these subjects as concepts of human knowledge." With but one or two exceptions, lucidity, directness, and calm impartiality mark the accomplishment of this difficult task. The contributors have wrecked the academic tradition which, as Prof. C. J. Keyser puts it in the opening lecture, regards special subjects as "so intricate, mysterious, and high that in all their sublimer parts they are absolutely inaccessible to the profane man." Even more admirable than clarity, however, is the humility, most noticeable where least expected—in the lectures on physics, biology, anthropology, and economics. The physicist calls his electron theory a "confession of faith." The biologist is positive that the whole truth about organic evolution can never be known; his explanation of no ultimate problem of life, he says, will ever be complete. The anthropologist's science "is only beginning to find its own bearings"—let alone reaching its last conclusions. And the economist admits, but without regret, that his clan still talks about what it doesn't know. Following are the topics covered and the lecturers; Mathematics, C. J. Keyser; Physics, E. F. Nichols; Astronomy, Harold Jacoby; Geology, J. F. Kemp; Biology, E. B. Wilson; Physiology, F. S. Lee; Botany, H. M. Richards; Zoölogy, H. E. Crampton; Anthropology, Franz Boas; Archæology, J. R. Wheeler; History, J. H. Robinson; Economics, H. R. Seager; Politics, C. A. Beard; Jurisprudence, Munroe Smith; Sociology, F. H. Giddings; Philosophy, President N. M. Butler; Psychology, R. S. Woodworth; Metaphysics, Frederick J. E. Woodbridge; Ethics, John Dewey; Philology, A. V. W. Jackson; Literature, H. T. Peck.

There is little of special sallence in J. Comyns Carr's chapters on "Some Eminent Victorians" (Scribners); they run on from character to character, taking in poets and painters and statesmen, showing them for the most part in the usual light, but always clearly and agreeably. Here and there a more pungent anecdote or hit of characterization makes a ripple in the current. Rossetti was one of his early friends, and here, as in all the memoirs of the age, we feel the mysterious power of the man's personality. One emphatic dictum of his, Mr. Carr quotes: "A picture is a painted poem, and those who deny it have simply no poetry in their nature." Not less quotable is Mr. Carr's own saying, which Rossetti called the finest criticism ever made on Landor: "It seems to me through all his poetry that his genius is impersonal without being dramatic." Tennyson also impressed the writer with a force like Rossetti's, although nothing new is brought out about him, save his facial resemblance to Dickens—a resemblance confirmed by the portraits in the present volume. The oratory of Bright and Gladstone is compared to the detriment of the latter, and among the other statesmen the strength and charlatanry of Disraeli are noted with clever precision. "He looked out upon the present," says Mr. Carr of the Tory leader, "as though from the recesses of a buried past, and of all the representatives of his nation whom I have known, he appeared to me the only one who possessed in any preëminent degree the quality of self-possession in manner and bearing." The most astonishing anecdote is the story of Lord Randolph Churchill hearing Irving in "Hamlet," and, as he was obliged to leave early, going back to the actor to inquire how the play ended. On next meeting Irving he reported that he had read "Hamlet" and several other plays by Shakespeare—"and do you know, Mr. Irving," he said, "I find them enormously interesting." Mr. Carr tells something also of his own life, and the pages on his life as a newspaper man in the old Bohemian days are the most entertaining in the book.

The latest of the publications of the Folk-lore Society (London: David Nutt) is a more than usually interesting monograph, "The Grateful Dead," by Prof. G. H. Gerould of Princeton. This story, which starts with the ransom by the hero of an unburied corpse, Professor Gerould believes to be based on primitive beliefs as to the duty of interment, and to have arisen in the region of western Asia, inhabited by Semites at some period prior to the composition of the Book of Tobit (76-135 A. D.?), which contains the motive in a compound form. From its original home the story appears to have spread to other parts of Asia, and over the whole of Europe; for variants of it in conjunction with other well-known themes are found in lands as far apart as Siberia and Brittany, as Spain and Armenia. The most important of these are compounded with "The Poison Maiden" with a Lamia for heroine; "The Ransomed Woman"; or certain types connected with "The Water of Life." The combination with "The Poison Maiden" (*e. g.* the story of Tobit) was probably the earliest and was Asiatic in origin; that with "The Ransomed Woman," on the other hand, though seemingly Asiatic in character, is found only in Europe, so that its provenance is as yet uncertain. It is perhaps needless to add that these simple compounds do not exhaust the tale. Each when formed developed on its own lines, absorbing traits or often entire themes from other sources. These complicated types are discussed at length, and the mode of their amalgamation made clear.

Vol. II of the third edition of Sir William Anson's "The Law and Custom of the Constitution" (Henry Frowde) continues the analysis of the powers of the Crown, with their working out in colonial government, conduct of foreign relations, the collection of revenue, the control of army and navy, establishment of religion and erection of the courts. The author pursues his well-known method of minute logical division, with rigorous citation of authority. All the recent statutory changes and leanings of practice are duly noted. The result is the accumulation of a vast amount of rather desiccated knowledge. Sir William refers in his introduction to the publication of Prof. A. Lawrence Lowell's book, "Government of England," to which he, like other English writers, gives high praise. The Briton, like the American, makes the chief cause of the success of English administration to be the extraordinary way in which a highly skilled and permanent civil service is put at the disposal of those who direct public policy. Party government, observes Sir William, is necessarily to a great extent "government by amateurs." It can be made compatible with efficient government only by the best possible civil service.

"The Mystery of Golf" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), by Arnold Haultain, recalls *Punch's* jest about "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" —"how it sells." The enemies of the game would say that its mystery lies in the necessity of having so much talk and so many books about golf. This venture of Mr. Haultain's however, does justify itself. We refer not to the fine paper and printing of his little book, nor its brave assumption of antique speech in red-ink marginal notes, nor to the philosophizings more old than new which he draws out of his treasure-house; but to the novel and convincing pages which he devotes to the psycho-physiology of golf. It differs from most other games in eliminating reflex action. Nothing flies at you to provoke the instinctive reflex: only that passive little ball lies there waiting your initiative. Hence the need of summoning all your greatness of soul to secure that the stroke be perfect.

"Camp Fires on Desert and Lava" is the tempting title of a volume by William T. Hornaday (Charles Scribner's Sons), which takes the reader to an unexplored part of the Sonoran desert, between Tucson and the Gulf of California, known as the Pinacate region. Concerning this region the author and his three companions—a zoologist, a sportsman, and a geographer—could not even get enough information, written or oral, to tell them it was a lava country, although, when they got there, they concluded there must be nearly five hundred extinct volcanoes seen around Pinacate. "Doré would have revelled in this scowling, contorted, wholly blasted spot"; and here, amid unearthly and nether-world surroundings, the party hunted mountain sheep, which were quite abundant, although it seemed strange that these animals should have strayed from the Rockies to a region where the heat registers in summer 130 degrees in the shade. As a matter of course, this expedition was not undertaken in summer, but in November, a month when Arizona and northwestern Mexico are a paradise, except for the facts that water is sometimes hard to procure and the temperature towards morning gets so low that one wants two blankets. The party started from Tucson, queen city of cactus-land, and, after visiting the Desert Botanical Laboratory, established by the Carnegie Institution, plunged into the wilderness, which proved to be, not a sandy waste, but a region green with its own peculiar but economically valueless desert flora, which is destined ere long to be replaced by a useful vegetation that can thrive without water. It is to be feared that this vegetation will be infinitely less picturesque than the endless varieties of cacti, which Mr. Hornaday describes with the ardor of an enthusiast. To him the whole desert is an oasis. His volume is superbly illustrated, some of the pictures being in colors. There is considerable scientific information about the flora and fauna, but the work is chiefly interesting as a volume of travel and adventure.

Prof. Adolfo Posada, of the University of Oviedo, a prominent Spanish publicist in the field of the social sciences, has completed the introductory volume ("Introducción") to his projected "Principios de Sociologia." The book is one of that class which lays stress upon conceptions and methods, and affords a wide perspective of the literature, chiefly recent, of sociology. In following this modern sociology, it is noteworthy that Posada derives his points of view mainly from treatises by Americans—above all, perhaps, from Profs. Lester F. Ward of Brown and Albion W. Small of Chicago. It is clear enough from any serious work of this order that the science of sociology is still in the trial-stage; indeed, it sometimes seems as if the later sociological writers had deserted the line of development to which the works of Spencer lent something better than respectability, and are now applying the term sociology to a much more shaky and non-scientific mass of ideas and projects. Nothing was clearer, for example, in the last meetings of the American Sociological Society at Atlantic City than that, with the exception of Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale and a few others, the bulk of sociologists—where they do no worse—are running out into a species of "practicality" and are even indulging in rash forecasts of the future; a number of the papers discussed what was likely to happen to the family, and so on. And now the collection of excerpts and condensed views put together by Professor Posada betrays something of the same general tendency in the literature he covers. There is much whittling of fine points, more or less speculative and metaphysical, and there is not a little about methodology; but there is in the survey a conspicuous absence of works based upon induction from copious materials of ethnography and history. In some ways we can see ourselves better in the book of this Spanish scholar than in that of any one nearer the centre of sociological enterprise; the German, French, or English au-

thor does not impress one as being so detached and so likely to attain perspective. Hence Señor Posada's work has perhaps a special value in indicating tendencies. If, then, we find him, as it were from the outside, listing as sociology and sociological principle a series of considerations as to whether sociology is a science, as to its place in the hierarchy of sciences, as to "sociology as philosophy," etc., it would appear that little has been done since Spencer's time except to rearrange and to move into this or that connection the concepts to which Spencer, through his toilsome case-gathering, and analysis, once gave vitality. To a natural scientist, at least, judging from the collection made by Posada, sociology must look very little like science.

Two books which may be grouped together are "Washington och dess svenska befolkning," by Ernst Skarstedt (Seattle), and "History of the Swedes in Illinois," edited by Ernst Olson in collaboration with Anders Schön and Martin J. Engberg, 2 vols. (Chicago: The Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Co.). Works of this kind are welcome contributions to a field of American history that has not yet been fully explored, the story of the immigrants and the part they have played in building up the country. Even the biographical portions, often much decried, are not without their value in showing by concrete examples what individuals have accomplished. Mr. Skarstedt asserts, in his preface, that "the biographical part that closes the book, certainly is the richest and most impartial which has hitherto appeared in any Swedish-American work." Mr. Skarstedt has himself lived in Washington and Oregon and knows the country and its people intimately. He is therefore able to relate much from first-hand knowledge. His descriptions of the natural features and resources, industry, and commerce are intended as information for prospective settlers. Many of the illustrations are from photographs taken by the author. The volumes on Illinois are planned on a much larger scale. One is confined to biographies with portraits of nearly nine hundred Swedish-American men and women. The second volume, 900 pages, contains chapters on Churches (including the educational institutions controlled by them), Press and Literature, Early Settlers, the Bishop Hill Colony, the Swedes in the Civil War, etc. The three last-named chapters contain much new material. The whole account of the Swedes in the civil war represents much laborious research among the war records and other sources; being pioneer work, it is rather a collection of material for history than finished history. This volume contains several sketches of men not included in the biographical volume, such as, Raphael Widén, the first Swedish pioneer in Illinois; Jonas Hedström, the first Swedish clergyman in the State; Erik Jansson, founder of Bishop Hill; L. P. Esbjörn, founder of the Swedish Luheran Church in America; Gen. C. J. Stolbrand, chief of artillery under Logan, and Col. O. Malmborg. The introductory chapters on Illinois and on Chicago seem unnecessarily long. Many of the illustrations are from rare and curious cuts and photographs.

Dr. Ricarda Huch, who has written fiction and verse of distinction, has now published a volume of historical portraits from a most dramatic period of modern Italian history, "Das Risorgimento" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag). The book traces the fate of some of the famous prisoners of the dreaded Spielberg, among them Federico Confalonieri, Silvio Pellico, Piero Maroncelli, Antonio Salvotti, and Giorgio Pallavicino. The author's power of characterization is evident in the portrayal of these men; also of the Emperor Francis, whose sketch closes with the words of Dante: "Speak not of him; look at him and go by"; and of Charles Albert of Savoy, whom she does not regard as worthy to be called the Hamlet of Italy, though she writes with sympathy of his weakness and his misfortunes.

One of the most interesting of recent German autobiographies is the volume of "Memoiren," by Baroness Bertha von Suttner (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt), well known as a writer, as the founder and president of the Austrian Friedensgesellschaft, and an enthusiastic and eloquent advocate of international peace. Certainly the hereditary influences, under which she grew up, could not have been the cause of her ardent devotion to this pacific mission. Her father, Count Kinsky, and both his brothers, were generals, and her mother was the grandniece of the poet Theodor Körner, famous for his *Schwertlieder*. Entirely opposed to the military spirit pervading these poems, and fostered by both branches of her family, is her novel, "Die Waffen nieder!" published in 1889, and soon translated into all European languages. Born in Prague, in 1843, she was remarkably precocious, and soon learned to speak fluently English and French. She was an excellent singer and pianist, and devoted herself also to intellectual pursuits in connection with her cousin, Elvira Büschel, who, when twelve years old, composed a drama which elicited the praise of Grillparzer. When she was eighteen she received an offer of marriage from a millionaire of fifty-two, whose suit was favored by her mother; she herself was dazzled by the prospect of villas, castles, palaces, and other splendors, and consented to the betrothal; but the first and only kiss he gave her caused her to recognize the impossibility of becoming his wife. "I cannot, *cannot*, and would rather die!" she exclaimed, and in spite of all protests broke off the engagement. Quite romantic is the account of the manner in which she was wooed and wedded by Baron von Suttner, revealing on her part fine feeling, rare discretion, and real force of character. It was due to her influence that Alfred Nobel of Sweden became so deeply interested in the cause of international peace as to establish the annual prize for the most efficient promoters of it. In 1905 this prize was justly awarded to Bertha von Suttner. Without entering into further details, it will suffice to characterize this work by stating that it deserves to rank in German autobiographic literature with Fanny Lewald's "Meine Lebensgeschichte," Karoline Bauer's "Erinnerungen," and Malwida von Meysenbug's "Memoiren einer Idealistin."

A charmingly written book of travels in Sicily, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and India is Cattina von Seybold's "Aus warmen bunten Ländern," presented in an attractive little volume by C. H. Beck of Munich.

Gustav Dalman's "Petra und seine Felsheiligtümer," with 347 views, plans, maps, and panoramas (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs), is the fruit of the studies of an exceptionally well equipped Orientalist. The author, who is a member of the theological faculty in Leipzig, has been for several years on leave of absence, as leader of the German Archæological Institute in Jerusalem. He has made four separate scientific journeys to the famous rock city, Petra, in Southern Palestine, once the metropolis of a people related to the Edomites. Many of the archæological finds here pictured and described are new discoveries of the author, and the great majority are specimens of religious antiquities, such as 160 statue idols, 29 altars, 68 sacrificial feast tables, and 144 lustration vessels. Petra was the meeting place of Oriental and Occidental culture and religious institutions and creeds; this and its nearness to Israel make the work appeal to the Biblical student as well as to the classical archæologist.

In the Bulletin of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences Professor Beneshewitz reports the results of his recent investigation in the St. Catharine cloister on Mt. Sinai. Of special interest is the fact that he has found no fewer than 926 manuscripts which Gardthausen has not mentioned in his catalogue of Mt. Sinai manuscripts, and that there are still many other manuscripts in this historic cloister. These deal chiefly with the lives of saints, liturgies, church polity, medicine, and a number of the most valuable of all with the history of church music. Professor Beneshewitz has also reëxamined a large number of the documents, which Gardthausen described. Among the many photographs which he took of these manuscripts there is also a reproduction of the important Apophthegma (ἀποφθέγματα τῶν ἁγίων γερόντων) of the year 1064. An edition of this is announced, to be prepared by Dr. Nitikin, who is also a member of the St. Petersburg Academy. He will compare the two manuscripts of the Apophthegma text found in the Moscow Synodical Library.

It is now about a decade since the graduates of all three types of secondary schools in Germany, each with a nine-years' course (namely, the classical gymnasium, the semi-classical realgymnasium, and the purely scientific oberrealschule), have been admitted practically to all the departments of the universities on equal terms. Statistics now show that the classical course still has an overwhelmingly strong hold. During the past summer term there were 1,075 Protestant and 931 Catholic theological students in the ten universities of Prussia; all of them were graduates of the gymnasium. Of the 5,441 in the law departments, 4,569 were classical, 642 semi-classical, and 230 scientific. Of the 2,586 in the medical department, 2,179 were classical, 320 semi-classical, and 87 scientific. Of the 8,612 in the philosophical faculties, 6,085 were classical, 1,439 semi-classical, and 1,088 scientific. In eight non-Prussian universities, the proportions were about the same. Thus out of a total of 31,622 students in eighteen out of the twenty-one German universities (the Bavarian universities of Munich, Erlangen, and Würzburg not reporting), 24,876, or 78+ per cent., were classical; 4,417, or 14+ per cent., semi-classical, and 2,331, or 7.4 per cent., scientific. These statistics were compiled and

publlshed by Dr. Tilmann of the Prussian Ministry of Education in the *Monatsschrift für höhere Schulen.*

Any person who is interested in the growth of Western State universities will find much matter of significance in the thirteenth biennial report of the Regents of the University of Texas. The attendance in 1883-4 was 221; in 1903-4, 1,393; in 1907-8, 2,501. In the period from 1901 to 1907, the number of books in the library increased from 36,227 to 58,759. We quote a passage from the section of the report which treats the organization of graduate work:

The university has been conservative in the work which it has offered. It has preferred to undertake nothing that it could not do with reasonable credit and distinction. It has heretofore not offered any degree higher than the master of arts. In this respect, it has stood almost alone among the universities of America. Hardly another institution of its grade has failed to offer the doctor's degree. The faculty and regents recognize that only the preliminary work toward this degree can be done with our present resources, but they confidently count upon the Legislature and the people of the State for making adequate provisions for thls work in a large way.

At the seventeenth annual meeting of the American Jewish Historical Society, in Philadelphia, February 21 and 22, papers will be read by Samuel P. Abelow, Brooklyn; the Rev. Henry Cohen, Galveston, Tex.; Albert M. Friedenberg, Dr. Herbert Friedenwald, Leon Hühner, Mark J. Kätz, Max J. Kohler, Isaac Markens, the Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, and Samuel Oppenhelm of New York; Dr. Abraham S. Wolf Rosenbach, Philadelphia; and Israel Solomons, London, Eng.

A summer school of theology will be held at Oxford from September 13 to 24. Scholars representing various churches and phases of thought will lecture.

The National Library of Wales, at Aberystwith, chartered in 1907, has become a reality by the transference thither of Sir John Williams's collections, numbering about 20,000 items. Besides the specifically Welsh books the library contains much pertaining to Gaelic, Irish, Cornish, and Breton philology.

On February 14 Prof. William Mathews, the oldest living graduate of Colby University, died in Boston at the age of ninety. In 1862 he was appointed professor of rhetoric and English in the University of Chicago, but gave up his place in 1875. He has written a number of books, including "Getting On In the World" (1873), "The Great Conversers, and Other Essays" (1874), etc.

Miss Emily Virginia Mason, known for her activities in behalf of Southern soldiers in the civil war, died at Georgetown, D. C., February 16. She was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1815. She wrote a "Life of General Robert E. Lee" (1871), and edited "Southern Poems of the War" (1867) and "Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia in 1798" (1871).

Oswald Crawfurd, a well-known figure in London literary life, has died at the age of seventy-four. From 1867 to 1891 he had been consul at Oporto, and had rendered valuable service to the government during the Portuguese disaffections of 1889-90. As a writer he contributed largely to the magazines under such signatures as "John Dangerfield," "Joseph Strange," etc. Besides two volumes of verse and several novels, he published "Travels in Portugal" (under the pseudonym of "John Latouche"), "Round the Calendar in Portugal," "Portugal, Old and New," "British Comic Dramatists," "Lyrical Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria," and "Four Poets."

Marquis Marie-Charles-Albert Costa de Beauregard, historian and, since 1896, member of the French Academy, has died in Paris at the age of seventy-three. His published works include: "Un Homme d'autrefois," "La Jeunesse du roi Charles-Albert," "Les Dernières Années du roi Charles-Albert," "Le Roman d'un royaliste sous la Révolution," and "Souvenirs tirés des papiers du comte A. de La Ferronnays."

Marquis Emmanuel-Henri-Victurnien de Noailles died in Paris, February 16, at the age of seventy-eight. He had been the ambassador of his country at Washington, Rome, Constantinople, and Berlin; and he was author of "La Pologne et ses frontières" (1863), "La Poésie polonaise" (1867), and "Henri de Valois et la Pologne en 1572" (1867), a work in three volumes, crowned by the French Academy.

Dr. Wladislaus Nehring, professor of slavic philology at the University of Breslau, has died in his seventy-ninth year. Besides works in the Polish language, he published "Iter Florianense" and "Altpolnische Sprachdenkmäler."

TWO WOMEN OF HISTORY.

The Maid of France. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Jeanne d'Arc is about to become officially beatified after a term of candidature that makes Mr. Bryan's seem as but a watch in the night. Her appeal from her judges at Rouen to the Pope, by them cruelly and unlawfully disregarded, has at last been argued and decided in her favor. At the same moment, the story of her life is told again by a man whose countrymen enjoy a unique relation to her:

The Scots did not buy, or sell, or try, or condemn, or persecute, or burn, or—most shameful of all—bear witness against and desert the maid. The Scots stood for her always, with pen as with sword.

Mr. Lang's book is not written in the soothing spirit of leisurely research. It has a vivacity inspired by the two master passions of literature, love of the subject as a vital issue, and a strong objection, both temperamental and reasoned, to the author who has most lately treated it. What Plato is to Aristotle's "Politics," what Mommsen is to Ferrero's history of Rome, that is Anatole France to Mr. Lang's life of the Maid of Orleans. Mr. Lang's own conception of Jeanne is very simple and uncompromising: she was gifted with "genius which should be the marvel of the world while the world stands"; she was not only saintly, brave, and a natural leader of men, but of a high intelligence; her "voices" count for relatively little, since, but for her exceptional endowment, they would have been of no avail in saving France. It will be seen that battle is here offered to M. France all along the line.

Mr. Lang's criticisms of M. France are of two very different sorts, disagreement with his conclusions, and a much more damaging scrutiny of his premises. Under the latter head, he charges him not only with an exceptional clerical carelessness, but with the citation of passages which often do not support the text and sometimes contradict it. Two or three instances will show the character of these contentions, and their bearing on the general thesis of M. France. In speaking of Jeanne's visits to Robert de Baudricourt, M. France says:

Le mépris du capitaine *et les outrages de la garnison* ne l'avaient ni humiliée, ni découragée; elles les tenaient au contraire comme des preuves de la vérité de sa mission, s'imaginant que ses Voix les lui avaient annoncées.

A footnote bases this statement on "procès," t. II, p. 53 (an obvious mistake for I, 53). The passage runs:

Ipse autem Robertus bina vice recusavit et repulit eam, et in tertia vice ipsam recepit, et tradldit sibi homines; et ita etiam dixerat vox sibi quod eveniret.

It is clear that the "outrages of the garrison" are either a gratuitous addition or a careless reading of "tradidit sibi homines," with the cases transposed, and it is open to question whether the Voice referred to anything but the final success of Jeanne's application. M. France speaks twice of the scene in which the king and his advisers urged Jeanne to make clear to them the nature of her "council." In disparaging the value of the evidence of Dunois (I, xxiii.) M. France says:

By a strange awkwardness, to prove that Jeanne had visions, he [Dunois] tells a story that, on the contrary, would lead us to believe that the young peasant girl was a clever impostor, and gave, at the request of the lords, an exhibition of ecstasy, like the Esther of the lamented Dr. Luys.

This passage supports the opinion that Dunois's testimony has been a good deal mishandled by the translator (who put the French evidence into Latin under direction of the court) and the clerks. But, later (I, 391), the story is quoted by M. France without warning of its suspicious nature as bearing on the character of Jeanne.

The lords present were struck by the heavenly expression of the young girl's gaze. But those tearful eyes, that ravished air, which astonished the Lord Bastard, were not an ecstasy, but the imitation of an ecstasy. It was a scene full at the same time of artifice and of simplicity.

Now the passage upon which all this

rests ("Procès," III, 12) states simply that while Jeanne, blushing somewhat, told the King in quite unemotional terms how her Voice addressed her, "she was wonderfully happy and raised her eyes to heaven"—"ipsa miro modo exsultabat, levando suos oculos ad cœlum." There is no more "ecstasy" in question than this, and if this be ecstasy, it is plain that the story cannot be used both as good evidence, and as proving that the testator's words had been tampered with. In describing Jeanne's retinue, M. France declares that her equerry, d'Aulon, belonged body and soul to La Trémoïlle, to whom he owed money. "Jeanne was in the hands of d'Aulon, and d'Aulon was in the hands of La Trémoïlle." According to Mr. Lang, the document on which this statement is based states explicitly that d'Aulon borrowed 500 gold crowns of La Trémoïlle for two months in March, 1432, having been obliged to pay a heavy ransom when captured with Jeanne. There is no evidence whatever that he owed money to La Trémoïlle in the lifetime of the Maid. These are but specimens chosen from a long list. The reviewer has verified the references in a number of instances, and in each case examined Mr. Lang has been in the right. His charges form a heavy indictment and an extraordinary commentary on the way in which history is written.

Apart from the question of the sources, Mr. Lang's main objection to M. France's picture of the Maid is that it underestimates her intelligence. He will have nothing to do with the theory of clerical inspiration; he holds that Jeanne was a military genius and the shrewdest politician about the King when the others were deceived by Burgundy; that her two examinations show a keen and strong mind, and that she was as far as possible from the ordinary type of mystic or hysteric. This is not the place to review M. France's book, but it should be noted that many readers of it have received a more favorable impression than Mr. Lang believes was intended. It has been pointed out before, notably by Gabriel Monod in the *Revue Historique*, that, while M. France does not do justice to Jeanne's wits in his own commentary, he nevertheless develops her objectively in his narrative in a far more favorable sense. He gives the reader material for the manufacture of as much enthusiasm as his temperament demands, and the weaknesses he allows her do but give a touching human verisimilitude to the picture.

Mr. Lang's book naturally suffers somewhat in form from its polemic character, and, fighting as it marches, confuses its two objects so as to leave on the reader an impression that M. France was one of the false-witnesses of Rouen. It is, however, a strong, clear, well-ordered brief, and will be an invaluable document for the next biographer of the Maid.

The First Governess of the Netherlands, Margaret of Austria. By Eleanor E. Tremayne. Pp. xxxi+346. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Of the various princesses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who answered to the name of Margaret of Austria, the subject of the present biography is probably the most attractive, and certainly the most cosmopolitan. The story of her various courtships and marriages carries the reader into almost every country of Western Europe. Wedded successively before she had attained the age of twenty-two to Charles VIII of France (the marriage ceremony was actually performed, though the bride was less than four years old), to John, the only son of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and to Philibert Emmanuel of Savoy, she refused Henry VII of England and Louis of Hungary, and was loved by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and by Antoine de Lalaing, Count of Hoogstraten. And we hasten to add that she preserved her dignity and womanliness through it all, with far better success than most of her contemporaries in that very marrying age. Moreover, unlike the majority of them, she was something more than a mere matrimonial commodity. As regent of the Netherlands for her nephew, the Emperor Charles V, she was able and successful, especially in her attempts to centralize the government, and to gain advantageous commercial relations with England, though her fame as an administrator must necessarily suffer from the fact that the Inquisition found its first victims in the Low Countries during her rule. The "Ladies Peace" of Cambray, in the negotiations for which she on the whole got the better of her antagonist, Louise de Savoie, attests her ability as a diplomatist; the church of Brou, near Bourg en Bresse, her skill as an architect; her patronage of Erasmus and the eulogies of Jean Lemaire de Belges, her literary appreciation and skill as a poet.

Margaret of Austria's career is one which is sure to appeal to the imagination of the historian who likes to reflect on the interminable problem of "what might have been." It contains passages in which the very slightest change would have profoundly affected the destinies of Europe. The tragic ending of her Spanish marriage is one of these. Had the Prince of the Asturias survived, or had he left issue behind him, Spain would have escaped the dire misfortune that dogged her footsteps for the next fifty years—the curse of a foreign ruler with whose outside responsibilities she had nothing in common, who used her for his dynastic purposes, and made little or no return. Disburdened of the Empire under the rule of sovereigns such as John and Margaret promised to become, Spain's lot would have been far happier, and the whole history of sixteenth-century Europe profoundly changed The life of Margaret of Austria witnesses many turning-points like this, and its interest is thereby materially enhanced.

Mrs. Tremayne's book is a welcome addition to the lighter biographical literature of the sixteenth century. It is not free from errors of fact and judgment, which betoken hasty composition and lack of background. How Margaret could have promised "to preserve the rights and privileges of the seventeen provinces" of the Netherlands (p. 77) in 1507, for instance, it is difficult to conceive, in view of the fact that at least five of these seventeen provinces were not in Hapsburg hands at all at this date. Misprints of proper names are frequent. The name of Jean Lemaire de Belges is given in three different ways; and the poet Marot would scarcely have recognized his prenomen under the spelling "Clémont." And Mrs. Tremayne has a wofully unhistorical faculty for passing over the shadier sides of her subject's life without comment, so that the whole impression is considerably more favorable than Margaret deserves. But her account is vivid and interesting; Major Hume's unrivalled knowledge of unpublished material enables him to preface it with a very useful introduction; and the book as a whole is well worth perusal. If the present standard is maintained, the Romantic History Series, of which it forms a part, will be an unquestioned success. For the purpose of furnishing romantic biographies the early sixteenth century is an age that cannot be surpassed.

CURRENT FICTION.

Tono-Bungay. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

This fresh lapse into mere fiction on the part of our, as it were, leading fancy scientist and millennial forecaster, is of more than common interest. In general method it is rather frankly modelled on "Joseph Vance"; that is, it is composed with skill, though with some appearance of inconsecutiveness and even incoherence. And there is a similar suggestion of recurrence to the Victorian manner, although the substance of the story is of to-day. "Tono-Bungay" is a patent medicine, contrived by a provincial English apothecary, Ponderevo, and made the basis of a great fortune. Unlike that panacea of Mr. Locke's Clem Sypher, it is not believed in by its promoter, who is a born charlatan. But he has the charlatan's faith in his star, and a quack philosophy of a comfortable sort which sounds, to be sure, uncom-

fortably like a familiar theory of "business." He has his authorities to quote:

I suppose you must respect Carlyle? Well, take Carlyle's test—solvency. (Lord! what a book that "French Revolution" of his is!) See what the world pays teachers and discoverers, and what it pays business men! That shows the ones it really wants. There's a justice in these big things, George, over and above the apparent injustice. I tell you it wants trade. It's trade that makes the world go round! Argosies! Venice! Empire!

Our apothecary is a great admirer of America.

The Ponderevo philosophy has no illusions for the Ponderevo nephew, and present autobiographer. But he is miserably in love with a girl who, he knows, will marry him at a certain figure of yearly income. So he gives up his scientific studies, in which he has made a singularly successful start, and devotes himself to "making Tono-Bungay hum." It hums. But George's marriage turns out a wretched fiasco, and in the end the firm of Ponderevo fails to meet the test of Carlyle; for in time the nephew neglects the humming process in favor of airships, and Tono-Bungay goes to smash. The escape of the insolvent pair across the channel in a machine which is a combination of aeroplane and dirigible puts the Wells seal upon the plot.

But the persons in the book are of more importance than the plot. The originator of Tono-Bungay is a notable portrait of amiable rascality; and his wife is a sweet and humorous woman worthy to rank with Mr. De Morgan's Lossie and Sally. She (though there is little enough romance in her life as we see it) is the heroine of the story rather than George's unfit wife or equally unfit sweetheart. The culmination of his affair with Beatrice is cynical and disheartening, though it can—or because it can—hardly be called untrue to life on a certain plane.

The Three Miss Graemes. By S. Macnaughtan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Though it lacks the directness and artistic finish of "The Expensive Miss Du Cane," this story has the quaint daintiness of its own heroines and is a pleasant companion for an idle hour, its very gentle verbosity having a certain soothing quality. The theme is of the simplest. Three young girls have been reared by the father in cloistral seclusion on a Scotch island. His sudden death, after disastrous ventures on the turf, leaves them poor and unprotected, and they set forth attended by a faithful piper, to make their home with a distant relative in London. Their unsophistication is sorely out of place there, but after divers trials and wearinesses fate smiles upon them. The two elder find the nearest approaches to the Fairy Prince that prosaic modernity affords, and the writer leaves them to live happy ever after.

Helen Graeme is real and attractive. One will not readily forget the picture of her kneeling at family prayers to give thanks for "Thy generous favor in giving victory to the horse St. Cuthbert." She carries this simple directness of faith into all her dealings with the world. In the hands of a harsher author, what might not have been her fate? But Miss Macnaughtan is content to let her incredibly ingenuous beauty simply adorn a tale, instead of pointing a strenuous moral, and herein lies the reader's good fortune.

The Supreme Test. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: Brentano's.

The visit of the captivating Kythe West to the household of Wilmot Cuncliffe, churchwarden, produced a very extraordinary effect upon him. He is at the outset, in Kythe's expressive paraphrase, "a widower, a preposterous, narrow-minded, impossible person, with three hideous, ill-conditioned children," riding two hobbies, "the iniquities of the High Church party" and "the deplorable spread of what he called 'modern ideas.'" He ends by being a *preux chevalier*, a champion of slandered girlhood, a father to unprotected youth, combining the shrewdness of Sherlock Holmes with the loftiness of Don Quixote and the self-immolating quality of a Knight of the Grail. And this happens in less than two months. In February, he is talking like a sanctimonious sniveller. In April he plucks a girl from the consequences of silliness, adroitly hoodwinks her world in order to shield her, and meantime divines her mind as never yet did prig, of all persons, divine the mind of woman. That the girl who changed his life and made a self-sacrificing lover and hero of him is utterly and absolutely a minx does not heighten the improbability of the apotheosis. If a man's soul is to widen out of all recognition in six weeks, a minx is quite as likely as another to do the deed.

The story moves at a lively pace in and out among the pranks of Kythe, but her champion's transmutation is hard to follow. Nor is the reader greatly helped by the explanation in the publisher's note—that "the hard shell of his religious teaching dissolves in the liquid joy of his exquisite visitor."

The Bishop and the Boogerman. By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Being the story of a little Truly-girl, who grew up; her mysterious companion; her crabbed old uncle; the Whish-Whish Woods; a very civil engineer, and Mr. Billy Sanders the Sage of Shady Dale—

So runs the instructive sub-title. In this sunny book, appropriately illustrated by Charlotte Harding, the lamented creator of the Tar Baby worked out after his own fashion the leading motive of "Silas Marner." A little girl bereft of her parents but happy in the possession of a wholly imaginary playmate, Cally-Lou, enters the home of her "crabbed old uncle," and humanizes him and every one else that comes near her. This theme is developed with a hearty garrulity which seems rather the effect of rapid improvisation than of premeditated art. One feels also the lack of structural symmetry in the patched-up and haphazard concluding chapters, in which the fantastic Adelaide shoots suddenly into womanhood, and marries, merely, it would appear, that the tale may have an ending as well as a middle and a beginning. But perhaps it is hypercritical to complain of the structure of a book which exists only for the sake of its characters. To any one at all interested in the soft, fluent speech and the mental markings of Southern types, this oddly assorted group will be charming. The crabbed uncle has a young spot in his heart; the old black mammy adores children; her runaway son studying to be a bishop is himself a child in heart and head; Adelaide is an irresistible sprite; and the Sage of Shady Dale is fit to be her comrade. No writer of his time entered more sympathetically than Joel Chandler Harris into the playful imagination of the "folk" and into the creative fancies of children. This story is effective because it revives in the reader the innocent emotions of childhood from which it springs.

In Morocco with General d'Amade. By Reginald Rankin. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.50.

When Gen. d'Amade succeeded Gen. Drude in command of the French forces at Casablanca towards the end of 1907, and commenced active operations against the Moors of the *hinterland*, many persons believed that his work marked the beginning of a conquest. Later, when the war between the Sultans went against the man to whom France had thrown its support, and German diplomacy spun additional difficulties in the way of the French, it looked as if Gen. d'Amade's campaign had marked the beginning of a failure. Now that France and Germany have come to terms about Morocco, it appears plainly that the fortunes of the French are to fall midway between failure and conquest. French domination in Morocco is now out of the question; but it is certain that France will be henceforth an active agent in the opening up of Morocco and will hold something of the privileged position accorded it by the Conference of Algeciras. To this extent our author is justified in saying

that "the historian of the future will recognize in Gen. d'Amade's work another link in the chain of destiny first forged by Charles Martel on the plains of Tours."

Mr. Rankin was correspondent for the London *Times* with the troops of Gen. d'Amade, and took part in most of the marching, counter-marching, and fighting which resulted in the subjection of the tribes of Chaouiya—that "colossal cornfield" stretching some thirty-five miles to the north and south of Casablanca and fifty miles inland. About this marching and fighting there was, on the whole, an uneventful sameness which affords Mr. Rankin ample opportunity for side-studies of the nature of the country, its inhabitants, its resources, and its promise for the future. For the military student there is much detailed material on the theory and methods of African campaigning, and on the showing made by the French troops, for whom the writer has little but praise. Mr. Rankin writes with the learning and authority we readily associate with the great journal he represented. Naturally, he voices the political opinions of that paper, which are solidly on the side of the French and strong for the necessity of a prolonged occupation of the Chaouiya region. As a matter of fact, the French are still in Casablanca; but the agreement with Germany to which we have referred makes it improbable that they will remain there in the capacity of conquerors.

More than once in the course of Gen. d'Amade's campaign, the charge of unnecessary severity was brought against the French. Whether unnecessary or not, hard blows were undoubtedly struck and the Chaouiya tribesmen, at times brave to the point of fanaticism, suffered heavily. The natives of Western Morocco are not the nomads of popular fancy. The rich Chaouiya grainlands are occupied by an industrious population of whose means of livelihood the French expeditionary columns made a sad business. Whatever may have been the initial rights and wrongs of the affray at Casablanca that led to the French invasion, Mr. Rankin's account does not quite succeed in giving us the impression that Gen. d'Amade's troops had sound reasons for carrying war among a people tbat only asks to be let alone. Burning villages and farms was part of the French programme. In the fighting which was, on more than one occasion, hand to hand, there was no giving and asking of quarter. Prisoners were not taken on either side. The writer's extremely British imperturbability enhances our sense of the distressing nature of tbe conflict. He is very sensitive to the beauties of Moroccan wildflowers, and rather indifferent to the value of life, human or animal. In the following passage we are reminded almost of the Englishman who said, "What a beautiful morning! Let us go kill something":

> The friend raised his mighty hand and smote the hare behind the ear, at the junction of the neck, even as gamekeepers are wont to smite rabbits, and so great was the force of the blow that the head of the hare fell from its body and rolled away under the shade of the ground-orchids beneath the cork tree.
>
> It was one of those delicious mornings when the heat of the sun is tempered by a little breeze, and the larks are singing in the blue for joy.

On the whole, a readable and useful volume.

An Irish Precursor of Dante: A Study on the Vision of Heaven and Hell Ascribed to the Eighth-Century Irish Saint Adamnán, with Translation of the Irish Text. By C. S. Boswell. London: Nutt.

We are tempted to apply to this book a phrase that is used frequently in its pages with reference to the classification of departed spirits, *bonus sed non valde*. It contributes very little that is new to the history of the vision literature with which it deals; and much of the discussion, which ranges widely from Ireland to the Orient, is of a decidedly second-hand character. Even within the limits of Irish the author does not show thorough mastery of his subject. He fails to mention one version of the "Fís Adamnáin" itself, the abbreviated form of it which is embedded in the later prose text of the "Voyage of Snegdus and Mac Riagla" (published by Thurneysen in a Freiburg programme, 1904, and again by Stokes in the *Revue celtique*, XXVI, 130 pp.); and what is stranger still, he states, by way of introducing his own translation of the "Fís," that Dr. Stokes's rendering is accessible only in the limited Simla edition, whereas it was reprinted both in *Frazer's Magazine* for 1871, and in Miss Stokes's "Three Months in the Forests of France" (1895). Regarded merely as details of bibliography, omissions like these are, perhaps, unimportant, but they sometimes involve ignorance of matters that are essential. If Mr. Boswell had known Professor Thurneysen's edition of the Snegdus texts, he would probably have modified the statements made on page 162, with regard to the date of the tale; and if he had read Dr. Stokes's edition of the poem ascribed to St. Cuimmin (in the *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie*, I, 61), he would hardly have followed Father Denis O'Donoghue so implicitly in assigning the piece to the seventh century (see page 208, n.). To cite only one more example of his lack of thoroughness, he makes on page 114, the extraordinary statement that the apocryphal "Book of Adam and Eve" was an Egyptian work of the fifth or sixth century, of which no mention is known outside of Ireland. The use of it in the "Saltair na Rann" is apparently cited as evidence of early contact between Ireland and Egypt. But Dr. Stokes's edition of the "Saltair," to which Mr. Boswell refers in his footnote, should have guided him to Professor Wilhelm Meyer's article, containing early Latin texts of the "Vita Adae et Evae," and an account of numerous versions in the vernacular languages of Europe. As to the Irish knowledge of Egypt, there are other indications of it, some of them cited by Mr. Boswell, which we do not mean to question.

Serious as seem the defects in Mr. Boswell's Celtic scholarship, his book is, nevertheless, of considerable value, as being the only extensive collection of early Irish visions of the world to come. It brings together most of the important documents of this class, analyzes them at length, and compares them with one another, and with the accounts of the happy other-world in secular Irish saga. The chapters on the relation of the Christian visions to native Celtic tradition, though greatly indebted to Alfred Nutt's well-known essay (published with the "Voyage of Bran"), add some new material which has become recently accessible, and they ought not to be overlooked by students of the "Celtic paradise." On the whole, the book exhibits better than any other the part the Irish took in developing the literary type which derives its chief interest from the "Divine Comedy," and it does this without losing sight of literary values or making untenable claims of Dante's indebtedness to Celtic sources.

Baldassare Castiglione, the Perfect Courtier: His Life and Letters. 1478-1529. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

That a single season should produce two elaborate English works on Castiglione ought to signify the remarkable vitality of his reputation; for of how many men or women who flourished four centuries ago can as much be said? When we examine Christopher Hare's book, "Courts and Camps of the Renaissance," (see the *Nation*, December 3, 1908, p. 548), and these even more sumptuous volumes, we see that other considerations besides Castiglione's personal merits have combined to make him a favorite subject. He has so much background! and this background lends itself so wonderfully for modern illustrations! So we suspect that it is the renaissance and the paintings and buildings of tbe renaissance, quite as much as the character and deeds of Baldassare himself that explain these recent works.

Mrs. Ady virtually confesses this by

writing a history of the times, through which Castiglione's biography flows, often no broader than a rill; occasionally, indeed, it disappears altogether. We do not object to this method—the whole question being one of proportion. By showing the wild crimes, the national and international brigandage, the mingling of moral depravity with artistic sensitiveness, of the age in which he flourished, she brings out all the more clearly his virtues, his honorable conduct, his ideals of courtesy. He had an interesting career, and he displayed talents of various sorts, but it is, after all, his authorship of "The Courtier" that chiefly attracts us.

That book is still a model on which gentlemen of the highest type may be formed. Its province is manners; but whoever reads it attentively will discover that the manners Castiglione teaches spring from character—they are not the mere veneer which a dancing-master can impart. This is, perhaps, unexpected, and leads us to ask how far the ideal courtier (that is, gentleman) is the creature of Castiglione's imagination, and how far he had flesh-and-blood counterparts at the Italian courts of the renaissance. They abounded, we know, in guile, hypocrisy, cruelty and deceit: how then did it happen that from such an environment such an ideal arose?

The readers of Mrs. Ady's books will not find this question answered directly, or even broached; but if they are curious, they can disentangle the answer for themselves from her great mass of material. We think that Castiglione's biography might easily be written in one-fourth of the space which she has filled, and he would probably stand out more vividly in the briefer study; but there is so much of interest in her volumes that we do not complain of their bulk. She is a pleasant writer, a fair popularizer of more learned investigators, and a wholesome judge of deeds and events. The beauty of her book, in binding, type and illustrations, deserves special mention.

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. I: A—Art. Pp. xxii+903. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.

The numerous works of reference that have appeared recently in response to the demand for summary statements of the latest results of research are of various grades of excellence. Some are popular compilations and have only a secondary value; in others the articles are prepared by independent investigators, specialists of good standing, and are valuable for scholars as well as for the unlearned. It is in this last class that the new encyclopædia edited by Dr. Hastings and his assistants professes to belong, and, to judge from the first volume, the profession is fairly well justified. The list of contributors includes a good number of well-known names, among them W. Bousset (on Antichrist), A. E. Crawley (Hindu Anointing), W. Crooke (many Hindu subjects), F. Cumont (Anahita), G. d'Alviella (Animism), Rhys Davids (Buddhist topics), P. Ehrenreich (South American Indian Cults), De Groot (Chinese Adoption), D. G. Hogarth (Ægean Religion), M. Lidzbarski (Ahiqar), E. Littmann (Abyssinian Religions), Sir Clements Markham (South American Andean Cults), Th. Nöldeke (Ancient Arabian Religion), A. C. McGiffert (Apostolic Age), Louis de la Vallée Poussin (Buddhist topics), A. H. Sayce (Early Vannic Armenian Religion), N. W. Thomas (Animal Cults). The plan adopted of describing a subject generally in one article and then having particular aspects of the subject treated in separate articles by different persons (as in Absolute, Adoption, Alchemy, Altar, Ancestor-worship, Architecture, Art), though it involves some repetition, has the advantage of presenting the topic from various points of view. The field to be covered by the work (in about ten volumes) is very wide: it is to describe all religious and ethical systems, movements, customs, and ideas, and, the preface adds, every philosophical idea, from which it would appear that it is to be an encyclopædia of philosophy as well as of religion and ethics —a commendable recognition of the intimate relations existing between the three departments of thought. The editors have been embarrassed by the wealth of material that presented itself, and, not content with religion, ethics, and philosophy, have entered the fields of biology (Adaptation) and hygienics (Adulteration); and the article on Agriculture, in which we should expect to find a statement of the close connection between agriculture and various religious customs and ideas, is a description of ancient methods of tillage, with only two or three passing references to mythological facts. In general, however, the selection of subjects is good. The location of subjects is sometimes arbitrary; it is not clear, for example, why Abelard should have a separate article and Albertus Magnus be referred to the article Scholasticism. But allowance must be made for the accidents of editorial arrangements.

There is not much in the contents of the articles that calls for adverse criticism. The helpful description of the Ægean religion appears to be overbold in its constructions. The assertion (in the article Ainu) that the Ainu religion was originally monotheistic, and was debased by the rise of animism, is wholly without support in Ainu material, and is contradicted by what we know of the history of savage cults. The conception of Satan's ambition (p. 372) is to be traced not to Ezekiel xxviii (for, in all probability, the Satan figure had not been constructed in Ezekiel's time), but to the story in "Secrets of Enoch," xxix, 4. In so large a mass of material there will necessarily be points on which specialists differ, but the articles have all been carefully prepared, and in most of them the conclusions are well supported. The lists of books of reference appended to the various articles are well selected and sufficiently full. The proof-reading is good; there are a few obvious typographical errors. It is strange to find (p. 147) the spelling "Ashtaroth" (a plural form) for the name of the goddess Ashtart (Astarte).

Buddhist Essays. By Paul Dahlke; translated from the German by Bhikkhu Silacara. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

It is five years since Dahlke's "Aufsätze zum Verständniss des Buddhismus" appeared in Germany, time enough for a translation to be out of date had the original been concerned with the historical questions now most discussed by Buddhist scholars. Fortunately for the translator, neither the time of the Buddhist councils nor the problem of their historical reality formed the subject of Dahlke's studies, but the inner meaning and worth of the religion as traditionally received. So far as we have compared the translation with the original, the English version is idiomatic and satisfactory; but in this first English presentation of a work that has had a large circulation in Germany we are chiefly concerned with an appraisement of the subject-matter, since the volume represents a school of anti-Christian thought in Germany which has led to the production of a number of manuals and text-books of similar character.

At the outset let it be said that Dahlke's is by far the best of this group of tracts—for such in reality they are —notably better than the work of Freydank, which appeared at the same time, in that it is free from the exaggerated disapproval of all things Christian displayed by many of the "modern Buddhists." Dahlke, while not a Sanskrit or Pāli scholar, is a thinker, and his writing is the result not of dislike, but of conviction. He believes that Buddhism is a more satisfactory religion than Christianity, but he does not waste time by recounting the horrors of the Middle Ages done for Christ's sake. His "Essays" are a fair presentation of the religion of his Master; for the most part they give a presentation of the texts themselves, taken from the Middle Collection of the Second Book of the Pāli canon. They deal with Buddha's life and with the teaching in regard to life, sorrow, Nirvāna, God, morality, asceticism, etc. To these the author adds his own exegesis and conclusions.

In the main these conclusions are just. The religion of Buddha is of value only for those who feel life to be sorrow; it is a religion of renunciation and consequently differs from the religion of the poor, "which must be a religion of promises." Dahlke sees too clearly into the heart of Buddhism to indulge in that shallow sentimentalism which clothes Buddhism with the modern garment thrown about it by such writers as H. Fielding Hall, author of "The Soul of a People." It is a religion for thinkers, with its "clear, cold, steel-like atmosphere," as opposed to the "sickly-sentimental, sweetly languishing." To the true Buddhist, woman is merely "the object of cool reflection," and Buddhism has put back love "into its proper place." And so it is with life, as with love. "The teaching of the Buddha is not for him who desires life; at any time it is suited only to a few." Herein to Dahlke lies the superlative satisfaction of Buddhism to the wise man. In Buddha's system, love, either in the Christian sense of love for our neighbor, or for God, is non-existent. There is no God. Our neighbor must look out for himself. We, too, live only to get rid of life, which as philosophers we condemn. In a word, there is more true Buddhism in a page of Dahlke than in a volume of Mr. Hall, and if only as an antidote to the pernicious *mischmasch* so often offered to the general public as Buddhism this volume would be heartily welcome.

Nevertheless, it is not without grave defects; and if space permitted it would be worth while enlarging on these, for they are the defects of the school to which Dahlke belongs. But at least this much must be said. The claim is made by Dahlke and others of the modern Buddhists, that Buddhism is a satisfactory religion because it is not sentimental, but rational. In this particular Buddhism no doubt attracts many whom Christianity repels. But the further assertion that Buddhism is wholly rational, that it is not based on hypothesis at all, that "alone among all the founders of world-religions, the Buddha only speaks of things which he can prove"—all this is untrue. For the whole system of Buddha roots in the theory of Karma, that is, not only in the theory of metempsychosis (which is itself undemonstrable), but also in the theory that man lives his weary round of millions of births weighed down by the moral product of former births. If it were not for this theory there would have been no occasion for Buddhism. It is not this one life that is the burden: any brave man might endure it. It is the ceaseless flow of lives which the individual has to undergo that makes life an endless sorrow and gives occasion for the need of some Path of Salvation. But this whole doctrine was and is accepted as a matter of faith. It was not proved by Buddha; it was simply the current belief of his day, unscientifically, unphilosophically, accepted, much as the "soul-belief" is accepted by Christians. To say that Buddhism (in distinction from Buddha) is without dogma is also an error. The belief of the Buddhist Church is built up not upon a rational system, but upon "the word of the Buddha." What Buddha said is definitive; it must not be an object of discussion. In this regard there is no difference between the faith of a Christian in his Word of God, the belief of a Brahman in his Revealed Veda, and the belief of a Buddhist in his "so said the Master." It is a veritable *ipse dixit* religion, not only in the later form of the Great Vehicle, but from the beginning, in the earliest Pāli texts.

Science.

The California Earthquake of April 18, 1906: Report of the State Earthquake Commission, Andrew C. Lawson, Chairman. Vol. I, Parts 1 and 2, and Atlas. [Vol. II to appear later.] Washington, D. C.: Published by the Carnegie Institution.

The Physics of Earthquake Phenomena. By Cargill Gilston Knott. Pp. x+283; figures 44. New York: Henry Frowde.

The famous shock, now generally known as the San Francisco earthquake, took place April 18. Despite the thousand distractions of this period of ruin and fire, the Governor of California was mindful of the great scientific importance of the opportunity, and on April 21 appointed a State Earthquake Commission, consisting of A. C. Lawson, G. K. Gilbert, H. F. Reid, J. C. Branner, A. O. Leuschner, George Davidson, Charles Burkhalter, and W. W. Campbell. This distinguished group of geologists, physicists, and engineers also associated with themselves fifteen or more additional well-qualified observers, and began the work of recording carefully all important phenomena bearing on the shock. The Governor had no funds upon which to draw, and the Carnegie Institution came to the aid of the commission. The main work of composition has been done by Professor Lawson, but special chapters have been prepared by collaborators; and the volume yet to be issued will be a discussion of the instruments employed for recording shocks.

The two parts now available contain chiefly the carefully assembled details of the effects produced by the earthquake. As all the world now knows, the cause was a faulting movement along an old northwest and southeast rift or line of disturbance. The movement was chiefly horizontal, the southwestern side appearing to have moved northwest to a somewhat greater degree than the northeastern one moved southeast. The displacement ranges from 10 to 15 feet, reaching a maximum of 21. In the northwest there was a slight vertical displacement also, but it involved only two or three feet. The identified, continuous length of the faulted zone is 190 miles, but if to this is added an additional rift, separated from the other by a stretch of ocean, the total distance is 270 miles. The rift itself is prolonged to the south some hundreds of miles farther than the distance just given, but in the extension no movement seems to have taken place at the time of the recent earthquake. The shock, however, was felt for more than 700 miles along the line of the rift, and for 300 miles to the east of it. There must have been a grinding slip and drag, lasting for about a minute, but with diminishing after-shocks for months. The rift runs off the peninsula on which is situated San Francisco, just to the southwest of the city, but it strikes the mainland again a few miles to the north. The rift is called the San Andreas. It is not a single fissure, but a series of rather closely spaced, parallel ones. Throughout its course it is marked by displaced fences, roads, bridges, etc., and by cracks, pools, craterlets, and on the north by slight escarpments. Earlier movements have left a pronounced valley along its line. All of these phenomena are profusely illustrated in the report.

The areas of maximum destruction have been carefully studied and mapped in the atlas. They are long, narrow belts next the rift itself, but with some outlying points, depending on the local geology. The report brings out most clearly the relative security of buildings on solid rock and the extreme damage done to those on loose sand or made ground. The areas of maximum destruction have therefore a geological factor as well as one of geographical location. Sea-quakes receive a chapter. The shock was felt by vessels, but as there was so little vertical displacement no sea-wave rolled in on the shore. The sounds that accompanied the shock are shown to be deep in pitch and widespread. Some curious effects on animals are recorded. Horses, cats, dogs, and cattle seem to have felt preliminary tremors appreciable periods of time before the men who were watching them. The after-shocks are also discussed, but the records are believed to be incomplete, largely because earthquake news of this sort was not specially welcome, nor was its publication encouraged. Comparisons are also given with earlier Californian shocks.

The maps, which are beautifully prepared, afford valuable illustrative material. In the atlas are also printed

seismograms from all over the world. The discussion of them will be one of the chief topics of Volume II, which is being prepared by H. F. Reid.

A call to be the Thomson lecturer in the United Free Church College in Aberdeen was the immediate cause of the preparation of "The Physics of Earthquake Phenomena." In the session of 1905-6, the author presented the material which he subsequently developed into a volume. Eight years as professor of physics in the University of Tokio, 1883-91, had placed Dr. Knott in close association with John Milne and his Japanese colleagues in the formative period of earthquake study; and during subsequent years, as a lecturer on applied mathematics in Edinburgh, he had continued to follow the subject with interest. The work is a condensed but very clear review and discussion of the phenomena and causes of earthquakes. The earth is consistently viewed from the standpoint of physics and of the physicist, who regards the rocky crust as a medium of greater or less elasticity in which vibrations are produced and through which they are propagated. In this discussion the larger features of the shocks, such as their distribution and periodicity, are explained; the means of detection and measurement are analyzed in a general way, and the more prominent instruments are described. Although doubtless often tempted to use the higher mathematics, Dr. Knott rather strictly adheres to simple treatment well within the grasp of those whose training is fairly elementary. The book presents a timely and excellent statement of the subject.

"Some Nature Biographies," by John J. Ward (John Lane Co.), may be regarded as a pioneer in a field which may soon become important, both in teaching in schools and in scientific investigation. We have on the one hand the single photograph—dominant up to this time—and the moving-picture machine, which is just entering the field of natural science. Midway stands Mr. Ward's work—isolated photographs taken in more or less rapid succession, to show the emerging of a butterfly from its chrysalis or the unfolding of a horse-chestnut bud in water. The eighteen chapters include plants, insects, jellyfish, and coal. The photographs are excellent and interesting, but the text leaves much to be desired. The facts are well-nigh drowned in verbiage. There is a heaviness of diction which makes the reading far from easy. The last chapter is delightful; it consists of twelve photographs of Finham Bridge, near Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, taken from the same point of view in every month of the year. The various seasons are beautifully pictured, and the author is to be congratulated on his success.

"The Fresh-Water Aquarium and Its Inhabitants," by Otto Eggeling and Frederick Ehrenberg (Henry Holt & Co.), the second volume of Group IV of the American Nature Series, is a well-balanced, clearly written account of the more common species of plants, insects, amphibians, and fishes which are adapted for living in aquaria of moderate size. The major part of the book is devoted to brief descriptions of plants and animals, with suggestions as to special use and function—in the case of the plants, whether submerged, rooted, swampy, or free floating; and of the animals, hints as to which species will tolerate others in the same aquarium. The chapter on fish-hatching is of especial interest, as showing what may be accomplished in this unusual field in one's own room in a balanced aquarium. The illustrations, photographs from life by E. F. Keller and E. R. Sanborn, are some of the finest in this difficult field. It is a pity that these illustrations could not have been utilized in some general natural history as well as in this volume of more circumscribed interest.

The German Society for Anthropology and Ethnology has decided to publish a new journal, *Prähistorische Zeitschrift*. The editors will be Dr. Karl Schuchhardt of the Berlin Museum, Dr. Karl Schumacher of the Mainz Museum, and Dr. Hans Seger of the Breslau Museum.

The rigorously scientific publications of the French government mission to Mexico and Central America continue, with the third part of the "Recherches zoölogiques," under the general direction of H. Milne Edwards and Léon Vaillant: the present number, quarto with five plates, is devoted to the study of the reptiles by A. Duméril, Bocourt, and Mocquard.

The results of scientific exploration of Africa are embodied in three works recently published in Paris. Commandant Eugène-Armand Lenfant, government explorer, has a new volume, with 115 illustrations and a map of the "rivers of life and rivers of death"—Nana, Ouam, Penndé—"La Découverte des grandes sources du centre de l'Afrique" (Hachette). "Résultats scientifiques des voyages en Afrique (1886-1897)" is a severer and more costly summary of the lifework of the really great explorer and mighty hunter Édouard Foa, who went over and observed more than 300 itineraries from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, from Dahomey to the Cape, up the Zambesi and its affluents and to the true sources of the Congo (Plon-Nourrit). "L'Afrique du Nord," by Henri Lorin, professor of colonial geography in the University of Bordeaux, popularizes the scientific knowledge of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco.

The fifth congress of the Société Préhistorique de France will open at Beauvais (Oise), July 26. Three days will be given to discussions, including the following subjects: "Points d'extraction de Silex dans l'Oise"; "Architectonique des monuments mégalithiques du bassin de la Seine"; "Les Tourbières (géologie et préhistoire)." The rest of the week will be devoted to excursions to the dolmens of Trie-Château, Boury, Sérifontaine, and Champignolles; to the Camp of Cæsar at Hermes, the Quarternary stations of Mont-Sainte-Geneviève, to Compiègne, etc. Under the auspices of the Ministry of Education and Fine Arts, a special exhibition of prehistoric objects will be held at Beauvais during this congress.

The Royal Academy of Science, at Turin, announces a prize of 3,000 lire to be awarded in 1910 to the person who has made the most striking invention or published the most important book in one of the physical sciences.

Wilfrid H. Hudleston, F.R.S., a distinguished British geologist, has died at the age of eighty. In his earlier years he travelled much as an ornithologist, but later turned his attention to geological subjects, publishing numerous papers in the magazines. He had been president of the Geological Society, Wollaston medallist, and president of the Geological Section of the British Association. His first work was done under the name of Simpson, which he changed for that of Hudleston in 1867.

The death in his eighty-ninth year is reported of John Duns, emeritus professor of natural science in the Free Church New College of Edinburgh. His published books are: "Memoir of Professor Fleming," "Things New and Old," "Biblical Natural Science," "Science and Christian Thought," "Memoir of Sir James Simpson," and "Memoir of Rev. Samuel Martin."

Drama.

The Faith Healer. By William Vaughn Moody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Faith Healer," the new play by William Vaughn Moody, is a prose work of very different character from "The Great Divide," resembling it only in its use of symbolism, its contemporaneous significance, its compact, pregnant, and occasionally eloquent dialogue, and its dramatic interest. As the title implies, it deals with spiritual and pathological phenomena associated with the newest creeds as well as the oldest faiths. Michaelis, the hero, is an ecstatic—son of a missionary to the Indians in Mexico—who, after years of sheep-tending in the wilderness, sees a vision of the Living Christ, and, thereafter, himself begins to work miracles of healing. He even raises a boy, Lazarus, from the dead, after the fashion of Elisha with the Shunamite's son. Scriptural parallelisms are frequent throughout the piece.

When the curtain rises he is visiting a farm in the Middle West. The proprietor, Matthew Beeler, has been a student, in a small way, of Darwin and Spencer; his wife, Mary, a rhapsodical religionist, has been a helpless paralytic for five years. Neither he nor his sister, the bustling housewife, Martha, has any faith in Michaelis's ministrations. The latter, however, has a disciple in Mrs. Beeler's niece, Rhoda, a repentant Magdalen. Mary Beeler, it should be added, as an indication of character, receives communications from the spirit of her dead brother Seth. Michaelis is a creature of varying moods. Generally an enthusiast, he is often inclined to doubt his own powers, and he is especially perturbed by the presence of

Rhoda, who strongly attracts him. Nevertheless, he succeeds in curing Mrs. Beeler, who arises from her bed and walks. The Rev. Mr. Culpepper, representing the orthodox clerical spirit, denounces the healer as a blasphemous mountebank. Dr. Littlefield, the family physician, embodying modern science, says that he works by a natural force, which threatens equally the old schools of divinity and medicine, but that fortunately he will not be able to keep up his practice, as he can only cure at the expense of his own vitality. Later on, the doctor appears to prove his case, for Michaelis, in a notably fine, passionate, and eloquent scene, declares his love for Rhoda and his willingness to sacrifice everything for her sake. Straightway Mrs. Beeler relapses into immobility, and an infant, whom he had been trying to cure, dies. But, then, Rhoda confesses that she has been a sinner, whereupon Michaelis, finding that she is not what he had supposed her to be—one specially sent to tempt him with the spirit of earthly joy, but simply a poor, sick girl in need of redemption and healing—sees a yet higher destiny unfolding before her and himself "with depths of life and heights of love" of which he had never before dreamed. With this access of spiritual devotion, his healing powers return to him in doubled force, and as he leaves the scene in fulfilment of his mission, the dead babe breathes again and Mrs. Beeler, with strength restored, walks forth to bear her testimony before a crowd of waiting pilgrims.

The play would be stronger if it were clearer in meaning and purpose, more definite in argument and declaration. It is difficult in reading it to determine whether it is a profession of faith, a spiritual romance, or a mere dramatic study of existing conditions. The future relations between Michaelis and Rhoda might well have been much plainer. Perhaps Mr. Moody sought to illustrate a problem, rather than to solve it. Possibly, a cue to his meaning may be found in the suggestion of Michaelis that "these lives of ours may be poured like a jelly from one mould into another, until God himself cannot remember what they were two years ago, or two hours ago." At all events, Mr. Moody has written a thoughtful and suggestive work, which, whether it wins success upon the stage or not, will make a strong appeal to the imagination of all intelligent readers. In literary expression, it is exceedingly felicitous, not only in the appropriateness of the dialogue to the personages concerned, but in the melody of the more oratorical passages.

Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out "Semiramis and Other Plays," by Ollve Tilford Dargan, containing work earlier than the "Lords and Lovers," but said to be remarkable for the same power and variety of expression.

The latest issue of John S. Farmer's Tudor Facsimile Texts (London: T. C. & E. C. Jack) gives us two more plays of John Heywood, for whose biography the editor has collected material which is said to show the man to have been in no wise the sort of court fool commonly supposed. One of these new volumes, a folio, contains fragments of "Witty and Witless" reproduced from the manuscript in the British Museum, probably a clean draft made by the author himself. If this is so, it is the only specimen of Heywood's writing in the Museum. The other volume, a quarto, reproduces "Of Gentleness and Nobility" from the black-letter copy in the Museum. It gives the portrait of Heywood from the engraving pasted on a blank fly-leaf opposite the title-page of the original. Two more volumes of the series contain respectively "The Play of Wit and Science," by John Redford, from the original manuscript, probably the author's, and "A Comedy Concerning Three Laws of Nature, Moses, and Christ," by John Bale.

Prof. Edgar C. Morris in his edition of Middleton and Rowley's "Spanish Gipsie," and "All's Lost by Lust," in the Belles-Lettres Series (D. C. Heath & Co.), attacks one of the most difficult of the problems which confront the student of the old drama. He has attempted accurately to distinguish the lines in the "Spanish Gipsie" written by each of two close collaborators. It is an admirable literary exercise to undertake, for it demands a keen literary sense and an intimate acquaintance with the works of the two writers to get results at all worth while. But in such cases even the most proficient dramatic scholars must hesitate to commit themselves beyond the roughest generalizations. Prof. Morris has tried to demonstrate decidedly more than is susceptible of proof. He asserts in the first place that Middleton and Rowley "were able to fuse their work to an unusual degree," that they "seem usually not to have set apart certain acts and scenes for each, but to have worked on the same act together"; and then he proceeds to assign their parts scene by scene, and line by line—not even hesitating to say who wrote first and specifically how the work was revised. This is a very pretty piece of speculation, but the results are exceedingly flimsy. Furthermore, one's faith in this investigator's judgment is shaken by his general estimate of the character and literary talent of Middleton. "Formality, artificiality, refined humor, and self-restraint" are the last qualities in the world which a judicious critic would attribute to the author of the "Chaste Maid in Cheapside." "Flexibility, naturalness, broad humor, and rapid movement," the qualities which Professor Morris attributes to Rowley, are precisely the qualities which characterize the comedies acknowledged as Middleton's. With such a set of touchstones, we shall never solve the Middleton-Rowley problem. But here are the two plays, and the puzzle may be tried again. The fact that the "All's Lost by Lust" is accessible elsewhere only in the quarto of 1633 gives to this volume a value which it would not otherwise possess.

With the beginning of the new year the Deutsche Bühnenverein has launched its own magazine, *Die deutsche Bühne,* with Dr. Raphael Löwenfeld as editor.

"Gerhart Hauptmann von dem Forum der Kriminalpsychologie und Psychiatrie" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) sounds like a formidable arraignment of the poet, but is in reality a serious and sympathetic interpretation of his work by Dr. Erich Wulffen, an attorney in Dresden. The author points to the influence which modern science and intimate association with students of psychology and psychiatry, pupils of August Forel, had upon Hauptmann during his sojourn in Zurich. The problem of alcoholism which was being studied by them furnished the theme for "Vor Sonnenaufgang," and entered largely into "Das Friedensfest" and "College Crampton." "Einsame Menschen" is to Dr. Wulffen the drama of sexual affinity. In "Hannele" he admires the poet's art in making use of pathological phases of adolescence. In "Michael Kramer" the psychology of creative work is treated with insight. Some of Hauptmann's works directly bear upon criminal psychology, as "Der Biberpelz," which is a comedy of larceny, and "Die Weber" and "Florian Geyer" which, beside their social meaning, contain touches of political criminology. The most interesting interpretation is that of the figure of Rautendelein in "Die versunkene Glocke." To Dr. Wulffen she is typical of woman, striving to rise above her elemental nature and to spiritualize her physical life, an attempt counteracted by man, even as Heinrich the bellfounder hinders the development of Rautendelein. The little book is an illuminating commentary upon the earlier work of the poet.

Some of our most influential theatrical managers declare that they are not blind to the inevitable consequences of the unscrupulous conduct of some of their associates in pandering to the lower instincts of the mob. This utterance affords ground for hope that some measures may be devised to act as a dam against the rising flood of indecency. The responsibility for at least the immediate future rests largely upon the shoulders of the managers. The syndicate system, which, in many ways, has proved so mischievous to the best interests of the stage, has this merit, at all events, that it invests the men at the head of it with a summary power to say what sort of show shall or shall not be permitted to enter any of the houses under their control. Should they agree—as two or three of them seem inclined to agree, that some sort of a censorship might be even more beneficial to their interests than to those of public morality—they could put one into effectual operation at almost a moment's notice. They could not, of course, instantly suppress all indecent shows, but they could relegate them to fifth-rate houses, where they would attract far less notice.

Miss Julia Marlowe produced Mary Johnston's poetic play, "The Goddess of Reason," in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, with a considerable measure of success. Both the virtues and weaknesses of the piece, which has been reviewed already (see the *Nation*, May 16, 1907, p. 460), were manifest in representation. Among the former may be enumerated some effective theatrical scenes—including one of genuine dramatic power in the third act—several passages of marked literary eloquence and poetic charm, an interesting story, and

three or four well-drawn characters. Confused and arbitrary construction—especially in the opening acts—and an abundance of halting and prosaic lines constitute the main defects. Whether considered as literature or drama it is a work of very uneven quality, but bearing many marks of conspicuous if undeveloped and untrained ability. The central character, that of a peasant girl, who, becoming a local leader of the French Revolution, denounces her lover in a fit of jealousy and afterwards, failing to save him, proclaims herself an aristocrat and royalist in order to share his fate, proves to be well suited to the personality and artistic methods of Miss Marlowe, who enacts it with unfailing charm, sympathetic intelligence, and occasional outbursts, as in the denunciation scene, of genuinely tragic emotion. On the whole her impersonation is one of the best which she has recently exhibited, being rich in those emotional flashes by which she has long been distinguished, and also in that quiet and unaffected pathos which is, perhaps, more artistically precious.

It is announced that Charles Frohman is to become the manager of the Sicilian actress, Mimi Aguglia, for a term of years, and that he will present her in English plays, so soon as she shall have learned the language. Some of her pieces are to be translated and others of English origin will be added to her repertory. It appears that Sardou esteemed her abilities highly and began a play for her, of which the unfinished draft is in Mr. Frohman's possession.

Wilfred T. Coleby's new comedy, "The Truants," Miss Lena Ashwell's latest production at the London Kingsway Theatre, deals with the adventures of an impetuous young couple who deliberately resolve to defy social conventions. They are brought to a sense of their folly in the nick of time by the intervention of a woman who is a distinguished author and traveller, a part played by Miss Ashwell, and said to be rich in dramatic possibilities.

H. B. Irving's lease of the Shaftesbury Theatre in London will expire at the end of this month and he will then bring to a close an exceedingly successful season. Under the circumstances he has decided to postpone the production of Justin Huntly McCarthy's "Cæsar Borgia" until the autumn. During his closing weeks, he has been appearing as Hamlet, Charles I, and Louis XI, thus challenging comparisons with his father in three of the latter's most brilliant successes. His Hamlet has been highly praised in the provinces, and his Charles I, which he exhibited here, is a fine performance which need fear no comparisons. Louis XI is, perhaps, a more dangerous experiment. But he appears to furnish one of the rare instances—especially rare upon the stage—in which the mantle of the father has fallen upon a son worthy to bear it.

Miss Evelyn Millard expects to produce Robert Hichens's new play, "The Real Woman," in the London Criterion Theatre, on February 23. The heroine is a young girl who has not yet awakened to the serious responsibilities of life. A visit to the East End, in which the action of an entire act is laid, opens her eyes to the misery, the squalor, and the suffering that form the daily round of so many unfortunate people. This brief, but poignant, experience brings to the surface all that is best and noblest in her nature. From a butterfly, she changes into a real woman. Mr. Hichens also is making a stage version for Miss Millard, of his story, "The Garden of Allah."

A review of the plays performed in German theatres during the season 1907-1908, just published by Breitkopf & Härtel of Leipzig, shows that Schiller has been played 1,441 times, "Wilhelm Tell" alone having reached 292 performances. Next in order come Sudermann with 1,202; Oscar Blumenthal, 1,021; Shakespeare, 945; Wildenbruch, 938, among them preëminently "Die Rabensteinerin"; Franz von Schönthan, 931; Ibsen, 876; Goethe, 705; "Faust," Part i, 213; L'Arronge, 684; Kadelburg-Skowronnek, 615; Henri Bernstein, 510; Meyer-Förster, 477; Hauptmann, 476; Hebbel, 409; Lessing, 370; Grillparzer, 369; and Molière, 185.

Sardou's books, engravings, and various effects will be sold in Paris in March and April by Lair-Dubreuil & Baudoin.

Music.

Beethoven's unsterbliche Geliebte. Von La Mara. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Beethoven died in 1827. After the funeral his brother and several of his friends carefully searched in his apartments for documents that might be of value, particularly some bank-stock certificates which it was known he intended to leave to his nephew. Disappointment seemed probable, when one of the searchers saw the head of a nail on the side of a bureau. Seizing it, he pulled out a secret drawer, containing the desired certificates and also a letter in Beethoven's handwriting to a woman, not named, whom he called his "*unsterbliche Geliebte*"—his "immortal beloved"—a letter which has been made the subject of countless newspaper articles and several brochures. It begins with the words: "My angel, my all, my ego," and continues throughout in this ardent style:

> I weep at the thought that you will probably not hear from me before Saturday—however much you may love me—my own love is stronger still.

The letter is dated July 6, but without year or place; incidental references indicate, however, that it was written at a bathing resort difficult of access, for the writer says he would have hardly got there alive had he not had an exceptionally good driver.

Schindler was the first to print this letter, in his biography of Beethoven. He advanced the view that the "immortal beloved" was the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, who for a time was Beethoven's pupil, and to whom he dedicated the "Moonlight" sonata when she was seventeen. This view prevailed for thirty years, until the American biographer of the great master, Thayer, applied his ingenuity to the problem and made it seem probable that, not the Countess Guicciardi, but her cousin, Theresa Brunsvick, was the "immortal beloved." There were a few weak points in the argument, and, while the writer of one brochure, Mariam Tenger, sided with Thayer, another writer, Dr. A. C. Kalischer, tried hard to prove that it was Giulietta who was Beethoven's "angel, all, and ego." One thing is certain, Thayer was wrong in giving the year 1806 as the date of the letter. Kalischer, in his complete edition of Beethoven's letters, dates it 1801; but the real date was 1807, as is made apparent by La Mara in the little book of 136 pages now before us. With an ingenuity worthy of Sherlock Holmes, she spent more than a decade in tracking the truth, searching family archives, interviewing relatives and descendants of the various *dramatis personæ*, and, finally, with the aid of the Pressburg town-librarian, Johann Batka, removing all reasonable doubt (see p. 34) that Theresa Brunsvick was the "beloved." And Theresa was worthy of the honor, for she must have been a young woman of unusual charm of mind as well as body. She spoke four languages. She never married, devoting her life largely to charitable work, especially in behalf of children. At the age of seventy she began to write her memoirs, which La Mara was so lucky as to secure for her book. They give interesting glimpses of her time, in various countries, for she was a great traveller. In one respect only are they disappointing: there is no direct reference to her love for Beethoven, but she writes concerning one proposal she received after his death: "I remained cold, an early passion had consumed my heart." On an earlier page she prints an account of the lessons Beethoven gave her. Instead of one hour, he remained four or five, and never missed a lesson during the fortnight she was in Vienna. La Mara's book is illustrated with a portrait of this remarkable woman, a facsimile of a Beethoven letter, and other documents.

Art.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

An exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy is a sort of clearing-house for American art—or at least for painting. Conservative and select standards prevail, in keeping with the historic dignity of the institution. The present show is said to be the best in average quality ever offered here. Of the oncomers there are many close to the leaders, and one finds the ensemble most stimulating. To note standards we elim-

inate extremes. Works beyond art's gracious ministry to life or out of touch with general culture, problem-plays in the visual field or attempts to reform the world or stagger humanity, are happily absent. Radical departures from accepted modes, archaistic motives, Whistlerian "arrangements," fictitious romance, fond sentiment or bald illustration, have little place in the gallery. The two religious paintings by Henry O. Tanner, which might be classed as sentimental or illustrative, cannot, however, be summarily dismissed, for they are able and sincere. Yet they do not seem quite simple or immediate. Several pictures have a sort of religious potential; we can make a Madonna at will out of the noble Mother and Child (of 1902) by George De Forest Brush, or out of Charles W. Hawthorne's good and sympathetic picture of the same theme, because the idea is simple and eternal: *C'est assez d'un enfant sur sa mère endormi.* Even landscape of elemental suggestion and with a subjective background, like Winslow Homer's Early Evening, may be on the way to a votive mood. In sculpture, which seems with us in a less flexible state than painting, our exhibition deserves a closer examination than we can give it. The technical standards here are very high; there is no improvisation or uncertainty, and we have some interesting works which transcend a too inveterate precision and finish, coming from late renaissance inspiration, and which suggest freer tendencies in design.

Confining ourselves mainly to pictures and passing over some academic experiments, we come first to the so-called realists. Of records in this literal kind the powerful and often sentient landscape of Edward W. Redfield is typical; but we might take some less familiar instance, as the Westfield River by George L. Noyes, where there seems a more flexible vision. Something in the construction here, as in the foreground flora and stones, goes beyond the near and tangible, and is on the way to revelation. A landscape by George Bellows, hung high in the New York Academy, improves on acquaintance, and has, without a secure style, a touch of passion. He has studied Winslow Homer to some purpose. Another promising realist, if not yet important, is Paul Cornoyer, who has a moving human theme. In sheer truth of literal presentation, with a more conventional style and without atmosphere, Frederick J. Waugh's deep-sea piece is impressive. Theodore Wendel, for all his fresh and vivid outlook, seems less actual, more forced in color, than several artists of realistic tendency whom we might mention. Figures or portraits may be literal even where they approach a decorative impulse, as with the two brilliant examples of William M. Paxton and the facile portrait of Miss Townsend by John S. Sargent.

To come to the ideal category, we may note tentatively some bold essays, and conclude with what seems indubitable. Abbott H. Thayer attempts beauty in The Virgin, but fails of actual performance. In Marcelle, an ambitious, if still academic, nude, as in two landscapes, Frederic Carl Friesike is distinguished, but not yet secure. The same may be said of Paul Dougherty's White Tide, which only needs a style corresponding to its idea and its design to be impressive. Among the landscape luminists truth in this kind sometimes becomes poetic. It is hard to choose, but one feels in Walter Griffin an ideal mood and a clear utterance. The Red Peppers of Alice Mumford Roberts have an intensity, fervor, and insight which seem like the "sudden matter" of the lyric muse. In the same brilliant room one notes two works by W. W. Gilchrist, jr., a Renoir- and Besnard-like Model's Rest, and A Study in Lavender, the latter tender as Gainsborough. For what seems definite achievement and high originality we may cite—besides the Brush and the Winslow Homer already mentioned—the fine portrait of Edward A. Schmidt by the veteran Thomas Eakins, a genre-piece by Edmund C. Tarbell, and good examples of the art of J. Alden Weir and Childe Hassam. In sculpture an idealized portrait by Charles Grafly and a figure for a Fountain of Youth by Bela A. Pratt should be noted.

WILLIAM RANKIN.

"The Acropolis of Athens," by Prof. Martin L. D'Ooge, and "Greek Architecture," by Prof. Allan Marquand, are promised for this spring by the Macmillan Company.

Perhaps the most interesting article in the January number of the *Burlington Magazine* is that on "Whistler and Modern Art," by C. J. Holmes. Mr. Holmes remarks that the neglected masters of the immediate past are now the "object of universal praise and eager competition; the popular favorites of the century are, almost without exception, worthless." The result of this "salesroom collapse of Academy reputations" is that amateurs have become frightened, and that "modern paintings are rarely bought" at all. In order to remedy this state of affairs Mr. Holmes proposes to instruct the possible picture buyer how, in sporting phrase, to pick the winners, and so avoid wasting his money; and he does it in this wise. The painters now in vogue were all innovators, consequently innovators should be chosen for patronage. But imitation of nature can be carried no further, truth of detail having been pushed to its limit by the Preraphaelites and truth of effect by the impressionists. Innovation can no longer come by addition of new truths—it must come by the suppression of old ones, and the true novelty will be "the omission of something which has never been omitted before." The result will be "oddity, incompleteness, ugliness"; and the collector is practically bidden to "back" (the word is Mr. Holmes's) the odd, the incomplete, and the ugly. In the present state of modern painting this should leave him plenty of room for choice. In all this, of course, there is an element of truth, but Mr. Holmes seems to us to neglect some important considerations. In the absence of sound traditions, the nineteenth century was an age of experimenting in art, its strongest men innovators; but it has not always been so, and it does not follow that it will always be so. Even in the past century there was that high priest of classicism, Ingres, whose reputation is to-day greater than ever it was, and there was Millet—an ingrained conservative whose "innovation" consisted in a return to the eternal principles of the grand style. Who shall say that the next revolution of a generation wearied of clever imitation of nature shall not be a frank reaction to the point of view of the great classic masters of painting? Their methods are not exhausted because they are inexhaustible, and there is infinite scope for the development of real individuality within the limits of what they would have recognized as sound art. This is the attitude taken by Kenyon Cox in his article, in the same number of the magazine on "The Recent Work of E. C. Tarbell," that artist being praised for "such simply beautiful painting" as is "rarer to-day than it has been in the past." The number also contains an interesting appreciation of the late Charles Eliot Norton by Henry James.

A somewhat bumptious little book is "The History of Engraving, from Its Inception to the Time of Thomas Bewick," by Stanley Austin (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). A gift of fine words the author evidently regards as an important part of his equipment. To him "Art is the child of romance which cradled in dreams has ripened into undying reality. It is the Aphrodite of the imagination, and, like its parent, is possessed of undying charm." Mr. Austin also has knowledge of some of the facts of his subject, although it is questionable if he possesses a clear idea of just what constitutes engraving. A considerable portion of the book, for instance, is devoted to book blocks and other wood cuts, which can hardly be called engravings at all. Wood cutting is a knife process, whereas wood engraving, which came in with Bewick, is a process of true engraving. One is tempted to quarrel with the proportions allotted to the different topics, but doubtless in a popular manual for English readers it is necessary to give much space to those branches, such as mezzotint and stipple, that British collectors have affected. The perfervid eulogies of Bartolozzi and Bewick, while not altogether unmerited, are lacking in restraint and sense of values. It is an unpardonable exaggeration to say that "Language can hardly err in praise of Bewick, for he was, in a sense, to Art what Shakespeare was to Letters." Apropos of the mooted question whether Holbein personally cut any of the blocks bearing his designs, the author holds it probable that it was his practice to draw directly upon the wood, and that both he and Luetzelburger were responsible for the cutting. This opinion is not held by the best authorities.

Jacques Reich of this city has added to his series of etched portraits of authors a

Robert Louis Stevenson, fourteen inches by eleven and a quarter. The picture represents Stevenson at a desk with pen in hand, but looking up, as if to speak. And it is a speaking likeness—the marvellously keen, bright eye in a face curiously touched with melancholy. It is a portrait which, like the style of Stevenson, becomes more fascinating as one studies it—in spite of the fact that the cheeks are fuller, less gaunt than most persons had supposed them to be in Stevenson's later years.

Prof. A. H. Sayce has discovered the true site of the ancient city of Meroe, which had hitherto been placed near the temples of Naga, about twenty-five miles inland from the Nile. The ancient remains found and identified by Professor Sayce are about three miles from Kabushia Station, near Shendi, which is half-way between Khartum and Atbara. The identification was made possible by the discovery of the great wall of inner defences, and the remains of the Temple of Amon mentioned by Strabo, as well as the Avenue of Rams, leading up to the temple. There were also found a life-size statue of a king, scarabs, seals, pottery, a slab with Greek inscriptions, etc. —material dating from 700 B. C. to 300 A. D. The determining of the true site of Meroe is of special importance, since the buried cities of Ethiopia, mentioned by early historians, can be approximately determined by their known distance from Meroe.

The systematic excavation of the Phœnician settlement of Motya, an island off Sicily, is now in active progress. The walls, partly composed of huge unworked rocks in "Cyclopean" style, and partly of well-wrought masonry, have been carefully explored. Both the northern and southern gates with their massive battlements are fine survivals of the Phœnician fortifications. Two stone staircases in the line of the walls have been disclosed. A remarkable find is a rectangular enclosure, substantially built of stone, at the southern end of the island, which evidently served as a small inland harbor with a narrow channel leading to the sea. A necropolis has also been discovered at the northern extremity of the island, which seems to have been in use both in prehistoric and early Phœnician times. The remains of the buildings of Motya, which we know from the account of Diodorus to have been both numerous and magnificent, have not as yet been properly investigated, but are likely to yield a rich harvest.

Among the exhibtions at the dealers' galleries in this city are textiles, embroideries, and Persian and Racca faience at Bauer-Folsom's, till February 20; miniatures by Helène Paulini and etchings by Whistler and Jacques Reich, Katz's, February 22; old pewter, M. Johnson Brown & Co.'s, March 1; engraved portraits of Lincoln and Washington, O'Brien's, March 9.

A Société pour la Reproduction des Dessins de Maîtres has been formed in Paris for the publication of little-known drawings in private and public collections.

Maurice Roy, in a paper read before the French Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, has made out the existence of two artists, instead of one, by the name of Jean Cousin. He has not determined their relationship.

In the death of Russell Sturgis on February 11, the *Nation* has lost a contributor whose ready pen and whose wide knowledge of architecture and of various minor arts were constantly and generously at its service. Mr. Sturgis was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, in 1836. After graduation from the College of the City of New York he studied architecture here and in Munich, his first master being Leopold Eidlitz, who was prominent in the Gothic revival. As a practising architect Mr. Sturgis designed a number of important buildings, including the Yale Chapel, at New Haven, and the Farnham and Durfee dormitories. In 1880 ill-health compelled him to give up active business, and for a while he resided in Europe. On his return to this country he devoted most of his energy to the work of connoisseur and critic, and despite the disadvantage of weak eyes, wrote largely for the leading magazines and for various dictionaries and encyclopædias. Besides revising Lübke's "History of Art," he had undertaken a general "History of Architecture," to be completed in three volumes (volume I reviewed in the *Nation*, July 4, 1907, p. 20); it is to be hoped that he has left manuscript for the completion of this which promised to be his greatest work. Other books by him are: "Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Pictures" (1868), "European Architecture, a Historical Study" (1896), "Annotated Bibliography of Fine Art" (1897), "How to Judge Architecture" (1903), "The Appreciation of Sculpture" (1904), "The Interdependence of the Arts of Design" (1905), "The Appreciation of Pictures" (1905), and "A Study of the Artist's Way of Working in the Various Handicrafts and Arts of Design" (1905). In all his writing, as in his intercourse with men, he was steadfast for what is fine and of good report.

Finance.

ASPECTS OF THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The fact that the opening weeks of 1909 have been marked by general lack of activity and enthusiasm in American finance has disconcerted the markets in which there had been many predictions of such revival. Two opposite opinions have all along been held by experienced financiers, regarding the exceptional nature of the markets of 1908—one, that the panic of 1907 was really no such serious affair as people imagined, and that the rapid return to "booming markets" merely reflected the quick restoration of trade conditions which never ought to have been interrupted; the other, that the Stock Exchange demonstrations of 1908 must be classed as psychological rather than economic phenomena, and that while a steady betterment of industrial conditions, as compared with the close of 1907, was undoubtedly in progress, the greater part of the Wall Street speculation was based on pure illusion.

The exact truth probably lies somewhere between these two extremes. The view of a neutral observer is presented in the review of finance for 1908 issued by the London office of the Swiss Bankverein, an institution of high standing:

> The leaders of American finance and industry have, with shrewd instinct, taken in this crisis the very action most conducive to the fostering of confidence. They bought boldly, assiduously, and profusely. They bought railway shares on heavy declines and thereby raised the credit of their companies; they bought bonds and thus encouraged and attracted investment capital. . . . It is scarcely necessary to state that the entire economic fabric could not at once be restored to its former activity; that many had to contend with financial difficulties; that works still remained closed, and even those financially sound were only partly employed; that numerous hands continued idle; but the fact has been established beyond disproof that by their timely and determined action, the magnates checked pessimism, which was gaining ground, and enabled a more hopeful disposition to prevail.

In this view there is no doubt some force. But it must be obvious that, if expectations are raised to a pitch where the actual events in trade and industry do not and cannot justify them, disappointment and unwarranted pessimism are the penalty. This is precisely what has happened. The extraordinary outburst of hope, jubilation, and speculation, in November, was based on an outright fallacy—namely, that trade depression, business losses, and damaged credit could be instantaneously swept away by the fact of Mr. Taft's election. The review already cited closes with the remark:

> Now that the first burst of enthusiasm over the result of the Presidential election has subsided, it is generally admitted, apparently even in America, that a more sober view should be taken of the prospects of trade and industry.

What, then, will be discovered by those who now take this "more sober view"? First, that so far from a great "trade boom" having burst forth instantaneously the morning after election, in no subsequent month have the volume and activity of business equalled the record of October. Even the earnings of the United States Steel Corporation reached in that month their high level of 1908, and have since shown slight but continuous decrease. At the moment, it is probable that the steel industry, which is usually typical, is working at about 60 per cent. of normal. At the close of 1907, the ratio was declared on good authority to be 28 per cent.; last summer it was something like 50. This, in a general way, sums up the position of things in the majority of trades. The exception, possibly, is dry goods, where the present activity probably exceeds that of most other industries, largely because of last year's prompt readjustment of prices to altered conditions.

If, in reading the account of an old-

time financial panic of the first magnitude, one were to learn that from 28 per cent. the volume of trade had recovered within fifteen months to 60 per cent., one's verdict would be that recuperation had been remarkably satisfactory. That, in our judgment, is the reasonable way to look at the present condition of American industry. It ought to be understood that the October panic of 1907 was not a "Wall Street flurry," not an accident due to a slip in the arrangements of one or two New York trust companies, not merely a senseless outbreak of distrust among depositors, and not a sudden flight for safety by people who had all at once become dismayed over President Roosevelt's attitude. By this time we have surely had enough of pointing to incidents and symptoms, and declaring that they were causes of the malady. What sensible people now know is, that the whole financial world had been over-exploiting credit, during 1905 and 1906, precisely as it did in 1871 and 1872; that the strain had grown too great; that eminent financiers and economists had in advance warned not only our markets, but Europe's also, of what was overhanging; that the collapse began in countries thousands of miles away from us, before it came in the United States; and that the particular violence of the crisis in this country was the penalty for the particular extravagance of our great speculators' use of credit.

Recovery from a downfall of this sort must in the nature of things be gradual; conservatism must take the place of rashness, and economy of waste. Such has been the nature of our recovery to date. Illusions fostered by Stock Exchange manipulation cannot really hasten the progress of convalescence. That will pursue its normal course. Nor does the present effort to place on the tariff discussion the blame for the seeming stagnation in producing markets help the matter. The *Iron Age*, which will hardly be accused of "free-trade sympathies," dismisses this argument contemptuously, assigning present conditions to "lack of demand and growing domestic competition," and intimating plainly that manufacturers who, at a juncture such as this, are standing out for the prices of prosperity, are themselves responsible for the present particular slowness of improvement. With this view we cordially agree; the fact is that, up to the present time, the pace of recovery has been more rapid than there was reason to expect fifteen months ago. That this gradual recovery will continue, and that it will be no less sure and genuine because it is gradual, we are fully convinced.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aguilar, Grace. Edmund, the Exiled Prince, and Wallace, the Dauntless Chief. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Aguilar, Grace. Macintosh, the Highland Chief: A Tale of the Civil War. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Bacon, Benjamin Wisner. The Beginnings of Gospel Story: A Historico-Critical Inquiry. New Haven: Yale University Press.

Baker, Ray Stannard. New Ideals in Healing. Frederick A. Stokes. 85 cents net.

Bardeen, C. W. John Brody's Astral Body and Other Stories About Schools. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

Beaulieu, Paul Leroy. Collectivism: A Study of Some of the Leading Social Questions of the Day. Translated by Arthur Clay. Dutton. $3 net.

Beliet, Daniel. Les Grandes Antilles. Paris: E. Guilmoto.

Bell, Ralcy Husted. The Changing Values of English Speech. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.

Bonar, Horatius. Hymns. Selected by his son, H. N. Bonar. Henry Frowde.

Book of Filial Duty. Translated from the Chinese of the Hsiao Ching, by Ivan Chên. Dutton. 40 cents, net.

Brahms, Johannes. The Herzogenberg Correspondence. Edited by Max Kalbeck. Translated by Hannah Bryant. Dutton. $3 net.

Bridgman, Raymond L. The Passing of the Tariff. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

Colmore, G. Priests of Progress. B. W. Dodge.

Cornwallis, Kinahan. The War for the Union, or The Duel Between North and South: A Poetical Panorama. Wall Street Daily Investigator.

Courteault, Paul. Blaise de Monluc. Paris: Alphonse Picard.

Crowe and Cavalcaselle. A New History of Painting in Italy. Edited by Edward Hutton. Vol. 1. Dutton. $5 net.

Cullen, Rev. John. The Hundred Best Hymns in the English Language. Dutton. 50 cents.

Davis, J. McCan. How Abraham Lincoln Became President. Springfield, Ill.: Illinois Co.

Gospel According to Saint Mark. Henry Frowde.

Graves, Frank Pierrepont. A History of Education before the Middle Ages. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Hague, George. Banking and Commerce. Bankers' Publishing Co. $3.

Harris, Frank. The Bomb. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

Henshaw, Nevil G. Aline of the Grand Woods: A Story of Louisiana. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.

Hodges, George. The Apprenticeship of Washington, and Other Sketches of Significant Colonial Personages. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Holland, Clive. How to Use a Camera. Dutton. 50 cents.

Hollis, A. C. The Nandi: Their Language and Folk-Lore. Henry Frowde.

Hoyt, Arthur S. The Preacher: His Person, Message, and Method. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Huelsen, Ch. The Roman Forum: Its History and Its Monuments. Translated by Jesse Benedict Carter. G. E. Stechert. $1.75.

Knapp, Margaret L. But Still a Man. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

McCahan, Belle Travers. The Preshus Child. Cochrane Publishing Co.

Magic Casement. The Anthology of Fairy Poetry. Edited by Alfred Noyes. Dutton. $2 net.

Manucci, Niccolao. Storia do Mogor, or Mogul India. 1653-1708. Translated by William Irvine. Vol. IV. London: John Murray. $3.75 net.

Nine Spanish Poems. Collected by F. de Arteaga y Pereira. Henry Frowde.

Radau, Hugo. Letters to Cassite Kings from the Temple Archives of Nippur. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania.

Ray, Anna Chapin. The Bridge Builders. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Schauffler, Robert Haven. Lincoln's Birthday. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.

Schinz, Albert. Anti-Pragmatisme. Paris: Félix Alcan.

Shakespeare Word-Book. John Foster. Dutton. $3 net.

Sheldon, Henry C. Sacerdotalism in the Nineteenth Century: A Critical History. Eaton & Mains. $2 net.

Smaith, J. C. Araminta. Moffat, Yard. $1.50.

South African Natives: Their Progress and Present Condition. Edited by the South African Native Races Committee. Dutton. $2 net.

Terence's Famulus. Edited by John Sargeaunt. Henry Frowde.

Towler, W. G. Socialism in Local Government. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Vernon, William Warren. Readings on the Paradiso of Dante. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4 net.

Waller, Mary E. Our Benny. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.

Williams, M. Atkinson. Report on the Teaching of English in the United States. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

Wollaston, A. F. R. From Ruwenzori to the Congo. Dutton. $5 net.

In the "American Nature Series."

C. H. Sternberg's The Life of a Fossil Hunter *(Just issued).*

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1909.

The Week.

There have been many complaints recently that the "Nation" comes late in the mails. In most places within 250 miles of New York it should be delivered not later than Thursday noon. The publisher wishes to be notified of delays in order that he may take the matter up promptly with the postal authorities.

For the successful ending of our fleet's spectacular cruise around the world, every American will give thanks. An undertaking of this kind involves so many possibilities of accident that the absence of serious mishap reflects great credit alike upon officers and men. That there had been moments of danger appeared at the recent court-martial in Gibraltar, when there was testimony that the accused officer had repeatedly shown coolness and skill "in critical situations." As a whole, the conduct of the men has been excellent. The only really grave lapses have been due to the navy's old enemy, intoxication, and these have been summarily punished. With the whole performance the country has, therefore, every reason to be satisfied. So far as the political effects of the cruise are concerned, there is even greater cause for gratification. The *Nation* was one of the journals which looked upon the venture as ill-timed and rather hazardous, in view of the anti-Japanese agitation by demagogues on the Pacific Coast. Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that the foreign press regarded the cruise as a direct menace to Japan. Some of our own newspapers gayly announced that the mere prospect of the voyage had completely silenced the "hectoring Japanese." But the most significant single event of the entire cruise was Japan's invitation to the fleet to visit Japanese waters. This simple act of courtesy and friendliness took overnight from the fleet's voyage all appearance of hostility, and proved for all time how inferior the most powerful battleships are to the conquering influences of international kindliness and good-will. Furthermore, William H. Taft added greatly to the cordiality of this display of amity by his admirable address at Tokio, in which he emphatically declared that war between the United States and Japan would be a "crime against civilization," and its mere discussion an "infamous suggestion"—words that promise from March 4 on a cessation of at least one of the alarums of war which have vexed us so steadily these last four years.

As to the navy, we cannot feel that it has gained much from the cruise. Its officers have navigated fleets before, not in quite such dangerous waters, perhaps, or with quite so many big ships in line. But, with all deference to the contrary views of Rear-Admiral Mahan, the best professional opinion is that fourteen months have been lost for the drilling of the fleet—longer, in fact, because preparations for the cruise and repairs now to be made will take out another six months. It has been a cruise of the line ships without, however, those accompanying vessels, such as destroyers, scouts, and fast cruisers, which are necessary if there is to be a real simulation of war conditions. But those naval officers who see in the cruise only a waste of time and effort, like those persons who lament the enormous cost, will be little heard to-day. As Senator Hale and Senator Tillman put it, the country has gone navy-mad, and for the moment is bound as unduly to exalt the voyage as it did the battle of Manila Bay.

The passage by the Senate of the naval bill, with its enormous appropriation of $137,000,000, now throws that measure into the hands of a conference committee. We wish that this sum, voted in the face of a Treasury deficit which bids fair to be slightly larger than the naval appropriation itself, might be reduced in committee; but of this there is no prospect, particularly as the return of the battleship fleet and the shouting over it coincide with the discussions in conference. About $137,000,000 will finally be settled upon, or $15,000,000 more than last year, and no less than $121,000,000 more than twenty-five years ago, 1884. In 1885 we devoted $9,242,496.82 to the navy—yet no nation insulted us, ravaged our shores, or carried off our women and children. Even in 1898 the amount was $32,574,082.43. If the next year, with its aftermath of war, took us over the hundred-million mark, we none the less spent only $55,623,422.30 as late as 1901. In the eight years of peace, therefore, during the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, we have increased our naval expenditures nearly two and one-half times. But the waste is not to stop here—even though industry is still prostrate everywhere, and the Treasury surplus shrinks ominously. We are not to retrench in this item if times are bad, for Senator Hale, the chairman of the Senate committee, solemnly assures us that next year the bill for the fleet will be $160,000,000, and in 1911 not less than $200,000,000. If an armed enemy were at our doors, we could hardly do more. Moreover, the army authorities, who have spent hundreds of millions on coast defences, inform us that our coasts are impregnable to battleship attack—if any fleet, save the British, could venture hostilities so many thousand miles from its base. In view of these figures, the American nation, so mighty in its extent, its resources, and, above all, its moral power, seems suddenly to have turned coward. We are apparently too frightened or too captivated by the notion of a big navy to mark well Senator Hale's words of warning: "This means that it will soon be the unescapable duty of Congress either to borrow money or greatly to increase the taxes."

As the naval bill now stands, the marines will be restored by vote of Congress to the battleships from which they were withdrawn by Presidential order. This action we cannot but regard as unwise, because the most progressive officers favor removal of the marines. As we have heretofore pointed out, the marines are employed only on battleships with English, American, or Dutch crews. Everywhere else there are regiments of marine light infantry affiliated with the navy, for use in oversea expeditions, in landing parties, and in garrisoning navy yards and stations. On battleships marines are in many respects anomalous, because, under modern conditions, the bluejackets can po-

lice their own craft quite as well as the marines. The trouble is, however, that everything Mr. Roosevelt now urges, no matter how desirable, is suspect in the eyes of Congress.

We do not think that any one can successfully controvert the arguments advanced at the Indianapolis convention in favor of a permanent tariff commission. If we must have a tariff, let us at least be semi-scientific. At present, the whole subject is thrown into the hands of a small committee, which drafts a bill in private in the course of a few months, though in any other country the statute would be written by experts after years of study. This method gives the beneficiaries of the special privileges the best possible opportunities to get not only their feet, but their bodies, into the trough. When the bill is passing through Congress there are further opportunities for helping those pitifully needy American industries, like the Steel Trust, that cannot live without government pap. It is, therefore, refreshing to have an avowed protectionist like J. W. Van Cleave, president of the National Manufacturers' Association, denounce the present tariff-making machinery because the Ways and Means Committee is a partisan body, lacks scientific knowledge and the requisite time to readjust schedules, and is, finally, as Mr. Van Cleave said, compelled to consult selfish persons whose views of their own industry are wholly biassed—he might have added, by their desire to get what they can out of Congress for their own pockets. But this is the very reason why there should not be any protective tariffs. Selfishness and sordid bargaining are the primal forces behind each schedule. And they make it probable that the efforts to obtain a tariff-making commission or a merely advisory body will fail. The tariff is in politics because it was conceived in politics, nourished by politics, and reared by politics. It will stay in politics because it is the best asset the Republican party has had. It wins victories by the sale of favors. The only way the tariff can be taken out of politics is by a general realization that it spells corruption.

In his letter to Senator Hale discussing the Hemenway report on the secret service, the President is more vehement than convincing. He asserts a set of facts different from those set up in the reports of the committees in Congress, while his denials and theirs do not relate to the same thing. In a word, issue is not clearly joined between the two parties to the dispute. "Not one case," affirms Congress, "in which the detective work of the government has been hampered by our restrictions on the use of the secret service, has appeared on inquiry. The heads of all the departments have admitted that we have provided them men enough and money enough for this kind of work." "Yes," rejoins the President, "but if the restriction had been put in force before the Department of Justice had organized its own secret service, criminals would have escaped detection and prosecution." Obviously, this sort of recrimination could be kept up forever. As for the figures of the number of detectives employed by the government, and the money paid out on that score, so much depends upon the definition, shading off a detective from a mere inspector, that the controversy is barren. Before deciding in our haste that all men are liars, it is well to know whether they understand what they are talking about.

Indictments of the New York *World* for criminal libel would have caused no great excitement if the case had not been treated in so excitable a fashion by the President. He vehemently asserted that the *World* had committed "a libel upon the United States government." The Grand Jury, however, found indictments for libel only of specified persons. Mr. Roosevelt's violent attack upon the newspaper has enabled it to assume the air of a victim of political persecution, and to take the heroic pose of a champion of the freedom of the press. But for all this extraneous Presidential fury, it is not probable that the *World* would have found much sympathy. It has admitted that it was not able to justify its assertions, or insinuations, against C. P. Taft and Douglas Robinson; and W. N. Cromwell now states that the *World* had direct and explicit notice from him, before the stories were published, that they were the concoction of blackmailers and were false in every respect. A newspaper that coolly "takes the chances" of that kind of freedom of the press cannot complain if the law has something to say about it.

It is clear that the first effect of Gov. Hughes's speech giving, as he had not given before, the details of his plan for direct nominations, has been to confuse people's minds. Some of his supporters are left in doubt; his enemies appear to waver. But whatever else may be said of his plan for primaries, this must be said: it is the conception of an honest and independent man, logically developed after much study and thought. For our part, we frankly state that we are not wholly satisfied with the Governor's proposals. They seem to us to multiply political machinery rather unhappily. We should have better liked the application of the principle of the direct primary, pure and simple. As for giving first place on the primary ballot to the nominees of the party committees, or organization, we should have preferred to see them take their chances with all other nominations, in alphabetical order; but this does not seem a vital matter. It is purely a question of numerical order. No designation of "regular" or otherwise is to be allowed with the names. All the committees—district, county, State—he would have elected in an open, legalized, and direct primary. The nominations of these committees are, in turn, to be submitted to the verdict of the voters. It is a kind of informal referendum within the party. The thing is not the entire novelty it seems. In Prof. C. E. Merriam's recent book, "Primary Elections," he refers to a scheme of this kind, and, as it is worth while to note, intimates that the tendency is towards such a system:

> In many cases the direct primary is likely to take the form of a referendum, or a list of candidates proposed by the party managers. The leaders will present a candidate for each office, and the verdict of the party voters will indicate the degree of their confidence in the organization officials. Such a plan was presented to members of the Republican Committee of Cook County in 1902 by Professor Judson of the University of Chicago, but was not adopted. A similar plan was advocated by Dr. Robert H. Whitten in the same year. Although comparatively little attention was given to these proposals at the time, the course of recent events indicates that a system much like this is likely to develop out of the direct primary.

Conceding that the new plan has weaknesses, we must grant also that it

is at least a great improvement over the present method. The Governor does not mince words, or exceed the facts, in describing the convention system as broken down and discredited. To vitalize party management, and to make it truly representative, by compelling it to draw its power from the direct vote of the party membership, cannot fail to replace, for a time at any rate, many tools and puppets, with real men. And the power of actually making nominations by open vote of all enrolled members, instead of by secret bargaining—the man seeking the boss, as Gov. Hughes puts it—is highly valuable. Even if left in disuse, ordinarily, it could be caught up as an effective weapon in times of crisis. It is undeniable, then, that the Governor has proposed a substantial improvement in party management, even if it be not so far-reaching as might have been hoped. We ought, indeed, to make our political machinery as good as possible, but we ought never to forget that our salvation cometh not of machinery. Professional politicians, who work at the trade all the year round, will make themselves, in the end, masters of any party machinery that may be devised. They can doubtless use and flourish under direct nominations, just as they annexed the convention system, and made it malleable to their purposes. The ultimate remedy lies elsewhere. As Gov. Hughes clearly pointed out in his Brooklyn speech, the true escape from mismanaged parties is to be found in the existence of a growing body of independent citizens, who, by the right of nomination by petition, and by means of a secret ballot safeguarded by law, can put the better man in the majority, regardless of party.

From the Journals of the Continental Congress and the Federal Constitution to the 128 enormous volumes of the War of the Rebellion and the still flowing stream of Philippine reports, the government has been active in compiling the record of our own deeds. Yet several of our leading historical writers, working for the Committee on Department Methods, recently undertook to measure the gaps in the American historical record, due to the failure of the government or historical societies to have accessible documents reprinted. The results of the survey are amazing. Scarcely any of the commissions, warrants, and instructions issued by the British government to its pre-revolutionary colonies are in type, either here or abroad. Not one-tenth of the correspondence of the British Secretaries of State with colonial officers has been published. The letters of John Adams, Marshall, Bayard, and the Federal Pinckneys—invaluable in studying the major wing of the Federalist party—have been even more neglected. The Library of Congress has practically all Jackson's letters, most of Van Buren's, and many of Webster's, Polk's, Davis's, and other statesmen's known only to the occasional archive-grubber—and then imperfectly. Political and constitutional records for the Civil War period simply do not exist in any coherent form. An unofficial compilation was once made, but, in addition to being hopelessly defective, it is now out of print; and yet it is "practically the only collection that can be depended upon for the documentary history of so important a policy as that of emancipation and abolition." War and politics have ever been the historian's favorite themes; but, if these have been treated so shabbily, we must expect utter indifference toward the even more significant annals of commerce, industry, and finance. Statistics there are in limitless quantities, and moderately accurate, too; but the unabridged official story of the tariff, currency legislation, internal taxation, public lands, and many other vital economic and social matters has not been accessible.

True, colleges and similar agencies have lately assumed several large contracts: one scholar is said to be collecting, on his own venture, all the British statutes relating to America; the American Antiquarian Society is publishing royal proclamations of the colonial and revolutionary periods; and the Carnegie Institution is doing the same with the American proceedings and debates in Parliament. But it is out of the question to leave more than a few of the hundreds of documents to unofficial compilers. No, there are lost and secret chapters in our national biography simply because the writing of the latter has been left to chance or whim. A more rational scheme is necessary. In recommending, therefore, the creation of a permanent commission on national historical publications, the distinguished historians advising the Committee on Department Methods favor an obvious plan for which there is an excellent precedent. Such a commission was instituted six years ago by the Queen of the Netherlands, and the directive work it has already accomplished amply proves its usefulness. The *lacunæ* in Dutch history have been marked and are being filled in.

The resignation of James Burrill Angell removes from active life an educator whose problems and his way of handling them have been unique. Thirty-eight years ago, when he took the reins at the University of Michigan, he inaugurated a policy which was destined to influence the development of American higher education profoundly. He undertook to teach rustic lawmakers that a State university should be as well equipped as any other. In educating Michigan up to his ideals, President Angell inspired the Middle West—not to mention Ezra Cornell—and, through the example of his own success, brought to flower a dozen great schools. The man with this programme had to be more of a missionary and diplomat than a pedagogical theorist—and, to the good fortune of the country, he was. In handling surly, stingy legislators, in pleading with farmers, in swaying business men and county-fair audiences, President Angell was the archetype of the old-school "all-round" college president. Even more than the Harvard succession, President Angell's withdrawal discloses the scarcity of available men. The list of candidates at Cambridge was virtually limited to Harvard graduates, and to those graduates, moreover, who were pleasing to Boston. In Michigan the field is so open that even Senator Beveridge is mentioned for the post. There are no hard-and-fast traditions to break; there is no stubborn, influential body of alumni to pacify. All this creates an unusual opportunity; and yet, with all the world to choose from, where is the unusual man? Good administrators, excellent teachers, and shrewd financiers are being named, but where are the three in one?

Representative McCall's decision to leave Congress in order to accept the presidency of Dartmouth, inevitably carries with it a sense of loss to the pub-

lic service. He has been a type of Congressman whom we can ill spare. Able, studious, conscientious, and independent, he has been one of the men in Congress whom the intelligent and moral sentiment of the country has thought of with great comfort as a fit representation of our best. Never blinded or carried away by popular hysteria, he has kept his head and freed his mind. Early an open critic of some of the harmful tendencies of the Roosevelt Administration, he has had less to say recently on such subjects, because hundreds are now found to utter what he was one of few to declare from the first. But regret at losing him from public life must not make congratulations to Dartmouth less hearty, or render us unmindful of the great opportunity which awaits Mr. McCall as the head of that college. His very selection is a tribute to the fine qualities of citizenship which he has illustrated. In honoring him, Dartmouth has honored herself, and given plain notice that she regards him as a fit product of education applied to public affairs, and as the kind of man she would wish to go on giving to the country. The accession of Mr. McCall, a layman, to a chair which clergymen have traditionally held is another sign of the times in the educational world. Inspiring personality, knowledge of men, a vigorous mind producing sane ideas, intellectual and moral leadership, all devoted to great civic needs—these are the qualities which colleges are more seeking in their direction. Dartmouth has found them in Samuel W. McCall.

The New York motor boat show, which closed this week, has afforded a fresh revelation of the usefulness of that extraordinarily beneficent invention, the gas engine. The public is generally inclined to think of it chiefly as a motive power for land automobiles. But the water automobile counts its users by the thousands, too, and is within the means of many who could not afford the cheapest motor car. For the maintenance of the motor boat involves no such expenses as tires and tubes; a chauffeur is usually unnecessary. At the price of a fine touring car, one can, moreover, buy a boat which will give comfortable sleeping accommodations for four or five. Upon such a craft, a man of slender means may spend a summer out-of-doors at astonishingly slight cost and roam our coasts and rivers at will. For the price of a fine foreign motor car, one can have an eighteen-knot boat, made of excellent woods and fitted with all luxuries. In it, the marvellous little engine which produces this high speed is tucked away in a space so small as to leave plenty of room for the owner and his guests, while the one-man crew manœuvres the craft by an automobile wheel with the ease of a child on a velocipede. From this touring car of the water down to the $200 launch is a long way, but the possibilities of pleasure in the latter are also very great. No one complains because of reckless driving on the waters, and few accidents are reported in the season when thousands of these pleasure craft swarm on our lakes and rivers and seas.

A Canadian Minister of Foreign Affairs—Prime Minister Laurier has announced his intention of adding one to his Cabinet—would satisfy local pride, arouse some anxiety among timid souls in England, and produce no very radical change in Canada's future relations either to her neighbors or to the Empire. Since the medium of communication between Washington and Ottawa will still be the British Minister, and since the Imperial veto will, of course, be retained, the innovation only means that Canada will henceforth be in a position to give her diplomatic business a greater share of preliminary attention than it receives now, and to enforce her views more directly upon the British representative at Washington. That would be gain enough if the British Foreign Office were really as indifferent to colonial interests as discontented Canadian opinion would make it out to be. Yet it is best that even such discontent should be done away with. Mr. Bryce, in his negotiations concerning Canadian waterways and the Newfoundland fisheries question, has made the consent of the colonial governments concerned necessary to the validity of the engagements he has entered into. In the settlement of the Japanese immigration question a year ago, a Canadian commissioner coöperated with the British Ambassador at Tokio. The double system is practicable, though anxious people in England may discern in it a step towards complete diplomatic independence for the colonies.

The Balkan war scare is being worked with mechanical regularity. No sooner has Bulgaria consented in principle to pay Turkey an indemnity, than Turkey's financial negotiations with Austria enter troubled waters. No sooner has Austria consented to the principle of an indemnity for Bosnia, than Bulgaria takes up a menacing attitude on the question of the exact amount to be paid. No sooner has Bulgaria been satisfied, than Austria assumes a menacing attitude on the details of *her* indemnity payments. A few weeks ago, when a supposedly violent speech by the Servian Foreign Minister made the war clouds gather in unusually heavy masses, it was reported that the Servian Minister's speech had been inspired by French bankers who wished to frighten Russia into accepting a lower price for the loan she was just about to issue. Some secret interests at least would seem to be behind the present swift succession of chills and fever in the Balkans. The latest Balkan fright has to do with Austria's supposed intention to overrun and annex Servia. Just where this precious idea started it is impossible to imagine. By all accounts, the danger of war between Servia and Austria these past months has consisted solely in the fact that Servia might get out of hand and bring on a conflict which Austria, no less than the other Powers, was most anxious to avoid. For Austria had secured what she was after, and it is notorious that the person who has got the better of a bargain is content to let things be as they are. Why, then, should Austria threaten war, now that Servia has been quiet for months and Austria's quarrel with Turkey is as good as settled? The answer given is that Austria is bound to press on to Salonica, and that she will pick up Servia on the way. The Western Powers are said to be indifferent to the possible fate of Servia. But Russia is not indifferent; Bulgaria, whose Czar is now fraternizing with his fellow-Czar, must be far from indifferent to Austria's intrusion in the Balkans; and the new Turkey, whose very life will be threatened by Austrian ambitions, cannot remain indifferent. Such a combination is already quite sufficient to make the suggested seizure of Servia by Austria seem nothing less than folly.

OUR RECORD AT PANAMA.

We know, for we have often been told, that the country ought to feel tremendously proud of its work on the Panama Canal. We were to make the French look like children. Their vacillation, delays, and changes of plan, with the cost running far beyond estimates, were to be things of the past when the Americans took hold. This was all very glorious, and we should now feel patriotic thrills, were it not for one thing—the ugly facts. Huxley called it a tragedy of science when a fact killed a beautiful hypothesis. Chauvinistic boasting has its tragedies, too, and the cold recital of our record at Panama discloses one of them.

First, take the figures of outlay. The Spooner Act of 1902 appropriated $10,000,000 for construction, and authorized continuing appropriations, year by year, "not to exceed in the aggregate the additional sum of $135,000,000." To date, Congress has appropriated for canal purposes the sum of $170,000,000. That is to say, deducting the $50,000,000 paid for canal rights and for the canal strip, we have already expended on construction $120,000,000. In a word, all the money which was provided by the Spooner Act, and which was guaranteed to be sufficient, has now been practically expended, and the canal is one-third done. Three years ago, the minority of the board of consulting engineers, whose plans were adopted, assured Congress that the complete cost, not including sanitation and the expense of governing the Zone, would not exceed $139,705,000. On this they staked their professional reputations. Yet in January, 1908, the chairman of the Canal Commission had to admit to Congress that the total would not be less than $250,000,000, and might even be $300,000,000. That was sufficiently staggering, but now comes Mr. Taft's board of engineers with the cool estimate of $360,000,000!

To be entirely fair, we give the engineers' explanation of these enormous figures. The profession is not entirely to blame. The engineers show that the expense of actual construction, as severed from other expenses, will be "only $143,000,000" in excess of the original estimate—that is, only 100 per cent. out of the way! But they justly point out that nearly one-half of the increase was due to changes of plan, made since the beginning, and to the "higher unit cost of the different items of work." By this is meant that the employees have been given shorter hours of work and higher pay than had been calculated on. The engineers did not foresee this, but anybody who knows the waste and extravagance of government enterprises might have expected such a result. Yet whatever the explanation, the fact remains that the United States has started to build a canal which will cost four times the French estimates, and three times the sum which we were at first solemnly assured would suffice—and we shall be lucky if we get off with that. It is safe to say that if the Spooner Act had carried $360,000,000, it could not have passed Congress.

On the technical side, President Roosevelt now seeks to stop the mouths of all critics, by asserting that any one who speaks against the present plans, as re-revised and once more made absolutely perfect, really shows that he is against any canal at all. But the thing cannot be disposed of thus cavalierly. When eminent engineers radically differ, laymen will have their doubts. Mr. Roosevelt himself refused to abide by the majority report of his international committee of engineers. Why should he now think that he has discovered infallibility? Sensible men have great respect for scientific experts. To set up an unskilled opinion against theirs would be folly. But the fact which the President ignores is that highly skilled opinion is disturbed about the present plans for the canal, or is positively hostile to them. It ought to be known, for example, that the sudden sinking of the toe of the Gatun Dam, a few weeks ago, was commented upon in engineering circles in Europe as "the catastrophe" at Panama. Nor is the dam at Gatun the only feature of the project which distinguished experts look upon with concern. In the flight of locks there they see a cause of grave disquiet. Both the possibility of safe construction, at that point, and safety of operation, if constructed, have been gravely called in question. In this connection, we may recall one ghastly blunder of Mr. Roosevelt's infallible experts which was exposed before the Senate committee. The plans called for locks of a usable length of 1,000 feet, but Lindon W. Bates demonstrated that, probably because there was not room to locate three such locks at the site chosen, the engineers had really provided for locks of a usable length of only 820 feet. This was gravely passed off as "a draughtsman's error," but as one Senator asked: "If we are misled in an important matter like this, have we any security at all?"

It is, indeed, a little too absurd to try to make the canal engineers exempt from criticism. They have been their own chief critics. To write down their own condemnation of their own work, in the changes which they have successively ordered, would be to exhibit a sad record of uncertainty. They selected Bohio for the site of their great dam, but were driven to abandon it. They began to build a dam at La Boca, on the Pacific side, but afterwards carried it back to Miraflores. And just now, in this final and sacrosanct report, it is admitted that former equally sacred reports were all wrong as respects the channel and location of the breakwaters in the harbor at Colon, and a complete alteration of plan is announced, at a cost of $10,000,000. Thus do messieurs the infallibles change from year to year.

We have not a word to say against the spirit in which the work on the Isthmus has been carried on. In sanitation and administration, we have commanded the admiration of the world. Nor is there any reason to doubt the fine organization of the laborers on the spot. But the facts we have cited show how serious is the problem yet before us, to which our best wits should be invited, instead of being warned away; and how little justification we now have, after seven years, for all our preliminary boasting.

THE CONSTITUTION FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

After four months of deliberation in secret at Cape Town, the National Convention to bring about the closer union of the British colonies in South Africa concluded its labors on February 9. It thereupon authorized the publication of the Constitution drafted, of which the full text is now at hand. It is, of course, in the form of an act, to be passed by the Imperial Parliament, after the colonies shall have assented to it; but in substance it is a great charter of government for that vast stretch of splendid country which holds so much of the future in fee. Hence it may properly be called the South African Constitution.

In general terms, the instrument follows the Australian model, which in turn was powerfully influenced by American experience. There is to be no unitary republic in South Africa. A federal government of large powers is to be erected, but the local government of the constituent provinces will continue to be nearest to the citizen in many of the relations of life, and will retain functions not unlike those of our States. There is to be a Parliament of the federation, but the power to determine the right of suffrage is to be left, under certain general safeguards, in the hands of the separate colonies as before. It is provided that "no person who is registered as a voter shall be removed from the register by reason only of any disqualification based on race or color." This does not mean indiscriminate enfranchisement of the natives, but only that, where they have been admitted to the suffrage, as in Cape Colony, it cannot be taken away from them. It is hoped, however, that in time the Cape franchise will be extended to the whole of South Africa.

With so many diverse and conflicting interests to harmonize, it was inevitable that compromise should be written plainly upon several parts of the Constitution. There was, naturally, a warm contest over the seat of the new government. Each local capital wanted it. The upshot was an agreement whereby "the seat of the government of the Union shall be at Pretoria, and the seat of the Legislature, Cape Town." On the other hand, the Supreme Court is to sit in Bloemfontein. These provisions remind one of the struggles over the location of the capitals, penitentiaries, and insane asylums, at the formation of some of our Western States. The South Africans may, at least, be glad, as *Punch* suggests, that their new government is not to be at Pretoria on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at Cape Town on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and at Bloemfontein on Thursday and Sundays. More important differences were those over the basis of representation in the new Parliament. As with us, the equality of the provinces in the Senate was determined upon; each is to have eight Senators elected by the Legislatures of the colonies; and eight Senators are to be nominated by the governor-general. All Senators are to hold their seats for ten years. Of the eight nominated, it is provided that "one-half shall be selected on the ground mainly of their thorough acquaintance with the wants and wishes of the colored races." This speaks for itself. In the new Legislative Assembly, Cape Colony is to have fifty-one members; Transvaal, thirty-six, and Natal and Orange each seventeen. Strictly on the basis of population, the representation should have been: Cape Colony, fifty-eight; Transvaal, thirty-seven; Orange, fourteen; and Natal, twelve; but the larger provinces gave up eight members to the smaller. Provision is made for the increase of representation with the growth in population, but the total number of members in the lower house shall not exceed 150.

The temptation to try experiments in government-making was obviously before the delegates at Cape Town, but they have introduced few novelties. The chief innovation is the provision that "the election of members of the Legislative Assembly shall be according to the principle of proportional representation, with the single transferable vote." This seems to be an echo of recent discussions of that method of voting, and informal demonstrations of its results, in England. Another thing strange to our practice is the arrangement made to break a deadlock between the Senate and the Assembly. The Governor-General may convene them in joint sitting, when the disputed legislation may be carried by a majority of all present. This plan obviously favors the Assembly, with its larger membership, in any case where it is practically united against the Senate. The scheme is a modification of that already provided for Australia. It would be interesting to know how it has worked there.

One of the general provisions is that "both the English and Dutch languages shall be official languages of the Union, and shall be treated on a footing of equality." The adoption of such a Constitution for Dutch and English, within nine years after Dutch and English were fighting each other in a desperate and lamentable war, will be a remarkable triumph of peaceful statesmanship; and that the whole instrument should be conceived in a spirit of such large amity, with so brave and keen a look to the coming years, is a wonderful tribute to the capacity and patriotism of the men who did the work. In this, the Dutch were not behind the English. High praise has been given to Gen. Botha for his statesmanlike attitude, while the conciliatory and self-sacrificing position taken by ex-President Steyn has been such as to lead to his being called the Washington of the South African Constitution. We are ready, then, to believe that the government which is thus to be set up will be one of the finest, as it is certainly one of the most extraordinary, proofs of the British genius for administration.

MAKING SCHOLARSHIP ATTRACTIVE.

The *Yale Alumni Weekly* and the *Yale Courant* have been discussing ways and means of fixing the attention of undergraduates "on the value of success in scholarship." The trouble seems to have begun when President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton—as a bishop *in partibus infidelium*, so to speak—gave a Phi Beta Kappa address at Yale last year. "I have heard," he said, "sounded once or twice to-night, a note of apology for the intellectual side of the university"; and he added:

> You hear it at all universities. Learning is on the defensive, is actually on the defensive among college men, and they are being asked by way of concession to bring that also into the circle of their interests. Is it not time we stopped asking indulgence for learning and proclaimed its sovereignty? Is it not time we reminded the college men of this country that they have no right to any distinctive place in any community unless they can show it by intellectual achievement? that if a university is a place for distinction at all, it must be distinguished by the conquests of the mind?

These be bitter words. They must come home to the heart of all university men. "Here at Yale," says the *Courant*, "scholarship *per se* has no social attractions, is hardly known and rarely discussed." The *Weekly* is even more severe: "Probably only a handful of the undergraduates of any one class could name their chief scholarship or prize-winner or half the philosophical-oration men." But we would not imply that Yale undergraduates are sinners above all men that dwell in our academic Jerusalem, President Wilson has found the note of apology "everywhere."

The *Alumni Weekly* has suggested an Honor Day in which the winners of prizes, scholarships, and the like shall publicly come into their own. This plan has been tried in various schools and colleges—at Harvard, for example—and

it is all very well so far as it goes; but as the *Yale Courant* points out, it does not go very far:

> A typical American institution, with its plethora of extra-curriculum activities, its over-emphasis on popular attributes of character and physical superiority, will not be metamorphosed in a day into a scholarly college.

The *Courant* would therefore make scholarship a "social asset." Time was when the two highest men in each class at Yale were elected to a secret society; but to-day, says the *Courant*, that plan would be regarded as "absurd"; "only one fraternity, the least recognized of the five, can be said to be at all distinguished by scholarship." The *Courant*, then, wants to see accomplished students secure recognition from the fraternities; partly because the effect on the fraternities would be good; and partly because in the fraternity the man who is often regarded as a bore and a grind would be developed socially, would acquire *savoir-vivre*, and would become "a good fellow at the end." This sounds attractive. At Amherst, some years ago (perhaps the custom has continued to the present time), the societies used to compete for the leading scholars of each class, with happy results for all concerned. But it is hard to see how under existing conditions at Yale and Harvard, for example, the societies can be persuaded to take any vital interest in scholarship.

The colleges reflect the tone of the community—a community which has been growing rich very rapidly, and which seems more and more concerned to spend money lavishly. Every wealthy man wants his son to enjoy the advantages of a college education. Our colleges, therefore, contain too large a proportion of spoiled, lazy boys, whose hours of labor have been cut down to the irreducible minimum. Their fathers wish them to be "gentlemen"—that is, possessed of superficial graces of manner but agreeably destitute of ideas. A writer in the last *Harvard Monthly* succinctly describes these undergraduates as "rich parasites." Now, it is certain that with their fathers and families being what they are, these young idlers will never have any pressure from home put upon them. The interest of the indulgent parents will be chiefly centred on the social and athletic victories of the lads. Indeed, it is almost inconceivable that a man or woman in the so-called "smart set" of New York should even comprehend the ambition of a son who, by some accident, might wish to gain intellectual distinction at college.

Under these circumstances, the duty of setting an intellectual tone really rests on the college authorities and chiefly on the faculty. It cannot be shifted to the undergraduates or to their parents, or even to the alumni. "The object of a university," as President Wilson has put it, "is to educate." That is what it is for; and the member of the faculty who does not lend his help in this task has no excuse for holding his job and drawing his pay. If the teachers at Harvard, Yale, and our other colleges, had, as a whole, sufficient backbone and energy to do their work as it should be done, they could keep the undergraduates up to the mark, the society elections would take care of themselves, the excesses of athletics would disappear, and we should have no committees reporting that "the average amount of study is discreditably small." But the cold truth, as every one familiar with the facts can testify, is that many of our colleges are honeycombed with soft courses. We could, were this the place, print a list of the very men who, at Harvard, Yale, and elsewhere, run the big elective courses, crowded with loafers from the "gold coast"—courses that are a disgrace to any institution that professes to stand for the higher learning. These amiable but incompetent instructors whose names will leap to the lips of every alumnus that reads these lines, whose shortcomings as teachers are known to every college president and every vigorous member of their respective faculties, are the men who make it possible for boys who ought never to be in college to stay in, to lounge their way through, and finally to secure a degree. These benevolent gentlemen who conduct the "snaps" are largely responsible for that low intellectual tone of which President Wilson complains. Until their demoralizing influence is checked, until we devise administrative methods that will put an end to such shallow pretences of teaching, and compel professors to discharge their duties with reasonable efficiency or else accept a retiring pension—in short, until our colleges themselves firmly assert the sovereignty of intellectual interests, serious parents will continue to feel misgiving as to the moral and mental welfare of their children who go to college.

THE CRAZE FOR MEMOIRS.

Something, we know, is always "displacing the popular novel." Macaulay's "History" did it; Green's "Short History" did it; Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" did it; people even asserted that the momentarily great but now forgotten Benjamin Kidd did it, with his newspaper scraps pinned together to make a revolutionary philosophy. The novel, however, does not stay displaced. Like Nature flung out with a fork, it is bound to come back. Still, the fond hope persists that people can be got to read books other than novels. Just now Englishmen seem much encouraged over the increasing vogue of biography. Once more the novel is displaced. We read in a letter from London:

> Ladies began to find that memoirs were often quite as exciting as novels and rather more scandalous. The result of this is beginning to be noticeable. At dinner parties and in drawing rooms the casual man home from a long time abroad would be rather struck by the apparently learned interests of his neighbors. I suppose that when such a man came home twenty years ago, he would have found himself in a network of names and allusions which would have bewildered him entirely until he had caught up with the novels of the day. But now he would hear names more familiar, but more astonishing. He would hear talk of Queen Charlotte, the Holland House circle, George Sand and Gamhetta, Coke of Norfolk and the Duke of Buckingham, the Panmure Papers and the Duke of Newcastle, the amusements of Napoleon's sisters and the gossip of the Comtesse de Boigne.

The immense and legitimate interest of biography need not be argued. A real man is better than a hero of romance; and authentic letters, diaries, conversations, and descriptions of those who have been famous in literature, art, science, or statesmanship, must always make a powerful appeal to lovers of their kind and students of their time. And it is true that the English press has turned out, within the past twenty years, an extraordinary number of important or absorbing biographies and memoirs. When one thinks of the letters of Lord Acton, the correspondence of the Brownings, the lives of Tennyson, Gladstone, Huxley, Parnell, and Randolph Churchill, the recollections of Gavan Duffy and Sir Algernon West, the memoirs of John Delane and

the half-autobiography and half-history of Lord Cromer, it is easy to understand how there may be enthusiasm, if not a craze, over that kind of reading. The novel might gracefully concede first place to it.

We must confess to grave doubt, however, whether there can long be a "craze," or even a moderate zeal, in taking up memoirs, on the part of those who look to them to furnish an intellectual excitement alternative to that provided by novels. In some respects, the two classes of books are alike: they deal with human interest, they arouse curiosity. But there is one difference, and it is fatal. A good biography is a genuine addition to knowledge. It illustrates a generation; it lights up a period. But it does this only for those who have some antecedent knowledge, and who are eager to add to their stores of it. Right here appears the disability of the inveterate novel-reader. He (take notice, ladies, we did not say *she*) may find much in biography to whet and satisfy his curiosity about persons, but will all the while be running upon things utterly blind to him. For the memoirs of prominent men and women are filled with evidence that they thought and read, were deeply interested in the politics and religion and literature and art of their time, and were all the time making allusions which would be Greek to the novel-drenched reader. Such an unfortunate would all the while be crying out: "What on earth was the Gorham judgment? What was the matter with Colenso? Why was there a Fourth Party, and who were in it? What does the fellow mean by quoting French poetry so often, to say nothing of his confounded Latin?" Obviously, a man thus easily thrown off the track in biography, would soon get over any passing craze for that kind of entertainment, and would presently be found clothed and in his right mind, and reading the very latest novel.

It is only fair to add that the writers or editors of memoirs have much to do with repelling people from biographical reading. If the "memoir craze" were not killed by anything else, it would be by the bad construction of so many memoirs. As a rule, they are far too long and far too indiscriminate. Amorphous masses of matter are flung together in haphazard arrangement. The important and unimportant are jumbled together hopelessly. The elder De Morgan's indictment of German—too many lines in a letter, too many letters in a word, too many words in a sentence, too many sentences in a chapter, too many chapters in a book—might be brought, *mutatis mutandis*, against the over-long memoirs with which the bookshelves have literally groaned during the past few years. It is not necessary to desire or expect a popular mania for biography, but, in order that there may be even a due popular interest in this branch of literature, it is time to insist upon the duty of selection and compression in the writing of memoirs.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSIAH FLYNT.

The writer of this interesting narrative,* perhaps best known as the author of "Tramping with Tramps," thought that an apology was due from a man who wrote his own biography before the age of forty. He justly felt, however, that his case was exceptional. He had tried an unusual experiment with his life, had obtained some novel results, and now purposed to record them and close that chapter. Before he had completed his task, death closed the book. On January 20, 1907, alone in his room in a Chicago hotel, Josiah Flynt (Willard), life-long vagabond and recently emergent author, succumbed in his thirty-eighth year to disease, drink, and we know not what of dissipation. As Arthur Symons relates with some gusto in his characteristic introduction to this volume:

> He shut himself away, . . . as Dowson shut himself away in his lodgings in Featherstone Buildings, and Lionel Johnson in his rooms in Gray's Inn; as a sick animal goes off into a lonely corner in the woods to die in.

This grim and sordid ending, of a piece with the main stuff of his days, will doubtless help hold back his memory from oblivion. It invests his brief career with a kind of sorry solemnity. He is now become one of the little body of adventurers who have been in forbidden lands and have brought back something strange at the cost of their lives.

The autobiography does not suffer much from the fact that its author left it incomplete. The few important details of his life which he might have been willing to add are supplied by his cousin, Bannister Merwin. We are informed that Flynt intended to conclude his work with some chapters of sociological and philosophical comment. These we do not greatly miss. In spite of his sojourn at the University of Berlin, in spite of his dippings into Mill and Lombroso, and his interviews with Ibsen and Tolstoy, he was neither a sociologist nor a philosopher. His views about crime, vagrancy, and pauperism lie on the surface of all his tramp books. His final opinion of the wisdom of his own career he discloses again and again in the course of the pages of his life that he was spared to write—vagabondage does not pay. The narrative does suffer somewhat on the side of richness and color from the fact that he had already used much of his most picturesque material in his other writings. But the thing that hindered him most from producing a book of intense and absorbing interest was his own invincible reticence.

The spirit masked behind the youthful, hard, expressionless face of the frontispiece, with its premature lines in the forehead, its thick eyebrows, fixed level eyes, insignificant nose, its firmly set mouth and chin, is inscrutable. This reticence is part of what is unique in the man. It distinguishes him from all the literary vagabonds who claim him as brother. It is no literary reserve; it is the genuine reticence of the tramp. This man has wandered so long in shady and devious ways that sealed lips and unrevealing eyes are his unalterable habit. Only with his fellows of the underworld is he at all at ease. Chance contact with a young literary Bohemian suggests that he turn his untreasured adventures to profit by his pen. The stuff is so rare that no lack of style can spoil it. By practice he acquires a certain freedom, power, and crude veracity of expression. But he has neither the gift nor the taste—so marked in his literary father—for self-confession. "I have given them my insides," he said to Bannister Merwin, when he had nearly completed "My Life." And Merwin seems to think he was successful. "The mere facts of life," he says, "did not seem very important to him; feeling was everything." With due deference to Mr. Merwin, the exact contrary of this was true. So far as his "confession" shows, the mere facts are everything—the rest is silence.

The forces that drove the boy to the road are clearly enough displayed in the comparatively ingenuous portion of the biography dealing with his early life. He tries, to be sure, to make it appear that he was not a tramp by parentage, education, or surrounding, but by some mysterious call of the blood; it is hardly necessary to seek the first cause in that obscure source. It is true that there was nothing prophetic of a tramp in his immediate family. His father, Oliver Atherton Willard, was editor-in-chief of a Chicago newspaper. His mother was a woman of education and refinement—her father a professor of divinity in the Biblical Institute of his home town. His

**My Life.* By Josiah Flynt. New York: The Outing Publishing Company.

aunt was the noted temperance reformer, Frances Willard. The father died when Josiah was eight years old and left the boy with two distinct impressions of the paternal character. One was associated with an occasion on which the elder Willard had interrupted the family prayers with the exclamation, "Damn the cats!" The other was associated with innumerable "whalings" administered on every possible occasion. The only permanent affection that the boy ever had seems to have been for his mother. He registers in his autobiography his remorse for the persistent "cussedness" with which he treated her. Yet he does not fail to record that her hand was heavy upon him, and that upon one occasion she washed out his mouth with soap and water for simply ejaculating "Gee!" On the whole, it is not strange that he struck the keynote of his career by running away at the age of five and being locked up in the engine-house. This is his earliest memory of childhood.

For their domestic rigor, he does not blame his parents very severely; after all, they were products of larger and equally hostile forces from which he could not escape so long as he stayed in town. Though he was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, his youthful recollections are all connected with the little Methodist "Athens," where the Northwestern University is situated, at Evanston on the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan. Even to-day, qualified as it is by the higher criticism, by the increasing number of wealthy suburbanites, and by the nearer neighborhood of creedless and tolerant Chicago, the atmosphere of Evanston preserves something of the strong religious flavor of Wesleyanism. Thirty years ago, Josiah Flynt found it an extremely difficult place in which to be a natural boy. He insists that in those days he was merely an ordinary youngster, with lively spirits and some bent for mischief, and his attractive portrait, taken at the age of thirteen, lends support to his contention. But the strenuous moral and religious discipline of the place perverted him. It wished to hold him forever upon the cold heights of holiness; he found life at that level tedious and unnatural. On several occasions, as he says with a suggestion of scorn, he experienced "conversion," and was scared and persuaded into joining the "mourners at the mercy seat." But a violent reaction soon followed. The desire for a more unconstrained and highly colored life gave rise to secret foregatherings with other backsliders and unregenerates in caves hollowed out under the low bluff overhanging the lake. Here the weary little Christians refreshed themselves with dime-novels, took up cigarette-smoking, and acquired what Flynt inelegantly calls "a working vocabulary of cuss words." In order to conceal this buried life from an unsympathetic world, it soon became necessary to resort to an elaborate process of "explanationing." By the time he was ten years old Josiah was an experienced smoker, swore freely, lied readily, and stole or "pilfered" at need. There did not appear to be any promising opening in Evanston for a boy of his talents, and he made several more or less abortive attempts to run away.

Before he finally reached the open road, however, his relatives appear to have made several ineffectual attempts to straighten him out. He had arrived at the critical period of adolescence in a fairly crooked state, and a strong and wise hand was needed if any reform was to be accomplished. Unhappily, his mother was then living in Germany, and none of his other relatives seems to have had any salutary influence over him. Something, they thought, might be effected by sending him out of town. Accordingly, he was matriculated in a college in Illinois, where he worked his way diligently for two years, and tried to keep "on the level." The account of this academic course is exceedingly scanty. The reason given for its termination is almost fantastic. Disgruntled because of his failure in an essay contest, if we may trust the autobiographer, the young collegian ran home. After a short visit in Evanston, he was next shipped off to a farm in western Pennsylvania, where, for a few weeks, he worked contentedly enough in the open air. There he met the first and last woman who inspired in him a genuine passion. He refers to her by the romantic soubriquet, Jeminy Jowles, and devotes nearly two pages to an account of her undistinguished conduct. When he discovered that she had jilted him, he "hopped" a freight train which landed him in Buffalo. A good-natured yardmaster gave him a place as car-reporter, which he held for just a week.

From this point his descent into professional vagrancy is swift. One has a feeling that he supplies only just enough details to outline the passage. Though he has thrown out some hints of youthful pilfering, we are a little surprised to find him suddenly a full-blown horse-thief. One day, seeing a horse and buggy standing idle in a street in Buffalo, he jumps in, drives down into Pennsylvania, and disposes of his plunder to an old acquaintance. A few weeks later he tries the same game only ten miles away at a fair, is caught, and sent to a reformatory. In due season he leaps from a window twenty feet to the ground, eludes his pursuers, travels all night, and with his regained liberty passes at length over the frontiers of "Hoboland." He dates the period of this *Vita Nuova* from the moment when he crawled to the top of a coke oven and called "'Hello' to some men who were cooking their coffee in a tomato-can over one of the oven openings." To the eight solid months of tramp life which follow—the eight months which constitute the marrow of his literary capital and the core of his life—he gives less than twenty pages. There is only a hint here of the fierce vicissitudes of box-car travel, only a few random specimens of the grimy whimsicalities of the jail, only a lurid flash upon the squalor of thieves and drunkards brawling by night. Yet he seems to have slipped into this ragged society as into his native element, and to have left no corner of it unexplored. The critical sense of the most experienced roadster could find no flaw in his character. "Before quitting the Road," he says, "I could have at any time claimed and secured the respect due to the 'blowed-in-the-glass' wanderer."

Though this period of professional vagrancy terminated in the neighborhood of his twentieth year with a trip to Germany as a coal-heaver, Flynt remained in some sense a tramp to the end of his life. The distinction between the earlier and the later wayfaring is that in the first instance he was a fugitive from justice, in the second a voluntary explorer of trampland. He had not, as he supposed, really conquered the *Wanderlust;* he had rather legitimatized it. Enrolled at the University of Berlin as a candidate for the doctorate in *Theoretische und praktische Nationalekonomie*, his fancy was still straying to the open road. When one of his professors asked him what he had in mind as the topic of his thesis, he replied that he contemplated something which should consolidate his knowledge of geography and vagrancy. When the old restlessness became too strong for him, he made an excuse of his studies, and dived again into the underworld. He did it then on a grand scale; he became a pioneer in comparative vagrancy, wandering suitably disguised in Russia, Germany, and England. He had meanwhile made a start as a contributor to magazines. But when, about the time of the Spanish war, he returned to America he could not resist the temptation to revisit his old paths—though this time in the rôle of a railway inspector. His brief literary career was diversified by detective work, slumming, tramping, and thief-chasing from New York to Oklahoma and Indian Territory. The recently popular interest in "muckraking" enlisted his well-qualified pen, and made it profitable for him to renew his acquaintance with former haunts. Just before he died he was investigating pool-room gambling in Chicago.

Probably no writer of fiction ever had less assistance from his imagination. Nearly everything that he wrote seems to have been a transcript, comparatively little altered, from his own experience or from that of his acquaintances. Ruderick Clowd, in the rogue novel to which he gives his name, almost exactly

repeats the reformatory experience of Flynt as described in "My Life." "The Little Brother" is a not very skilful, though occasionally very effective, elaboration of an incident recounted in "Tramping with Tramps." "The Itinerant Policeman" and "The World of Graft" betray frankly the raw material. He could not get away from his tramps, pickpockets, sharpers, burglars, and grafters. His talent was rather that of a reporter and special correspondent than that of a novelist. Indeed, literature as such had very little attraction for him. He seems to have cared as little for his own books as for those of others. There is nothing more noteworthy in his autobiography than the casual reference to his "other writings," without even mention of their titles. There is no evidence in the book that he ever went through the struggles of literary composition, or knew the feeling of literary pride or ambition. He knew a circle of young writers in London and in New York; the only point on which it occurred to him to compare them was their proclivity for drink. Of the Americans he says almost nothing. In 1892 he used to meet at a tavern with Symons, Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, and others, and enjoyed their company, but not especially the topics of their conversation. To quote his own words: "What Swinburne, Pater, Wilde, Verlaine, and others were doing and saying was not half so interesting to me as what some haphazard pick-up might say to me and Symons, during our stroll after the Crown meeting was over."

It was a purely fortuitous circumstance which brought this Methodist runaway under the literary auspices of Mr. Symons. With the gaseous romanticism of the poet of "London Nights" and the ill-starred young men whose obituaries he has written, Flynt had no fundamental relationship. Mr. Symons's introduction to "My Life" is a valediction from a vagabond of the mind to a vagabond of the body. The overlapping of their experiences was extremely slight. Of that moral emancipation and that restless histrionic errancy among the misty ways of the spirit which distinguish the one, the other shows no sign. Flynt ran away from whalings, and Methodism, and reformatories, but he never ran away in spirit from the established social order. Whatever his practices may have been, his ideas of morality were absolutely conventional. He was skeptical before the virtuous, but not before the virtues. He judged his own conduct as one to whom good and evil are facts. He was singularly free from the enervating sense of illusion so prevalent among the so-called decadents. He believed in a real world, and to him the real world was fixed, tangible, external. When tramping in England he was puzzled and amused by the fact that "Symons was inveterately on the scent for 'impressions and sensations,' while I found happiness merely in roving." He supposed that he received these "impreshuns and sensashuns"—so he spelt them later in mild derision—as well as his companion; but when he came to describe them, he found that they lacked "literary dignity"—that they were not the thing that his more exquisitely organized friend produced. The truth is, the external world underwent no elaborate metamorphosis in his temperament. His pleasures were not imaginative, but crude, elemental, immediate. He could not make capital of his impressions, because he did not analyze or understand them. Beside the intimate and voluptuous sensibility of his literary mentor's work, Flynt's "confession" is a mere record of facts.

Little as there was in Flynt of the literary decadent, there was still less of the romantic wanderer. Some of his friends would like to have us believe that he was of the fraternity with such poetical vagabonds as Robert Louis Stevenson and George Borrow. So one might think who had read the dedication of his "Life" to all those "under the spell of that will-o'-wisp, *Die Ferne*, the disappearing and fading Beyond." But the glamour ends with the dedication. This celebrant of *Wanderlust* cannot tell why *Die Ferne* lures him. He is singularly insensible to the beauty and terror of the natural world. For him, Lake Michigan is only a bathing-place. He has not a word of its waves rushing in under the wind like sea-surf, not a word of the black ships that smoke dimly across its veiled and shifting horizon, not a word of the long, dusty roads that wind over the rolling prairie into the sky. For him there is no sunrise nor sunset, nor "clear night of stars." No birds carol to him from dewy hedge-rows, and no startled rabbit crosses his path. He hums no old French song, he dreams no dreams, he builds no castles in Spain. He lies in no fragrant twilit dingle teaching Armenian numerals to a gypsy lass. To him the forest is not a greenwood, but a hang-out for hoboes, and the highway not the path to *El Dorado*, but the beggar's marketplace. He lives in a world of discouraged criminals, whose rendezvous is the watering-tank, whose thoroughfare the railway, whose destination, the jail or the penitentiary. "Whatever else you do or don't do," wrote an anxious friend—perhaps thinking of Lavengro and Isopel Berners—"don't forget to get some romance into the story." He responded with Jeminy Jowles and an account of his first imprisonment. Commenting on Symons's "glorying in the beautiful moonlight," he says: "I got pleasure out of Symons's romantic appreciation of a trip which reminded me very mundanely of other nocturnal tramps at home." Here speaks the Cervantes of romantic vagabondage. This book is not a romantic testament; it is rather a purge or—to borrow an expression of Lyly's—a "cooling-card" for all fond romanticists.

Its place is with the literature of the rogue or *picaro;* it is very much nearer to "Jack Wilton" and "Moll Flanders" than to "Lavengro." Neither a truant literary artist nor a soured Roussellian poet and philologist, he does not attempt to make intelligible a rare and highly individualized personality. He aims rather to delineate himself as one of a common, widespread, but imperfectly known social group. Whenever it is possible he represents himself as a detached spectator at drinking-bouts and hang-outs. Concerning his own fatal indulgence in intoxicating liquor he maintains a curious silence. Only rarely does he betray the possession of other passions than that which led him to follow the piper over the hills. Yet he is so thoroughly at home in the underworld that he ignores many things in it which would impinge sharply on the consciousness of an outsider. Whether by the early and excessive use of narcotics or by long-continued roughing it, his sensibilities have become so blunted as to be almost indifferent to physical hardships. Cold, filth, wetness, hunger pass with little comment. Beggary and theft have become the day's work. Though he does not write of these things with the unblushing candor of De Foe, his sense of life is similar, and his style has the same matter-of-fact sincerity. There is something wholesome and manly in his declaration that he has discovered nothing precious for the spirit in the Beyond of the vagabond. Mr. Symons may speak unctuously of life among tramps as Flynt's novel and special "form of culture"; Flynt himself sums up his impressions thus: "Laziness, loafing, *Wanderlust*, and begging are to-day what they ever have been—qualities and habits passed on from generation to generation, practically intact." The value of his work is in the clear, unrefracted light which it sheds, not over civilization on a romantic truancy, but over civilization going quietly, furtively to the dogs.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Illinois.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The sale by the Anderson Auction Company of the J. Chester Chamberlain collection of first editions of American authors was another exemplification of the fact that in general it is only the rarest books of any author which are increasing rapidly in price and the purchase of which might be warranted by him who buys solely for investment. After the Arnold sale in January, 1901, when American first editions almost without exception showed a remarkable advance upon previous records, book stores and libraries were ransacked

for first editions, with the result that some books previously regarded as rare have been comparatively common; that is, copies turn up several times every season. Such, for example, are Emerson's "Poems," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Thoreau's "Walden," and Longfellow's "Evangeline." The great nuggets of the Chamberlain collection, however, brought wonderful prices, some in excess of what the most optimistic would have dared to predict. Who, for instance, among those critics who of late years have been crying down Longfellow's poetry would have imagined that $2,200 would be paid for a printed book of his dated as late as 1860, and absolutely lacking in autographic or association interest? No book by Thackeray, Tennyson, Keats, or any other of England's nineteenth century authors (with the exception of two of Shelley's pamphlets), has, so far as we can recall, ever reached such a price in the auction room. The Chamberlain collection was particularly rich in Longfellow rarities. Mr. Chamberlain had made his Hawthorne as perfect as he could, and had prepared the bibliography for the Grolier Club exhibition. During the last year or two of his collecting he made a special effort to complete his Longfellow series, in view of the approaching centenary. From the Longfellow family, who were never before known to part with a book, he secured, partly by exchange, several rarities, including the prose "New England Tragedy," put into type in 1860, the book which brought the remarkable price of $2,200. It is a little volume consisting of title, one page of Dramatis Personæ, and 130 pages of text, printed on thirteen signatures, varying from two leaves to eight, three signatures ending with a blank leaf not included in the pagination. The two known copies are in the original sheets, unsewn and unbound. Eight years later, now entirely rewritten and put into verse, and a second tragedy added, "The New England Tragedies" was published. The book was set up in the spring and ten copies taken off privately; one of these, the copy given to George W. Greene by Longfellow, brought $500. Mr. Chamberlain was also fortunate in securing from the descendants of Greene, who was perhaps Longfellow's most intimate lifelong friend, all the books and letters which they owned. The collection of 508 autograph letters and 37 postal cards, perhaps the most extensive Longfellow correspondence in existence, brought $5,100; the first edition of "Outre Mer" (1833-34) in the two parts, in the original paper covers, with an interesting letter inserted, $795. The identical copy (but without the letter) brought $310 in the Arnold sale, though it had cost Mr. Arnold only $60. Another copy, the two parts bound in one, old half calf, with presentation inscription to G. W. Greene, went for the very moderate price of $250; a privately printed leaflet containing Longfellow's poem in French, "Noël," written to accompany a basket of wine sent as a Christmas present to Agassiz, five copies known, $510 (this identical copy, $55 in the Arnold sale, though it had cost Mr. Arnold $30 and $5.95 for binding); an unauthorized publication of "Excelsior," issued as an advertisement by the Excelsior Life Insurance Company in 1872 (with an A. L. S. relating to the poem inserted), $160; another leaflet "From My Arm Chair," addressed to the children of Cambridge, and printed by Longfellow for presentation to the children who came to see him and sit in the chair which had been made from the "spreading chestnut tree" (with A. L. S. inserted), $150; a private issue of "Kéramos," put into type before publication in *Harper's Magazine*, six copies known, four in the possession of the Longfellow family, $400.

Several of the rarer first editions of James Russell Lowell's books made new records: "A Year's Life" (1841), with inscription in Lowell's autograph, "To Alfred Tennyson from the Author, Boston, U. S.," $375; "Poems" (1844), a large and thick paper copy, $330 (this copy at Anderson's in April, 1901, $150); "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets" (1845), presentation copy, $140 (Arnold sale, 1901, $52.50, though it cost Mr. Arnold $20); "A Fable for Critics" (1848), first edition, presentation copy, $150; "Mason and Slidell" (1862), a separate reprint from the types of the *Atlantic Monthly*, $255; "The Biglow Papers," Second Series (London, Trübner & Company, 1864), $71; the "Commemoration Ode" (1865), presentation copy with two autograph letters inserted, $875; Address, delivered in Birmingham (1884), afterwards entitled "On Democracy," the private issue printed on one side only, before the lecture was delivered, with corrections in Lowell's autograph, $420; Poe's "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" (1829), original paper boards, edges entirely uncut, $2,900. This copy, as we pointed out a few weeks ago, was sold privately in this city to Frederick W. French of Boston for about $175. A presentation copy of Poe's "Poems" (1831) brought $410; a similar copy without the presentation inscription, $315. The only Whittier item which brought more than $125 was the first edition of "Moll Pitcher" (1832), in the original printed blue paper covers, probably the finest copy in existence, $500. The Holmes collection included three remarkable pieces, of which the Chamberlain examples are the only ones known. These three books, all printed in 1863, and presented by Holmes to the late George Livermore, are "New England's Master-Key," $750; "Lecture—1863," $745; and "Oration Delivered before the City Authorities of Boston," $490. "Fanshawe," Hawthorne's first book, is apparently becoming common, for the copy offered in the Chamberlain sale brought only $500; "Time's Portraiture," a single page broadside distributed by the carriers of the *Salem Gazette* in 1838, $550; "The Celestial Railroad," a miniature book (1843), $380; and several books from Hawthorne's library, prices ranging from $110 to $390. In point of price there was only one notable Bryant item, the "Oration delivered at Stockbridge, July 4th, 1820," $175. The total of the sale, 882 lots, was about $32,000.

At the auction of Part ii of the John G. Heckscher library by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company February 15-18, Rafinesque's "Ichthyologia Ohiensis" (Lexington, Ky., 1820), sold for $253. This is the first perfect copy of this exceedingly rare pamphlet to be offered at auction, although at private sale it has changed hands at a considerably higher price. The first edition of Walton's "Angler," in morocco, by Riviere, the margins considerably worked over and repaired, brought $3,900, the record price for a copy in modern binding; the second edition (1655), $780; the second issue of the third edition (1664), $545; the fourth edition (1668), $400; manuscript document in Walton's autograph, $650. Other important records were Sage's "The Restigouche and Its Salmon-Fishing" (1888), $180; Gervase Markham's "Pleasure of Princes" (1614), a poor copy, $105; Leonard Mascall's "A Booke of Fishing with Hooke & Line" (1590), $100; John Taverner's "Certaine Experiments Concerning Fish and Fruite" (1600), $125; and John Whitney's "The Genteel Recreation" (1700), $351.

On March 1, Stan. V. Henkels of Philadelphia will sell books belonging to the late H. Rush Kerver of West Chester, Pa. Included is a copy of Poe's "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems" (1829), in the original binding, pink paper boards, muslin back, but with the edges trimmed, although the bottom margin shows a few proof leaves. Included also are McKenny and Hall's "Indian Tribes" and Lewis's "Aboriginal Portfolio," two important books with colored plates.

On March 1 and 2, in three sessions, the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell a miscellaneous collection, including books on the drama, a few specimens of early printing, first editions of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Swinburne, and William Morris; and several works illustrated by George Cruikshank.

On March 2, 3, and 4, the Merwin Clayton Sales Company of this city will sell the third and last part of the Heckscher library. This portion is divided into five sections. The first includes books on fisheries, fish commission reports, laws relating to fisheries, etc., 121 lots; the second, books on sporting as distinguished from fishing, including a number of "Nimrod's" (Charles James Apperley's) works, with illustrations in color by Henry Alken; Pierce Egan's books with colored plates by Cruikshank, Lane, Alken, and others; and Surtees's sporting novels; the third, books on ornithology, including a set, 7 vols., of the first edition of Audubon's "Birds of America" (1840-44); Edwards's "Natural History of Uncommon Birds" (1743); and Yarrell's "History of British Birds" (1843-56), large paper; the fourth, duelling literature, 53 lots, including several pamphlets relating to the Hamilton-Burr encounter.

On March 4 and 5, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the library of William H Rollins of Portsmouth, N. H., including early American almanacs, bibliography, books on Indians, and genealogies.

Correspondence.

A NEGLECTED AMERICAN AUTHOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Under the above title, I published in the *Nation* for December 8, 1904, an article on Isaac Mitchell, author of "The Asylum, or Alonzo and Melissa," a two-volume novel, printed at Poughkeepsie in 1811. This book apparently was not a success, but its main episode, brought out in a single volume, under the title of "Alonzo and Melissa," went through edition after edition, in all parts of the country, and obtained a success that may rightly

be described as phenomenal. Strangely enough, "Alonzo and Melissa" is never attributed to Mitchell, but, on the title page of every copy I have examined a certain Daniel Jackson, jr., is named as the author. I explained this fact by asserting that Jackson was a plagiarist. (See the *Nation*, February 2, 1905.)

Previous to the publication of my article, H. Bradley Jackson of Grand Isle, Vt., had written to the New York *Times* Saturday Review of Books, September 3, 1904, that his grandfather, Daniel Jackson, jr., born May 31, 1790, had most assuredly written the novel.

While he was teaching in the Plattsburgh Academy, in about 1808-10, he became acquainted with two officers stationed at Plattsburgh, who were from Connecticut. They told him about Alonzo and Melissa, gave him the points of the story, and wished him to write it out and have it published in a book. The eldest officer of the two said he was a cousin of Melissa and knew the facts he gave, and this was the way he came to write the story. . . . Previous to the death of my father in 1889, he told me he had the original manuscript somewhere among his papers, but it has never been found, although, in the attic, there are several old chests which have never been disturbed since his death.

Sidney S. Rider of Providence supported this statement, and finding a copy of "Alonzo and Melissa," dated 1811, the year of the publication of the two-volume "Asylum," concluded that Mitchell was the plagiarist, in spite of the fact that Mitchell had copyrighted his book in 1810, and had proved himself to be a writer and a man of prominence who could not reasonably be supposed to steal in this fashion. My contention for Mitchell's authorship of "Alonzo and Melissa" was supported by Edmund Platt, the author of the "History of Poughkeepsie." Recent investigations by Mr. Platt have settled this matter beyond controversy and with his permission, I quote from the material he has kindly placed at my disposal.

Mr. Rider discovered in the Poughkeepsie *Political Barometer* of March, 1811, a set of proposals by Joseph Nelson for publishing "The Asylum, or Alonzo and Melissa, an American tale, founded on fact, in two volumes, by I. Mitchell." In the course of these proposals, it is stated:

> The historic part was moulded into form by the writer in the leisure hours of his juvenile years; methodized and delineated, it appeared heretofore, in the *Political Barometer;* it will now be published on a more ample and extended scale.

Taking a hint from this statement, which is one more confirmation of Mitchell's authorship, Mr. Platt consulted the files of the *Political Barometer,* owned by Mrs. C. M. Nelson of Poughkeepsie (whose husband was a grandson of the above-mentioned Joseph Nelson) and found in the first number of Volume III, June 5, 1804, "Alonzo and Melissa, a Tale," with the following preface:

> In the interim of Congressional and other legislative proceedings and the recess of elections, we cheerfully devote our attention to the more fanciful portion of our readers. The following story is founded on fact; the principal characters are still living; the incidents are yet in the memory of those acquainted with the circumstances. The names, for obvious reasons, are fictitious.—It has never appeared in print.

To quote from a letter of Mr. Platt to me: At the end of the story as published in the *Barometer*, namely, in the issue of October 30, 1804, is appended "A Note to Alonzo and Melissa," which contains much that is interesting. It begins with an apology for the mistakes in the story and continues:

> But for mistakes and deficiencies the writer has excuse. The incidents from which the tale was founded were only to be found in his memory. It was written also from week to week, amidst the hurry of his avocations and more generally put to press without revision.

Then follows the statement that a good many of the scenes are hurried over and shortened more than they should be:

> To this the writer answers that it was his first intention that those scenes should be fully completed. . . . All these errors will be corrected, deficiencies filled, should the work be published in a volume or volumes as is now projected. It will then be carefully revised, altered, amended, and considerably enlarged. This is particularly mentioned now for the following reasons:
>
> Although we are perfectly willing that contemporary papers should extract the story into their papers, yet it is our request that they will not publish it in a pamphlet or book; and should they do this before they are legally prevented, he cautions the public against purchase of them, as in due time they will be presented with a more perfect and complete edition greatly enlarged. Besides, the novel as extracted into the papers we have seen is materially incorrect and not agreeing with the original.—What we mean by legal prevention is that we design at an early day to anticipate a copy-right of not only "Alonzo and Melissa," but the other two original tales which have hitherto appeared in the *Barometer*, to wit, "Albert and Eliza" and "Melville and Phalez," all of which will be revised, amended and much enlarged. The first of these novels, written under similar circumstances with the two last, was no sooner completed than a neighboring printer with whom we exchange papers whipped it into a pamphlet and had it peddled through various parts of the State and the State of Connecticut. Another printer, more distant, published it and had it bound in a book. . . . "Melville and Phalez" shared the same fate, though from another printer.

Comparing "Alonzo and Melissa," published under Jackson's name, with the story as printed in the *Barometer*, Mr. Platt writes:

> The story is identically the same, with only the occasional change of a word and a little occasional change in the paragraphing. I did not read it all, but read the beginning and the end and the first lines of paragraphs. Jackson did not even attempt to divide it into chapters, but cribbed it from the *Barometer* just as Mitchell had written it, except that he naturally left out Mitchell's references to previous issues of the paper.

It only remains to add that the natural reason why Mitchell did not take legal action against Jackson is that Mitchell died November, 1812.

There is still an interesting point in connection with "Alonzo and Melissa" on the purely literary side. Published in 1804, it had been written some time before this, presumably shortly after the appearance of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," 1794, of which it is a delightful imitation. I believe that Franklin's first appearance in fiction is in this novel, and certainly Alonzo is one of the few Yale heroes who is *not* an athlete:

> Alonzo was about twenty-one years old; he had been esteemed an excellent student. His appearance was manly, open, and free. His eye indicated a nobleness of soul; although his aspect was tinged with melancholy, yet he was naturally cheerful. His disposition was of the romantic cast!

Walter Scott himself would have envied Mr. Mitchell his Gothic castle on the banks of the Sound. It was "of real Gothic architecture, built of rude stone and battlements," with a deep moat and drawbridge. It is here that Melissa, imprisoned for her devotion to Alonzo, hears voices calling, "Away, away!" and once a "hand cold as the icy fingers of death grasped her arm which lay outside of the bed clothes." Poe himself is outdone, when, one tempestuous night, she is aroused by flashes of fire, followed by strange peals of thunder. She hears "horrible, hollow groans reëchoing through the castle"; a tall, white form glides past her bed; the doors of the building open and shut alternately "slapping furiously"; she listens in terror to the sound of heavy bodies falling and "the crash of furniture." Then comes the blood-curdling cry of "Murder!" followed by the report of a pistol and groans, greeted by "peals of ghastly laughter." At this juncture Melissa proved her worth, for, writes Mr. Mitchell, "she arose, lighted a candle, and looked under the bed." Alonzo's wild ride from New Haven to New London, his adventures in London and Paris, and his final discovery of the lost Melissa, should be among the classic pages of the American novel. The book must be read in its entirety, and certainly should be reprinted.

There remains one question that thrusts itself upon the reader of "Alonzo and Melissa." What is the secret of the book? Why did it attract so many generations of readers? The answer is not hard to find. American literature had been practically limited to two subjects—theology and politics. In the mass of sermons and controversial tracts, in the numerous appeals to patriots —and to voters—there was little to satisfy the love of romance and adventure, and yet our forefathers were none the less eager to find in their own lives and in this new land the glamor of that romance which had adorned the world they had left. "Alonzo and Melissa" is but another witness to the inborn desire to escape from the trammels of every-day existence, or rather, to idealize that existence, and to render it in some degree heroic. Viewed in this light the book is more than an amusing imitation of Mrs. Radcliffe, it is a veritable *document humain.*

EDWARD B. REED.

Yale College, February 5.

THE LEGEND OF THAIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Doubtless not a few of those who have enjoyed the performances of Massenet's opera, "Thais," are familiar with the version of the story given by Anatole France in his novel "Thais." Perhaps a word or two about the ancient legend on which these modern works are based might be of some general interest.

An account of the life and conversion of Thais, an Alexandrian beauty and favorite of the fourth century, was written by an anonymous Greek, and may be found in a Latin translation in the "Acta Sanctorum," Mensis Octobris viii (Volume IV, p. 225), "De Sancta Thaide pœnitente in Ægypto." In the same volume (pp. 226-228) stands a poetical version in hexameters by Bishop Marbod of Rennes. As might be expected, the narratives touch only hastily on the more dramatic episodes, in order that more stress may be laid on

Thais's penitence and conversion, which she proved hy hurning all her worldly goods and allowing herself to he immured in a narrow cell for three years, from which she emerged with her sins forgiven, only to succumh to death.

Hrotsvit (Hrotsvitha), that interesting nun of Gandesheim, who flourished in the middle of the tenth century, has used the legend for "Paphnutius," her fifth moral "comedy," if so it may he called. In the opening scene the hermit Paphnutius is introduced as unfolding to his disciples, in frigid scholastic fashion, various irrelevant matters, after which he explains his sorrow over the life led hy Thais in their neighhorhood, and asks their prayers for his success in his plan to hring ahout her conversion. Then follows a dialogue hetween the hermit and some young men ahout town who politely direct him to her house, offering to accompany him. As Paphnutius desires a personal interview with her, Thais converses with him in a private room, "known to none other save God alone," as she says. This remark gives the holy man an opening, and in less than thirty words, hy a frank allusion to hell-fire, he fills Thais with remorse, so that she at once hurns her accumulations of gowns and gew-gaws, and meekly enters a convent. Paphnutius returns in triumph to his disciples in the wilderness and three years later liherates the forgiven woman, whose dying words end the drama.

It is a far cry from Hrotsvit to Anatole France and Massenet. No contrast could he greater in form, motive, and effect, than that hetween the nun's crude dialogue intended for the edification of her sisters, and the hrilliant musical spectacle of to-day, with its varied appeal to the senses and not always to the nohler side of man's nature. GEORGE DWIGHT KELLOGG.

Princeton, N. J., February 17.

A QUESTION OF LITERARY PROPERTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The old question of literary property rights has arisen in a form which it may he well to refer to the general puhlic for discussion and decision. The present case is as follows: Some time ago Miss Alice E. Foote and I were engaged to investigate the conditions among women in the Pennsylvania coal fields hy the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations acting through Dr. Annie M. MacLean, who was paid director of the larger investigation under which ours fell. We agreed that the data ohtained should belong to the National Board, and it was understood that ultimately our facts and those ohtained hy other investigators should he printed hy the hoard in one complete report. This, of course, would have been entirely proper, the work of a puhlisher heing one thing, that of an author another. Miss Foote and I sent in reports on individual towns as we visited them, and at the end I wrote and sent in a general report. In the Novemher (1908) numher of the *American Journal of Sociology*, this report of mine appears almost verbatim, under Dr. MacLean's name, with no quotation marks and no reference to Miss Foote and myself. The eight pages of tahles are in the main our reports on single towns, alphahetically arranged; and the fifteen pages of text are almost word for word from my report, except the first two, which were added hy Dr. MacLean. Nearly nine of these pages I can prove are taken verhatim from me.

Now, I wish to suhmit that in selling our data we sold them as an author sells his hook to a puhlisher The author does not sell the puhlisher the right to claim the hook as written hy him. Two questions naturally arise here: First, what is the custom in such cases? Second, what is right?

As to custom, government precedent has the most weight, especially as the government does more of such investigating than any private hoard or individual. Accordingly, I have written to the Hon. Carroll D. Wright and the Hon. Charles P. Neill, the former and present commissioners of lahor, asking them what the custom is. Mr. Neill says: "Practically every report is puhlished under the name of the person making the report." President Wright says:

> In most cases now when a puhlic document is issued as the result of the investigation of a single commission or individual, when the report is printed, the name of the one doing the work is given. Instances such as you suggest are rare indeed.

This would seem to determine the custom.

The question of right is simply this: Does the fact that an investigator sells certain facts or written articles to a hoard or individual, justify that hoard or individual in claiming the fact as discovered or the article as written hy them? Or is it plagiarism? AMY E. TANNER.

Worcester, Mass., February 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to thank you for your courtesy in suhmitting to me for comment the ahove letter.

Certain of the points raised are open to criticism as to fact, hut it is not my purpose now or at any time to make them matter for puhlic dehate. I wish simply to state that two years ago I was commissioned hy the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association to conduct an investigation as ahove intimated, and instructed to employ such assistance as I needed within certain prescrihed limits. A number of women were engaged upon agreement that all material resulting from the investigation was to helong to the National Board, the board reserving the right to use said material in any way it saw fit. I was not informed as to plans for its final disposal. That was not my task. My instructions were to present a report to my organization. The point therefore was to furnish a digest of the investigation into which the personal equation of the investigators did not enter. These women did what I instructed them to do, and in the majority of cases they did it admirahly. As organizer and director of the work, I neither claimed credit for details nor denied it to suhordinates, hut simply discharged my ohligation to my superior officers.

Last spring, I was authorized hy the National Board to puhlish in specified places the reports I had suhmitted. The article in question is one section, and states clearly that it is a part of a larger study made under my direction with two people in the field for a period of six and one-half weeks. It was not deemed of importance to name the two people in this preliminary article.

I may say in passing that the names of all the investigators, together with the sections of country in which they worked, are given in the complete report which will he issued soon. It might, therefore, seem wise to suspend judgment until this appears.

A. M. MACLEAN.

Brooklyn, February 16.

A PLEA FOR A NEW COLLEGE CHAIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent conversation with a prominent college professor I was struck with his pessimistic view as to the outlook for general culture under the present educational systems, whether elective or compulsory, prevailing at American colleges. He deplored alike the insufficient preparation of the average freshman and the intellectual narrowness of even the *summa-cum-laude* graduate. The fact is, as he put it, the college student either cannot read, from lack of time, or will not read, from lack of inclination. As a result, he leaves college ignorant of the great facts of human achievement and of the great men whose names are identified with the world's progress. May I suggest, in the *Nation*, whether it would not he possihle to graft upon the present courses in our leading colleges a compulsory course in "Geschichte der allgemeinen Kultur" (History of General Culture seems hut a lame adaptation of the German suhject), which in one or two years would acquaint even the dullest student with the principal currents of human development? It has heen said that the entire story of human achievement can he grouped around five hundred names, and while teachers of encyclopædic knowledge are scarce anywhere, there are in America not a few men of encyclopædic hreadth of view and international sympathies who would he competent to fill such a chair, and would know how to awaken in their hearers a general interest in matters of culture. Such a course, so far from weakening the discipline of the mind which must he the chief aim of education, would supplement it in fields which disclose now such lamentahle ignorance. Let us horrow a hint from Huxley, who, in speaking of a truly liheral education, emphasizes the need of joining to the clear, cold, logical intellect "a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations" as well as a love of "all heauty, whether of Nature or of art." If it he ohjected that such a hird's-eye view of human progress in science, art, and all the other activities typified in the greatest of our race would encourage the dreaded "smattering," fear of which keeps so many ignoramuses in their narrow grooves, let us rememher the stimulus given hy the delightful ramhles of the late Professor Norton to hundreds of eager minds that owe to him a permanent interest in things higher than those provided in the usual college curriculum. The inspired teacher would find in a course such as I have suggested a thousand suhjects that would serve the ends of a liheral education in the truest sense, and would create the living interest

without which the best disciplined mind is a lifeless machine. "Greift nur hinein in's volle Menschenleben! . . . Und wo ihr's packt, da ist's interessant." G. P.

New York, February 18.

CERTIFICATES OR EXAMINATIONS FOR COLLEGE ENTRANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent communication in your columns (February 4) from Miss Elizabeth Forrest Johnson on the subject of entrance examinations encourages me to outline briefly a plan that occurred to me some time ago, and that has been commended by teachers of experience with whom it has been discussed. The two competing systems —the certificate plan and the examination plan—will not, I suppose, find unqualified support among reasonable people who have had enough experience to discover the great defects inherent in both. We all know how unsatisfactory is the mere examination; let the examiners be never so skilful, unworthy candidates will be passed and some worthy ones refused. A few months ago a college professor of long experience, who has for years been a member of the committee on entering students, told me that he would be glad to see the certificate plan adopted in the institution with which he is connected. On the other hand, no one who has had a glimpse of the weaknesses of the certificate plan, and who realizes the power it gives to invertebrate school principals, as well as the persecution at the hands of unscrupulous and ignorant parents to which it subjects principals of more tender conscience, can presume to defend this method as being more than approximately satisfactory. Now, the combination method —certificate *plus* examination—proposed by your correspondent, while admirable for some theoretical reasons, seems to me to be weak for the same practical reason that the certificate plan is weak, except that it rather increases the pressure put on principals to recommend a doubtful boy on the plea that "he may make good in the examination," to which the real responsibility would inevitably be shifted. As a matter of fact, I know that certificates of character and attainments were long required by at least one college, and that they were nothing but an empty form—since abolished, I am inclined to think.

The plan I humbly propose is, not the combination of certificate *plus* examination, but certificate *or* examination. The certificate would be watchfully guarded as a gateway open only to candidates whose scholarship could be enthusiastically endorsed by principals of unquestioned independence: the examination would then be held as at present, but it might be made more rigorous, and especially adapted in a number of ways to test severely candidates whose fitness had been called in question by their school teachers. But, on the other hand, the entire responsibility for a boy's failure would not be thrown on the principal; he could always reply to the angry parent: "If your son is fit to enter college he can easily prove the fact by taking the examinations. I have simply expressed my doubt, not my conviction to the contrary." That this combination plan would make approval of principals and the consequent exemption from examinations a thing to be striven for, and would thus help to tone up our preparatory schools, I firmly believe. I am none the less sure that it would reduce the labor connected with entrance examinations, would help us more easily to exclude the unfit, and would prevent the occasional unjust exclusion of boys who have worked well in school, but whom a momentary lapse has caused to make a poor showing in an examination. Philip H. Churchman.

Clark College, Worcester, Mass., February 13.

LEIBNITZ PAPERS IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The first-fruits of the search for Leibnitz papers which you kindly aided in your issue of February 18 are already at hand. Our Harvard librarian, W. C. Lane, calls my attention to a letter, dated at Paris, April 15, 1673, from the then youthful philosopher to Pierre Daniel Huet, afterwards the Bishop of Avranches. It forms a part of the Charles Sumner Collection in the Harvard Library and is kept in our new treasure-room in a portfolio with other autograph pieces, notable among which are those of Queen Elizabeth of England, of Louis XI, Charles IX, Henry IV, Louis XIII, and Louis XIV of France, Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, and Catharine de' Medici. The letter is a long one (of about a thousand words), in Latin, and in clear handwriting. A clipping from a bookseller's catalogue conveys the amusing information that it is "very rare."

Its subject-matter is of no little interest for the history of classical studies. It was only about a year before that the Duke of Montausier, who projected, "for the use of His Most Serene Highness the Dauphin," the famous Delphin edition of the classics, appointed Huet to undertake the management of the series and to select men of erudition to edit the several authors. To these and related facts the letter makes allusion. Leibnitz ends by proposing that he should edit Martianus Capella for the series. He speaks of Capella as "the only extant ancient writer of what may be called an encyclopædia of the liberal arts"; but adds that Capella is "exceedingly hard and uncouth" (difficillimum et deformatissimum) and is, withal, "throughout of a style so rough and harsh, so affectedly given to archaisms, and so overlaid with the faults of a degenerate age, that you may fairly say that he needs to be translated into Latin" (ita perpetuo salebrosus est, et horridus, et affectator antiqvitatis, seqvioris ævi vitiis incrustatæ, ut jure dicere possis, versione Latina indigere Martianum). Leibnitz laments over the decay of classical studies, and says that he first ascribed it to Huet's kindness rather than to his own fitness that Huet should have judged him worthy to take part in the Delphin edition; but that, when he saw Huet (of whose penetrating judgment he had no doubt) so persistent, he thought it time to reconcile his own scruples with Huet's hopes; and adds:

For I must confess that, albeit I lay no claim to talents or learning, I have at times won the praise of fair-minded critics for my diligence. And what else do you look for in a German, a man of that people to whom, of all the endowments of genius, industry alone is left (Id enim fateor, tametsi neqve ingenium neqve doctrinam mihi arrogem, diligentiæ tamen laudem aliqvando apud æqvos censores consecutum; et qvid aliud expectes a Germano, cui nationi inter ingenij dotes sola laboriositas relicta est).

Oddly enough, the superscription, Roberto Danieli Huetio, contains a plump error. The whole tenor of the missive leaves no shadow of a doubt that it was intended for Pierre Daniel Huet. The rationale of the blunder is, I think, clear. Leibnitz was a Saxon, born in Leipzig (Mei' Leibz'ch is e glee Baris, mel' Leibz'ch low' ich mer). To him the distinctions of surd and sonant were naturally hazy. In 1673 he had not been long in the "big and real Paris," and his ear was still unwonted to spoken French. It was easy to mistake *Pierre* for *bert*, and, under these conditions, not difficult to mistake the combination Monsieur Pierre for Monsieur Robert.

Charles R. Lanman.

Harvard University, February 19.

A CAUSE OF IMMIGRATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Why do we have undesirable immigration in California? An answer to this question is not far to seek, but the truth is not agreeable, and no one seems to have the courage to proclaim it.

One can cross almost any one of the northern countries of Europe without seeing a Chinaman, Japanese, or negro. Take England as an example. Every one knows that the United Kingdom is a kind of centre in Europe on which converge the main lines of trade from all the world. When one sets foot on British soil and behaves himself there, he has all the rights of an Englishman, land-owning excepted. The sentiment is, What do you know, and what can you do? Never mind where you were born or what the color of your skin. A fair inference is that here would flock all of the immigrants who seek employment and good wages; but they do not; the reason is that the British *excel and do their own work*. They cook their food, wash their clothing, operate their own factories, build their railways and houses. The same remark applies to France, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland; indeed, to the countries of northern Europe generally.

I speak from observation in all these countries, and a further experience of a quarter of a century on the Pacific Coast with the "yellow peril." The fact is that the white man, especially the "native born," almost a term of ridicule, will not work. That is the secret of the situation, and the end is not hard to predict. The people declaim against Asiatic labor that is "taking the bread from their mouths," at the same time vigorously pursuing the courses that induce the immigration of the Japanese, Chinese, et al. The efforts of State Legislatures will accomplish little. When a people cease to do their own work, some other people must do it; and if with that labor is introduced an intellectuality equal to the domestic standard, the control of industry, the ownership of land, and even the political management of the country will pass to the most capable.

In the East, especially the extreme Eastern States, we see the converse. Asiatic labor does not trouble Maine, nor in any other part of the United States does it interfere with pursuits efficiently conducted by our own people. Forty years ago, when laundry work in this country was done in

a slovenly manner, Chinamen came in and introduced a great improvement in the art; but after a while our own people took up the business and have displaced the Chinese. When the native-born will cook their food, gather their fruit, clear the land, and do their housework, then the problem of the "yellow peril" will find a solution.

OBSERVER.

San Francisco, February 12.

THE DISPUTE AS TO HETCH HETCHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of February 18, Warren Olney replies to my letter on the use of the Hetch Hetchy Valley as a storage reservoir. We differ radically upon the facts, and our difficulty in the East is that no two of our California friends, as the correspondence in your columns plainly proves, seem to be able to agree upon what the facts are. I may point out that Frederick P. Stearns, chief engineer of tbe Boston Metropolitan Water System, in the *Journal of the Association of Engineering Societies* for December last, gives it as his opinion that the nearby supply is far preferable, both in cost and quality, to the Tuolumne. Mr. Olney reiterates that San Francisco must go to the Tuolumne, because the waters of "all other streams" are already monopolized, and yet he was present at the hearing in Washington when Mr. Englebright, the member of Congress in whose district Hetch Hetchy lies, called attention to the middle fork of the Yuba River, where 100,000,000 gallons a day can be had, and where the water is now "used for nothing."

The situation has now been admirably summed up by Herbert Parsons of New York city, in his report to Congress as a member of the Committee on Public Lands. He says:

> The real difficulty with San Francisco is that it does not wish to consider any other supply. Others might cost more. . . . Certainly, the Federal government is not bound to give up to San Francisco two-fifths of a national park, simply because it is cheaper. Why is it cheaper? It is cheaper because, having been made a national park, it has not been possible for private interests to file upon the water in the same manner that they could have if there had not been a national park. . . . San Francisco now desires to use it for itself by spoiling the very purpose which has made it cheap. . . . Unwilling though I would be to deny to San Francisco and the other cities on the Bay of San Francisco the use of Hetch Hetchy if it was essential . . . for a municipal water supply, . . . I believe that we owe it to all the people to preserve Hetch Hetchy uninterfered with for the use and enjoyment of all the people, and to carry out the policy intended when it was included within the boundaries of the Yosemite National Park.

EDMUND A. WHITMAN.

Cambridge, Mass., February 19.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon bring out a new volume of critical essays by Arthur Symons, entitled "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." The completeness of the work is indicated by the fact that there are appreciations of eighty-six writers who were born in the last eighty years of the eighteenth century. Mr. Symons is at his best in writing of this kind.

There is to be a new "Life of Clarendon," by the Rev. John Willcock, already known for his biography of the Earl of Argyle, Monmouth's friend. Considerable fresh material has been discovered in regard to Clarendon since Lister's "Life" was published.

Some of the difficult problems which the Young Turks have to solve in establishing a constitutional government are shown in Ellsworth Huntington's account of the Turks, Armenians, and Kurds inhabiting the mountainous region of the upper Euphrates and Tigris Rivers. His experiences, as narrated in the *National Geographic Magazine* for February, gave him abundant evidence of the hatred of the three races for each other. Fierce and untractable as are the Kurds, they are, nevertheless, a people of true strength of character; but, being wedded to their patriarchal system of rule, they are a menace to the reform movement. Additional information in regard to Asiatic Turkey is to be found in the profusely illustrated account of the Damascus-Mecca Railway and in the series of quaint pictures of the people and country.

The January issue of the *American Journal of International Law* opens with a 45-page paper by Prof. Paul S. Reinsch, University of Wisconsin, on "International Administrative Law and National Sovereignty." He considers the status of such organizations as the Postal Union, the Sugar Commission, and the International Institute of Agriculture. Another important paper, by Prof. J. S. Reeves of Dartmouth, discusses the origin of the Congo Free State from an international point of view; and the Supplement of Official Documents accompanying this number gives about ninety pages to treaties, conventions, etc., relating to the Congo. Mr. Crocker's Chronicle of Current Events shows a remarkable series of treaties, agreements, and conventions that provide for arbitration between nations. It gives the impression that the entering into such agreements is decidedly on the increase. Among other matters are the notes that passed between the Japanese minister and Secretary Root last November, expressing, in very specific terms, the pacific disposition of the two nations toward each other.

Lovers of Lafcadio Hearn will be glad to know that his translation of Théophile Gautier has been reprinted as a volume in the World's Story Tellers (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Another new volume in this series contains "The Cremona Violin" and "Mademoiselle de Scudéry" of E. T. W. Hoffmann. To each book the editor, Arthur Ransome, contributes an introductory essay.

The chief aim of G. D. Oswell, author of "Sketches of Rulers of India" (Henry Frowde), is to demonstrate the principles on which the English administer India. This he does by giving the salient facts in the careers of some of the most distinguished civilians and soldiers. He condenses his sketches so that they may be used as lectures in schools and colleges, especially, no doubt, in India. In the first volume he confines himself to the era of the mutiny, the accounts of Dalhousie, Canning, John Lawrence, and Mayo showing the governor-general's work during that trying period. The suppression of the revolt is described in the lives of the great commanders Clyde, Strathnairn, Henry Lawrence, Nicholson, and Havelock. Interspersed in the narratives are some of the most striking incidents of those days, deeds of unsurpassed heroism and self-sacrifice at the call of duty which cannot fail to appeal to young men of every country. Though all the leaders impressed upon their subordinates the one preëminent duty of seeking the welfare of all the people, the despised outcast no less than the Brahman, and of understanding their needs and the best methods of governing them, the sketch of Lord Mayo shows most forcibly how a viceroy acted up to his own instructions. Another hero, John Nicbolson, for his devotion to the people, was not only respected, but, in the true sense of the word, adored. He was raised to the position of a demi-god, and "a new cult arose called the cult of Nikal Seyn." In fact, on the tombstones of all the men of this volume might have been engraved, with only a change of name, the epitaph of the hero of Lucknow: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." The period, 1786-1856, during which India was freed from the chronic anarchy which had prevailed for centuries through the raids and wars between the states, is described in the third volume of the series. Tbe principal leaders of this conquering and organizing time were the great legislators, Cornwallis, of Yorktown memory, and Bentinck, and the distinguished soldiers Wellesley and Hastings. The noteworthy incidents of their careers are given, as well as those of Amherst, Auckland, and Hardinge. Though there are not so many exciting episodes and heroic deeds narrated as in the first volume, yet in some respects it has a higher value in that it shows the great race and governmental problems forced on these men and their success or failure in solving them. Some famous incidents of Indian history are the subject of the fourth volume, beginning with the reign of the Buddhist monk and Emperor, Asoka, 272 B. C., and closing with the Sikh ruler, 1780-1839, Ranjit Singh. The rise of the Mogul Empire is told in the sketches of Babar and Akbar, the greatest of India's foreign rulers, and its decay in the reign of the "great Puritan of India," Aurangzib. The Hindu reconquest under Scindia is described, and the struggle with Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan, 1717-1799, the leaders of the southern Mohammedans. Here again as in the other volumes, a wise choice of interesting incidents and anecdotes gives a vivid personality to the subjects of the various skcaches. Considering the educational aim of the work it is strange that none of the volumes contains maps or indexes.

We cannot guess to what sort of readers Edgcumbe Staley would address his book, "Tbe Tragedies of the Medici" (New York: imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). It is plentifully equipped with adulteries, stranglings, stabbings, and poisonings; but the messenger boy or the shopgirl who devours stories of crime will turn rather to the yellow dailies or to the successors of the dime novel than to Mr. Staley's expensive pages. A verbatim report of tbe Thaw trial beats these somewhat antiquated crimes hollow. The renaissance murderers had no "brain-storm," and they usually went about their business with a directness and precision that would have given a criminal lawyer little scope to

display his ingenuity. There is in these stories just enough historical allusion to frighten readers who are in search of thrills; while on the other hand, there is not a page which the searcher for historic facts would dare to accept as trustworthy. For Mr. Staley indulges in astonishing flights of rhetoric and romance. He describes ladies whose husbands' "love ceased to peep into" their heart; he tells of "two virgin souls . . . winging their flight to join their murdered sister Maria in the Paradise of Peace"; he assures us that "romantic attachments, full of thrilling pathos, ran then like golden threads through the vulgar warp and web of woe and death." In other words, there is too much of the trappings of cheap fiction for the historical reader, and too much genealogy and pseudo-history for the lover of shilling shockers. The illustrations, chiefly portraits of the Medici, are well chosen, and remind us that the greatest of the renaissance families in Italy was also the ugliest.

Lina Duff Gordon (Mrs. Aubrey Waterfield) has produced a charming book in "Home Life in Italy" (The Macmillan Co.). It is evidently based on letters, touched up and amplified where necessary, but keeping the freshness of a sympathetic, observant woman's correspondence. She is one of the few English who not only live in Italy, but penetrate into the life of the natives. She had an old country castle near Carrara, and saw intimately the peasants and villagers, and occasionally the more conventional dwellers in the towns. So her pictures are life-like, and they are drawn of folk that have been unspoiled by foreigners. She mingles everyday scenes with the humor, and sometimes with the tragedy, which seems never far off in Italy. From her, the stranger can learn how hard the life of the lower classes is, and how naïve and sympathetic they are, with all their faults. Such chapters as those on the Evil Eye and Messer il Diavolo go deeper, and leave one wondering at the persistence of Pagan legacies and at the strange mixture of fetich worship and Catholicism of which the popular religion is compounded. But Mrs. Waterfield shows us all sides without prejudice or controversy, and with unfailing good humor. Here is the best book of the kind we have seen for a long time.

In the production of serious, scholarly works on Dante, England keeps well abreast of Italy. Even if the poet had really visited Oxford, as some have believed, his memory could hardly be more cherished there. Gratifying evidence of his ever growing popularity on English soil is afforded by a new, revised edition—after eight years—of William Warren Vernon's "Readings on the Paradiso of Dante" (The Macmillan Co.), in two stout volumes. The general plan of the book is unchanged: it consists of a discursive paraphrase of the poem (following the method of Benvenuto da Imola), interlarded with the original text, in small bits, with prose translation, and accompanied by copious footnotes. It might seem, perhaps, to the ordinary reader that the poetry was almost submerged in the commentary; but the "Paradiso" certainly demands a deal of explanation. and the matter presented is all so interesting that one would be reluctant to discard any part of it. In the second edition, numerous improvements of detail have been made in the light of recent studies, and a section on the Bargello portrait has been added to the preliminary chapter. An excellent index concludes the second volume.

In "The Niagara River" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Prof. Archer Butler Hulbert offers a literary treatment sufficiently elaborate, one would say, for the Nile. He admits, however, in his preface, following Mr. Howells in candor, that he has not succeeded in the attempt to remain "overpowered" by the magnificence of the cataract and the rapids during the entire two or three years he has been preparing the book; and the sanity thus admitted into the work goes far towards making it worth while. There is a good résumé of the movement to protect the scenery about the falls, a discussion of the entire question of utilizing the water power, and a history of the Niagara frontier. Perhaps the most readable chapter is the one on "Niagara Cranks," beginning with Blondin, the tightrope walker. There is less quotation than one expects from Niagara literature. Some of the views are excellent.

The first volume of Edward Westermarck's "Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas" (reviewed in the *Nation* of June 13, 1907, p. 545) gave his theory of the nature and origin of the moral emotions, and described customs of homicide (including human sacrifice), the duel, charity, and hospitality, and the subjection of various classes of human beings. The second volume (the Macmillan Co.) treats of the right of property, regard for truth and good faith, altruistic sentiments, suicide, industry, ascetic practices, the relations between the sexes, regard for the lower animals and for the dead, cannibalism, and the relation of gods to morality. The characteristics of the first volume appear also in the second: astounding profusion of examples (always with precise references to authorities), clearness and ease of presentation, broad sympathy, accuracy of discrimination, and soundness of judgment. Ethical practices and ideas are traced from the lowest communities to the highest, with the result that the elementary moral sentiments and usages appear to be the same in all stages of society, social progress consisting in an increasing limitation and depression of the bestial impulses and a rational definition and expansion of the better instincts. The work is an impressive survey of the ethical history of man; the mass of facts is enormous, and, while most of them are familiar to general readers on the subject, some of them, as, for example, those relating to homosexual relations, will be new to all but specialists. A desideratum in the work is a clear exhibition of the development of ethical ideals, and for this reason L. T. Hobhouse's "Morals in Evolution" (see the *Nation* of June 20, 1907, p. 568) will be found useful as complementary to Westermarck's discussion. At the close of the present volume the author restates and illustrates further his theory that moral concepts are ultimately based on emotions of indignation or approval, and that these are always retributive. His position is thus sharply opposed to theories of the transcendental origin of ethical feeling, which, at the same time, he regards as having its root in human nature and as being an indestructible element of human life. The proof of this position is furnished by the facts he adduces; the conclusions are left to the reader to make. It need hardly be added that his view is compatible with a theistic conception of the world, though it does not enter into the plan of his work to insist on this point. What he does set forth clearly is the actual course of human experience—ultimate forces he does not consider.

In "Luke, the Physician" Prof. William M. Ramsay has chosen for the title of a miscellaneous collection of essays on the history of religion the subject of one of the least of the dozen papers comprising the volume (A. C. Armstrong & Son). Doubtless the popular interest is greatest in what Professor Ramsay has to say as a critic of Harnack, whose volume of the same name he reviews in the first essay; but in this field he has less of first-hand information to contribute, his conclusions are more largely founded on doubtful deductions, and his well-known prejudices come most prominently to view. In brief, his argument is that, since the book of Acts is found to embody authentic facts as to political, social, and religious conditions in Asia Minor in the Pauline era, facts which have been strikingly confirmed by recent archæological discoveries, therefore Luke is a trustworthy historian of personal affairs and spiritual movements in apostolic Christianity. One does not need to question Professor Ramsay's archæological accuracy, or the value of his investigations in the geography and history of Asia Minor, to stumble somewhat at his conclusions concerning matters on which literary documents are our only source of information, to be tested, therefore, by literary criticism. A learned archæologist may be a most indiscreet historian. The bias of Professor Ramsay's estimate of Luke, however, does not detract from the great value of his careful descriptions of the physical conditions of Asia Minor and their influence on its political and religious history, nor from the indebtedness under which all students are placed by his study of the monuments and inscriptions of that interesting meeting-place of East and West. The essays, "Asia Minor: the Country and Its Religion," "The Peasant God; the Creation, Destruction, and Restoration of Agriculture in Asia Minor," and "The Church of Lycaonia in the Fourth Century," are productions of a patient and experienced explorer, and a brilliant, if not always cautious, scholar. It is a pity that these papers could not have been expanded into a volume on the historical geography of Asia Minor. Side by side with essays which approve the assignment of dates of the parables by their references to the weather, they will hardly pass for their true worth.

The Newark, N. J., Public Library has begun the issue of a series of handbooks on American Library Economy, setting forth in detail the methods and tools in operation in that library (Woodstock, Vt.: Elm Tree Press). The first of the series, treating the work of the registration desk, gives in 32 pages the fullest exposition of the function of this department that has yet appeared. Copies may be obtained from the publishers.

Of all the library aids, numbering twenty-five or more, that have been published by the American Library Association, it is said that only two have proved financially profitable, "Subject Readings for a Dictionary Catalogue" and Kroeger's "Guide to the Study and Use of Reference Books." The first edition of this latter work appeared in 1902, consisting of a classified, annotated list of all the more important reference works in the English language. At the close of each year since 1902 Miss Kroeger has prepared and published in the *Library Journal* a similar list of the important reference works issued during the year. These supplementary lists have now been consolidated with the original in a new edition containing about a third more material than the old. A valuable feature of both editions is the analytical index, indicating the best source for information on many difficult or obscure subjects.

"The History of the New York Society Library," by Austin Baxter Keep (De Vinne Press), an elaborate and sumptuous work, was projected five years ago, when the Society Library celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding. The volume, containing 607 pages, is itself sufficient explanation of the time taken to complete the undertaking. Had the subject been one of national importance or interest, sources could not have been studied more carefully. No less than one hundred and sixty different authorities are cited or quoted in the body of the work, some accessible only in foreign archives. Moreover, Mr. Keep has brought to his task a good style, a mastery of historic method, and an engaging enthusiasm. But for all his literary skill and his long array of facts and personages, one is conscious throughout the narrative that there is something decidedly artificial about it all—that the author is engaged in a kind of *tour de force* to lend interest and importance to events which, after all, have no great significance, and which therefore appeal chiefly to those whose ancestors are named in these annals.

From "The Primitive Aryans of America," by T. S. Denison of Chicago, author and publisher, one may learn that "wig-wam" and Latin "vicus," "clan," and Sanskrit "kulu" (family), Mexican "chica" and Sanskrit "adhika" are cognates; that "*skye*-terrier" is comparable with "ska-ha" (dog, in a Puget Sound dialect); that "Mexitli" "is beyond any reasonable doubt simply the Persian Ahura-*Mazda*"; that "Tla-loc" is "In-dra-loka"; and that another Vedic deity, Pushan, is immortalized anew in "Pushita," the name of an Ohio township. In deriving "Chichi-meca" from Mexican "*chi*," Sanskrit "*dhi*," and explaining it as "pious or brave people," Mr. Denison has modestly omitted to compare the obvious cognate Chicago. His modesty is indeed as great as his bravery. "Where others have held back I have boldly entered," he says, yet he adds immediately, "I am but a pioneer and others may improve my work." We venture to doubt this. Room may be found for additions, but could any one improve on the suggestion that Manitou is connected with Babylonian Anu, that Mexican Ipal is Babylonian Bel, or that Vedic Aditi is "teteo innan, mother of the gods"? Nevertheless, much is due to exceptional advantages, and it is only fair to other scholars, who have failed to find all these good things, to add that Mr. Denison, in preparing his Hindu and Babylonian parallels, has had the unique privilege of using a book hitherto unknown, "The Religions of India, by Morris Jastrow, jr." We had supposed the only work of that title was by E. W. Hopkins.

"Frau Pauline Brater: Lebensbild einer deutschen Frau" (Munich: C. H. Beck), by Agnes Sapper, is one of those portraits of a type, which through their intimate details and historic background become almost as important as a document. This book is the life of a daughter of Wilhelm Pfaff, professor of mathematics and Sanskrit scholar in Erlangen, who should be remembered as Rückert's collaborator in the translation of "Nal und Damajanti." As the wife of Karl Brater, prominent in journalism and politics of Bavaria, she was brought into contact with eminent men and women and rose to be a power in her little circle by her independence of judgment and steadfastness of purpose.

One of the most singular of recent German books is an anthology of poems, "Poesie im Zuchthaus: Gedichte von Verbrechern," collected and edited by Dr. Johannes Jäger, a prison-chaplain in Amberg (Stuttgart: Max Kielmann), which furnishes ample material for the student of crimes and criminals.

The Hilfe publication house, Berlin, has begun a new series, Moderne Philosophie, under the editorship of Dr. Max Apel. The first volume, "Die Weltanschauung Haeckels," discusses principally the Jena zoölogist's relation to such scholars as Darwin, Virchow, Du Bois Reymond, Kant, and Spinoza. The second volume is a "Kleines philosophisches Wörterbuch," by Rudolf Odebrecht; and the third, by Walter Goldschmidt, "Der Wert des Lebens," treats of the happiness or misery of such men as Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Wagner, Lord Byron, Heine, and Lenau. A fourth volume is announced on Darwin by six German specialists.

An interesting biography and just vindication of the much maligned wife of Frederick the Great, and therefore a desirable contribution to the history of Prussia in the eighteenth century, is Eufemia von Adlersfeld-Ballestrem's volume of 219 pages (Berlin: A. Schall), entitled "Elisabeth Christine, Königin von Preussen, Herzogin von Braunschweig-Lüneburg: Das Lebensbild einer Verkannten." It is well known that Frederick as crown-prince was wholly unappreciated and brutally treated by his father, who forced him to marry the young Duchess of Brunswick without consulting him or even seeking to obtain his consent. This dictatorial procedure in such a delicate personal matter naturally excited a decided aversion to the bride, a feeling which was sedulously fostered by the British faction at court, who wished to have him wed an English princess, and spoke with contempt of Christine as "an ugly and stupid bigot." In a letter to Gen. Grumbkow, Frederick wrote that his betrothed would be "the most unhappy princess in the world." Four years after his marriage he confessed to the Austrian ambassador, Seckendorf, that she had a gentle disposition, pleasing manners, and fine mental qualities, which caused her to take a lively interest in his intellectual pursuits. On his death-bed he declared that she had always been kind and sympathetic and that her preëminent virtue entitled her to reverence and love. This recognition of her noble traits renders his cold and cruel treatment of her for more than fifty years almost inexplicable. He condemned her to a lonely and isolated life and even excluded her from the court festivities in which she should have taken the principal part. As a compensation for this ruin of her domestic and social career as queen she devoted herself to literary work and published in French several volumes of genial meditations and reflections on human affairs. The present biography is the result of thorough research, including, among other sources of information, the letters of Queen Elisabeth Christine to her brother Karl, now preserved in the archives of Brunswick. In this connection we may state that Eufemia von Adlersfeld-Ballestrem is the author of several biographical and historical works and is also distinguished as a writer of German fiction. Her numerous novels, all of which have passed through several editions, are very popular and remarkable for psychological insight and a fine sense of humor.

The Prussian Academy of Sciences in Berlin has, through its philosophico-historical section, voted the sum of 2,500 marks toward defraying the expenses of publishing the new edition of the Septuagint, which the German academies have decided to bring out jointly, and which is now in process of preparation.

Prof. Alfred Bertholet of the University of Basel, in "Das religionsgeschichtliche Problem des Spätjudentums," the latest addition to the series Sammlung gemeinverständlicher Vorträge und Schriften (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), discusses the religious beliefs in the last years of the national life of Israel. He explains that, notwithstanding the exclusive character of post-Exilic Judaism, Israel yet received from other religions a large number of ideas, and accepted them voluntarily and knowingly, and not unconsciously, as Professor Gunkel and others have tried to show. The book is an interesting chapter on the historical background of the New Testament.

Prof. Louis Havet, the Latinist of Paris, recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday, on which occasion thirty-six of his pupils and friends joined in the publication of a volume of investigations in the departments of philology and literature, "Philologie et linguistique: Mélanges offerts à Louis Havet par ses anciens élèves et ses amis" (Paris: Hachette et Cie.).

The "Selected Poems of Pierre de Ronsard" have been well chosen by St. John Lucas and published in delightful form by the Oxford University Press. Of all poets Ronsard needs most to have his spontaneous living work set apart from his endless machine-made verse. Writing before the critical spirit was matured, he has at his best the advantage of a naïve freshness, and at his worst the dulness of unchecked prolixity. Due consideration of this mixture of qualities ought to have prevented Mr. Lucas from making an ungracious fling at Malherbe and Bolleau in his otherwise excellent introduction. It is quite true that the

former by example, and the latter by precept, fostered a school of writing in which Ronsard's naïveté is the last quality to be found, but they also made it less excusable for a poet to ramble endlessly and aimlessly in verse. To each age its virtue, as each age follows the art it knows. Ronsard was by no means spontaneous by deliberate choice, but was really eager to introduce critical canons into French poetry. Ease like his in the days of Racine, when that criticism was fully developed, would have meant, not graceful spontaneity, but rude indifference to art. Malherbe and Boileau were simply criticising the old method as it worked in their own age. To sneer at their lack of the historic sense is to repeat their error to-day. However, this is but a small point in Mr. Lucas's introduction. The story of Ronsard's life, the analysis of the mediæval and renaissance elements in his poetry, and the brief account of the Pleiad are excellently written in exceptionally good English.

A beautiful book, in which art and scholarship have vied to good purpose, is "Lirica Italiana nel Cinquecento e nel Seicento fino all'Arcadia," edited by Eugenia Levi (Florence: Leo S. Olschki). It contains some 400 lyrics, 70 illustrations, and nearly 40 pieces of music. The illustrations are photogravures of famous paintings, or reproductions of drawings, etchings, and engravings. The music scores, many hitherto inedited or unearthed from forgotten collections, add greatly to one's appreciation of the madrigals, *frottole*, and other lyrics which were written to be sung. Signorina Levi has added brief notes, bibliographical as well as critical, together with the dates of composition, and the opinions of well-known art critics on the paintings and drawings. The choice of poems is equally satisfactory. She seems to have overlooked nothing: with the result that, besides the selections which are found in almost every anthology, there are many rare and many novel pieces. Some of these last she has drawn from manuscript copies. Nor has she scorned dialects. Some of the most striking minor poems, like the "Perchè miseru mia, perchè ristai?" (p. 260) of Bishop Rau, are in Sicilian. The great names—Tasso, Ariosto, Chiabrera (the forerunner of Herrick), Trissino, and Caro—are well represented; and the effect produced by them is of a sophisticated and highly cultivated society, amid which passions and emotions even—so far as lyric poetry can utter them—are sinking into conventionality. But Michelangelo's poignant and beautiful laments redeem much that is conventional; and scattered through the volume are many other genuine outbursts, less powerful, but not less natural, than his. The book is small and convenient in size, beautifully printed, on real paper, and bound in parchment—a fine specimen of what an artist-printer can do to supplement and exhibit the taste of an artist-editor. (Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., New York.)

A contribution to the Ghazal literature is furnished by the convenient edition of the Persian text of "Baki's Diwan," prepared by Prof. Rudolf Dvorak of the University of Prague (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The text is based on the manuscripts of Leyden, Leipzig, Munich, and Vienna; various readings are given, but there is no account of the manuscripts or of the author, and there are no philological notes.

The committee of award has announced its decisions in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx contest for 1908 as follows: The first prize of $1,000, to Prof. Oscar D. Skelton, for a paper entitled "The Case against Socialism"; the second prize of $500 to Mrs. Emily Fogg Meade for "The Agricultural Resources of the United States." Among the contributions restricted to college undergraduates, the first prize of $300 was won by A. E. Pinanski, Harvard, 1908, for "The Street Railway of Metropolitan Boston," and the second prize of $150, by William Shea, Cornell, 1909, for "The Case against Socialism."

The Verdun Prize (3,000 marks and a gold medal), which every five years is awarded to that scholar who has, in the past half decade, made the most notable addition to German historical literature, was recently given to Dr. S. von Riezler of Munich, in recognition of his "Geschichte Bayerns."

The historian, Dr. E. Gagliardi, in cataloguing the manuscripts of the city library in Zurich, has found a valuable Reformation Chronicle, by a Swiss writer of the sixteenth century, Johannes Stumpff, a confidential friend of Zwingli. The manuscript, composed between 1535 and 1538, covers 600 closely packed pages.

Carroll Davidson Wright, president of Clark College, died February 20, at the age of sixty-eight. He began the study of law, but was soon drawn from this into the Union army by the civil war, where he rose to the rank of colonel. After the war he settled in Boston, serving in the Massachusetts State Senate in 1872-3, and acting as chief of the State Bureau of the Statistics of Labor until 1888. Meanwhile he was appointed in 1880 supervisor of the United States census for Massachusetts, and in 1885 Commissioner of Labor, retaining this national office until 1905. During this time he also directed the eleventh United States census, 1893-7. In 1902 he accepted the presidency of Clark College, Worcester, Mass. Besides many pamphlets and monographs on social and economic topics, he has to his credit a considerable number of books: "The Factory System of the United States" (1880), "Relation of Political Economy to the Labor Question" (1882), "The Social, Commercial, and Manufacturing Statistics of the City of Boston" (1882), "History of Wages and Prices in Massachusetts, 1752-1883" (1885), "The Industrial Evolution of the United States" (1887), "The Public Records of Parishes, Towns, and Counties in Massachusetts" (1889), "Outline of Practical Sociology" (1899), and "Battles of Labor" (1906).

From Torquay is reported the death of H. R. Fox Bourne, a well-known editorial writer of London. Besides his journalistic work he published a number of books on commerce and trade, a history of "English Newspapers" (2 vols., 1887), and a life of "Sir Philip Sidney" in the Heroes of the Nations Series (1891). Of late years his principal interest had been in the native races of Africa, as shown by the titles of his books: "The Other Side of the Emin Pasha Expedition" (1891), "Matabeleland and the Chartered Company" (1897), "The Bechuana Troubles" (1898), "Blacks and Whites in South Africa" (second ed., 1900), and "Civilization in Congoland: a Story of International Wrongdoing" (1903).

Dr. Johann von Kelle, professor of the German language and literature in the German University of Prague, has died at the age of eighty. His chief work is the edition, with translation and glossary, of "Otfrid's Evangelienbücher," on which he was engaged from 1857 to 1883. Besides this he published "Speculum Ecclesiæ Altdeutsch" and "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur von der ältesten Zeit bis zum dreizehnten Jahrhundert."

THE SOURCE OF "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

The Old Yellow Book: Source of Browning's "The Ring and the Book," in complete photo-reproduction, with translation, essay, and notes, by Charles W. Hodell. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

The story of the Old Yellow Book and of its transmutation into the greatest of Browning's poems is itself one of the romances of literature. As Professor Hodell rightly observes, we have here an incident comparable to the use of the old Italian story-books by the Elizabethan dramatists, with the added interest that in the modern instance all the details are before us, and there is no possibility that some other source unknown to us was employed by the poet. Outside of this collection of legal documents bearing on the Roman murder trial of 1698, which were bound together at the time by some one apparently friendly to the accused—outside of this and one or two other documents, all of which are here reproduced, there was no other source. We know, too, just how the poet found the long-forgotten volume amid the rubbish of a market barrow that day in June, 1860; how he read it through with absorbed attention, laid it aside for five years, and then, from 1865 to 1868, set himself to converting its mass of legal pedantries into a living human drama. That process of alchemy can now be followed step by step, although, paradoxically speaking, the real mystery of the transmutation may seem more remote than ever.

By the kindness of Balliol College, Oxford, where the book was deposited after Browning's death, Mr. Hodell has been permitted to publish a complete photographic facsimile of the documents. To this he has added a translation, which saves the labor of drudging through the crabbed Latin and Italian (though minute exactness will require frequent reference back to the originals), together with explanatory material of his own. The plan of the work can be heartily commended. To facilitate comparison he has prepared a series of topical notes, focussing, by refer-

ence to page and line, all the corresponding matter in The Yellow Book and the poem. At any point in the text of the book or of Mr. Hodell's essay all the corroborative or contradictory passages may be found by turning to the indicated note. To enable one, while reading "The Ring and the Book," to reach the same material, a full alphabetical index is given, besides a "Line Index to Annotations." Thus, to take an example, one is reading the "Caponsacchi" and stops at the lines:

There she stood—leaned there, for the second time,
Over the terrace, looked at me, then spoke:
"Why is it you have suffered me to stay
Breaking my heart two days more than was need?"

What authority, one asks, had Browning for interposing this delay of two days? By means of the "Line Index" and note one finds there is only a single allusion in the "Yellow Book" (Francesca's Deposition, p. 71) to the delay:

Then he told me he would secure the carriage, and when that had been arranged he would give me a signal by letting his handkerchief fall in passing before our house, as he had done before. But the next day went by, and although I stood at the blinds, he did not give the signal. When the day following had also passed, I spoke to him again as above, and complained to him that he had broken the word he had given me. And he excused himself, saying that he had not found a carriage in Arezzo. I answered him that, at any rate, he should have procured one from outside, as he promised to do.

On this point Professor Hodell here remarks that "Browning has made this delay of two days [which plays no further part in the documents] take a profound meaning in the life of his hero, a time of rapid growth to the full stature of Christian heroism." Following the editor's reference to "The Ring and the Book," vi, 937-1,062, we read:

In rushed new things, the old were rapt away;
Alike abolished—the imprisonment
Of the outside air, the inside weight o' the world
That pulled me down. . . .
Sirs, I obeyed. Obedience was too strange—
This new thing that had been struck into me
By the look o' the lady,—to dare disobey
The first authoritative word. 'Twas God's.

For this spiritual struggle and conversion there is not a word in the documents, and indeed it is not likely that any Italian of Caponsacchi's day would have felt the kind of conflict described by Browning between the dead service of the church and the living inspiration heard in a woman's words. And following the scene in the poem a few lines further, we find that in place of the simple excuse of the document, "He had not found a carriage in Arezzo," Browning's hero indulges in such general language as this:

. . . Lady, waste no thought, no word
Even to forgive me! Care for what I care—
Only! Now follow me as I were fate!

So, step by step, we get a notion of Browning's method; we learn that the hero of the poem is not quite the Caponsacchi of the documents, and, being curious to see how far this transformation extends, we turn to the Subject-Index, where, by means of the references *s. v. Caponsacchi*, we can answer the question in all its details. And, by an extension of the same process, the whole creation of the poem is laid before us.

In his Essay Mr. Hodell has summed up the substance of the matter with considerable skill, although not every one will go with him in his excessive admiration for Browning, or set the emphasis just as he sets it. Thus, to magnify the poet's creative genius, he speaks of the Yellow Book as "a mass of chaotic, unpromising material"; it seems to us, on the contrary, as it seemed to Browning himself, that no more splendid material has often fallen into a poet's hands. It is no doubt chaotic in form, but the story within is palpitating with life and offers a plot at once novel and susceptible of the most passionate development. One cannot read through the works of Tennyson without feeling how desperately he was driven to find suitable themes and how often he fails simply because his theme was trivial. After all, as Aristotle said long ago in good Greek, the plot's the thing; and Browning in stumbling on his Yellow Book was lucky beyond the fortune of his brothers. This is not to belittle his genius, if a large part of genius is just the cunning to wring all its capabilities from chance.

Of Browning's skill in manipulating the incidents of his story there can be no doubt; but in regard to the so-called spiritual element added by him, we are not quite so sure as is the editor. Browning himself, to take one instance, has said of his Francesca Pompilia: "She is just as I found her in the Book." Now, Mr. Hodell cannot find her in the Book, save perhaps in the evidence of Fra Celestino, who ministered to her while dying. For our part, with some knowledge of the priestly habit of magnifying the sanctity of death-bed scenes, we fail to recognize even there the poet's "lily-thing to frighten at a bruise." As we read the documents, she appears a good-looking but fairly commonplace young woman, not over-sensitive or nice, who was driven to desperation by a brutal husband. Her transformation into the saint, as Caponsacchi's change to the love-rapt champion, is wholly the poet's work—his own creative impulse, we take it, rather than any deeper insight into the facts of the actual case. The poetic value of this transmutation, including the whole motive of the "Platonic" love between the two runaways, will be accepted by most readers, as it is by Mr. Hodell, without a question. After some pondering over the original story, as we now have it, we cannot escape a certain doubt. At least it would be interesting to see that renaissance story treated in the full human manner of the renaissance used by Shakespeare for his "Romeo and Juliet" and other Italian plays. We confess the heresy of finding some of Browning's "spiritual" interpretation not quite true to spirit or flesh. But that is a matter of the personal equation, and Mr. Hodell will have the majority on his side.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Pulse of Life. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Never was a book more unluckily named; the title serves as a perpetual reminder of just what this long, solid, carefully written novel lacks—the pulse of life. The principal characters are only four, and we are told a great deal about them; they are moved about and lighted up from various points of view, but they never move of themselves. Sabine, the Austrian Archduchess, fleeing from a repulsive marriage, is a delicately tinted replica—a miniature in water-colors—of the youthful Marie Antoinette, easily visualized by the reader on account of this frequently mentioned likeness, but without individuality of her own. Francis Domville, heir of an ancient and impoverished Catholic family, wears the costume of Count Fersen when he falls in love with her, and continues to play the part. The atmosphere of a fancy-dress ball, in fact, surrounds this couple throughout, and airs from Ruritania—though that kingdom is expressly ruled off the author's map—play about their graceful forms. A shade more of interest attaches to the second couple, whose fortunes, by the way, are quite unrelated to those of the first by any but the arbitrary ties of blood-relationship. Anne Leycester, gentle, *recueillie*, endowed with a mysterious gift of healing, and silently enduring the long strain of an unselfish, undemanding love, is a gracious and touching, if somewhat dimly outlined, figure; and there is something tragic, even perversely noble, in the equally unselfish but passionate and ruinous devotion of the object of her tenderness, her Russian cousin, Paul Feyghine, to a heartless little dancer, evidently studied from the portrait, at least, of "Carmencita."

A clever realist would make us know these characters intimately; a vigorous romancer would at least make them *do* something, might even so thrill us by their emotional and dramatic life that they would pass with us for real. Mrs. Lowndes can do neither; her story does

not "march"; with all its elaboration of detail it remains a preparatory sketch —*mémoires à servir*. The one successful bit of portraiture is the character-sketch, slightly caricatured one may hope, of a Russian grand duke. The combination of the primitive animalism of the man with the artificial but undeniable dignity of the personage is cleverly accomplished and remains easily the most memorable thing in the book.

The Passer-By. By Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The way of the transgressor is hard. Hard too is the way of the reader who has to accompany the transgressor "as she is written" in modern fiction. Her sins are so detailed! Her conversion so incidental to the main current! And the sins of the party or parties of the second part are so prominent that the loftiest flights of reasoning and rectitude achieved intermittently by parties of the third part do not avail to color the production as a whole. In this story a Russian saves the situation, and succeeds in holding back from a precipice the chameleon who figures as heroine, with a "spell of affinity" for A., and a "chain of affinity" for B., her husband being F. It is true, too, that this Russian renounces his own chances of felicity. Therefore, any objector to the book could well be answered that decency asserts itself in the end. Remains the fact that the end is only a small part of the story.

In the school readers of our fathers, there flourished a certain Orator Puff, who had two tones in his voice. The same richness may be found in the style of Prince Troubetzkoy's book. At times, the text is set to the terse, curt, monosyllabic scale of Russian fiction. At other times, under the spell of "the gracility of adolescence," or "accidental exteriority," or "supreme acuity," or of trying to "congruously deviate the conversation," the reader, in fancy's eye, sees the Sunny South, flowering lushly, and invaded by the dictionary. And he turns back to the dedication:

> To you Amélie, who wrote "Augustine the Man," I dedicate this book because it is due to you as the light is due to the flame.

The Dark Corner. By Zach McGhee. New York: The Grafton Press.

Both within and without this is a little book. Its close fine print is yet neat and clear; its size and shape and weight are of a comforting fitness to the hand. Of its contents something analogous may be said. They are limited and often crude, but there is a reality, a sincerity that impart positive quality. Its naïveté is overtopped by the actual substance. The burlesque humor is forgotten in the real. The tasteless is forgiven for the sake of the genuinely aspiring. It offers a picture of educational conditions, or the lack of them, in a benighted part of the South, where the presence of the school as it existed was worse than its absence. The hero, Jim Thompson, becomes a "perfesser" in a military institute, conducted on principles of arrant quackery. He soon offends the powers of charlatanism and takes his leave. Then moved by pity for the ignorance in a poor white region known as "The Dark Corner," he decides to give up a cherished plan of becoming a lawyer and devotes his life to building up better ideals of education and of living. There is a nice little story of love connected with that of civilizing, and a nice little tale of chivalry to offset extravaganza. There are engaging glimpses of child life, and striking passages of realism from "poor white" life that go far to counteract the elsewhere overdone in manners, customs, and speech. With many rawnesses and roughnesses, it is in some inscrutable way a very likable little story.

The Climber. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Benson evidently believes there is still a serious novel-reading public. He has written a solid book which refuses to be skimmed, and which might even bear a second reading. Yet it exploits no virgin field, has no dubious scene, no purple patches, and no apparent purpose other than the dramatic representation of character. The social group to which most of the persons belong is a cultivated section of the English upper class, or—more democratically speaking—of the "smart set." The Climber, Lucia Grimson, is a near spiritual relative of Mr. Pinero's Iris and Mrs. Wharton's Lily Bart. Living in quiet boredom with her two tea-drinking, patience-playing maiden aunts—capitally drawn and differentiated—she nourishes a dream of luxurious self-realization. She finds her opportunity in the priggishly æsthetic, very correct young Lord Brayton, who is not only affected by her personal charms, but is also persuaded that she can make his home the centre of a "New Set" devoted to a very refined type of culture. This æsthetic lord seeks the beautiful in life and art with curious self-conscious and humorless gravity. Lucia, clear-headed and hard-hearted, conducts a Napoleonic social campaign, winning every battle, fulfilling every self-indulgent desire, till at last real passion touches her. Then, relentlessly, as she took Lord Brayton from her best friend, she takes away her best friend's husband. High tragedy cannot befall the two diversely fervid egotists of the drama; but such disaster as their souls are capable of comes swiftly upon them.

No other novel of Mr. Benson's shows such sobriety and maturity of workmanship. The story moves firmly, harmoniously, if somewhat slowly, forward under the conduct of a critical intelligence. The earlier chapters, indeed, make one a little impatient. The author is in no haste to get into action. He describes his field with excessive particularity as if assured of an attentive hearing. He has the bad habit of explaining the precise significance of every important speech, and he gives the reader a sharp nudge when the speech is clever. He has worked with such laborious conscientiousness that he cannot bear to let any good stroke pass unnoticed. Yet his characters are complexly alive, they develop, and they meet in sharp dramatic conflict. One may detest them all; but they survive the closing of the book.

The Catholic Church in the United States of America: To Celebrate the Golden Jubilee of His Holiness Pope Pius X. Vol. I: The Religious Communities. New York: The Catholic Editing Co.

The publishers of this work, which is to appear in six large folio volumes of 460 pages each, containing in all nearly 7,000 illustrations, have made a strange choice in form. The book is simply impossible to handle on account of its size and weight, and it fits in nowhere in an ordinary room of these flat times of living.

Offered as a history, it must be judged by modern critical standards, and by these this first volume may be set down as a remarkable collection of pictures, valuable and novel in their extent, rather than a record comprehensive in detail, exact in statement, and complete in scope. From the hour that the great-hearted and far-seeing friar of La Rabida put new hope and vigor into the fortunes of the dispirited and dejected Columbus, down to the present time, the religious communities have played a large part in the progress of the Catholic Church here. In this volume the Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith devotes a very comprehensive introduction to an exposition of their general history, work, aims, and character. There are now about 5,000 priests, 7,000 lay-brothers, and 56,000 women working in the various Catholic religious communities in the United States. To each group of 3,000 Catholics there are two diocesan priests, one community priest, and nine brothers and nuns. The special work of each religious community, its foundation here, and the extent of the territory and the operations therein, make up the volume. The illustrations consist of portraits of prominent members of these orders and congregations and pictures of institutions under their charge. In going over this list of com-

munities several serious omissions must be noted. There is no mention of the Fathers of Mercy, the Basilians, or the Servites, for instance, among the men; or of the great foundations of the Sisters of Charity at Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York, and at Madison, N. J.; or of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Brooklyn, among the women. These probably will be given the space denied them in this volume in one of the succeeding four which are to be devoted to diocesan records.

Dumouriez and the Defence of England against Napoleon. By J. Holland Rose and A. M. Broadley. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co. $5.00.

The aim of the writers of this volume was twofold: first, to complete the study of the defence of England against Napoleon by an account of the last phase of it, in which Dumouriez took a prominent part; and, second, to offer a life of Dumouriez that should supply a more just estimate of his acts as a public man than had hitherto been written. In carrying out the first purpose they have published in full, occupying about one-third of the volume, a detailed *mémoire*, prepared by Dumouriez in 1803-1804, for the defence of England. The history of this document is most interesting:

> Some four years ago, a French MS. of 397 pages, bound in thick vellum covers strengthened by a metal clasp, came into the possession of Mr. Bertram Dobell, in whose sale catalogue it was described as an "Important Military Manuscript Dealing with the subject of a French invasion of England." The book was purchased by Mr. Broadley, but it was not until the researches for the publication last year of "Napoleon and the Invasion of England" were far advanced, that its present owner became aware of its authorship and important character. It has now been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, and by external as well as internal evidence, that every word of this MS. is in the handwriting of General Dumouriez, about the earlier part of whose career so much has been written, but of whose twenty years' residence in England so little is known.

Such a discovery was surely sufficient justification for a supplementary volume in which Dumouriez should be the central figure, with special stress laid upon his life in England. Although the detailed plan of defence was not executed, it is a monument to the military science and industry of the writer. It was the most important, but not the only, military document prepared by Dumouriez for the English government during his twenty years' residence in the island. The material found in letters that passed between Dumouriez and prominent Englishmen, such as Pitt, Nelson, Wellington, and others, enables the writers of this volume to furnish us with a valuable new chapter on the life of the famous Frenchman in England, a chapter that places him in a most favorable light, and that undoubtedly led to a study of his earlier career and to the conclusion that he had been much maligned. An attempt to rehabilitate him was, naturally, the next step. To this undertaking, the major part of the volume has been devoted. Whatever we may think of the judgment of the authors upon the conduct of Dumouriez, they have certainly prepared the most satisfactory and complete life of him that has appeared in English.

To those who look upon Dumouriez as a mere adventurer, these later chapters are likely to prove a revelation. The respect shown him by English statesmen, generals, and others prominent in the social life of England, the pension granted to him by the English government, the position that he occupied of military adviser to the government, his employment on important missions, and the favorable opinion of him expressed by those who met him—all this would seem to indicate that he possessed real ability, and suggests the idea that the rôle played in his earlier years was not wholly an accident. What that rôle was it is the aim of the first—and least valuable—part of the volume to show. This portion (pp. 1-215) contains little that is new, and in the handling of evidence leaves much to be desired. This is especially true as to the "Mémoires" of the general upon his early life. Dumouriez was born in 1739; he wrote his "Mémoires" not earlier than 1793. But what can a man of fifty-four recall with certainty about his youth? It tends to discredit a work if the historian persists in stating as fact what is only untrustworthy recollection; yet this is precisely what the authors do, and without the slightest critical reserve, for Dumouriez's first forty years. If no new material could be discovered—and it is not at all certain that something might not be found, if the right places were searched—the matter should be given for nothing more than what it is—Dumouriez's account, probably highly colored, partisan, and more or less inexact.

With 1778, when Dumouriez becomes commandant at Cherbourg, documentary evidence is available to control, to some extent, the recollections of the general. To this evidence the authors add a *mémoire*, prepared by Dumouriez in 1779, on the capture of the Isle of Wight. This period has been studied locally by French historians, and the results of their investigations are here utilized. Upon this passage of their hero's career the authors lay stress, and with good reason; for his work at Cherbourg would seem to justify the statement that the revolution simply offered an opportunity to a man who had already won his spurs. From 1789 to 1793, the only new material consists of two manuscript letters of Dumouriez, but the authors draw upon the latest monographs and the best printed sources.

It should not be forgotten, however, that it is not the purpose of the writers to treat exhaustively the life of Dumouriez, but to describe it fully enough to make clear that he has suffered from his critics. For the severest of them, "as far as his public career up to April, 1793, is concerned, are compelled to admit his courage as a soldier, his sagacity as a strategist, his shrewdness as a diplomatist, his energy as a man of action, his foresight as a statesman, and his high-mindedness in private life. Few Frenchmen of his time were endowed with greater versatility of talent or practical knowledge of nations and languages; but no sooner is the word *traître* uttered than all the rest is at once ignored and blotted out." Lafayette had tried to lead his army against the Assembly, had failed, and fled from the country, but no such odium has ever attached to his name as to that of Dumouriez. The explanation may not be far to seek. Dumouriez offered to place certain French fortresses in the hands of the Austrians; Lafayette committed no such blunder. After 1793, Dumouriez did not return to France; Lafayette did return, and played a prominent rôle in French history until the day of his death. If Dumouriez "erred and failed, it was from impetuosity and presumption." The authors add:

> To depict him as some sleek, designing Jacob, ever intent on his own advancement, even at the cost of the betrayal of his kin, is ludicrously to distort his character. Rather does his restless, brusque, diffuse, and impulsive nature stamp him as an Esau. This it was that turned all parties against him in the months of March-June, 1792, and left him an impecunious outcast in April, 1793. The born intriguer and traitor seeks to ingratiate himself with all factions and ever to keep open a golden bridge for retreat.

The volume is enriched with many fine portraits—among them, six of Dumouriez—photographs of Dumouriez's residences in England, facsimiles of manuscripts, maps, and battle-plans. It is well written, excellently printed, and an important contribution to the literature of the Revolution.

The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by Theodore C. Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

A prose translation of the Æneid, it would seem, is best adapted to the needs of our generation, with its demands for historical exactness. It should be an accurate version, with the grace and buoyancy of Prof. J. W. Mackail's renderings of the Eclogues and the Georgics —not that detestable thing, a prose-poem, but real prose with poetic poten-

cies, prose which with the slightest difference in the handling, would become real poetry. For we have suffered long enough from metrified English Æneids, ranging from pretty poems that are not Virgil to barbarous experiments with barbarous hexameters. H. H. Ballard's recent version in hexameters is not barbarous; in many passages it is surprisingly effective. But whatever further experimentation may produce, the English dactylic hexameter is not an heroic measure; Matthew Arnold in his essay on the translation of Homer proved that it was, only to spoil his proof by giving illustrative renderings. The only English equivalent of the classical hexameter is, as Milton showed once for all, blank verse. But blank verse is a special danger to the translator: since it is the easiest of measures to construct, it most easily lapses into prose.

Mr. Williams has attempted the impossible with high success. He has built the lofty rhyme of blank verse and kept it lofty. His version is essentially exact; few important meanings are lost, and few intruded. The quality is poetic throughout, and the movement is sustained. We have tested the work minutely for important points, and have read large sections at a stretch; it reads. The rendering of a famous passage from Book iv will illustrate the difference between this version and an earlier essay at blank verse, C. P. Cranch's, which, striving for absolute literalness, misses the real goal of translation. This first is Cranch's rendering:

'T was night; when every weary frame was sunk
In placid sleep; when woods and seas were still;
When in their middle courses rolled the stars;
When every field was hushed, and all the flocks,
And all the gay-winged birds, whether they fly
Abroad o'er liquid lakes, or haunt the fields
With bushes rough, in night and sleep reposed.
Cares were smoothed down, and hearts forgot their woes.
But not the unhappy queen. She finds no rest;
Nor with her eyes or heart receives the night.
With double weight her cares increase. Love wakes
Again, and rages, on the swelling tide
Of anger fluctuating.

Mr. Williams turns it thus:

Soon fell the night, and peaceful slumbers breathed
On all earth's weary creatures; the loud seas
And babbling forests entered on repose;
Now midway in their heavenly course the stars
Wheeled silent on; the outspread lands below
Lay voiceless; all the birds of tinted wing,
And flocks that haunt the marge of waters wide
Or keep the thorny wold, oblivious lay
Beneath the night so still; the stings of care
Ceased troubling, and no heart its burden knew.
Not so the Tyrian Queen's deep-grieving soul!
To sleep she could not yield; her eyes and heart
Refused the gift of night; her suffering
Redoubled, and in full returning tide
Her love rebelled, while on wild waves of rage
She drifted to and fro.

Neither translator quite catches Virgil's "oculisve aut pectore noctem accipit," of which Tennyson's "Ever failed to draw the quiet night into her blood" is a brilliant variation. Other defects in detail occur in the new version, but it would be unjust to its high merits to point them out: the vital element is here.

Mr. Williams prefaces his translation with a brief essay on Virgil, with part of which we are forced to disagree. He finds in the poem "a too visible erudition, an unconvincing epic scheme, a perplexed and perplexing hero." How any success is possible for a work with such failings is hard to see, but the failing is rather in the view of the critic. Virgil's epic scheme and the nature of his hero become apparent when we appreciate that he was writing tragedy as well as epic. But Mr. Williams may think what he will of the purpose of the Æneid, if he can give us such a translation as this. It should reveal Virgil's secret to many who hitherto have been kept away by the barrier of a "dead language."

Science.

Notes of a Botanist on the Amazon and Andes. By Richard Spruce; edited and condensed by Alfred Russel Wallace. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan Co. $6.50 net.

It is not easy to select from the voluminous notes of a specialist matters which will be of general interest, and the task becomes more difficult when the observations of more than fifty years ago are to be freshened into new life. But Mr. Wallace, who shares with Darwin the distinction of having offered to the scientific world the most stimulating suggestion of modern times, has given to the most special matters a great attractiveness, and he has made them seem like notes taken during the past year instead of half a century ago. Few persons could have done the editing so well. He has chosen the most important and interesting memoranda, and has connected these by luminous comment.

Richard Spruce, born in 1817, received a good but rather desultory education. By the time he was of age he was fitted to act as tutor in a school at Haxby, and a little later he became mathematical tutor in a collegiate school. He had a fair knowledge of Greek and Latin, a good working acquaintance with French, Spanish, and Portuguese, and as explorer he acquired colloquial familiarity with aboriginal languages. Owing to infirm health, he gave much time to outdoor occupations, and fell naturally into the practice of collecting and studying the plants of his native country, Yorkshire. In this work he was very successful, both as an observer and as an identifier of doubtful species. Mosses and their nearest of kin, the liver-mosses, or hepatics, soon became his speciality, in which before long he was an authority. He made a journey of exploration through a part of the Pyrenees, with fruitful results, the most notable of which was the improvement of his health. Finally, he resolved to visit the valley of the Amazon. Arriving in 1849 at Pará, he devoted the next fifteen years to arduous work in collecting plants. With treacherous health and scanty means, he made long journeys and counted all his perils and sufferings as trifles compared with the scientific results obtained. He had a singular knack of getting into serious difficulties and of extricating himself after a fashion, frequently with loss of collections, but seldom with loss of his patience.

The districts explored by Spruce were in part those which were visited by Humboldt, Wallace, and Bates, and which have inspired some of the most vivid descriptions of the luxuriance and prodigality of the tropics. Among these graphic descriptions, some of Spruce's notes deserve a place. Here and there we come upon a hint of the activity of speculation which kept Spruce always on the alert for unusual forms of plants and for exceptional phenomena. For instance, he says:

> A few sorts of trees, including some palms, are supported on exserted . . . roots. . . . In England, an old willow or other tree standing by a river, whose floods have washed away nearly all the earth from its roots, may give an idea of this form; which, however, is constant in many Amazon trees whose roots have never been exposed to denudation by the action of water, whatever may have been the case with the prototypes of those trees. These examples led me to conjecture, at first, that the sapopema form itself might have taken its rise from denudation in the remote ancestors of the existing types of trees; or at least that sapopemas were at first a sort of scaffolding to raise the crown of the root above the reach of inundations: and I am still willing to believe that to this cause their origin may be partly traced (Vol. I, 22).

This was written in 1849. The Wallace and Darwin essays, setting forth the theory of evolution, were not read at the

Linnean Society in London till 1858. In 1871, after Spruce's return to England, he lost all doubt as to the origination of adaptive and connecting forms, as will be seen by the following quotation from a letter to a correspondent:

I have gone thoroughly over all my South American plagiochilas [certain hepatics], have described all the forms, and have made up my mind as far as possible about the species. The result has been to make me more Darwinian than ever. I feel certain that if we had all the forms now in existence and that have ever existed, of such genera as rubus, asplenium, bryum, and plagiochila, we should be unable to define a single species; the attempt to do so would only be trying to separate what nature never put asunder; but we should see distinctly how certain peculiarities had originated and become (temporarily) fixed by inheritance; and we could trace the unbroken pedigree of every form.

The reader can now understand why Wallace is a sympathetic editor of Spruce's notes.

To botanists the author's notes about plants possess uncommon interest on account of their accuracy and suggestiveness, but the pages devoted to travel and adventure will attract every reader. Spruce passes lightly over all his dangers and discomforts in a surprising manner, and inspires his readers with a strong wish to accompany him in his short excursions into places wholly unexplored. Probably, however, it is the ethnologist who will be likely to gain most information outside of the field of botany. To indicate the author's method of dealing with uncommon matters, a single citation must suffice, from a chapter devoted to the stimulants and narcotics of the Amazon Valley and the Orinoco. Some of these inebriants have been long known and well described, but the following account will strike many of our readers as quite new. The drink under consideration is made from a plant, banisteria caapi, a woody climber belonging to a family having over six hundred tropical species, and none in the temperate zones:

In November, 1852, I was present, by special invitation, at a *dabocuri*, or feast of gifts, held in a *mallóca,* or village house, called Urubú-coará (Turkey-buzzard's nest), above the first falls of the Uaupés . . . We reached the mallóca at nightfall, just as the *botútos*, or sacred trumpets, began to boom lugubriously within the margin of the forest skirting the wide space kept open and clear of weeds around the mallóca. At that sound, every female outside makes a rush into the house, before the botútos emerge on the open; for to merely see one of them would be to her a sentence of death. We found about 300 people assembled, and the dances at once commenced. . . . The cup-bearer—who must be a man, for no woman can touch or taste caapi—starts at a short run from the opposite end of the house, with a small calabash containing about a teacupful of caapi in each hand, muttering "Mo-mo-mo-mo-mo" as he runs, and gradually sinking down until at last his chin nearly touches his knees, when he reaches out one of his cups to the man who stands ready to receive it, and, when that is drunk off, then the other cup. In two minutes or less after drinking it, its effects begin to be apparent. The Indian turns deadly pale, trembles in every limb, and horror is in his aspect. Suddenly, contrary symptoms succeed; he bursts into a perspiration, and seems possessed with reckless fury, seizes whatever arms are at hand, . . . bow and arrows, or cutlass, and rushes to the doorway, where he inflicts violent blows on the ground or the doorposts, calling out all the while, "Thus would I do to mine enemy (naming him by his name), were this he!" In about ten minutes the excitement has passed off, and the Indian grows calm, but appears exhausted. Were he at home in his hut, he would sleep off the remaining fumes, but now he must shake off his drowsiness by renewing the dance. . . .

White men who have partaken of caapi in the proper way concur in the account of their sensations under its influence. They feel alternations of cold and heat, fear and boldness. The sight is disturbed, and visions pass rapidly before the eyes, wherein everything gorgeous and magnificent they have heard or read of seems combined; and presently the scene changes to things uncouth and horrible.

"Gardens, Past and Present," by K. L. Davidson, is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. The absurdly thick soft paper on which this book is printed gives it a serious handicap in competition with garden works of similar size; but the illustrations on the paper required for half-tones are really good, and the text is above mediocrity. The little historical sketch of gardens and gardening is well done, especially the account of the new and important experimental garden at Wisley. It appears that G. T. Wilson, a hard-worked business man, had at Weybridge one of the pleasantest forms of avocation, namely, the care of a garden with a spacious orchard-house. His leisure was so scanty that he had to prune his trees by candle-light. After having succeeded well with fruits, Wilson turned his attention to the growing of lilies with such assiduity that he soon was nicknamed by his admirers "Lily Wilson." On retiring from active business, he purchased an estate of sixty acres, at Wisley, six miles or so from Weybridge, and here he began with characteristic vigor to found a wild garden. The soil was exactly what was needed, for even our capricious trailing-arbutus, or mayflower, could be made to "grow rampantly in the oak-wood." It is said that thousands of species and varieties of plants were speedily introduced, and all were made to feel at home. Wild plants and cultivated grew side by side, and this continued until the death of the founder, about twenty-five years after. Then the garden at Wisley began its new life. Instead of falling into unsympathetic hands, it became the property of Sir Thomas Hanbury, the owner of the celebrated garden at Mentone, and was soon conveyed by him to the Royal Horticultural Society, for experimental purposes. The author of this little treatise does not give minute directions in regard to the cultivation of plants, but offers rather a broad and often suggestive discussion.

The centenary of Darwin's birth is celebrated in Germany, together with the seventy-fifth birthday of Ernst Haeckel (February 16), by several publications reminding the student of the great English *Naturforscher.* Dr. Heinrich Schmidt of Jena has translated for Alfred Kröner (Leipzig) Darwin's well-known work under the title "Geschlechtliche Zuchtwahl." *Die Hilfe* (Berlin: Schöneberg) publishes under the editorship of Max Apel a series of papers dealing with Darwin and his time. To this series Wilhelm Bölsche contributes "Darwins Vorgänger"; Bruno Wille, "Wie die Natur zweckmässig bildet"; Eduard David, "Darwinismus und soziale Entwickelung"; Max Apel, "Darwinismus und Philosophie"; Rudolf Penzig, "Darwinismus und Ethik"; and Fr. Naumann, "Religion und Darwinismus." Still another publication, "Kosmos: Handweiser für Naturfreunde," contains, besides a *Gedenktafel* and portraits of Darwin, Cuvier, Lamarck, Nägele, Haeckel, Pauly, De Vries, and Weismann, essays by R. Francé on "Darwin der Forscher," by Dr. Kurt Floericke, "Darwin als Ornithologe"; Dr. H. Dekke, "Darwins Einfluss auf die medizinische Wissenschaft"; J. H. Fabre, "Wissenschaft und Charles Darwin"; and Wilhelm Bölsche, "Darwin als Reisender." There are also papers on "Darwins Vorläufer" and Darwin's personal life.

Dr. William Tillinghast Bull of New York, in his prime one of the most distinguished surgeons of America, died at Savannah February 22, in his sixtieth year. He was born in Newport, R. I., was graduated from Harvard College in 1869, and from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city in 1872. Later he studied abroad. At one time and another he was attached to various hospitals in New York and for many years he had been professor of the practice of surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was a pioneer in some of the now common operations in abdominal surgery, such as that for appendicitis. He had also devoted much attention to cancer in its various forms.

Dr. Frederick Irving Knight, a specialist in diseases of the throat and chest, and for many years professor in the Harvard Medical School, has died in his sixty-eighth year. Besides his work in the Massachusetts General Hospital and in various societies, he contributed a number of papers to medical journals.

Drama.

There is no more interesting and fruitful literary topic than a comparison of the Greek and English dramas. And notwithstanding the excellent treatment of the question by Paul Stapfer and others, there is still much that may be said. One is naturally, therefore, well-disposed toward such a work as L. M. Watt's "Attic and Elizabethan Tragedy" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), and would like to say of it all the good possible. But what can be done with an author who writes habitually in such a style as this?——

Thus, the hellish terribleness of the crime in "Macbeth" is made immeasurably more

a red-hot burden upon us by the washing of the hands so late imbued in Duncan's blood, and by the soul-chilling, pulse-arresting knocking at the gate, than if we saw the dagger driven home into the sleeper's heart.

Whatever else may be done with such a book, at least it cannot be read. Probably Mr. Watt has at heart to reproduce the rhythm and rodomontade of Swinburne's prose, but he falls far short of the true dithyrambic fury.

A new one-act play by Arthur Schnitzler, the Austrian dramatist, "Komtesse Mizzi oder Das Familienfest, has had a successful initial performance in Vienna and is ready in book form (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). It relies for its humor mainly upon deftly complicated situations, but the language has the usual distinction of the author and the characters are convincingly drawn.

"This Woman and This Man," written by Avery Hopwood for Carlotta Nillson, and produced in the Maxine Elliott Theatre on Monday afternoon, is another of those pieces, of which we have had a good many lately, in which bald frankness of speech and extravagance in situation are offered as substitutes for a plausible story and genuine dramatic interest. Professing to deal seriously with one of the most difficult problems of sexual responsibility, it starts from inadmissible premises and proceeds through the grossest unlikelihood to flat absurdity. A young woman, betrayed and discarded brutally by an unscrupulous lover, compels him to marry her at the muzzle of a pistol and then promptly leaves him to his own resources. Half a dozen years afterward he discovers her living happily with her boy in the country, and, after a violent scene, demands the child, pleading his marital rights. When she refuses, with passionate vehemence, he carries off the boy by force, the mother following, and in the final act man and wife are domiciled together, but farther apart than ever. Then the husband, hitherto the personification of heartless selfishness, is suddenly transformed, by the subtle influence of the parental instinct, into a perfect pattern of self-denying conjugal affection, and the curtain falls upon the usual reconciliation. Nothing feebler, sillier, or more futile could easily be imagined. The inequality of the penalties exacted from the sexes in cases of this kind is an old and legitimate subject of dramatic treatment, and the point of law raised by Mr. Hopwood is ingeniously emphasized, but, as it stands, his story is as incredible as it is insignificant. With all its disagreeable and often minute realism in minor details—showing a useful faculty of observation—it rarely reflects life either in its personages or incidents, unless it is in its nursery episodes. In construction it is slovenly and inconsequent, and it contains much irrelevant padding.

On March 11 there will be a performance of Henry James's comedy, "Disengaged," in the Hudson Theatre of this city, for the benefit of the St. Andrew Convalescent Hospital. Miss Dorothy Donnelly will head the list of players. The experiment is one of considerable interest, for the piece has never been played in this country.

Music.

Joseph Haydn und Breitkopf & Härtel. Von Hermann von Hase. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Haydn. By John F. Runciman. London: George Bell & Sons.

Haydn's wife had so little appreciation of his genius that she tore up his manuscripts for curling papers. Is it a wonder that when Breitkopf & Härtel, in return for something Haydn had done for them, proposed to make her a present, he wrote in reply ?

I formally protest against that; I love my wife, she needs nothing, but she has done nothing that deserves a reward. I ask nothing, and do not like to put myself under obligations; but if you gentlemen are in the position to requite my insignificant services without inconvenience, I shall, to be sure, not hold off.

So the publishers gave him a diamond ring. This interesting incident is related in Hase's brochure, which gives a detailed account of the dealings of the famous music publishing concern with Haydn. The relations began as early as 1786, when C. G. Breitkopf paid the great composer a visit in Vienna, and they continued till Haydn's death, twenty-three years later. To the admonitions of these publishers the world owes most of the works of Haydn's last years; they sent him texts and suggestions. His last work was a quartet of which he could not complete the last movement, so he wrote in its place a simple melancholy canon, with the words: "Gone is all my strength! Old and weak am I." Among his last labors was the revision of some of his earlier works for a complete edition of all his compositions. But although the plan for this undertaking dates back to the eighteenth century it is only now being carried out systematically.

The centenary of the birth of Chopin and Mendelssohn is also the centenary of the death of Haydn. The best monument to that centenary is the complete edition of Haydn's works just referred to. As a minor contribution in his honor we may welcome the little volume by Mr. Runciman, which is worth more than the shilling it costs, for it is a lucid compendium of much interesting information about the composer who, born a peasant, became the friend of princes, and, while he remained a peasant intellectually, led music into entirely new paths.

The eminent Austrian conductor, Johann Herbeck, declared in 1857 that while the Bohemians were excellent musicians, they had never done anything worth while in the creative way. This remark was overheard by Friedrich Smetana, who forthwith made up his mind that he would remove that reproach from his native country. He had previously, encouraged by Chopin's fame in giving Polish dances an artistic standing in concert halls, endeavored to do the same for the Bohemian polka, but without success. With the exception of Liszt, who had a keen eye for budding genius, the professionals continued to ignore him, until 1866, when his opera, "Prodaná Nevesta" ("The Bartered Bride"),won for him national fame, which became international when the piece was produced during the Vienna Exposition of 1890. London heard it in 1895 and again in 1907; but New York, which is usually far ahead of London in its appreciation of operatic novelties, had to wait for its first performance till last Friday, when the piece was produced with great success at the Metropolitan Opera House under the supervision of Mr. Dippel, with Mr. Mahler as conductor and a strong cast, including Mmes. Destinn, Mattfeld, Wakefield, and L'Huillier, and Messrs. Jörn, Reiss, Didur, Blass, Mühlmann. In this opera Smetana succeeded in doing what he failed to achieve with his piano pieces: he made the world acquainted with the polka, the *furiant*, and other Bohemian rhythms in an artistic setting. This national coloring, emphasizing a village love story, had much to do with securing a vogue for the opera; but the coloring alone would not have availed had not Smetana shown also a genuine dramatic vein. The fact that his opera has a happy ending differentiates it from most productions of more recent date. The dances introduced at the Metropolitan are genuine Bohemian village dances, and as the two principal artists concerned in the production—Destinn and Mahler—come, like the dancers engaged, from Bohemia, the performance took the audience into the very heart of that land.

The performance of Paderewski's new symphony at Carnegie Hall last Thursday and Saturday by the Boston Symphony Orchestra did not prove so interesting an event as had been expected. Heretofore this eminent pianist's compositions have had one important feature which has distinguished them favorably from most modern productions: they have been built on themes which were strikingly original, individual, and at the same time unmistakably Polish; this is true of his songs and his short piano pieces as well as of the sonata and the elaborate set of variations which he played here last year. The symphony not only lacks this thematic individuality, but it has little Polish color, although it is intended to commemorate the unsuccessful revolution of 1863-4. One gets the impression that Paderewski had to suppress his originality in order to adapt his themes to the exigencies of the symphonic form. That he has shown a thorough mastery of that form is not sufficient compensation for the lack of those fascinating melodies which he had previously given the world. That there are many interesting pages nevertheless, it is needless to say; and the reception of the work, which was brilliantly played under Mr. Fiedler, was enthusiastic.

Report comes of the death of Mlle. Clothilde Kleeberg, the pianist, who was born in Paris in 1866 and made her début at the age of twelve. She was very successful in her appearances at Berlin and in the Philharmonic Concerts at Vienna. She was probably at her best in Bach and Schumann and the works of the old French

clavicinistes. She married, in 1894, the sculptor Charles Samuel.

Art.

THE CASE OF THE ART SCHOOL.

In a recent *Craftsman*, the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum condemned vehemently the present methods of teaching art. A certain impetuosity in his argument tends to conceal the weight of an opinion that seems to us essentially sound. Mr. Borglum ridicules an education that does not teach the elements of the matter in hand. On theory, a sculptor or a mural painter should as naturally turn to the graduated student of art as does a civil or mining engineer to the graduate of a scientific school. But this is the last thing the artist does. Practically, a sculptor finds the accredited art student ignorant of casting and marble cutting, and unable to set the supports for a large work. In short, the neophyte is prematurely in the position of the master sculptor who expects chiefly to model, leaving the reproduction of his work in bronze or marble to the trained artisan. In painting, the same condition holds. The "finished" art student could not be trusted to convert a sketch into a working cartoon, to design a decorative border, hardly to "dead color" a tracing on the wall. Both sculptors and painters preferably choose their helpers from the artisan class—the class from which in the past most of the great artists themselves were drawn.

But, it might be urged, these beginners have been trained in the central branch of the art, drawing or modelling the figure. It is assumed that they will learn readily enough the lesser matters. Just so a college graduate enters business ignorant of bookkeeping, but he picks it up at need in a fortnight or so. Whoever takes such a view simply underestimates the difficulty of mastering a handicraft. But we have an easier way of testing the efficiency of modern art education. Let us ask merely how many former students of our best schools are earning their living by the practice of their art. An insignificant fraction. The rest have given up, have become teachers, or have engaged in some form of industrial art, after taking the longest and least practical road to that end. And if it should be said that the percentage of failure is large in all professions, we have only to consider what would be thought of a school of law or medicine that turned out only a small percentage of successful practitioners. Let us concede that a large contingent of students is made up of young women working off a restlessness that subsides with marriage, of dilettanti of both sexes who can well afford the waste of time and money. But eliminating them, how few great modern painters have openly expressed the slightest gratitude or privately will admit the slightest respect for the system under which they were taught? Again, how many of our best artists are virtually self-trained, some saving instinct having kept them aloof from the scholastic treadmill?

The causes of such an anomaly can only be hinted at here. The schools thrive mainly because of the false glamour with which since the advent of romanticism the artistic life has been invested. They fail to achieve good results chiefly because that fine growth we call art cannot be rooted in herding young people together under rare and perfunctory criticism. Virtually, the art student learns not from a master, but from the handful of cleverer students in his class. Held chiefly to a stupid routine of drawing the human body by a sort of mensuration, he has no time or inclination to saturate himself with the great art of the past. Thus the entire process is infected with a cheap contemporaneousness. The prescribed task of doing large academy studies was never invented until the decline of Italian painting. The great masters of the figure followed the method of swift and frequent sketching. They studied the body not as an inert and bulging mass, but in its multiform actions and fugitive graces.

Something might be done by reforming the methods of the art schools, but the evil, we think, lies deeper. We are afflicted by a misleading analogy between training in art and in the learned professions. All history teaches that the road to art is through fine handicraft. The real fellow to the sculptor is not the young lawyer or physician, but the 'prentice stonecutter. Sham notions of gentility have sapped the vitality of art. Unreasoning democracy has made easy of access what should be hard. Until fairly recent times, the only way to learn the practice of an art was to bind one's self for a long period to be the helper of some artist. One had to be serious enough to subject one's self voluntarily to many years of practical servitude. But consider the advantages that such a servant enjoyed! In his early twenties, a precocious student had acquired competence in his art and was ready to become a paid assistant or a partner—honorable positions, in which, according to his ability, he might spend a few years or a lifetime. His work always had its value; his genius might bring him fame and wealth before his beard was grown.

What is the use of citing bygones that we cannot hope to revive? The use is to gain a sound theory of the education of the artist, upon which we may hope to erect an effective practice. And the lesson of all the past is clearly that fine craftsmanship underlies all art. In the shop or studio, even in the school, we may hope to make competent craftsmen in painting, sculpture, modelling, metal work, and decorative design—in all the fundamentals of the fine arts. But to do this, we must give over the delusion that we can in any sense make artists. If we produce artisans of skill and taste in numbers, the ablest of them will become artists as surely as the finer goldsmiths of the renaissance grew into great painters and sculptors. Meanwhile the rank and file will find pleasurable and gainful employment, and the public will benefit in the improvement of all the minor arts and of manufactures generally. This, we think, is the aim of a rational education in art. Train the craftsman and the artist will take care of himself, and all the better because of the elimination of those without creative vocation.

One cannot, of course, summarily convert the art schools into those of manual training. The main thing for the present is to fix our ideal, to acquire a sense of aims and limitations, to admit the varied discipline and experience that must precede artistic proficiency of any sort. Some day, such an ideal will be wanted as a working principle. And that day may be nearer than one would think, for even the docile frequenters of the art schools are beginning to perceive how much of this so-called training is based on vicious doctrine or sheer pretence.

Though it is a good piece of writing one cannot say that Octave Uzanne's introduction to "The Drawings of Watteau," in the Newnes Series (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), gives much enlightenment as to the quality of the art discussed. But the drawings are the thing, and they are as wonderful and delightful as ever.

Two books on Scotch painters have recently appeared: "Scottish Painting, Past and Present," by James L. Caw (Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack), and "John Pettie," by Martin Hardie (London: A. & C. Black). Both are somewhat elaborately illustrated, the latter in colors. An inspection of the former volume conveys the impression that while it deals with some works and some artists of real distinction, it is over-weighted with mediocrities. From the publisher's point of view the reason of the second volume was undoubtedly the opportunity for brilliantly colored plates. Pettie was a clever painter, but not a great one, and hardly needed a biography. He was, however, an apostle of "the great British subject," and his coloring was powerful, if not very subtle, and for these reasons the book should readily find a public.

Hugo Prinz's "Funde aus Naukratis: Beiträge zur Archæologie und Wirtschaftsgeschichte des VII und VI Jahrhunderts vor Christi Geburt" (Leipzig: Dieterich) offers more than its title promises. While it fully discusses the economic conditions of this Greek colony in Egypt, a discussion based largely on recent archæological discoveries, the body of the book is devoted to a systematic account of Greek ceramics

during the seventh and sixth centuries before Christ. The materials, secured largely from Miletos, Clazomene, Samos, and Lesbos, consist chiefly of vases and the like.

Under the direction of Dr. Arvanitopoulos explorations have been continued on the site of the ancient city of Pagasæ, in northern Greece, with marked success. Five more towers have been discovered, which date from about 50 B. C., and for the construction of which an adjacent cemetery was used for a quarry. More painted grave *stelæ* have thus come to light, which promise to be as interesting as those discovered the previous year. Besides the towers, the excavators discovered the remains of a large *stoa*, about 170 feet long, dating probably from the fourth or third century B. C. The walls of this building were lined with a thin layer of fine plaster, which appears to have been covered with pictures. Near the *stoa* were found the foundations of a temple, about 15x10 yards. The neighboring area was apparently the *agora* of the city. The extent and thickness of the city walls show that Pagasæ was a town of considerable importance. From the inscriptions on the gravestones we learn that it contained inhabitants from all parts of the world. It is, therefore, probable that Pagasæ was once an important seaport of northeastern Greece. The finds of Pagasæ, as well as the prehistoric antiquities recently discovered throughout Thessaly, will all be placed in a museum at Volo. The building is already in course of construction, and is to be completed by next May.

Excavations on the Mons Janiculum in Rome have led to the interesting discovery of an ancient courtyard with a sanctuary formed by a cell, having an altar in the centre. An inscription commemorates the victories of the Emperors Antoninus and Commodus, and thus supplies us with a date. There were also found a small statue of Jupiter, a fragmentary statue of Bacchus, an Egyptian statue, and three skeletons, placed in line in front of the cell. In the middle of the courtyard a small well came to light, at the bottom of which lay a small bronze statue representing Kronos with a serpent. All these objects are in a good state of preservation.

Steady progress was made in 1908 by the French government service of Historic Monuments of Algiers in the work of excavation and conservation. The remains are chiefly Roman of the first centuries of the Christian era; but certain gaps have also been filled up in the history of Mussulman architecture. At Announa the streets of ancient Thibilis have been laid bare for more than 7,000 square metres. The disposition of the civil basilica; inscriptions dedicated to Faustina recalling by name the town physicians; the house of an important personage—*magister pagi*—and three linear measures engraved on stone in the house of the ædile are of interest. At M'daourouch an inscription has been found mingling curiously the pagan *diis manibus sacrum* and the Christian *in pace fidelis* on the sepulchral stone of one of Punic name. At Guelma the Roman amphitheatre was sufficiently repaired for the representation of four classical plays in May by actors of the Paris state theatres. Roman waterworks, with conduits several kilometres long and reservoirs almost complete and ready to be utilized by the modern towns, have been discovered at Chemora and Sétif (Sitifis of the Byzantines). At Kalaa particularly interesting Mussulman remains have been disclosed by Gen. de Beylié, known from his excavations in Mesopotamia and Birmania. This city, founded A. D. 1007, was the Berber capital of Central Magreb (present Algiers). Arab authors describe the splendor of its schools and palaces. It was destroyed by the Almohads of Morocco in 1152; and the remains which have been discovered belong undoubtedly to the second half of the preceding century—the period of Mussulman art which is least known. The triple palace of the emirs (for official receptions, for the emir, and for his harem) was 300 metres long by 170 deep. The wall ornamentation in blue and white faïence, stalactites, sculptured and painted plaster (red, blue, white, and gilt), incrusted marbles, and glass, are three hundred years earlier than the Alhambra. They show that Berber art, which is simply a branch of Mussulman, had an Asiatic and Persian origin, and was not derived from the art of the Moors in Spain, as is often said. The immense Roman camp of Lamboesis is being excavated; even the havoc wrought by the notorious French prison of Lambèse does not destroy the value of so unique a site. Among museum objects found are fifty small silver coins dating from Nero to Antoninus Pius. The great work done at Timgad, where the French authorities are making a veritable African Pompeii, is too extensive to be more than noted here. New streets; an eastern gate, with an inscription where Marcus Aurelius seems to be styled "Armeniacus"; new houses, the Christian monastery and baptistery; mosaics, inscriptions, and museum objects divide up the year's acquisitions. The disposition of the ancient shops presents considerable interest; also the cells and galleries of the Byzantine monks who, contrary to accepted ideas, had a small but complete hot and cold bath establishment. The baths were conveniently close to the baptistery, with its great basin, which was scarcely deep enough for total immersion, but to which steps led down; the sides were ornamented with marbles and paintings of symbolic design, which are to be kept in place.

Great special erudition, which did not "feed its man," has come to a tragic ending in the Paris courts. In 1908 the director of the Belgium Museum, Jean Capart, an eminent Egyptologist, announced the acquisition of stone scarabs from Bubastis, with hieroglyphic inscriptions relating the *periplus* of a Phœnician navigator under Nechao. They were forgeries made in Paris by the learned son of the late Egyptologist Bouriant; his mother managed the sale. The son has been condemned to two years, the mother to eight months of prison. M. Capart receives back, if he can collect it, his 15,000 francs.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are water colors by John S. Sargent and Edwin Darley Boit, at Knoedler's, till February 27; pictures by Alexander Schilling, Montross's, February 27; illustrations and drawings by J. H. Gardiner Soper, Powell's, February 27; portraits, Charles Frederick Naegele, Bauer-Folsom's, March 3; paintings by Arthur B. Davies, Macbeth's, March 4; water colors by Dutch masters, Klackner's, March 15.

William Appleton Potter, younger brother of the late Bishop Potter, died at Rome, February 19. He was in his sixty-seventh year. After leaving college Mr. Potter studied for some years at the Beaux-Arts in Paris. He held a high international position as an architect, and drew the plans for many important edifices in this country. His works included St. Agnes's Chapel, the original building of the Teachers College, and the main building of the Union Theological Seminary in this city. He also designed the library and chapel of Princeton University. In 1874 he was appointed supervising architect of the Treasury at Washington. Owing to ill-health, he was compelled to go abroad seven years ago and take up his residence in Rome.

Charles Conder, the British artist, has died at the age of forty-one. He had studied in Paris and was an associate of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and *sociétaire* of the Société Nouvelle, as well as a member of the New English Art Club. Besides his larger work as painter of landscapes, he was known for his exquisite decoration of fans.

Finance.

THE CUT IN STEEL PRICES.

During many weeks, it has been evident that the steel trade had come virtually to a standstill. Under the insistent lead of the United States Steel Corporation prices were held, throughout the last half of 1908, nearly up to the high level of the "boom times" of 1906, and actually above that of such very prosperous periods as 1905 and 1901. As the effect of this policy on demand for the product in hard times grew more and more manifest, the so-called "independents" began to cut prices secretly; the natural result was that they got the lion's share of the business. This fact forced the hand of the great corporation; last week it announced its purpose of openly meeting all such cuts. The price of steel has since then fallen, in the tentative efforts to fix a market, all the way from $3 to $10 a ton; the Stock Exchange price of shares in the steel-producing companies, which were raised to extravagant heights in the excited speculation of

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last November, have fallen 10 per cent. or more within a week, and the rest of the speculative market has come down with them.

No one likes the violent slashing of values which has accompanied old-time "price wars" in periods of trade reaction. While such things were done, even the man whose business made him a purchaser of steel found his trade disorganized; because, though he himself might buy steel at an inviting price today, he had no assurance that his competitor might not buy it to-morrow on still better terms, and undersell him on the finished goods. Such collapses as the fall in steel rail prices from $120 per ton in 1873 to $68 in 1875, and in steel billets from $22 in 1893 to $15 in 1895, were a gravely disturbing influence. Judge Gary in his statement announcing the "open market" last Friday, was quite within the facts when he said that such a cut immediately after the panic of 1907 would probably have meant bankruptcy to many an unlucky merchant. But to say that one or two corporations dominant in steel manufacture should exert their influence to prevent complete demoralization of prices is one thing, and to say that such corporations shall stand out against any concession whatever to the reduced purchasing power of hard times is another and a very different thing. In publicly assuming this attitude a year ago, the Steel Corporation took an unreasonable and, in the long run, an impossible position.

If high or low prices mean anything, they mean that the producer's charge is adjusted to the prevalent conditions of trade—the capacity and needs of the consumer and the margin of profit between the manufacturer's raw material and his finished goods. High prices ordinarily mean that consumers' needs are urgent, their capacity to buy unusually great, and the cost of raw material and manufacture rising. All these conditions existed in 1906; not one of them existed in 1908 or exists in 1909. Last year consumers of steel, in the face of a volume of trade more than cut in two, were in no urgent need; the narrowed market for their own products had impaired their capacity to buy, and the open market price of iron, the raw material of the steel trade, had fallen no less than 30 per cent. within a year. Under such circumstances, the announcement last April of the policy of standing out for the very prices asked in the days of high prosperity and unlimited demand was, to say the least, an economic paradox. It justified the question, if no concessions were to be allowed under such conditions, when would they ever be allowed?

The textile manufacturers, as has been more than once noted in this column, faced the situation in a very different way. They, too, were confronted with merchants loaded up with goods bought at the high prices of the "boom times"; yet, as soon as the real conditions of 1908 were visible, the mills at once reduced wages and production, and cut prices all the way from 25 to 50 per cent. The result we see in the present condition of the dry goods trade, which, almost alone among our standard industries, is moving now on lines of normal activity. Probably, then, it will not be long before the steel trade, too, has passed through its inevitable ordeal of price readjustment, and is on the way to real recovery.

"Die Finanzen der Grossmächte," by Friedrich Zahn (Berlin: Heymann), treats of the finances of Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, France, Russia, Great Britain, the United States, and Japan. The work includes reports on the income, expenditure, and indebtedness of these states. The compiler calls his work "Eine internationale finanzstatische Untersuchung."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, Edward L. Napoleon and America. Mitchell Kennerley. $2.

Balzac, Honoré de. Le Médecin de Campagne. Edited by de V. Payen-Payne. Putnam. 75 cents.

Bartlett, Frederick Orin. The Web of the Golden Spider. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.

Bashford, H. H. The Pilgrim's March. Henry Holt. $1.50.

Dixon, Clarissa. Janet and Her Dear Phebe. Frederick A. Stokes.

Dudley, Gertrude, and Kellor, Frances A. Athletic Games in the Education of Women. Henry Holt. $1.25 net.

Finch, Francis M. The Blue and the Gray and Other Verses. Henry Holt. $1.30 net.

Frénilly, Baron de. Recollections. Edited by Arthur Chuquet. Translated by Frederic Lees. Putnam. $3 net.

Frost, Thomas Gold. A Treatise on Guaranty Insurance and Compensated Suretyship. Boston: Little, Brown. $6 net.

Gibbon, Frederick P. The Lawrences of the Punjab. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Gli Italiani negli Stati Uniti d'America. Italian American Directory Co.

Harper, J. M. Champlain: A Drama in Three Acts. John Lane.

Hill, Headon. Unmasked at Last. R. F. Fenno & Co.

Johnson, Emory R. American Railway Transportation. Appleton.

Lea, J. Henry, and Hutchinson, J. R. The Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln. Houghton Mifflin. $10.

Le Rossignol, James Edward. Little Stories of Quebec. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.

Lincoln Tribute Book, Together with a Lincoln Centenary Medal by Roiné. Edited by Horatio Sheafe Krans. Putnam. $1.75 net.

Lorenzini, Carlo. The Marvellous Adventures of Pinocchio. Edited by Mary E. Burt. Doubleday, Page. 90 cents.

Mitchell, John K. Self Help for Nervous Women. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.

New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. II. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.

Niven, Frederick. The Lost Cabin Mine. John Lane. $1.50.

Poe, Edgar Allan. Last Letters to Sarah Helen Whitman. Edited by James A. Harrison. Putnam. $2.50 net.

Rice, Edward I. Old Jim Case of South Hollow. Doubleday, Page.

Seaman, Owen. Salvage. Henry Holt. $1.25 net.

Steel, Flora Annie. A Prince of Dreamers. Doubleday, Page. $1.25.

Steinmetz, Charles Proteus. General Lectures on Electrical Engineering. Edited by Joseph Le Roy Hayden. Schenectady: Robson & Adee. $2.

Sterling, George. A Wine of Wizardry, and Other Poems. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.25 net.

Sternberg, Charles H. The Life of a Fossil Hunter. Henry Holt. $1.60 net.

Stone, John C., and Millis, James F. A Secondary Arithmetic, Commercial and Industrial. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co.

Van Dyne, Frederick. Our Foreign Service: The "A B C" of American Diplomacy. Rochester: Lawyers' Coöperative Publishing Co.

Whiteing, Richard. Little People. Cassell & Co.

Williams, Leonard. The Vest-Pocket Guide to Paris. London: Grant Richards.

Woolwine, Thomas Lee. In the Valley of the Shadows. Doubleday, Page. $1.

The first review of H. H. Bashford's THE PILGRIM'S MARCH is from the Washington (D. C.) *Star*. It says: "Somewhat of the temperament of Miss Sinclair's 'The Divine Fire.' . . . Reaches a powerful climax with intensely dramatic effect. One of those unusual novels which gather force as they advance. Will be one of the notable books of the season."

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1909.

The Week.

On Saturday, the House of Representatives voted to reduce by one-third the size of the chamber in which it meets. Benches or chairs are to replace desks. With its present too vast space cut down to something like the oratorical range of the ordinary voice; with the transaction of private business on the floor made less conspicuous than that of public business; and with the two sides of the House brought physically closer together, so that issues may be more closely joined in debate, we are likely to see a more marked effect upon the bearing and the law-making of the Representatives than any mere alteration of the rules, such as is so much clamored about. These proposed changes had the strong advocacy of Speaker Reed, during his later years. After inspection of the House of Commons and the Palais Bourbon, he came to the conclusion that our House of Representatives could do its work better in a smaller room. The French Ch[illegible] with its practice of compelling Deputies to speak from the tribune (though they make interruptions and hurl insults from below), conduces to more serious discussions than are common in our great hall, with voices struggling vainly out of the depths. Small as one knows from books and pictures the House of Commons to be, its actual proportions bring amazement to the eye of the American who sees it for the first time. That a body with a membership so much larger than our House of Representatives should do its work in a space so much smaller, cannot fail to astonish. Yet we know that across that table between the Ministerial and the Opposition benches, close-knit debate and high eloquence have for years winged their way; while the amount of public business done has not been kept small by the size of the room.

Nothing will really be done about the tariff, of course, till the extra session, but some of the preliminary work is significant. Probably no item is more important than the recommendations of the special committee on wood pulp and printing paper. Appointed last year as a means of staving off action on the President's recommendation that wood-pulp be admitted free of duty, and the rates on paper cut down, the committee has made long inquiry and has felt bound by the evidence to urge that wood-pulp be put on the free list, practically, and that the duty on printing paper be reduced from $6 a ton to $2. This shows that the facts can at last penetrate even the triply-protected heads of protectionists.

The action of Congress finally provides the means by which justice may be done to the negro soldiers discharged from the army by the President. Decision as to who was innocent is to be taken entirely out of his hand, a board of army officers is to pass upon the evidence against each man, and when satisfied that no proof of guilt exists, is to certify to that effect to the Secretary of War. If that official approves the findings, the soldier will be reinstated, with back pay and rating, as if he had never been discharged. Thus, tardily but surely, Congress has taken steps to undo the wrong. It was in August, 1906, that the shooting occurred in Brownsville, and after the November elections in that year Mr. Roosevelt issued his order. As time has elapsed not one shred of conclusive evidence against any particular soldier has been discovered.

We have so often criticised Congressman Hobson for his wild predictions that war with Japan is imminent, and for his big-navy mania, that we take particular pleasure in calling attention to his speech on Saturday for the bill to restore the negro soldiers. Most of the South's Representatives in Congress have supported the President, because the soldiers concerned were black. Mr. Hobson seems to have been the only one who dared to vote for the bill. "This speech," he said, "will cost me a contest in my district, and may cause my defeat for reëlection." But having been an officer of the United States navy for eighteen years, he knows that the procedure adopted by President Roosevelt was wholly irregular. Instead of ordering a court of inquiry with a subsequent court-martial, the President "scattered the guilty and the innocent to the four winds and prevented the execution of justice." Mr. Hobson then recalled that a black man took his wounded father from Chancellorsville; that black men took care of his mother and grandmother after the Emancipation Proclamation had set them free; that he had seen the black man fight in Cuba and the Philippines. In his belief, the white man would remain supreme in this country, but this, Mr. Hobson added, "makes it all the more imperative that he should give absolute justice to the black man." These generous and brave words deserve full recognition.

Among the benefits of the direct-primary plan is the opportunity of the voters to consider the candidates for the less conspicuous offices. At this point it is that the control of the bosses over nominations is most evident. Seldom has a more thoroughly machine-made ticket been put before the people than the remainder of the one which Gov. Hughes headed last fall. From White to Dunn it was the product of the conferences of a small group of the leaders. When Frederick Skene and Julius Hauser were nominated for State Engineer and Treasurer, respectively, by the Buffalo Democratic Convention in 1906, hardly a delegate in the hall had ever heard of either of them; the nominations were made in the closing hours of a sensational convention, everybody was tired out, many of the delegates had actually left the hall. If the people had anything to say about candidates for important public office, is it conceivable that a Jackson would ever be nominated for Attorney-General or a Gaus for State Controller? Such men as these get on the ticket under cover of the fight for the place at the top. According to the plan proposed by Gov. Hughes, both organizations would be obliged to announce nearly two months before the election precisely whom they intended to favor for each office. The enrolled voters would have opportunity, first to influence the party committee, then to propose contesting nominations, and to support

them in the primary; and the people of both parties would have a chance to see what manner of men the machines seriously talked of putting in office.

No public man could ask for a more spontaneous or more generous greeting than was given to Mr. Root at the dinner of the Peace Society last week. The demonstrations of gratitude for what Mr. Root, as Secretary of State, has done for international amity were in themselves notable proof of the ever-growing public interest in doing away with war. Mr. Root has been so little of a self-advertiser, however, that in these days of skilled press agents and publicity managers, his achievements have not received the attention they deserve. The signing of a great arbitration treaty continues to be of less moment to the press than an attack upon some unoffending foreign resident in some Western city, and the months of anxious and difficult negotiation which lie behind the treaty are seldom revealed. In this field Mr. Root's services will, for at least a generation to come, be a spur to his successors to win some of those bloodless victories for peace which are so infinitely superior to those won by that "sum of all evils," the resort to arms.

The demonstration of the woman suffragists at Albany last week was the most impressive yet made in this State. If there was a delegation of women in opposition, that was but one proof more that the movement has now to be taken seriously. The old way of dismissing it with ridicule is no longer possible. And it is now a country-wide and world-wide movement. People talk of it as revolutionary, but the main revolution—that in the economic status of women—has already come. One speaker against the franchise gravely argued that sound political ideas could be acquired only in shops and offices and the professions, and that, therefore, women could not be expected to have them; but the fact is that shops and offices and the professions are swarming with women. All this new stirring of theirs for political rights is the inevitable result of their having to go out into the world to make their own way. It is doubtless only a question of time when democracies will find it expedient to give them the ballot to go with their bread-winning.

The demoralization of the steel trade may easily be explained, without recourse to the theory of "tariff agitation." No one denies that a proposed change in the rates of duty will have some effect in activity of trade. Manufacturers are not likely to stock up five or six months ahead with raw material, when a chance exists that they may be able to purchase for lower prices. Such conditions would naturally mean deliberate and cautious buying. But when one compares the influence of these conditions with the influence exerted by a schedule of prices artificially held at so high a level that it was difficult for manufacturers, in the present reduced consumption, to figure out a profit, it will be seen at once which consideration is paramount. Not only was the recent price of steel—higher than in 1905 or 1901—justly regarded as exorbitant, but all previous experience taught the buyer that the artificial prices could not be long maintained. In the case of an outright "corner," the simplest man knows beforehand how violent the readjustment of prices is bound to be; and it is impossible to escape a similar reckoning in such cases as the artificially bolstered market for copper in 1901, or steel in 1908. That conditions in the steel trade should be used as an argument against reduction of excessive tariff duties, illustrates curiously the mental processes of the high protectionist. Artificial prices, with the inevitable confusion and relapse which follow them, are largely made possible by the height of the tariff barrier. Supposing steel prices to have remained under control of the "stand-pat" interest, indifferent to the consumer's plight, there was no limit to the possible marking-up of prices, short of passing the level where the tariff excluded foreign competition. No more convincing proof has ever been given of the extent to which our present protective system plays into the hands of Trusts. In the case of steel, it is the consumer's good fortune that economic law still operates in this country, even in the face of accumulated capital and an absurdly high rate of duty on imported merchandise.

The third annual report of the president and the treasurer of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, shows how steadily, under the pressure of its retiring pensions to professors and their widows, our colleges are abandoning denominational tests in every form and are raising requirements for entrance and graduation. Every year makes it clearer that the college which offers the great inducement of the Carnegie pension, is in a position not only to hold its own most competent teachers, but also to pick the flower of the institutions that are less favorably situated. Thus the maintenance of sectarian requirements, which are often merely nominal, is becoming altogether too costly. Within the period covered by the report, Drake University of Des Moines, Central University of Kentucky, Drury College of Springfield, Mo., and Franklin College of Franklin, Ind., have changed their charters so as to abolish all denominational tests in the choice of trustees, officers, and teachers. Bowdoin turned over to Andover Theological Seminary $50,000 that it received on condition that the president and both college boards should "always be in doctrinal and religious sympathy with the Orthodox Congregational Churches of New England"; and in the case of another gift with similar stipulation, Bowdoin secured a release from the sole heir of the donor. Furthermore, the pensions are given only to institutions which demand fourteen "units" for admission; and there is an interesting table showing how colleges in all parts of the country, but particularly in the South and West, are steadily advancing their standards, in some cases from as low as 5.5 units. Many of these colleges are not yet up to the requirement, but they will doubtless reach it in a few years. This means, obviously, a great increase in the efficiency and usefulness of the colleges, a stimulus also to the high schools and academies that do the preparatory work, and a general "toning up" of our educational system, from the professional school down to the kindergarten.

The resignation of the Bond Cabinet in Newfoundland will necessitate a readjustment of the world's mental attitude towards that tight and rather hard little island. Newfoundland without Bond is almost as inconceivable as Mexico without Diaz. Sir Robert is an excellent fighter, as this country has good

reason to know. But the people of Newfoundland know it, too, and so do the rulers of the British Empire whom the Prime Minister of its oldest but by no means most important colony never spared his plain speaking. He dies hard. His Ministry goes down in an absolute deadlock with the Opposition, and it may require a new general election to break the tie. A career like that of Sir Robert Bond illustrates the innate conservatism of the British spirit, which is perhaps displayed quite as strikingly in the colonies as in England itself. Let a good man come into power in a British dependency, and he seems uncommonly secure against that sudden undermining of popularity and power which statesmen must fear in most democracies. Sir Robert Bond came to office in 1900. The late Richard John Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, ruled that colony from 1893 to 1906. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier has completed his third term, he will have guided Canadian destinies for eighteen years, of which thirteen have already passed.

The British Admiralty, not content with leading the world in battleship construction, in the advance of submarine tactics, in torpedo-boat destroyers, in turbine engines, and in almost every other branch of naval development, has now laid the keel of a funnelless battleship to be propelled by internal-combustion gas engines. If the bureaucrats of our Navy Department follow precedent, we shall see that in about two years our chief naval constructor will begin to talk about the subject; in three years the matter will be referred to a special board of officers for a report; at the end of four years, six months will be spent in an animated departmental discussion, pro and con, of the gas engine; and in five years we, too, shall lay the keel of a funnelless battleship.

The satisfaction in Germany over the new patent treaty with the United States should find its echo in this country. If this enlightened agreement is ratified by the Senate, it should be followed by similar treaties with other countries—France first, we hope. But not with England, for the treaty with Germany is based on just the opposite principle of the law recently enacted in Great Britain requiring foreign holders of English patents to manufacture in England or forfeit their patents. That such an essentially protectionist measure could have been fostered by a Liberal government devoted on principle to free trade, is one of the anomalies of recent English politics. If the Senate approves, inventors in the United States and Germany will stand on precisely the same footing. This will be another important step forward in wiping out international boundaries, by means of a compact drawn in an admirable spirit of friendliness and for the mutual advantage of both countries.

Chancellor von Bülow is again on a precarious footing. He has been able to make little or no progress with his bills providing new revenue, and finds that in the proposal for death-duties he is in the extraordinary position of being supported by only the Radicals and Socialists and the National Liberals—the three Left parties. For any Chancellor to receive the aid of the Socialists whom the Emperor has denounced as traitors, is almost in itself enough to alienate the Conservatives. The Centre is, of course, still at odds with Bülow and still pretending to enjoy its isolation in the Reichstag. But this situation with the Centre alieniated and the Chancellor in the arms of Radicals and Socialists is too unnatural to last. Undoubtedly, the Centre would welcome a dissolution, but the chances are that, as hinted in the dispatches, a compromise in regard to the death duties will be effected, by which Von Bülow will recede from what he declared was positively his last stand. In his desperation he declared, the other day, that it had become a matter of national life and death to get these proposals through the Reichstag. But even this warning would not make the Conservatives and Clericals yield on the deatn duties.

The question of Russia's administrative policy at Harbin in northern Manchuria turns up in very much the same form it assumed last year when there was some inclination to regard Russia's action as constituting an attack on Chinese sovereignty. For that view, there is, on the whole, little basis. The Russian concession at Harbin, covering some hundred square miles and running for ninety-nine years, was obtained, of course, some years before the war with Japan. The treaty of Portsmouth has nothing in it that invalidates the provisions of the grant made by the Chinese government to the Russo-Chinese bank. The right to erect a municipal government and impose taxes, as claimed by Russia, is not connected with the right of policing the Manchurian railway. The Harbin grant carried with it the ownership of the land and the right to sublease. Hence it is probable that the taxes which the Russian authorities are now reported to be forcing upon Chinese merchants in Harbin may turn out to be only a form of rent. Russia's right to erect a separate municipal government at Harbin is far more dubious, though even here the question is a complicated one. That explains our government's somewhat cautious attitude in the matter.

If it is a disappointment that the International Opium Commission at Shanghai has adjourned after more than three weeks' deliberation without having accomplished anything it set out to do, it is no less discouraging to read that it was the attitude of the British delegates which rendered the efforts of the Commission nugatory. There were at Shanghai representatives of China, the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Japan, and Portugal, and their object was to arrive at "definite suggestions of measures which the respective governments may adopt looking to the gradual suppression of opium cultivation, traffic, and use within their Eastern possessions, thus assisting China in her purpose of eradicating the evil in the Empire." On England naturally rests the main moral responsibility. Her reprehensible share in fastening the opium habit on China has never been explained away. On the other hand, England has during the last two years supported China in her war against the drug. The British Government has agreed to abolish opium in all forms in Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, and Hongkong, while India is to reduce its export of 51,000 chests of opium by 5,100 chests every year for the ten years ending 1917. That would seem to be evidence enough of England's sincere desire to help China; and we find it hard, therefore, to understand why the attitude of England should have made the Shanghai Commission a failure.

POLITICS AND WEST POINT.

Congressman Slayden of Texas has done excellent service in calling the attention of Congress and the country to the manner in which the discipline of West Point and the authority of its officials are being steadily undermined by politics. Proof appears in the documents transmitted to Congress by the Secretary of War, Mr. Wright, in response to a House resolution of February 10, asking for information in regard to the cadets who have recently been brought to book for deficiencies in conduct or studies. Some of the correspondence Mr. Wright declined to give, or forwarded only in part, on the ground that the matter was confidential.

The most important discovery is that the two worst offenders are Secretary Wright and the President himself, avowed enemy of the politicians. When the question of punishing certain cadets for hazing came up last summer, it was speedily made plain that Secretary Wright was wholly unable to realize the serious nature of the hazing at West Point, or the gravity of overruling the Superintendent of the Academy and his officers. The compromise at that time—the dismissal of two cadets and the suspension of the others for eight months—was adopted in spite of the united protests of Col. Scott, the Superintendent, and the Academic Board. As if to show his contempt for their attitude, Mr. Wright even went so far as to inform Congress that he had no objection to the bill introduced with the purpose of reappointing the dismissed cadets—no objection to overriding the laws against hazing, no objection to seeing the hazers return in triumph to flout their officers and inform their fellows that it is easy to get round a colonel when you have a Secretary on your side!

Bad as that case was, the more recent one is even worse. Now it is a clear case of failure in studies and in conduct of two first-class men, Cadets Fletcher of Providence, R. I., and Pendleton of South Ballston, Va., and three of the third class, Gonser of Elmira, Holliday of Kirkwood, Ill., and Thompson of Chattanooga. The Academic Board, after carefully going over their records and giving each one an opportunity to state whether the demerits against him were due to injustice or malice, ordered dismissal from the Academy. Some men are dropped in this way every year; sometimes the derelictions are slight, from the point of view of the civilian, but the number of demerits—108 end the cadet's career—is usually plain evidence that the cadet is too slack to have in him the material of a good officer. Hitherto, such findings of the Academic Board, or of the special board appointed in certain instances, have always been final. To the amazement of the entire Academy, as soon as the political friends of the cadets could reach Washington, a reconsideration was ordered, and the President himself on January 4 wrote an autograph letter to the Secretary of War, as follows:

> There are five young men who have been recommended for dismissal by the Academic Board at West Point for what seems to me insufficient reasons. . . . Cannot the Academic Board be reconvened to consider again its action so far as relates to these men? It seems to me that the needs of the service can be met by some arrangement less than discharge. I think it would be an entirely needless hardship to turn these boys out. If necessary, let them each go back one year.

The Academic Board pointed out that these cadets were not boys, but men over twenty-two years of age, two of them well into their twenty-fourth year, and that:

> It has been the practice of the Academic Board heretofore to regard a deficiency in conduct as final, and as one of the most satisfactory proofs that can be secured of the unfitness of an individual for the military career.

The board then voiced this earnest protest against the subordination of the Academy to politics and the undermining of its own influence:

> The Academic Board, with a long and intimate experience of the disciplinary methods of this institution, and the effects upon the cadets of unusual leniency, respectfully asks an earnest consideration of the very serious effect upon the morale of a body of young men who are being educated to high standards of conduct and of honor in seeing the disciplinary standards of the institution set aside in spite of the warnings of experience and the admonitions of their superior officers. If the young gentlemen of the corps feel that upon every occasion when they have brought upon themselves the penalties of failure, and when, after the administration of the institution has conscientiously sat in judgment upon their status, a reversal can be obtained by an appeal to higher authorities, the administrative authority of the institution is brought into contempt and the powerful influences which an impartial operation of the governing mechanism of military education should bring about is nullified.

Unfortunately, however, the board, "in deference to the judgment of the wishes of the President of the United States," recommended "with reluctance that Cadets Fletcher and Pentleton be suspended without pay and allowance until January 1, 1910," and suggested a similar mitigation of the sentences of the others. The President insisted upon this being done.

Why should there be an Academic Board if somebody in Washington is to overrule it? Why should any cadet obey its laws if he has behind him an able Congressman? Will the cadets not read the memorandum prepared for the Secretary of War in which the Chief of Staff says?—

> Herewith will be found requests on behalf of these cadets, as follows:
>
> For Cadet Pendleton, from Senator Daniels and Representative Glass.
>
> For Cadet Fletcher, from Senator Wetmore and Representative Granger.
>
> For Cadet Gonser, from Representative Fassett; also verbal request from Representative Landis.
>
> For Cadet Holliday, from Representative McKinney (both verbal and written).
>
> Representatives Fassett, McKinney, and Landis called in person to see Gen. Oliver during your absence.
>
> Cadet Thompson of Tennessee, who belongs to the third class, was found deficient in mathematics and drawing. There is a request on his behalf from Senator Frazier and Representative Moon.

Will not the cadets draw the proper inference that these visits were successful? Will they ever see, on the other hand, the statement in Theodore Roosevelt's annual message of 1901?—

> Every promotion and every detail under the War Department must be made solely with regard to the good of the service and to the capacity and merit of the man himself. No pressure, political, social, or personal, of any kind, will be permitted to exercise the least effect.

THE GROWING DREAD OF WAR.

The most cheerful news of the fortnight is the report that the Powers signatory to the Treaty of Berlin have practically agreed to impose upon Servia a policy of moderation with respect to Austria-Hungary. "To make representations at Belgrade," is the formal phrase; but, actually, intervention at Belgrade means also intervention at Vienna. If Servia is persuaded to keep the peace by refraining from impossible demands, it follows that Austria will not be allowed to endanger peace by further exasperating the feelings of the Servian people. It is to be noted that among the Powers that signed the

Treaty of Berlin is Germany, which hitherto has refused to exercise on its ally pressure of any kind. That Germany should now actively intervene means that the end of the Balkan trouble is in sight. The agreement between Turkey and Austria concerning Bosnia-Herzegovina was signed at Constantinople last week. The difficulties between Turkey and Bulgaria are as good as settled. It remained for this latest declaration of Europe in favor of peace to scatter definitely the war clouds that have hung over the Continent since October. Now, as at the outbreak of the difficulty, the chief merit of working for harmony is due to the French government.

The behavior of Europe during these months of bewilderment and anxiety should give deep satisfaction to all friends of international peace. The idea has been so long dinned into us that Europe is a powder magazine, ready to go off at the slightest flash; the nations have been so continuously pictured as panting to fly at one another's throats; the Near East has been regarded for so many years as the world's peculiar danger spot; and we have been told so often that the slightest political readjustment in that devoted area must sweep all Europe into a general catastrophe, that we cannot but wonder that the course of Balkan history during the last five months should have been what it is. According to our prophets of glory and slaughter, the nations were so eager for war that an insignificant island in the Ægean, a fracas in a Macedonian village, a dispute between two frontier officials, might be enough to start a general conflagration. Instead, the Near East has passed through great changes and war has not broken out. The Turkish sovereignty in Europe has been seriously curtailed, Austria and Bulgaria have seized upon their long-coveted territory, a section of the Slav population in the Balkans has been thrown into violent commotion—and the result has been that on two important occasions a concert of the Powers has taken its stand squarely on the side of peace, and that the international politics are probably more amicable now than for years.

Only one deduction is possible from the facts: Europe is not the lurking place of sanguinary ambition that the Jingo and professional alarmist in every country would make it out to be. The madness of military and naval competition, of course, is there. The intensity of nervous, often unreasoning, suspicion is also there. But undeniably in this mad striving after more field batteries and Dreadnoughts, the nations of Europe stagger on with a good deal of sickness at heart. It is easy to find a cynical reason why the Powers should intervene for peace in the Balkans. France traditionally wants peace; Russia is still crippled from its Manchurian adventure; Italy is torn between its Balkan ambitions and its duty to its allies, and would rather wait; Great Britain is this, and Germany is that, and so on. True in part; but equally true, and patently true, in the entire course of the Balkan disturbance has been the sincere dread of war that has been a sombre undertone to the daily shiftings and variations of the professional diplomats. The old diplomatic language of bluster and covert threat has been heard, but it has sounded as if spoken by men who were repeating the ancient warlike phrases while their minds were working in new habits of peace.

For all right-minded men in England and Germany who view with horror and disgust the stupid game of mutual exasperation in which the two leading Powers in Europe are now blindly engaged, the settlement of the Balkan difficulty cannot come too soon. It will be as a clamp upon the mouths of the preachers of hatred. Englishmen who have been taught to go to sleep trembling at the thought of German invasion, Germans who wait daily for news that the British have fallen upon the Kaiser's fleet, should find enlightenment in the events of these last five months in southeastern Europe. If Germany is bent on a trial of strength with England, why has she neglected the Balkan opportunity? If England wants to destroy the German fleet, why has she counselled Turkey to peace and labored with France towards the same end? The Jingo, of course, can never be permanently silenced; but men of common sense of both nations should conclude from the successful weathering of this general European storm that on neither side of the North Sea is the passion for blood so strong as evil report has painted it.

And for us, too, there is a lesson in the latest turn in the Balkans. It was brought out forcefully by Mr. Root at the dinner of the Peace Society. When we see how Europe passes safely through severe and infinitely trying complications, we should awake to the full absurdity of the cry that a war with Japan is inevitable and imminent. Europe, a mass of huddled, jostling nationalities, a conglomeration of age-old rivalries, jealousies, and hatreds, a complex of units that touch each other at a thousand sensitive points, this Europe which is, in truth, one great armed camp, can yet find the path of peace through myriad difficulties. We, on the other hand, who have grown and thriven within limitless spaces, whose temper should have escaped all the irritations that international competition brings with it, no sooner meet a serious international problem than our Hobsons begin to talk as if there were nothing for it but war. Europe, being close-packed elbow to elbow, finds a way out. But the United States and Japan, with nine thousand miles of the Pacific between, are not far enough apart to avoid quarrelling. Never has the clamor of the international blackguards—the word is Mr. Root's—rung so empty.

THE NEW HOPE IN INDIA.

The Society for the Advancement of India has addressed an open letter to Mr. Roosevelt in which it takes exception to the President's eulogy on the British administration in India delivered last January in the Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church at Washington. The Society for the Advancement of India is a militant anti-British organization, whose motto is "Thorough." Naturally it protests when Mr. Roosevelt says that "in India we encounter the most colossal example history affords of the successful administration by men of European blood of a thickly populated region on another continent"; or that "the mass of the people have been and are far better off than ever before, and far better off than they would be now if English control were overthrown or withdrawn"; or "that England does not draw a penny from India for English purposes"; or "that the part England has played in India has been to the immeasurable advantage of India." The Society's letter then goes on to state—and forcibly—the case against British

rule in India, in its severest form. The burden of the charge is familiar: India is a slave Empire, subjected, according to the belief of some, to a "worse than Russian despotism"; its inhabitants are taxed to death by an unrepresentative government; there is now neither freedom of the press nor the right of trial by jury; more than one hundred million dollars a year goes to England annually in the form of pensions, savings from salaries, profits from business enterprises, interest on English investments, and military expenditure. Crushing taxes, insufficient irrigation works, the discouragement of domestic industrial development, have made India a land of chronic famine. There were, in the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, thirteen famines, with an estimated loss of 6,500,000 lives; there were in the last quarter of the century, eighteen famines, with an estimated loss ranging from 15,000,000 to 26,000,000 lives.

Whether India as it is to-day is Britain's glory or Britain's shame, is a matter, however, less capable of demonstration, and, on the whole, of less practical importance than the fact that India to-day is Britain's great responsibility. The picture evoked by the uncompromising critics of British rule, though it may be true in most of its sad essentials, is yet incomplete, because it leaves out of account the immensely difficult nature of the problem with which England has had to deal. On the other hand, England's great argument that she has given India peace and stability does not wear so well as it used to. Of what avail is the boasted Pax Britannica, if with peace cometh not contentment, or even the certainty of daily bread? Translated into political terms, the practical impossibility of England's withdrawing from India, or even bestowing full Parliamentary government, faces the other impossibility of refusing any longer to yield the people of India that proper share in the management of their own affairs which their own needs and qualifications and the spirit of the age demand. And fortunate it is that, after nearly a half-decade of great unrest, the necessary spirit of compromise appears to be establishing itself in India among rulers and subjects alike.

The open letter from which we have quoted dismisses Lord Morley's plan of reforms contemptuously:

> A few more Indian gentlemen would be made advisers of the Government, but they would have no power over taxation or expenditure or anything else.

Yet "a few more Indian gentlemen" is hardly a fair summary of the new provision that henceforth in the provincial legislative councils the non-official element shall constitute an absolute majority. An absolute majority with the right to bring forward "supplementary questions," or to interpellate the government as we should call it, ought not to leave the natives without influence, if the Hindu's shrewd genius for politics is what both the critics and supporters of the present system admit it to be. Moreover, the objection that it is not the legislative, but the executive councils that wield the real power in India, is specifically met by the provision, under the new plan, for the admission of natives to the executive councils. Note, too, the attitude of concession in the last Indian National Congress at Madras, where Lord Morley's plan was commended as granting the natives a fair share in the government of their own country, without "placing the ideal of absolute autonomy before undeveloped minds, 'those too young to be wise and too impulsive to be rational.'" When the representatives of the soberest native thought in India can speak in this fashion; when, on the other hand, the Tory London *Times* can admit that "the claim advanced by many sections of the Indian peoples to a larger share in their own affairs is now admitted by most competent authorities to be reasonable and just," the ground for a peaceful settlement seems more than clear.

The question of complete self-government for India under a Parliamentary system cannot become an immediate one. England may scarcely be blamed if she waits till the system for Asia has been tested in Persia, in Turkey, and even in China. At the same time every concession made now must lead in that direction. We need not hold with the members of the Society for the Advancement of India that that country is now able to rule itself, in order to dissent from Lord Morley's view that "a Parliamentary system in India is not the goal to which I, for one, would aspire." The general trend is toward the Parliamentary system, which seems bound to come in time. The struggle for rights is a preparation for citizenship, and diverse ethnic and political elements may be hammered into a nationality by the very sense of a common wrong or need.

HUMOR AND STATESMEN.

Mr. Taft "had his little joke," we read now and then in the papers. And he takes with infinite good-nature the jests that are made, and the stories that are told, at his expense. He did this in the campaign, and he has done it since. Evidently, he is not a man whom the awful dignity of the Presidency will congeal. His hearty enjoyment of a good laugh raises, however, the question whether a strong sense of humor is a valuable asset for a public man, and what are the due limits of its display. Mr. Taft does not, for example, crack any jokes in his inaugural address. But why not? Why should we think it indiscreet or improper if he did?

Lincoln's instinct and Lincoln's example in this matter are safe guides. Privately, he was a man who "jested with all ease." His stories, his odd and homely sayings, were retailed about the country, giving offence to some, it must be remembered, but pleasure to most. They showed that we had an approachable, human President, and the people liked to know that. What they did not know at the time was that Lincoln's humor was often a safety-valve, preventing the pressure under which he quivered from becoming too terrible. But in his public addresses, in his communications to Congress and the people and the press, Lincoln was never jocose. He was aware that even a humorous democracy wished its public affairs to be discussed with high gravity. Public men who forget this, work their own undoing. A really able man, Proctor Knott, could not live down his unfortunate reputation as a humorous speaker. Depew's jokes palled, long before he himself became a joke. It is, as a rule, the grave and earnest and even ponderous men who go farthest in political life. The late Abram S. Hewitt intended to pay a high compliment to Grover Cleveland, when he said of him: "The greatest master of platitudes since George Washington." That was certainly not the only reason of Mr. Cleveland's success, but it is plainly impossible to think of his doing what he

did if he had been merely a jolly man.

The duty of not mixing up levity and statesmanship is illustrated afresh in the recently published Life of George Canning. He was a wit as well as a scholar, and his quips at table or in club or in the *Anti-Jacobin*, gave merriment to many. As Minister of the Crown, he could assume the stately manner with the best of them, though there was one occasion when, it has always been said, he let his humor get the better of his instinct for public business. This was the time when he sent his famous "rhyming dispatch" to the British Minister:

> In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Is offering too little and asking too much.

This was, it now appears, merely a practical joke on his old friend, the Minister, but Canning sent along on the same day an official dispatch in sober diplomatic form. The Minister wrote back to him privately:

> I could have slain you! but I got some fun myself, for I afterwards put the fair decypher into Douglas's hands, who read it twice without moving a muscle or to this hour discovering that it was not prose, and returned it to me, declaring that it was "oddly worded, but he had always had a feeling that the despatch must relate to discriminating duties."

One law of parsimony, in regard to humor in English public men, has lately been brought to attention in connection with Mr. Lloyd-George: it is that a Chancellor of the Exchequer must never publicly jest about finance. But Mr. Lloyd-George has unhappily done this. When some one in the Commons asserted that a certain financial measure would deprive the Exchequer of its "nest egg," the Chancellor gayly replied that, in such an event, he would be obliged to "rob another hen-roost." The horror which this provoked at the time has deepened, if anything, since. To make a joke about taxes at all was bad enough, but to throw it into the form of a threat of confiscation was almost to undermine the throne. Mr. Lloyd-George's difficulties in framing a budget, great as they must be just now in any case, have undoubtedly been enhanced by what was regarded as his ill-timed levity. Englishmen may damn the North Pole, and speak lightly of the Equator, but they must ever be severe and solemn in the presence of Finance.

The conclusion of the whole matter is very simple. We should pity a public man who had no capacity for fun-making—who could not take a humorous view of the political pageant, including his own part of it. The statesman who can privately relax, and warm himself by the fire of genial talk, is ordinarily better fitted for his work than the one who keeps himself perpetually tense. But humor overdone or misplaced is fatal to men in great office. Not to judges alone is Bacon's counsel applicable, that in their public appearances they should be "more learned than witty."

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, February 20.

In fiction the publishing season has so far given us no masterpiece. Three of the best written novels have appeared in a cheap series (Fayard) at 1.35 francs a volume—an attempt at breaking through the tradition of the 3.50 book. "Le Meilleur Ami" is by René Boylesve, who for mere prose has for a dozen years been all but the first of living French novelists. His stories are never puritanical, but this one is less cheery than usual. His hero, like Cyrano with Roxane, as best friend, has to listen to the love confidences of the heroine, whom in honor he can love only in silence. "An old story, yet always new, and he to whom it happens gets a broken heart from it," says the motto from Heine. This author has another short novel soon to appear, which is the deepest, lightest, most spectacular, and readable exhibition of that phenomenon in which French middle-class society centres—"La Jeune Fille bien élevée." "La Colère," a story of temper, by a new writer, Henri Pagat, is well spoken of. "Les Doigts de fée," by Marcel Boulenger, in spite of its popular exterior, gives astonishing pictures of that ultra-worldly Tout-Paris which is farthest removed from the people—that for which life is play-actoring to fashion. The author is one of the younger writers who has done most to keep up the high standard of the French language in books of light literature. His hero is unsuited with a wife who goes in too much for fashionable painting and general modernism; her first sister is too sociological to relieve his lot; her second sister, coming up old-fashioned from the provinces, he loves; but the mission of her fairy fingers, which bring a semblance of happiness, is to patch up as best may be the too-modern match.

Paul Laccur, a new writer, pleases with "Sœurette" (Perrin)—the story of one who could be happy with any one of three charmers, each of whom is willing; but he decides which one only when it is too late for any. "L'Otage" (Plon), by Henri Buteau, also a coming man, is serious, often tragic, in its study of the would-be emancipated woman held fast by the web of customs, manners, laws, opinions of the world into which she was born; the law gives the hostage, the child of free love, into the lawful husband's hands, and she finally follows it—a conservative position which the author evidently approves. The society lady who writes under the pseudonym of Claude Ferval, one of whose books was crowned by the French Academy, has a new novel, "Ciel rouge" (Fasquelle), agitating the same spectre of the community's control over unhappy matrimonies. The prosaic husband kills the poet lover of his wife in a duel; and, for the rest of their natural lives, the two must sit together at their haunted hearth, making a brave show to the world—to save the innocent daughter.

Francis de Miomandre received the 1908 prize of the Goncourt Academy for a novel with a title from Keats's "Écrit sur de l'eau"; he had secured a publisher for it only in Marseilles (H. Falque). It is the diary of a young *méridional*, who tries to "do literature" with all the young coteries of the day. He has abundant humor, pitiless for those of his own age, and his father is a Marseilles Micawber. The writing is free in style—and in ideas. The author has hastened to use his success in an equally free and easy novel on Parisians of to-day, "Le Vent et la poussière" (Calmann-Lévy). Claude Farrère, the pseudonym of a naval lieutenant who carried off the Goncourt prize in 1905, takes for his new novel "La Bataille," the popular form of publication (Fayard).

Among writers of old standing, Léon de Tinseau publishes "Sur les deux rives" (Calmann-Lévy), in which a ruined gentleman transplants his family from the Old to the New France, which is Canada. After his death his son, with the traditions of his race, returns to serve his country as an army officer; but he resigns with heartbreak when he finds the chief services demanded of him under the present régime are to combat striking workmen and expel nuns from the homes which they have built up with their own money, but which the state takes from them. The qualities which have so long made this author one of the best sellers among proper people will be aided by this touch of conservative actuality. Georges Ohnet is also sure of his usual sales in the Philistine world for his new novel, "Un Mariage américain" (Ollendorff). Jules Claretie, Académician, administrator of the Comédie Française, and for nearly half a century writer of unnumbered books, attacks a youngish problem in his latest novel, "L'Obsession"

(Pierre Lafitte); it is the trouble between *Moi et l'Autre* as they alternate in a double personality. Maurice Barrès pursues the even tenor of his manhood's ways in "Colette Baudoche" (F. Juven)—the history of a young girl of Metz under German rule. The close, merciless, but not unsympathetic, portraiture of the Pomeranian professor, who comes to Teutonize Lorraine and finds himself in the end thrall to the refinement of the civilization which France implanted there, might prove instructive even to German minds, whom it is not intended so much to offend as to edify the French. The style has all the perfect limpid adequacy which even this Nationalist author's most Radical enemies acknowledge. With all the still remembered faults of a dilettante youth, Maurice Barrès, most radical enemies acknowledge. ing a leading influence over cultivated Young France.

The literary firm of brothers signing J. H. Rosny has now dissolved, at least enough for a novel, "Marthe Baraquin" (Plon) to appear under the sole signature J. H. Rosny *aîné*. It has all the acrid power of the combined work, which long ago won a public of its own. It is a brutally frank, heart-rending story of a Paris working girl, exposed to all the temptations of the great, wicked city civilized to the point of primitive savagery in its lack of what we once called morals. Perhaps the pathos of it is still moral. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Essex Book and Print Club of Salem, Mass., recently organized, has just issued its first publication, a reprint of the first book on Salem, "New England's Plantation," of which three editions appeared in 1630, all very rare. Besides a photographic reproduction of the first edition, the volume includes a type reprint of the third (which contains considerable additional matter), as well as several other contemporary papers partly printed from manuscripts. The editor has made unusual efforts to trace existing copies of the three editions, and is able to find ten of the first, of which six are in public libraries and four in private collections; he finds five copies of the second edition, of which two are in private collections; and seven copies of the third edition, all but one in public libraries. One hundred and seventy-five copies only of the book are printed in the best manner at the Riverside Press.

On March 8 and 9, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of New York will sell a collection of Americana, including a long list of American periodicals. Among them are the first twelve numbers of the *Harvard Register*, in which Oliver Wendell Holmes's first contributions were printed; and the Boston *Miscellany of Literature and Fashion*, Vols. I and II (1841-42), a magazine of which James Russell Lowell was one of the editors, and which contains numerous contributions by him. There are books on John Brown, books and pamphlets relating to the South and Southwest, and to the Indians.

On March 8 and 9, the Anderson Auction Co. of New York will sell a collection made up partly of books from the libraries of Dr. Martha Bunting and A. G. Browne, jr. Included is the longest series of books, 114 numbers, relating to Africa, offered in any recent sale; upwards of 40 lots on China, and a number of works on the North American Indians. Among the latter is a copy of Penhallow's "History of the Wars of New-England, with the Eastern Indians" (1726), with a portion of the title and last leaf in facsimile. The first edition of Beverly's "The History and Present State of Virginia" (1705) in the original calf binding, is another notable item.

C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston announce the sale, probably in April or May, of the library of the late Amory L. Hollingsworth of Mattapan, Mass. Mr. Hollingsworth's collection is one of the largest and best known of those in New England. Americana, first editions, club publications, books illustrated by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and Alken, and books in special bindings are some of the classes to which he gave particular attention.

The Lenox branch of the New York Public Library has on view for the winter and spring months a little selection of books remarkable in the progress of printing. The earliest known book printed with movable metal types is represented by a beautiful copy of the Gutenberg, or Mazarin, Bible, supposed to have been printed by Gutenberg, assisted by Fust at Mentz, 1453-55. There are two leaves from the "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye," printed by William Caxton, probably at Bruges about 1474, the first book printed in the English language. The first complete Bible in English is the Coverdale, 1535. No perfect copy is extant but the exhibition contains one of the library's two excellent copies, both of which have been supplied with facsimile leaves for those missing. The first book printed in America in the English language is the "Bay Psalm Book," 1640. The first book in Roman type, printed by Nicholas Jenson (Venice, 1470), is a beautiful specimen of the printer's art, entitled, "De Præparatione Evangelica," written by Pamphilus Eusebius. The first book in Italic type, an imitation of Petrarch's manuscripts, is a Virgil by Aldus, Venice, 1501. The inventor of stereotyping was William Ged, and the book in which he first employed the new method is entitled "C. Crispi Sallusti Belli Catilinarii et Jugurthini Historiæ," Edinburgh, 1739. The first monthly magazine published in England was the *Gentleman's Journal: or the Monthly Miscellany*, London, January, 169½. Benjamin Franklin established the first monthly magazine in English America, the *General Magazine and Historical Chronicle*, Philadelphia, January, 1741.

Correspondence.

THE ÆNEID TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After ten years of forced labor in modern literature, I have at last been able to go back to the Æneid. It is twenty years since I left school, cocked and primed for the college entrance examination, and confident that what I did not know about the first six books was not worth knowing. All the trick lines had been scanned, the mythology worked up, and in trochee, dactyl, synecdoche, indirect question and relative clause of characteristic there was no mystery for me. Such was my Æneid twenty years ago—a text-book of Latin syntax and prosody—and such it is to the average boy of eighteen, to the shame of our schools be it said! Why don't we all—we who have once drunk of this rich Latin poetry—go back in after years to revel in the stately verse, to tune ourselves afresh to the pitch of its noble lessons? "Quam multas nobis imagines non solum ad intuendum, verum etiam ad imitandum fortissimorum virorum expressas scriptores et Græci et Latini reliquerunt!" (Pardon the Latin, Mr. Editor. I know there are still some of your readers who enjoy the flavor of the original.)

Last summer, stretched out upon the sand, I read over the first six books—the narrative of the sea voyage of the Trojan exiles—and as I looked out across the bay it was easy to imagine the little ships of Æneas scudding through the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the water curling under the prows, and the Nymphs as escort. The last six books have been more appropriately read these winter evenings before my study fire. For the Æneid is one of those matchless books of which Cicero might have said: "Delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur." Here I have watched those hand-to-hand fights of the Rutulians, Latins, and Trojans for the possession of the fair Italian land; here I have sorrowed for the gallant men on either side who knew not what surrender was, but who, fighting to the last gasp, accepted the decree of Fate:

Stat sua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ: sed famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus.

Great souls they were, and worthy epic ancestors of those mediæval knights who, when laid low, took communion of the greensward, uttered a last prayer for mercy to the Cross on their sword-hilt, and then—well, then their souls were borne off by the angels to the flowery fields of Paradise.

There is a Christian Rome and a Pagan Rome; and there is a Christian Virgil and a Pagan Virgil. But whether we regard him as the wonder-working magician of mediæval legend or as the court poet of Augustus, it is a joy to find that Virgil was a man with feelings and emotions like our own. Could anything be more exquisitely pathetic than Andromache's tears over the boy Ascanius as he recalls to her by his face and bearing that little son of hers, the cherished replica of her lost Hector:

O mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago,
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat:
Et nunc æquali tecum pubesceret ævo.

Yet, I do not recall that any teacher ever directed our attention to such lines as these, where the poet has stamped the image of a mother's heart.

The whole of the second, third, and fourth books should be read as a love story. The pageant of Dido's broken heart has been trailed through the world's classrooms for centuries; yet, the ministrations of sister Anna are as solicitous, the tragic grief of Dido is as poignant, and the easy faithlessness of Æneas is as unpardonable as they ever were. For this Æneas, as I see

him to-day, is more admirable as a builder of empires than in the guise of a lover. This "Fate business" is a weak argument! You cannot clear your skirts of duty quite so easily nowadays. If the gods had kept their fingers out of it, Æneas would have tarried in Carthage and married Dido. Then, mayhap, Carthage and not Rome would have been the Eternal City. Ah! but in that case we should have had no Virgil and no Æneid. And so I put down my book and fall to thinking of all we should have missed if there had been no Rome.

A. C. Benson has written nothing more to my fancy than his remarks in "The Schoolmaster":

> To omit intellectual enjoyment from our programme, to pass over one of the strongest of boyish faculties, seems to me the kind of mistake that will be regarded some years hence as both pitiable and ludicrous.

I thought of these words when I came to the Trojan games in the fifth book. It is counted a hard bit of translation, and an examiner is apt to include a passage from it in his paper. But how easily a boy's interest could be aroused in the outcome of the "events" as they are run off on sea and land! What fierce contests, what heart-breaking finishes! Would it not be a fairer test of the boy's knowledge and appreciation to ask for his comment upon the conduct of this classic "meet"? I can fancy that eyes would brighten when they fell upon such a question. So little human interest is expected from our Latin teachers. It would be so easy for them to rouse us, if they would give us at times just a little literary appreciation.

After the sixth book, it was all new to me. There is a great deal of fighting—too much for one who is sated with mediæval swashbucklery and tournaments. I am not sure that Virgil can describe a fight any better than the French epic poets. Probably he did not know so much about it at first hand; for if the middle age writers speak with authority about anything, it is about fighting. I like Virgil better when he descends to the intimate details of personal emotions. It may be heresy to say so, but I am a layman, and may speak as I feel. My sympathy for the helpless, the bereaved, the defeated, the slain, is far more intense than my share in the thrill of victory and dominion. There is a wonderful simplicity and domesticity in the picture of "poor Evander" and his little city. Like the Cid's father, Evander laments his inability to defend himself: old age has robbed him of his sometime strength; he must place the defence of his honor in the hands of his son, Pallas. The depth of the old man's love for his son is measured by the clinging embrace at separation, the prayers to the gods, and the swoon in which the interview is ended.

I trust it will not sound morbid to say that there is nothing better in the poem than the death scenes and the emotions which are their inevitable accompaniment. No more dignified attitude in the presence of death can be found than the stoic calm of these old warriors as they answer the last summons. Antenor, for example,

> coelumque
> Adspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

For a parallel, we think of Roland dying at Ronceval and harking back to *douce France*. Or again, the declaration of Turnus, who, according to his lights, like Saint Paul, had fought the good fight and could say without boasting:

> Descendam, magnorum haud umquam indignus avorum.

In fact, these last six books are full of wisdom for the living as well as of inspiration for the dying. Anchises in his prophecy to Æneas, bids him be ever true to the principles of his ancestors: to spare the weak, to hand out lilies, to fight the proud, and to keep within wise limits. What more might Rome not have been, had she hearkened in her later days to such counsel? And shall not we heed it in our day and generation? For each of us, like Æneas, may still be said to be

> Attollens humero famamque et fata nepotum.

Æneas, at least, never forgot the injunction, for he passed on the words to Ascanius:

> Tu facito, mox cum matura adoleverit aetas,
> Sis memor et te, animo repetentem exempla tuorum,
> Et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitet Hector.

And so Virgil was able to make this love of country, this stoic defiance of misfortune, these multifarious strifes and passions, live on eternally through all the flotsam and jetsam of later literature. He has made good his promise to keep alive by his song the memory of his heroes:

> Si quid mea carmina possunt,
> Nulla dies umquam memori vos eximet aevo.

To us, too, the injunction comes, not in a narrow sense to decorate the graves of our defenders, but to cherish warm the lesson of their death:

> Egregias animas, quae sanguine nobis
> Hanc patriam peperere suo, decorate supremis
> Muneribus.

WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT.

Haverford College, Pa., March 3.

THE HANGING OF ANIMALS ON A GALLOWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Toward the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, there was a certain German, Count Mümppelgart, who, being of an inquiring mind and restless disposition, set forth in 1592 to visit England and its great Queen. He gained his object; and immortality in addition. In him, Charles Knight detected "the Garmaine Duke" and "the cosen garmombles" of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in the Quarto of 1602. Halliwell followed up with ardor this conjecture of Knight, and discovered so many references in the play, all tending to prove that Doctor Caius and Sir Hugh Evans have in mind this Count Mümppelgart (who, in 1593, became the "Duke of Württemberg") that he deems "the way in which [this conjecture] is unravelled" to be "one of the most curious circumstances, in its way, in Shakespearean criticism." Staunton refuses to follow Knight and Halliwell, but his argument is weakened by his confusing the Dukes of Wirtemberg. He mistook the son for the father.

"His Serene Highness, Prince, and Lord, Lord Frederick, Duke of Württemberg and Teckh, Count Mümppelgart, Lord of Heidenheim, Knight of the two ancient Orders, of St. Michael in France, and of the Garter in England in 1592" (thus is he designated on the title page of his travels), was really a noteworthy man; albeit the persistence with which, for ten years, he pestered Queen Elizabeth to confer the Garter on him, was surely worthy of a better cause.* His assumption of that honor in the foregoing list of his titles is a grace snatched beyond the bounds of truth; but, to be perfectly fair, I should add that it is printed in very, very small type, as though to minimize the untruth. His investiture did not occur till 1604, after Elizabeth's death. In all his travels—he visited Switzerland and Italy, as well as England—he was accompanied by a private secretary, whose duty it was to keep a journal of his lord's wanderings. During his travels in England, this secretary was Jacob Rathgeh, or Rathgehen—the Germans of aforetime had an uncomfortable way of declining proper names; in the present instance "Rathgehen" is preceded grammatically by a "von." To the honest Jacob's account of his master's English journey, we are almost incalculably indebted for details of English manners and customs, nowhere else, I believe, to be found. On the return home of the duke, Rathgeb's journal was published as an account of a "bathing-trip"—a stroke of humor so mirthful as to need an explanation. On the return voyage from England, the ship Sambson encountered a storm so furious that all gave themselves up for lost; and small wonder, when the captain, the pilot, and the sailors became so tired that they all threw themselves down on the deck in any corner they could find. Three times his Serene Highness and all the passengers sat up to their waists in water. Herein lies the joke of the title-page; for a day and a night the trip was one prolonged bath.

Amid the mass of details in this volume, there is one trifling item which may prove afresh that Shakespeare is always exactly right. On p. 24 *recto* (my copy is dated 1604, and is, I believe, the second edition) we read as follows:

> At midday your Highness had dinner at a pleasant little village called Winsello [Winslow], and by night at Bethore [Bedford?]. Between these two places there is chiefly a sandy plain or heath where are many wild rabbits, not confined in gardens, but running free, so that fifty or sixty of all colours are seen together, but run quickly into their burrows. In such regions they catch wild-cats, polecats, or birds of prey which harm the rabbits. All these, after having been skinned, are *hung on a gallows, as they do wolves.*

Here we have an authority for Gratiano's address to Shylock:

> Thy currish spirit
> Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
> Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet.
> iv, 4, 141.

In Shakespeare's time, then, wolves were hanged on a gallows. We infer from the faithful Jacob that the wolves were hanged for killing rabbits; if this be so, *a fortiori*, would they be hanged for "human slaughter," which is Gratiano's specific crime.

I have just called Jacob "faithful"; I varied the adjective from "honest," which I used a few lines above. Can I call him *honest* when, on p. 54 *recto*, in his summary of the game in England, he says,

*For our knowledge of this portion of his life, we are indebted to the truly admirable volume by W. B. Rye, "England as Seen by Foreigners," London, 1865, p. lv.

"There are no black wild-boars, *nor any wolves*, on this island." For a second time Rathgeb confirms Shakespeare: "There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man!"

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

Wallingford, Pa., February 22.

MORE NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hope that the following excerpts from the note-book of a young student of Shakespeare may prove of interest to Dr. W. J. Rolfe and to other Shakespeare scholars who may have read his letter in your issue of February 18, p. 163. I touch upon only two of the points which he raises.

In the passage from "Twelfth Night" (iii, 1, 21):

Clown. . . . But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.
Violet. Thy reason, man?
Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

I favor the meaning "contract" for the word "bond," and would compare "Philaster," v, 3, where Dion includes in his curses the following:

May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the goatish Latin they write in their bonds; and may they write that false, and lose their debts.

As for the old-time practice of hanging animals which had offended against the law, I can cite sundry passages from Shakespeare and his contemporary dramatists to confirm it. In particular it would appear that sheep-stealing was a crime punishable by hanging, and that the punishment was meted out to man and beast alike. Note in "Much Ado About Nothing" (ii, 3, 79):

Benedict. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him.

and *Ibid* (iii, 3, 60):

Verges. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.
Dogberry. Truly; I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Compare furthermore Ben Jonson's "Every Man Out of His Humour" (iii, 1):

Puntarvolo. If thou losest my dog, thou shalt die a dog's death; I will hang thee.

and "Philaster" (iv, 1):

Dion. Oh, he's a precious lime-hound; turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' th' slip.

and "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife" (v, 4):

Perez. How like a sheepbiting rogue, taken i' the manner,
And ready for the halter, dost thou look now!
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!

LOUIS N. FEIPEL.

Annapolis, Md., February 20.

"WIT, WHITHER WILT?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With regard to Dr. W. J. Rolfe's comment in your issue of February 18 on the phrase, "Wit, whither wilt?" ("As You Like It" iv, i, 168), I would call attention to the fact that "The Shirburn Ballads" (Clarendon Press, 1907), pp. 268f., contains a complete ballad beginning:

Wit, whither wilt thow? woe is mee!
alwayes musinge, fye for shame!
Sorrye I am the same to see,
that love hath brough[t] the out of frame—
Out of frame and temper, too;
This can Love and fancye doo!
Out of frame and temper, too;
This can love and fancy doo!

In my review of the book for the *Nation* (April 25, 1907, p. 385), I remarked on the confirmation of Malone's impression which this ballad gives.

The application of the phrase in the song whose first two lines (in slightly varying forms) Robert Greene and Thomas Adams have preserved appears to have been different from that which we find in the Shirburn ballad. To be sure, the fragment is too brief to make this certain. It is possible, however, that the phrase having become popular as the beginning of one ballad was afterwards used for others. J. DOUGLAS BRUCE.

University of Tennessee, Knoxville, February 20.

SCHOOLGIRLS IN SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. W. J. Rolfe, in a letter in your issue of February 18, p. 163, raises a question as to Shakespeare's allusions to schoolgirls, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Measure for Measure." May it not be that Shakespeare did not have in mind English customs, but rather certain passages in early or classical authors whom he had read either in the original or in translation? For example, in Martial's epigrams, ix, 68, we read:

Quid tibi nobiscum est, ludi scelerate magister,
Invisum pueris virginibusque caput?

In the Metamorphoses of Apuleius, ix, occurs this passage:

Ad haec ultima pistoris illa uxor, subjiciens, Quidni? inquit, novi diligenter, Areten meam condiscipulam memoras.

The "Golden Ass" of Apuleius had been translated into English by W. Adlington as early as 1566. JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., February 22.

RIGHTS AND LEFTS IN SLIPPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of February 18, Dr. W. J. Rolfe speaks of the eighteenth century editors being mystified by the reference in "King John" to the tailor,

Standing on slippers which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.

That nearsighted Dr. Johnson should say "Shakespeare seems to have confounded his shoes with his gloves" is comprehensible; but that men with ordinary vision should "suggest that ancient slippers might possibly be very different from modern ones" or "quote from writers between 1580 and 1797 to prove that shoes in former times were often rights and lefts" seems passing strange, when the marble effigies on old tombs in the cathedrals so often have such shoes. It first struck my eye in one of the northern cathedrals: I noticed that the fashion was not universal, but would vary with the towns, on tombs of the same age.

J. C. NEAVE.

Cincinnati, February 21.

THE ANCESTRY OF CHARLEMAGNE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, "A. R. W.," asks, in your issue of December 24 last, what grounds I have for the "amazing" assertion that Charlemagne's descent, on the paternal side, was Latin. I am happy to oblige him.

The family of Ferreolus was a great family of Senatorial rank in Narbonnese Gaul, under the Roman Empire, and the Ferreolus of the fifth century was established at Narbonne itself. His son, Ansbert, was attached to the palace (in what capacity we are not told), and was the father of Arnoald, whose son was the St. Arnulph Bishop of Metz, contemporary of St. Augustine, the Apostle of England, and of Gregory the Great and one of the chief figures of the end of the sixth century in Gaul. The descent of the Carolingians from St. Arnulph is common knowledge—his son, Ansegius, was the father of Pepin of Heristal, whose son, Charles Martel, was the father of Pepin the Short, and the grandfather of Charlemagne. It is all quite clear and simple. Charlemagne was the representative in the eighth century of the old Roman noble family of Ferreolus, just as Lord Salisbury was the representative in the nineteenth century of the old Tudor noble family of Cecil.

For St. Arnulph's descent let me refer "A. R. W." to "Vita Clodulfi," a Carolingian document incorporated in the acts of the Benedictine order (II. p. 1044), and published, I think, by Pertz (who comments on it), and certainly by the Bollandists, under the date of June 8. This gives us Arnoald as the father of Arnulph and Ansbert as the father of Arnoald, and is confirmed by manuscripts, Paris 5294, and manuscripts St. Germain 440. The "Vita Firmini" which "A. R. W." will find in the Bollandists under October (Vol. V., p. 640) gives us Ferreolus as the father of Ansbert and his brothers. There are, of course, many confirmatory documents, such as the three manuscripts, Carolingian genealogies of London, Munich, and Vienna, the "Vita Ferreoli" (Boll: supplement to January 4), the "Vita S. Goerici" (Boll: Sept. 19), manuscripts, Paris, 8303, the Metrical Genealogy, published by Pertz (Scriptores: II., p. 308-312), etc., etc.; all of which reinforce the filiation of the family.

I can quite understand the "amazement" of "A. R. W." In Protestant societies the long transition of the empire from a Pagan to a Catholic polity must be very bewildering, and I look back myself with some amusement to the highly imaginative theory of "Period I," which I was taught at Oxford, and at the time devoutly believed: anyhow, Charlemagne's paternal stock was civilized and not barbaric. It is a small point, but quite fixed by this time.

H. BELLOC.

Kings Land, Shipley, Horsham, England, January 17.

MEMORIAL TO "OUIDA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is desired to bring to more general notice in this country the project of the memorial to "Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée) in her birthplace, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England. Funds have been collected in Italy, her home for many

years, and in England, and contributions have generously flowed in, but about $500 is still lacking to the sum required for the proposed memorial, and it is felt that opportunity should be given to those in the United States, who may be interested, to lend their aid. Surely there must be among us many who, even failing in admiration for Ouida as a writer of fiction, may still feel drawn toward her as an ever active worker in the cause of animal protection, and may care to aid in perpetuating the memory of the lover of horses and dogs in the appropriate manner proposed; namely, the erection of a drinking fountain by the roadside for the benefit of all passing beasts. It is to be placed at a much-frequented cross-roads outside the town, and near the cottage where Ouida was born. A number of prominent English men and women have been active in this project; Lord Curzon has written the inscription. Any one who may feel disposed to help the work, by ever so small a sum, may send contributions direct to the chairman of the Ouida Memorial Committee, G. Milner-Gibson-Cullum, F. S. A., Hardwick House, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England; or, for convenience, to the undersigned, who will forward remittances to their destination.

(Miss) Katherine Renée Cortazzo.

Meadville, Pa., February 23.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE PH.D.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial, "The Ph.D. Again," in your issue of February 11, provokes a frank expression from one of the group you were discussing. I may say that I am a "doctor" of some fifteen years' standing of an institution at the very front of the few that you place in the first rank of the universities in this country conferring that degree. From my experience as a student, from my work as teacher since then, and from my continued observation of my comrades, I think you are justified in using such terms as "disrepute," "scandalous," "grotesquely incompetent," when you are describing the different conditions. Even more heartily do I agree with you in your condemnation of one-half of our theses as valueless. With the aid of my perspective judgment on my own, I am inclined to put the ban as high as 90 per cent.

I cannot see any hope from the modifications of the course that you mention as having been proposed. I seriously doubt whether the writing of good English can be taught, but if so, it can be done only by actual authors who have command of style. Very few such are in the educational field. They find much better compensation or more congenial employment in connection with periodicals or publishing houses. Another degree, the "non-research," would complicate the case without any compensating advantages that I can see. It would be looked on as either above or below the present "doctorate" and hence would be productive of jealousy, envy, antagonism, and with our tendency to extremes, the superior one would soon become the goal for all. One would absorb the distinguishing features of the other, and leave it as formless as the A.M. is now, the final result being a longer course. Nor, to my mind, would much good come from compulsory work in the educational department. Generally, so far as I know, the instructors in pedagogy so-called have not served a solid probation as genuine teachers, but have stepped from the student's chair to the lecturer's stand with perhaps an intermission of two or three years only. The suggested remedies, as it appears to me, would only add to the bottom cause of all the trouble.

The fundamental fault, in my opinion, is very plain, that the universities do not shape means to ends. As you quote from the Chicago University circular, the bulk of us are teachers—in college and secondary school. We should get guidance for that career, but we do not. We cannot until a different standard is adopted for filling the university chairs. The most of the staff have all trod the same route, that of graduation as "doctor," appointment to the lower grade, thence gradual promotion. They have virtually never taught, as lecturing does not come under that category. They can direct only over the same trail they have followed, and consequently all of us are instructed with the unconscious expectation of the same destiny. So far removed is this training from the actualities of life outside, that we naturally delude ourselves into fancying that our poor dull monographs are of worth, or we blunder when we have to take charge of a classroom. As I look behind and around me at the teaching of history, my own subject, in our universities, it seems an unreal atmosphere in which are constantly exchanged such terms as "manuscripts," "documents," "sources," "primary data," "judicial attitude," "exhaustive investigation," "original material," "scientific history," "addition to knowledge," etc., as if we are to ignore human nature when we study the past. If some of us emerge from this fantastic wonderland with our heels in the air and our heads downward, are we to blame? I must confess that I had visions of extensive research into dim corners of history and the production of volumes that should "widen the realms of the known." My ambition kept me at the task, and I have written enough to get my name in several of the most dignified biographical dictionaries, but my comfortable salary, furnishing food and raiment and the means for summer trips in this country and abroad, has come from daily teaching. For this useful vocation, which is besides both remunerative and enjoyable, I got substantially no preparation from my preceptors. On the other hand, I believe I should have failed instead of succeeded if I had not had some helpful experience before going to the university. Among those who were not blessed with this balance wheel, I am never surprised to learn of reckless experimentation with immature pupils.

I cannot credit my position to my Ph.D., as the most of my colleagues never went beyond the A.B., thus saving themselves three or four years of hard work, and the attendant expense. But in spite of the loss of time and money for me, I am glad I won the degree, to prove to myself the hollowness of it in many instances if nothing more. Besides, unpractical as the environment was I got a breadth and firmness of grasp that I could have hardly obtained otherwise. A general course of reading and study would not impart the fibre and tendon that the striving for a definite goal would. If while leading me along this clear-cut road, my instructors had been able, only incidentally, to show me the main direction and difficulties of the path I was already headed for, I could have progressed in months what it took me years to do. I would not have them give up their high ideals of research, but pay more attention to fitting their students for the life ahead, not in the rigid drill fashion of the normal school but in the comprehensive manner of a great scholar who preserves the attitude of a teacher of embryo teachers. I would not have the structure of the course changed much but I would have the character of the men in charge of it changed radically.

H. D.

February 24.

THE SITE OF MEROE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of the *Nation* for February 18, p. 179, I find an announcement that Prof. A. H. Sayce of Oxford "has discovered the true site of the ancient city of Meroe"; further that "the ancient remains *found and identified* [italics mine] by Professor Sayce are about three miles from Kabushia Station, near Shendi, which is half-way between Khartum and Atbara"; and finally, that "the *identification* [italics mine] was made possible by the discovery of the great wall of inner defences, and the remains of the temple of Amon mentioned by Strabo, etc."

In the autumn of 1906 the University of Chicago Egyptian Expedition made a complete and exhaustive epigraphic survey of the monuments surviving at the place now reported to have been "discovered" and "identified" by Professor Sayce. In my report on that work ("The Monuments of Sudanese Nubia," Chicago, 1908, pp. 5-14) at Meroe, the identification of the place as Meroe is accepted as an established fact long known. The energetic Frenchman Cailliaud, who visited the city on his Nile voyage (1819-1822), at once recognized it as Meroe (see his "Voyage à Méroé," texte, II, pp. 146 ff.), and has left us a plan showing three temples (ibid, planches, II, 150), one of which is, of course, that seen by Professor Sayce, unless his be a *fourth* temple, discovered during our work there and mentioned in my report (p. 5). In 1844, Lepsius spent some time at the place, always recognizing it as Meroe (see his "Briefe aus Aegypten, Aethiopien und der Sinai-Halbinsel"); and its identity has never been questioned. Your correspondent is entirely in error, in stating that the ancient site of the city "had hitherto been placed near the temples of Naga. about twenty-five miles inland from the Nile."

It must be supposed that in transmitting the account to or from London, some newspaper correspondent has misunderstood Professor Sayce's report of his visit at Meroe.

James Henry Breasted.

University of Chicago, February 20.

[Our correspondent informs us that the note was based on a Reuter dispatch.—Ed. Nation.]

THE BASIS OF FAITH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I say a few words upon the subject of your article of January 28 entitled "No Refuge but in Truth"? Possibly

a somewhat different statement of the theological problem will help to illustrate the position of at least some of those whom you say you "urge as our spiritual guides to face the truth boldly," and who have at least tried to think out to an issue the deep problems of life.

To such there is no more question about the Bible. The dogma of canonicity, as an *à priori* assumption, is gone forever. Whatever conclusion we may come to as to the position of the Bible in the world's literature, it will be reached as the result of induction and accepted as a corollary of our faith. But to the inquirer the books of the Old and New Testaments stand absolutely on a par with any other historic document, to be used under the canons of historic research in the judgment of the events which they narrate, more particularly those told in the Gospels. Even Bishop Lightfoot, when he published his monumental work on the Apostolic Fathers, tacitly recognized that for the student of Christianity the line of the canon had banished.

What principles do we then contend for? I assume, we contend for two truths, absolutely necessary to life: the belief in a loving God, and the belief in immortality. It will help to clarify the situation if we realize that these are the essential truths for which religion stands; that without these "the Christian ideal of character" will not only be "seriously challenged," but will be lost to mankind. This is, of course, denied by some, and here is our first crux.

Thomas Huxley was one of those who repudiated this dependence of morality upon religion. Just after he had lost his child, he wrote to Charles Kingsley that when at the funeral the officiating clergyman read the sentence, "What advantageth it me if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die," he could have laughed out. It seemed to him preposterous that the dignity of man's life should rest upon his immortality. Eighteen centuries separate St. Paul from Huxley. The former would to-day be classed as ignorant, he knew nothing of science; Huxley stood at the summit of modern intellectual and scientific culture. Yet, not all our admiration for the achievements of modern science can efface the conviction that the apostle saw deeper into the realities of life than the modern scientist. We may safely leave our case for the dependence of morality upon religious belief where St. Paul left it. Were it possible that the belief in God and in a future life should utterly die out among men, what would result? Morality would gradually lose its power. Its place would be taken by cunning, craft, subtlety as guiding principles of life, those qualities which give the reins to selfishness, but in a manner preserve appearances. And the end—who can tell what stage above the truths society would find its new equilibrium?

The belief in a good God and in a future life are not distinctively Christian articles of faith. What, then, does Christianity claim as its own? As I have said, it is a question of certain events alleged to have occurred. These events constitute a revelation. Christianity is a revealed religion, if it is anything. Its revelation is not a book or code of laws, but a Person. In behalf of this Person an extraordinary claim is made; He made it Himself. This claim presents itself to our reason for its justification. Into the question enter various elements, among which, I make bold to say, miracle has both a legitimate and necessary place. The question, however, is a very personal one, as it touches the most delicate springs of character. We stand here upon sacred ground, and it is unnecessary in this place to pursue the inquiry further. It is rather the bearing of revealed religion upon the truths of a loving God and immortality that we wish here to keep in mind. The philosopher may reason himself into a belief in God and immortality, but to most of us weak mortals the longing for faith, the desire to believe in the reality of the soul's aspirations, which Nature so often seems to mock at, finds its satisfaction only from One who spoke with authority. Robert Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra expresses the difference in his matchless way:

> So the all-great were the all-loving, too.

I am writing under the shadow of perhaps the greatest calamity the world has ever known. A nurse who took care of the injured in Naples tells me that a man who was brought to them wounded, all of whose relations had been killed, refused to receive comfort. They might save their pains, he told them; as soon as he got out of the hospital he would blow his brains out. Life was too terrible; to believe in a loving God, when such things happened, was impossible. Have not many felt the distressing question calling for an answer? And have not many also thankfully turned from the dark mystery to One who trod this earth in bygone years, who spake as never man spake, the doctrine of whose Divinity fashions itself into two words, full of comfort: He knew.

What animates us, then, is the same ideal that has animated prophets and seers since the world began. The struggle for Christianity is the struggle for the spirituality of life against the allied forces of materialism and superstition. That in this struggle the principle "No refuge but in truth" should prevail will seem to most of us a truism hardly worth wasting many words over.

L. Henry Schwab.

Rome, February 11.

TRAINING FOR CONSULAR SERVICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the suggestion of the Industrial Club of Chicago, Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, a member of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, has introduced a bill to provide for a college, under government auspices, for the education of future consuls. Provision is made for a course of four years, in modern languages, political economy, law, geography, and other branches suitable for aspirants to the service, who are to be nominated by Congressmen as are cadets at the military and naval colleges. It is said that such a measure meets with the approval of Mr. Root. I suggest a scheme which will accomplish the same result, and at infinitely less expense, by simply giving direction to the use of means already in existence. In this country we waste far too much money in the cause of education upon brick and mortar and in the duplication of intellectual effort. It would be an easy matter to make it the duty of an officer of the Department of State to study the lists of courses offered by our colleges and universities, to select in the offering of each institution such courses as would afford a proper training for the consular service, and to advise students of such courses. A bulletin could be issued describing the work offered in various colleges, and the officer I suggest could make periodical visits to seats of learning and give lectures to students, who are always keen to learn of possible occupations; the colleges would readily welcome such public lectures and invite the lecturer to speak before courses which give training suited to the service. His advice might profitably be printed in the catalogue or the announcement of courses, and be spread by freshman advisers. He could keep his eye on promising students, who at graduation might be offered situations or invited to take examinations looking to the consular service.

Such an officer should be a man of great intelligence, knowledge, and *savoir faire*, but he could accomplish by his coöperation with the universities a large service to the government and the business interests of the country, and this at a trifling expense. His work might take a far wider scope than the consular service, so that, as in England, many of the picked men of the universities might be called to government occupations. He could select for the consular service, at any rate, a body of picked youth far superior to that to be gathered in a college where the candidates were selected by the random methods likely to be employed by Congressmen, who would naturally look on the choice as a bit of welcome or unwelcome patronage. The men he would choose would be proved successes among all our academic youth; their education would cost the government nothing, whereas the students in a national college would probably get their training at the expense of the state, and this cost would be for both the successful and unsuccessful.

Such a preparation as will make useful consular officers is already offered by some of our universities, and could readily be arranged for by others. Harvard, for instance, could easily make training for the service a branch of her new School of Business Administration.

There is no need of special legislation to provide for such an office. Section 1753 of the Revised Statutes of the United States and executive orders of President Roosevelt make ample provision. After once the work of proper coördination and coöperation had been settled the office might run itself.

W. F. Harris.

Harvard University, February 19.

AMERICAN FREE TRADE LEAGUE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Every day some one dolefully asks why it is that at hearings upon tariff revision many speak in support of protection; scarcely any one in opposition. The question is not hard to answer. Although those who desire high protective duties are the few, yet the interest of each is direct; although those who are opposed are the many, yet the interest of each is indirect, if not less real. But in the aggregate the

benefits to be gained from free trade far outweigh the benefits that come from protection. In order that these aggregate interests may be represented, organized action is essential. It is only through organization that the special interests of the few can ever be made to give way to the larger interests of the many; and against organized action they must give way.

The American Free Trade League is making an earnest effort to fill the need of such an organization. Will you assist, by the publication of this letter, in calling to the attention of as many of your readers as believe in the principles of free trade the fact that the league exists; and in urging them by becoming members to increase its strength, to the end that future tariff hearings may not be *ex parte*, and that statistics cited and arguments presented may not be sent broadcast over the United States without a question raised as to their accuracy and worth?

CHARLES F. LOVEJOY.
Acting Secretary, American Free Trade League.

No.6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., February 18.

LINCOLN AND THE NEGRO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following quotation from your editorial article of February 18, "The Negro Problem in Foreign Eyes," in the opinion of some of your readers does injustice to Lincoln, whose views on most subjects were much more sane than those of his followers:

> For Lincoln to see those same poor black creatures who swarmed about him when he reached Richmond after its fall, whose pathetic, hysterical joy over their savior from slavery he curbed with such wise and kindly advice—to see these fellow-citizens now set apart in trains, street cars, and all public places, by an iron caste, would appall the greatest apostle of democracy.

In his opening speech at the fourth joint debate, Charleston, Ill., in 1858, Lincoln says:

> I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races—that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any other man am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race.

After reading this clearly expressed opinion—which one feels sure is shared by the great majority of us in all parts of the country—one doubts greatly if Lincoln would be "appalled" by the sights so feelingly described in your editorial.

The extreme ante-bellum views of a few Southerners, and the negro worship which has attached to the *Nation* the nickname of the "color blind" journal, are equally obnoxious to the settlement of the momentous race problem which faces this country.

L. M. PASSANO.

Boston, February 23.

Notes.

Lawrence Lewis has made a study of the advertising announcements in the original *Spectator*, which was one of the earliest magazines to carry them, and has written a book on the subject, which will be published this spring by Houghton Mifflin Co., under the title of "The Advertisements of the Spectator; being a study of the Literature, History, and Manners of Queen Anne's England as they are reflected therein, as well as an Illustration of the Origins of the Art of Advertising, with an Appendix of representative Advertisements now for the first time reprinted." Prof. George L. Kittredge furnishes an introduction.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce a volume of essays by Prof. Guglielmo Ferrero, under the title of "Characters and Events of Roman History." They are the lectures recently given by Professor Ferrero at the Lowell Institute and elsewhere. From the same publishers are to come at an early date "The Negro Problem—Abraham Lincoln's Solution," by W. P. Pickett; "What Have the Greeks Done for Civilization," by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, and the "Memoirs of Baron Frénilly.

Kipling's new book, "With the Night Mail," to be published soon by Doubleday, Page & Co., has for sub-title, "A story of 2000 A. D., together with extracts from the contemporary magazine in which it appeared." The main story tells of the aerial trip in postal packet, "162" from London to Quebec in one night. The accessories are advertisements of airships, rules of the air, and other such matter from a contemporary magazine.

Two interesting volumes of memoirs are promised by John Lane Co.: "The Last Journals of Horace Walpole," edited by A. F. Steuart, and "Maria Edgeworth and Her Circle in the Days of Bonaparte and Bourbon," by Constance Hill, who has written so entertainingly of Fanny Burney's circle.

Walter G. Travis is revising his book on "Practical Golf," and Harper & Bros. promise the new edition in time for the spring revival of the game.

A sixth series of "Shelburne Essays," by Paul E. More, comes from G. P. Putnam's Sons. In this volume there is a departure from the earlier issues, in so far as the essays, as shown by the sub-title, "Studies of Religious Dualism," are connected in theme, and in fact form the links of a single argument. The subjects are: The Forest Philosophy of India, The Bhagavad Gîtâ, St. Augustine, Pascal, Sir Thomas Browne, Bunyan, Rousseau, Socrates, The Apology, Plato.

A "Vest-Pocket Guide to Paris," compiled by Leonard Williams, is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. This little volume, only 3½ inches by 2¾, can be carried about without inconvenience and consulted without conspicuousness. The map is in sections arranged on successive pages. The ordinary sightseer will in this small compass find all that he needs.

In "Some Southern Questions" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), William Alexander MacCorkle, late Governor of West Virginia, has brought together six public addresses on the race question, the elective franchise, Southern industrial development, and the attitude of Southern thought to the conditions and tendencies of the times. The chief impression made by the book is that whenever Gov. MacCorkle speaks he gives his audience a display of the pyrotechnic oratory for which the South was once famous. It suggests the sparkling gush of a Roman candle, bombs of rhetoric popping forth in quick succession amid a haze of glowing diction. Nearly every page presents an example. We are asked to contemplate "a broken and impaired Constitution, which has unloosed from its Pandora's box the foul vultures of coming woe, which are always ready to flap their wings above the dying body of a free people." Nevertheless, the South is all right:

> The will-o'-the-wisp and the glow-worm light our flag at night under the palms of Florida, and by day its folds are touched by the sweet airs ladened with the incense of the orange and magnolia.

Still, there may be trouble ahead. "Along the shores of the Pacific will boil with fervid heat the great caldron of the world's selfishness and greed." Therefore, it behooves us to be careful.

> In this solemn hour, when you are booted and spurred and ready to face this crisis in your country's life and this epoch in the world's history, I implore you to cherish in your inmost heart the true ideals of the republic.

Fortunately, we are well equipped for any ordeal, for "here are the most exalted civilization, the purest Christianity, the most advanced science, the most absolute civil freedom which the world ever saw." Indeed, it is well for the world that this should be so, for "under the earth-hunger of to-day justice among the nations can only relume her torch from the shrine of virtue glowing in the heart of the great Republic of the West." Incidentally it appears that Gov. MacCorkle favors "broad political liberty for the negro," while no one can "adhere to absolute social and racial separation" more earnestly than he does. He thinks a large navy desirable and he believes that "Manila can easily become, and will become, the distributing centre of the Eastern World." But he thinks the powers which the Federal government has assumed in the Interstate Commerce act are extremely dangerous. Although Gov. MacCorkle's oratorical style may belong to a past age, his political views are decidedly modern. His account of them exhibits him as a Southern imperialist of the school of Stephen B. Elkins.

"Modern Constitutions" (University of Chicago Press) is a collection of the fundamental laws of twenty-two countries, with historical and bibliographical notes, by Walter Fairleigh Dodd. The work is well done and it supplies conveniences for which students of political institutions will be grateful. In addition to the constitutions of European countries and those of the Federal governments established in the British Empire, the work includes those of Mexico and three South American countries. Japan is the only representative of the Orient, but current events indicate that it will not stand alone in future editions of this work. It is safe to say that the present century will witness a great expansion of the area of constitutional law.

A second edition has been issued of Prof. Frank M. Anderson's "Constitutions and

other Select Documents Illustrative of the History of France" (Minneapolis: The H. W. Wilson Co.). The work covers the period 1789-1907, and in view of the influence which France has had upon the social and political reconstruction of Europe during the past century, it may be fairly regarded as a key to modern history. The new matter in this edition has been judiciously selected. It includes important documents relating to the recent separation of church and state in France.

"India through the Ages" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Flora Annie Steel, is a picturesque sketch of the history of the country from the earliest times to the Great Mutiny. It has this attraction that the author, long a resident in the land, is thoroughly imbued with its spirit. Evidently she is also familiar with the early literature of India. While the book is not easy reading—so much is compressed into a single small volume—it will be to many a revelation of ages and people full of interest and romance. The numerous stories of chivalrous and patriotic deeds with which the narrative is lightened bring out vividly the personality of Indian men and women of past days worthy to rank with the world's heroes. Babar, the founder of the Mogul Empire, for instance, who was poet, painter, musician, astronomer, who knew "the names and habits of every animal, bird and beast," who left to posterity an autobiography of himself, his thoughts, his acts, his failures, his successes, of bigh value as an historical record, and who at the same time was a great warrior when only in his teens—where can his parallel be found in classic or modern history? The chief interest of the history lies naturally in the first two of the three parts into which the work is divided, the ancient and middle ages; the account of the third or modern age is disappointing. It is little else than a statement of facts in which emphasis is laid more upon the mistakes of the English governors-general than upon the good they accomplished. But it affords abundant evidence that the Britisb rule brought peace to a land which had been for centuries desolated by wars and massacres. Help in tracing tbe course of the events narrated is to be found in the seven maps of the country at different periods from 231 B. C. to the present time.

"Daybreak in Turkey" (Boston: The Pilgrim Press), by James L. Barton, D.D., is an eminently timely and readable statement of the various causes which have brought about the present conditions in the Ottoman Empire. There is a personal touch throughout which adds much to its interest; for the writer has been engaged in missionary work in Turkey, and for the last fourteen years as foreign secretary of the American Board has been in constant communication with intelligent men, natives and foreigners, living in nearly every part of the land. He begins with a brief description of the country, its government, the different races which inhabit it, and their relations to each other. Then follows an account of the work of the American missionaries, the first of whom, Pliny Fisk and Levi Parsons, landed in Smyrna in 1820. They were instructed to keep ever in mind "the two grand inquiries": "What good can be done?" and "By what means?" And the story shows how intelligently and successfully these inquiries have been answered by these men and their successors. To those who think that the work of the foreign missionary is simply to found an American Protestant church among people utterly unfitted for such an institution, it will come as a revelation to learn that almost from the very beginning the single aim of the men and women sent out by this society has been the moral and intellectual uplift of Turk, Kurd, and Armenian, mainly by educational means. The concluding chapters are upon the diplomatic relations of Turkey with other countries, the standing of missionaries, American rigbts, general political conditions, and some of the noteworthy incidents connected with the granting of the constitution. While we recognize the necessity of giving scant treatment to many subjects in a volume of less than 300 pages, we are surprised that some of the most important features of the Macedonian question should be ignored and that apparently there is no mention of Servia and the Panslavic movement. In the account of the Sultan there is no reference to the fact that a little band of servitors in the palace exercise an influence over Abdul Hamid greater than that of his ministers. Ten illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book, but its value would have been increased by a map giving the different missionary stations and principal educational institutions as well as tbe political divisions.

"A Short History of Scotland," by P. Hume Brown (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd), is a convenient and readable summary of Professor Brown's larger work in three volumes. This abridgment is obviously intended for younger students—preëminently a narrative account told in the clearest and simplest language, copiously illustrated, and attractively put together. Like everything else that has proceeded from the pen of the Historiographer Royal of Scotland, it is a model of accuracy and sanity. Some readers may take exception to it on the score of proportion, grudge the space devoted to mediæval battles, and to the multitude of familiar though unsubstantiated stories and legends in which Scottish history abounds, and wish instead for a fuller account of the development of national institutions. Others, turning to smaller points, may wonder why the three or four pages allotted to Flodden Field omit all reference to the movement which really made the battle decisive, the bold march of Surrey to the North on the eve of the fight, which put the English army between the Scots and their homes. But for our own part, we are not disposed to question the author's judgment in matters of this sort. He not only knows his Scottish history, but also the needs and aspirations of its younger students far better than most of his critics; and we cannot forbear to add a personal expression of opinion that the tendency to return to the "drum and trumpet" style of history, at least in the schools, which characterizes this and other very recent works, is unquestionably good, in view of the excesses of the modern craze for the study of constitutional questions and "sources." Prof. Hume Brown's book will probably not find many readers in this country, as those who are interested in Scottish history at all are qualified to study it in works of a more advanced character, but we do not hesitate to predict for this admirable manual a long and successful life in Great Britain.

Neo-scholasticism, after fifteen years of rapid progress on the Continent, has at last gathered power enough in England to get its "Principles of Logic" written there by George Hayward Joyce, S. J. (Longmans, Green, & Co.). A generation which has forgotten Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas will thumb with dumb wonder tbis book, which is the thirteenth century speaking, with its own grammar, the words of the twentieth. It accepts as its starting point the scholastic philosophy and its ecclesiastical factors, God, the world, and the human soul; and, while presenting the traditional logic of this *Weltanschauung*, it gives a running criticism of its enemies from Descartes to the Oxford humanists of this day hour. Of the two parts of tbe work, the first lies beyond praise and censure, being a slightly modernized, dogmatic restatement of the orthodox "Logic of Tbought." The second part, however, has certain attractions for the student of logic, and perhaps also for the critic of human nature. Here is no longer simple scholasticism, but neo-scholasticism, the tardy scion of Doctor Angelicus wrestling with science of the revolt, striving to make its every utterance pendent to Roman metaphysics, and yet hoping to keep in running order its engines of research. Tbe Applied Logic that comes of this cannot be briefly described; but it may be imagined from two fundamental positions which the neo-scholastic takes. Touching the open-mindedness which the investigator must preserve, Father Joyce puts some religious and scientific beliefs beyond *liability* of correction. "When once absolute certainty has been attained," he says, "then the supposition of contradictory evidence becomes an absurdity." It would be cruel to ask Father Joyce bow he discovers anything to be absolutely certain; for to that he could make but one answer, without an appeal to faith, and that answer is: "By proving all supposedly contradictory evidence absurd." Unfortunately, the writer does not cite a single scientific fact confirming his view. Then there is the second thesis, that no rules can be laid down for the search after truth, all so-called rules being mere common-sense. The early Cartesians reproached the scholastics for dismissing experimental method thus curtly; but Father Joyce has not changed or improved upon his Tbomist predecessors' lame defence, which was that, in an infinitely complex universe, nobody can reckon with all contingencies by formula. Writing for beginners, Father Joyce is clear, simple, and lavish with illustrations. The student prejudiced against mediæval Latin cannot do better than turn to this book for an exposition of the subtlest, most closely knit, most treacherous of Occidental philosophies. And, if he will keep an eye open for sophistries, he will learn much about the art of clear thinking that is not to be picked up in the schools of tbe renaissance.

The usual "helps" of teachers' Bibles contain a good deal of obsolete material, and, owing to the numerous subdivisions, information is often hard to find by those most in need of it. It was a happy thought of the Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut to combine in his "Handy Bible Encyclopædia"

(Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company), under one alphabetical arrangement, both concordance and subject dictionary, biographical and geographical material, a dictionary of Biblical antiquities and customs, descriptions of the books of the Bible, and translations and versions. The result is a convenient reference volume, compact in compass, in which the general reader may find readily the location of an important verse, the various passages on a particular subject, or definition and description of an obscure phrase or topic. The work is designed for popular use, but will be found convenient by almost any Biblical student.

"The Illustrated Bible Dictionary," edited by the Rev. William C. Piercy (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a cumbersome and heavy volume of nearly a thousand pages, covering the usual ground of dictionaries of the Bible, and treating a large number of titles briefly, with many illustrations. The space allotted to important subjects is altogether too meagre. The point of view is decidedly conservative, and scant courtesy is allowed to critical opinions now generally received.

The thirty-first issue of the standard annual reference book of Kürschner has been brought out by Dr. Heinrich Klenz, under the title "Kürschners deutscher Literatur-Kalender auf das Jahr 1909." It contains eight portraits of leading writers, and in its two thousand columns prints a wealth of the latest data concerning authors and their works. It brings down all the details to the first of last October.

The complete works of Wilhelm von Polenz, who at the time of his death was one of the most attractive literary figures in the ranks of Young Germany, and who gave evidence of his mature judgment in his last work, the remarkable volume on America, "Das Land der Zukunft," are being published in eight volumes by F. Fontane & Co., Berlin, with a preface by Prof. Adolf Bartels.

A selection from the letters of Schiller's wife, edited by Ludwig Geiger, is being published under the title "Charlotte von Schiller und ihre Freunde" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.).

Beginners in the Russian language and literature will be helped by the new addition to the series known as Sammlung Göschen, under the special title, "Russische Literatur: Auswahl moderner Prosa und Poesie mit ausführlichen Anmerkungen und Akzentbezeichnung," by Dr. Erich Boehme. The selections are mostly short extracts from Gorky and other modern writers. Included are two manifestoes of the Czar. The explanatory notes, in many cases including literal translations, are very copious.

The third volume of the "Geschichte des deutschen Buchhandels," written, like the second, by Dr. J. Goldfriedrich, tells the story of the book trade during the classical period of German literature, the period of reprinting (1766-1804). The period is personified by Philipp Erasmus Reich, the reorganizer of the Weidmannsche Buchhandlung in Leipzig, and the Vienna reprinter, Johann Thomas von Trattner. Other men of the period are Immanuel Breitkopf, the printer and type-founder, inventor of modern music printing, Friedrich Nicolai in Berlin, J. G. Cotta in Stuttgart, Goethe's and Schiller's publisher, and others whose names still live in the firms founded by them. The rejuvenation of the German literature, the growing reading habit, and the technical development of printing go hand in hand; literary almanacks and popular calendars abound; we see the beginnings of the cheap popular literature; the first encyclopædias are published, circulating libraries come in vogue as adjuncts to the bookstores.

In a well-condensed and entertaining work (Berlin: Karl Curtius), Joh. Fr. Wilhelm writes flatteringly of "Amerikanisches Geschäftsleben," discussing the American workman's world, the preparation of the American business man, American managers, their office and factory organization, methods of sale and business monopolies, the superiority claimed for American machinery, and the relation of trusts to socialism. To the author, "business" is the paramount idea with the majority of Americans, and Americans succeed in business partly because of their greater mobility and the extent to which they move freely from one end of the country to the other, and partly because their methods, for the most part, are superior. No other country, in its public day and evening schools, and its private "business colleges," offers such opportunities for youth to start in business in a practical way, and no other country accomplishes as much through almost perfect systems for dividing labor and economizing time and energy in both office and workshop.

While the Germans are felicitating themselves over the lucky agreement reached between Germany and France, the French continue their fun at the expense of Emperor William. "Le César Allemand devant les siens et devant ses alliés" is the title of an illustrated volume, just issued at Paris, containing a hundred cartoons, with French text, reproduced from German, Austrian, and Italian papers.

Under the title "H. Taine: Pages Choisies," Prof. Victor Giroud of Freiburg in Switzerland, the author of an "Essai sur Taine," which was crowned by the French Academy, is publishing a selection from the writings of Taine. The first part contains principally letters; the second, early writings from 1853-1864. The whole is to be completed in five volumes.

Among French books which treat of current literature, we may note a posthumous volume of Albert Sorel, "Notes et portraits" (Paris: Plon). It contains a lucid study of Maurice Barrès, among other contemporaries; the sober, judicious thought of the author may here be found without fatigue, in a way to inspire confidence in his long historical works, since he so well understood those younger than himself. Jules Bertaut publishes a sort of university extension course on another interesting side of contemporary literature, "La Littérature féminine d'aujourd'hui" (Annales politiques et littéraires). Alphonse Séché edits yet another anthology, "Les Muses françaises" (Paris: Louis-Michaud), entirely devoted to French women poets of this twentieth century—about a score of names, of whom the best known are Mesdames Daudet, Delarue-Mardrus, Lucie Félix-Faure-Goyau, Rosemonde Gérard (Rostand), F. Gregh, Gérard d'Houville (Henri de Regnier), Daniel Lesueur, Catulle-Mendès, (Comtesse) Mathieu de Noailles, H. Vacaresco, René Vivien. Those who find pleasure in literature in the making will like the rather expensive two volumes (15 francs, Blaizot), "Lettres de J. Barbey d'Aurevilly à Trébutien"; this predestined correspondent of geniuses is the Trébutien of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin.

At the instance of the Commissioner of Education, President Hadley of Yale has investigated the facilities for advanced study and research in the offices of the Federal Government at Washington. His findings, just published as a bulletin of the Bureau of Education, clear much of the ground around the proposed national university. It is clear that, were all of Washington's twenty-six Federal libraries, together with all her museums and laboratories, put down on a campus and turned over to a faculty and students, there would be a fair equipment for such an institution. Advanced students have long been received in various bureaus and given every opportunity that does not infringe upon official work. But the undertakings of the Government must first be considered; and, whereas in 1901 there were accommodations for not more than 272 students, to-day less than 100 can be favored. The enormous increase of department activities under President Roosevelt has crowded the bureaus so that there is no bench, desk, or chair left for the learner. The bureaus cannot be transformed into colleges, unless Congress doubles their floor-space and equipment. Even if room were provided, two much more serious difficulties remain. President Hadley points out that the presence of students generally reduces the administrative efficiency of a bureau:

> The labor of student assistants is, as a rule, neither very efficient nor very easy to handle. An untrained man employed at $500 rarely does half as much work for his chief as the trained man at $1,000. The work of supervising two $500 men takes a great deal more of the time and strength of the higher official than the work of supervising a single $1,000 man.

Moreover, only the most advanced investigators can work more profitably in a bureau than in an ordinary graduate school:

> Certain bureaus are first-rate training places *for some men*. The student who has chosen his line of life, and has had his preliminary theoretical training, can often spend *his last year of study* with great advantage in immediate connection with the chiefs under whom he is going to serve; and if his promotion depends upon his success in doing the work they want, it will furnish a stimulus to him and a help to them. But where these conditions are absent—where the man's promotion does not depend upon the chief under whom he is studying, where his studies are not being turned to a particular form of government service, or where he is deficient in the necessary theoretical training—the case is reversed. By all means let the government offices accommodate as many special students as their facilities and appropriations will admit; but let these students get their theoretical training elsewhere if we wish to secure the maximum efficiency and economy from the educational standpoint, as well as from the administrative one.

In brief, the trend of modern education and government is away from a national university which shall make classrooms of the offices where the nation's business is conducted. Though the United States Forest Service, for example, welcomed the neophyte for seven years, it found neither

our trees nor the neophyte benefited by the arrangement.

The announcement in the press dispatches that Representative Samuel W. McCall had accepted the presidency of Dartmouth has proved incorrect. In a letter published February 25 he declines the honor, and says, among other things:

The work which I am trying to do was not entered upon by accident, and if I have not pursued it with success it at least is not because my vows were lightly taken. And since I did not lightly take it up I cannot, in what I believe to be a very grave crisis, drop it easily and shift to something else. I may be accomplishing little of value, but I happen to be on the battle line and I should indeed be a sorry soldier nicely to weigh causes and to decide at this moment to step out of the ranks.

This is not the place for political discourse, but perhaps I should say to you that the crisis I referred to is in my opinion full of peril to our institutions, and how soon the movement is to begin toward sanity and safety I do not know. I am far less concerned by particular theories than by general methods of government—methods which have been carrying us swiftly toward a condition under which limitation upon governmental power would be done away with and favoritism and caprice of an autocrat would take the place of constitutional restraint. And some chance barbarian as an autocrat might overturn our temples and do more harm in the direction of uncivilizing the country than all our colleges together could possibly repair.

At the annual meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of English, to be held March 20, the Committee on Aids in Teaching will report on "A Class-Room Weekly Paper" (W. S. Hinchman, Groton School), "The Use of Specimens in the Class-Room" (F. W. C. Hersey, Harvard), and "Debating Clubs" (W. S. Hinchman). Prof. G. P. Baker of Harvard will give an address on "The Educational Theatre."

Ipswich and Woodbridge are to celebrate the centenary of Edward FitzGerald's birth on the 27th and 28th of this month. What will that quiet spirit feel beneath the drums and tramplings of fame?

John Boyd Thacher, formerly a member of the New York State Senate, and Mayor of Albany, died in that city February 25, at the age of sixty-one. He was born in Ballston and was a graduate of Williams College. He was a collector of autographs, rare books, and historical manuscripts. His collection of autographs, more than 25,000 in number, is said to be one of the most valuable in this country; and he also had many fifteenth century first editions, as well as manuscripts and papers on the French Revolution. His published works include "The Continent of America: Its Discovery and Its Baptism" (1896); "Charlecote: or the Trial of William Shakespeare" (1896); "Little Speeches," "The Cabotian Discovery," "Christopher Columbus: His Life, His Work, His Remains" (3 vols., 1903-4); "Outlines of the French Revolution Told in Autographs" (1905).

On February 26 the Rev. Dr. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, the well-known Presbyterian clergyman, died at his Brooklyn home in his eighty-eighth year. He was a graduate of Princeton College and of the Princeton Theological Seminary, and from 1860 to 1890 was pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in the city where he died. He was prominent in public life, and, in 1856, helped to organize the Republican party. As a writer, his pen was indefatigable, his contributions to the magazines and newspapers having been calculated at more than 4,000. Besides these, he published a number of books: "Stray Arrows," "Cedar Christian," "The Empty Crib," "Wayside Springs," "Right to the Point," "Thought Hives," "God's Light on Dark Clouds," "Pointed Papers," "Heart Life," "From the Nile to Norway," "Newly Enlisted," "The Young Preacher," "How to Be a Pastor," "Stirring the Eagle's Nest," "Christianity in the Home," "Beulah-Land," "Mountain-tops with Jesus," "Help and Good Cheer," "Recollections of a Long Life—An Autobiography" (1902), and "Our Christmastides" (1904).

George Selwyn Kimball of Bangor, a writer on life in the Maine forests, died March 1 at Waverly, Mass., aged sixty-two. He was author of "Piney Home" (1904), "Jay Gould Harmon" (1905), and "The Lackawannas on Moosehead" (1907).

The Rev. Daniel March, for many years a Congregational clergyman at Woburn, Mass., died in that city March 2, at the age of ninety-two. He was the author of a number of religious books, including: "Night Scenes in the Bible," "Walks and Homes of Jesus," and "From Dark to Dawn."

James A. Le Roy, secretary to William H. Taft in the Philippines, and later American consul at Durango, Mex., from August, 1903, to March, 1907, died February 28, in the military hospital at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. Mr. Le Roy had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of the Philippines, and with the present state of affairs there, and contributed many articles on these matters to the *Nation*.

From Pau comes the report of the death of the Marquis de Saint Yves, who was born in Paris in 1842. Under the name of Saint Yves d'Alveydre, he published a number of books, including: "La Mission des Juifs," "La Mission des souverains," "La Mission des ouvriers," "La France vraie," and "Le Poème de Jeanne d'Arc."

A ROMANTIC POET REVIVED.

Joseph and His Brethren: A Dramatic Poem. By Charles Wells. With an Introduction by Algernon Charles Swinburne and a Note on Rossetti and Charles Wells by Theodore Watts-Dunton. The World's Classics. New York: Henry Frowde.

If cheapness of form and authority of sponsors can bring a book to its public, then "Joseph and His Brethren" has at last come to its own. Wells has indeed been for many years a kind of cult among a certain class of Englishmen, but in this country he has remained practically unknown. His story is peculiar. He was born in 1800. At the Edmonton school he became acquainted with Tom Keats, and through him with the poet Keats and the little circle then dreaming mighty things in London. Practical jokes were part of their poetical life, but a jest of Wells's, by which he personated an imaginary lady, "Amena," in love with Tom Keats, went too far. The discovery of the hoax had on the consumptive lad a pitiable effect, and in his elder brother, the poet, aroused immitigable wrath—he did "not think death too bad for the villain." Then, having been "cut by Keats and his group," Wells determined to let them see that "he too could make a mark in literature." The result was a volume of "Stories after Nature," published in 1822, and characterized by Mr. Watts-Dunton as "of a fascinating remoteness not to be found . . . elsewhere, save in metrical composition." No copy of this book, we believe, is now known to exist in this country, and only three or four in England. Two years later he brought out his drama—dramatic in form, but not for the stage—of "Joseph and His Brethren," which, like his prose, fell utterly dead from the press. After this he wrote a novel, "Gaston de Blondeville," which never found a publisher, and considerable verse which he destroyed in manuscript. He lived many years in France, dying in 1879.

Most of this information is given by Mr. Watts-Dunton in his really delightful "Note" prefixed to this volume, and with it an account of the place held by Wells in the creed of Rossetti and his circle:

No young poet at one time dared show his face at 16 Cheyne Walk, or at Madox Brown's great studio in Fitzroy Square, or at Westland Marston's midnight gatherings by Chalk Farm, or at Lady Duffus Hardy's At Homes, who could not utter the Shibboleth. The so-called Pre-Raphaelite poets, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, John Payne, Philip Marston, Theo. Marzials, and Edmund Gosse himself, *had* to read "Joseph and His Brethren" in order to exist. Carefully and anxiously was the copy at the British Museum thumbed by many an aspirant to poetic fame.

Mr. Watts-Dunton tells a vivid story of a long conversation about the poem with Rossetti, then living with William Morris at Kelmscott, and his own journey forthwith to the British Museum.

Some of the mysterious potency of the hardly-accessible perhaps passed away when the book was reprinted in 1876 with revision from the author's hand. Swinburne heralded the publication with a laudatory essay in the *Fortnightly Review*, which was taken over as an introduction to the new edition, and again serves the same purpose for the volume now before us. Mr. Watts (now Watts-Dunton) called attention to the work in a signed communication to the *Athenæum* (April 8, 1876), which has been incorporated in the introductory paper on "Rossetti and Charles Wells." But copies of the second edition (1876) are to-day rare in England and can scarcely exist at all in America. The new reprint from the Oxford Press will for many readers afford the first acquaintance with a poem noteworthy for its historical associations and highly interesting in itself.

It is not, of course, necessary to accept the valuation set on Wells's work by the Rossetti group. It belongs to that succession of ambitious epic-dramas including Bailey's "Festus" and Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," which by their Elizabethan echoes aroused extravagant but short-lived enthusiasms. The Elizabethan notes are clear enough in "Joseph," but, in our judgment, both of its present sponsors have missed the point in emphasizing its Shakespearean quality. "This passage," says Swinburne, "at least has the absolute ring of Shakespeare; 'pure fire indeed':

Attendant. Then, madam, you would say
That there is nothing in the world but love.
Phraxanor. Not quite; but I would say the fiery sun
Doth not o'ershine the galaxy so far;
Nor doth a torch within a jewell'd mine
Amaze the eye beyond this diamond here
More than the ruddy offices of love
Do glow before the common steps of life

And again, quoting the dismissal of Joseph by Potiphar's wife after her futile attempt at seduction, he thinks "the quiet, heavy malice of this is as worthy of Shakespeare as the elaborate and faultless music of the passage on love which precedes it:

Phraxanor. I have a mind
You shall at once walk with those honest limbs
Into your grave."

Not Shakespeare, but the later Elizabethans, or Jacobeans, inspired that note. One feels here something close and sultry in the atmosphere; that second passage particularly has the very gait and mark of Ford; and, indeed, the passion throughout is Ford's, although it may lack the illicit sting that the author of "'Tis Pity" so willingly employed. If it should be rejoined that Ford is essentially a dramatist of the chamber and closed doors, whereas Wells, as Mr. Watts-Dunton asserts, is one of the true Vagabonds, we can only submit that this critic's predilection for the gypsy world has led him to find far more of this spirit in Wells than is visible to us, and that still Wells's country is not that of Shakespeare, but, let us say, of Beaumont and Fletcher. Swinburne finds another instance of Shakespearean reserve in Phraxanor's first intimation to her husband of Joseph's imputed crime:

Phraxanor. Will you praise him, my honor'd lord?
Potiphar. Why so?
Phraxanor. Because he never must be prais'd again.

He comes nearer the mark when he adds that "touches like these occur in Webster." There is in Phraxanor's words something oppressive, something that hints of cruelty and gloating over pain, with an indirection suggestive of brooding madness; they might be found in Webster, but again they are rather the speech of Ford. A hundred epithets and brief passages remind us continually that we are in the same world from which Keats drew so much of his inspiration, not because he, and Wells, chose deliberately the successors of Shakespeare for their model, but because the attempt to imitate Shakespeare almost invariably strikes thus to one side of the mark. One feels this in Wells's

And fearful soundings in this dragon world,
To find them easy footings to their graves;
or,
And the great city like a vision sails
From out the closing doors of the hush'd mind;
or,
In this immensity
Upon the drouthy sands doth silence dwell—
And wandering winds are lost in loneliness.

The whole scene between Joseph and Phraxanor and then between Phraxanor and Potiphar is a marvellous replica of late Elizabethan work, and the earlier and later events of Joseph's life, developed legitimately from the Bible story, are curiously successful in avoiding the tedium that might be expected in such work. At times the visionary poet and the dramatist come together, producing a passage at once splendid and human, as in this speech of Joseph to his father on the envy of his brothers, which may stand as a fair specimen of Wells at his best:

They act as if the world,
And all the nations wide, and cities wall'd,
Were no such things: as if this spot of ours,
Our fields, our cattle, were the all in being.—
Would they be envious, let them then be great,
Envy old cities, ancient neighhorhoods,
Great men of trust, and iron-crowned kings:
For household envy is a household rat;
Envy of state a devil of some fear.
For me—this Bethel limits not my sight;
For in imagination I can see
Countries beyond, nurs'd by the wit of man,
Wiser in harvest, greater in defence,
With state and pomp and majesty serene:
E'en in my sleep my mind doth eat strange food,
Enough to strengthen one against this hate.
With you, my hrethren, I was binding sheaves.
When mine arose and stood in front of yours.
And yours bent grievous low unto the ground:
Nay, more (yet think me not irreverent),
The sun, and moon, and the eleven stars
Sank, and obey'd me; which is sure a sign
That I am greater than my sire and ye,
However passive in humility;
Be it in love, or act, I leave to time.
Or Heaven of purpose put this in my view,
Or else my mind heing trouhled of the grief
Of your displeasures, vain of some great power,
Might fancy this in sleep. I do not know;
But feel resolv'd no more to plague my heart,
While you, my hrothers, treat me with such scorn.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Phillips's excursions into polite society are always edifying. He has so obviously and complacently the air of the bull in the china shop that there is no gainsaying him his fun. Joshua Craig is a hero after his own heart. Joshua has a loudly and incessantly voiced contempt for fashion, and an instinctive appetite for it. Otherwise, he is an altogether impossible person in most senses. It is one thing to be a bold, rough man from the West, and another to have no sense of decency. Joshua is a boor as well as a bear. He literally, as well as metaphorically, puts his feet on the table of civilization. He is a composite of all the brutal young Lochinvars who have recently come out of the West to reform society as it effetely exists on the Atlantic seaboard. The gilded halls into which he is introduced resound with his braggart insolence. In real life, such a person would be expelled witnout ceremony; but Joshua bears a charmed social life, and his outrageousness seems to strike the good-natured, open-hearted "society people" of Washington as rather quaint and engaging than otherwise. He is also fortunate in love, for, having selected for his mate a girl of the most exquisite beauty and breeding, he proceeds to give her the handling of a Sal or a Sue, with perfect impunity. Joshua is as free of manner in my lady's chamber as in the marble palaces of the great, as relentlessly absorbed in his own affairs, as indifferent to the comfort of others. But the lady (who has, to be sure, reached a certain age and is anxious to marry) seems attracted rather than repelled by the hideous spectacle. He is not only ungentlemanly—he is grossly insulting, wantonly insulting, on every possible occasion before their marriage. Finally, she does half-heartedly run away from him, whereupon he follows her and sees to it that they are married offhand. We are given to understand that this serves her right, and in a sense it does, for she has little real refinement or sensitiveness of nature. She has the superficial and chiefly physical fastidiousness of the fine lady who is bathed by her maid in three waters every morning, and spends some two hours over the rest of her toilet. But she is inherently common, naturally built to be the Maggie of whatever insistent Josh might come along. Mr. Phillips evidently does not mean to give this impression of her; he tries to rep-

resent her as a person of unusual sensibility and of very strong will. Above all, perhaps, he is anxious to show that an aristocrat is human for all that. And certainly if we are willing to accept the other allegations with regard to Joshua, there is no reason for sticking at his amazing marriage.

We find him assistant to the Attorney-General, with that functionary (as well as the President) under his thumb. Both of these powers wish to get rid of him, because he is obstructing their comfortable relations with certain great corporate interests which, for political reasons, they are pretending to oppose. But Joshua will not be got rid of, and by way of compromise the Postmaster-General presently resigns, and Joshua becomes his successor—or rather, is given the appointment; for, in the eleventh hour, he decides not to take it, but to go back to Minnesota and run for Governor. He has also an offer outstanding to become a corporation lawyer at a huge salary. Indeed, the closing chapters of the story do much to atone for what has gone before. Craig displays a genuine magnanimity in really important matters, and his wife shows herself unexpectedly capable of responding in kind. Their feeling for each other is seen to deserve the name of love, and they set out for Wayne, Minnesota, with a reasonable hope of happiness in ways that count. It is a pretty problem, and if Mr. Phillips had put it less crudely and splashily, his audience would, no doubt, be more likely to dismiss it as a very old one.

Miss Fallowfield's Fortune. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Those who found this author's stories of Isabel Carnaby oppressively brilliant will have no cause for complaint on that score concerning her latest work. In these pages the moralizing spirit is almost as obvious as in the good old days of the "Wide, Wide World" and "Sandford and Merton," when no subtle coating was thought necessary for the pill of precept. The long arm of coincidence is as visible here as the hand of an operator of marionettes. Charlotte Fallowfield, beautiful, ambitious, and poor, prays for wealth. Her lover immediately inherits a fortune of a million pounds, and survives only long enough to leave the entire sum to her. She lives on alone with her orphaned niece Dagmar, against a village background of irrelevant, garrulous, and intensely wearisome supernumeraries, until the arrival of a new rector with his son Claude. After a brief courtship, enlivened by the author's pregnant asides on the evils of jealousy, Miss Fallowfield and the rector are married, and set sail on their wedding-trip. Without revealing the rest of the plot, with its elaborately arranged suspense, we may say that the story, as a whole, lacks impressiveness and challenges unfavorable comparison with Besant's handling of a somewhat similar theme in "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice."

Three Girls and a Hermit. By Dorothea Conyers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The trio of unsophisticated maidens who sally forth from wild seclusion to seek their fortune in the world, seems much the mode at present in the United Kingdom. Miss Macnaughtan has shown us in "The Three Miss Graemes" Scotland's meeting of the exigent situation, and we are now given a chance to compare their conduct with that of their Irish sisters. The three Miss Considines are by no means such patterns of propriety as blossom among the heather. One would compare them rather to the gorse—brilliant, thorny, and hard to train. But after much indiscretion and a bitterness of condemnation that exceeds their deserts, they all find the fulfilment of their hopes and of their needs—kindly and competent protectors. The book owes its charm to the pungent portrayal of Irish character, and its unexpected idioms are a source of keen delight to the reader.

The Eternal Boy. By Owen Johnson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

To any one who has heard a group of old schoolmasters revivifying one another in vacation by recalling the rascal days of their boyhood, it will not be difficult to suggest the note of these Lawrenceville stories, celebrating the ubiquitous and inextinguishable Hickey Hicks and his friends. Though most of the escapades are of a mellow antiquity—stealing the clapper of the bell, hanging the skeleton in the chapel, arranging a secret prize fight—they are vitalized by fresh touches of nature, and recited with unmistakable gusto. Two or three of them are more broadly conceived, especially "The Political Education of Mr. Baldwin," in which a local campaign suggested by a member of the faculty to instil in the boys ideas of political purity and disinterested usefulness develops with surprising rapidity every form of bribery and corrupt bargaining. This imitation of mature citizenship the author appears to relish as much as the minor deviltries. It is an indication of the hearty strenuousness which is the only moral virtue much emphasized by the book. From a pedagogical point of view the disdainful treatment of the teachers is deplorable; if the "Eternal Boy" falls into the hands of juvenile readers it will amuse without edification. To teachers, however, and other discreet adults it may be commended as an entertaining and perhaps even instructive interpretation of the schoolboy spirit.

Letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine. Edited by Harriet S. Blaine Beale. 2 vols., pp. 316; 326. New York: Duffield & Co. $4 net.

Blaine has had rather too much than too little championship from his family and connections. Gail Hamilton (Miss Dodge), his wife's cousin, and for years a member of his household, wrote one undiscriminating eulogy; Edward Stanwood, also closely related to his wife, has written a "Life" which is more discriminating, but still mainly apologetic. If one merely dips into these letters of Mrs. Blaine, and goes no further, one is likely to say at once that they might better have been left unpublished. As it happens, those which come first particularly abound in domestic detail, which looks out of place, and even a trifle ludicrous, in print. Severe editing would have spared us much of the information we get concerning the children's wardrobes. But it might also have robbed us of this, which we should regret to have lost:

> Mrs. Warren Fisher has another daughter—a great disappointment to her, as they are anxious to have a son and this is the fourth daughter. I am sorry to say that Mr. Fisher seems to be fast losing in the esteem of all good men.

But as one goes on, one likes the letters better and better—and Mrs. Blaine also. True, the letters do not rise above the level of the talk and correspondence of many bright American women. The atmosphere is that of many American homes. But it is a decidedly pleasant atmosphere, and Mrs. Blaine talks out of it—usually to her children—without the least affectation or studied cleverness, and with a pleasing heartiness and common sense.

Of course, one reads chiefly for allusions to her husband and his more famous contemporaries; and these, happily, are not made as if with the slightest expectation of the public's ever seeing them. They are utterly free, and sometimes very intimate. Garfield, for instance, is frequently "Gaffy." But he does not suffer from this affectionate familiarity. The day of his assassination, Mrs. Blaine was quickly at the White House:

> I stood with Mrs. McVeagh in the hall when a dozen men bore him above their heads, stretched on a mattress, and as he saw us, and held us with his eye, he kissed his hand to us. I thought I should die.

Grant does not fare so well—as witness this:

> Friday (February 16, 1872), we had our Presidential dinner. Oh, how glad I am to have it over! . . . The President is so heavy in everything but feeding—there he is very light. He talked incessantly about himself.

Arthur fares worse still:

All his ambition seems to centre in the social aspect of the situation. Flowers and wine and food, and slow pacing with a lady on his arm, and a quotation from Thackeray or Dickens, or an old Joe Miller joke, told with an uninterfered-with particularity, . . . make up his book of life.

It is to Arthur's Administration, by the way, that unofficial Washington—particularly the Washington of teas and dinner-parties—looks back with most regret!

Naturally, Blaine himself fares best of all. His weaknesses are not spared, but if any testimony to his likeableness were needed, here it is in abundance from the bright companion of all his active years. One remembers, of course, how Macaulay disposed of those defenders of Charles I who would set against his public acts his private virtues and amiability; but our human nature refuses to be entirely put down by his sarcasm; and most of us will incline to think a little better of Blaine—at any rate, we will *wish* to think better of him—after reading a passage like this:

I miss Mr. Blaine. I cannot bear the orderly array of my life. I miss the envelopes in the gravy, the bespattered table linen, the uncertainty of the meals, for you know he always starts out on his constitutional when he hears them taking in dinner. I miss his unvarying attention, and as constant neglect. When alone with him, I am not my own. When others are in, go as you please is the rule, and the alternation suits me exactly.

Or this:

Now that I am absolutely mending, your father is in gay spirits. My attack completely broke him up. Had it not been so pathetic, it would have been amusing. He would not go to the Senate, thought himself sick, broke all his engagements, and excused himself to everybody on the ground that he could not leave me. In my room he sat on my bed or creaked across from corner to corner by the hour, making me feel a guilty wretch to cause him so much misery.

Or this:

Here your father, who cannot bear to be alone, though he prohibits talking, is devoting himself to the most difficult portion of his eulogy [the eulogy on Garfield, afterwards read before Congress], the long sickness, with its fatal termination. For the second time this morning, I see him taking from the drawer a fresh pocket handkerchief, with which he vainly tries to hide his tears, and this time, wholly overcome, he has beaten a retreat to the blue room. Oh, M., there indeed is a Douglas, tender and true!

Or even this, written when the excitement over the Mulligan letters was at its height:

You confirm what I have always said, that those who know him most, love him best. I dare to say that he is the best man I have ever known. Do not misunderstand me, I do not say that he is the best man that ever lived, but that of all the men whom I have thoroughly known, he is the best.

The last might be the testimonial of any loving wife to the virtue of any affectionate husband; but we must take it with Blaine's successful standing of a severe test; for Mrs. Blaine was thoroughly aware of his remarkably strong tendency to hypochondria—a kind of weakness women find it hard to condone in men. As Mr. Stanwood has pointed out, it grew on Blaine until, near the end, it became almost a positive dementia. That state of mind seems, in fact, to have been the chief reason why, in the winter of 1887-8, Blaine took himself out of the race for the Presidency.

There is a useless index, consisting of a list of proper names, with nothing but the pages on which they are referred to. The notes are school-girlish, and not without errors.

Napoleon and the Archduke Charles: A History of the Franco-Austrian Campaign in the Valley of the Danube in 1809. By F. Loraine Petre. With 8 illustrations and 5 sheets of maps and plans; pp. xiv+413. New York: John Lane Co. $4.

This is not Mr. Petre's first appearance as a military historian. His volumes on Napoleon's campaigns in Poland and Prussia were favorably received and will doubtless remain for a long time the most complete treatment of that subject in English. The present work deals with a topic that "has received scant notice in England and has been a good deal misunderstood. The misunderstanding has been mainly due to Napoleon's successful misrepresentation of the earlier part [of the campaign] as one of his greatest and most successful efforts." This misunderstanding no longer exists for military specialists, for the monographic work of German, French, and Austrian officers, based upon documents in the military archives of various European countries, has at last made possible a clear comprehension of Napoleon's operations. The most important of these works are by Saski ("Campagne de 1809"), Bonnal ("Manœuvre de Landshut"), Angeli ("Erzherzog Karl als Feldherr"), and Binder-Kriegelstein. The results of these investigations were, however, inaccessible to the public, and even to the many students of military history who do not read German, and it is this want that Mr. Petre has supplied. Besides the books mentioned above, he has made use of the correspondence of Napoleon and some dozen other works that treat wholly or partly of the campaign of 1809. Mr. Petre also visited the ground itself, studied the battles on the spot, and has given us some excellent photographs. The resultant volume, though serviceable to the general reader, will not fully meet the needs of the student who would use it as an introduction to a more detailed investigation of the subject; for it contains no bibliography; the footnotes are incomplete, and often lacking entirely; and some of the maps are poorly made. Clearly, the book is not from the pen of a critically trained historian, but it is so much better than anything we previously possessed in English that we should feel grateful for it.

Mr. Petre confines his attention almost exclusively to military operations, and barely touches the diplomatic complications that were so serious, especially in the interval between Aspern and Wagram. Such a limitation is, of course, perfectly legitimate. A brief introduction on the origin of the war is followed by chapters on the armies and their leaders, the preparations on both sides, the theatre and the plans of operation. Five chapters are devoted to the campaign around Ratisbon, three to the march to Vienna, and five to the battles of Aspern and Wagram. There is little fine writing; the pages are crowded with facts and figures, and at times the narrative seems in danger of being swamped by details. If the writer does not always draw order from chaos, the fault is not wholly his, for the operations were often lacking in unity.

Throughout the campaign, Napoleon was favored by fortune: his opponent generally missed his opportunity and gave the Emperor abundant time to correct mistakes. At first Napoleon displayed remarkable ability in concentrating the forces that had been so stupidly scattered by Berthier that the French army was practically at the mercy of the advancing and concentrated Austrians. But in carrying out this operation, Napoleon often acted on incomplete data, and took chances that would have been fatal had he been opposed to an energetic and well-informed general. Napoleon's whole conception of conditions was optimistic and often false. He counted, for example, on the arrival of Masséna at Landshut twenty-four hours before Masséna reached it; "he never allowed for Charles's actual movement from left to right to the eastward of Davout and then northwards to Ratisbon." As the Austrians retreated before him to Landshut, he thought that he was driving their whole army into a *cul-de-sac* to be closed by Masséna at the other end, and it was only in the afternoon of the twenty-second that he learned that he had been using the bulk of his army to defeat less than a third of the Austrian army, and that Charles had concentrated at Ratisbon. True, 42,000 Austrians were driven through Landshut, but Masséna was not there to close the *cul-de-sac*. Napoleon blundered seriously in his failure

to follow Charles across the Danube and force him to give battle. Had he done so, he would have thrown the Austrian army "into the forests of Bohemia, where it would have disbanded for want of supplies; the *Landwehr*, which afterwards furnished 60,000 men, would not have formed, our depots of recruits would have dispersed, and in a fortnight Napoleon would have become master of and disposed of all our resources." Such, at least, was the opinion of the Austrian Grünne, expressed to the Prince de Ligne at the close of the war. Equally destructive of the legend of the brilliant generalship of Napoleon during this campaign is the description of the battle of Essling. All English accounts of this battle attribute Napoleon's failure to win to the breaking of the bridge of boats over the Danube before reinforcements could cross. Mr. Petre, however, writes:

> For the defeat of Essling the Emperor had himself to blame. He had certainly been careless in his preparation for the crossing, once more a result of his unbounded pride and his contempt for the enemy. He had been amply warned of the danger of a sudden rise of the Danube. . . . Yet he trusted his army to a single bridge of boats without any protection by stockades, or by boats cruising about to arrest such floating masses above the bridge. His information about Charles's position seems to have been bad, and to have led him not to expect serious resistance immediately after the passage. Even on the morning of Essling, his cavalry had failed to detect the advance of the whole Austrian army. Napoleon was always preaching the advantages of field fortification, yet he neglected it before Essling. . . . Perhaps Napoleon's escape from still greater disaster at the battle of Essling was due as much to the Austrian failure as to his own efforts. . . . Napoleon had no justification for attributing his defeat to the breaking of the bridge.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that "brilliant as many of Napoleon's manœuvres had been, the campaign differed widely in the degree of its success from its predecessors of Austerlitz and Jena." Mr. Petre declares further:

> Its comparative failure must be attributed largely to Napoleon's preconceived idea of marching on Vienna, irrespective of the enemy's movements, an idea to which he obstinately adhered when Charles retreated through Ratisbon into Bohemia. Had Napoleon followed him to Cham with the corps of Davout, Masséna, and Lannes, it is difficult to doubt that the result must have been the defeat of the Austrian army, with its complete break-up in the Bohemian forest.

A Concordance to the English Poems of Thomas Gray. Edited by Albert S. Cook. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.00.

This concordance is the first to appear under the auspices of the Concordance Society, organized at Yale in December, 1906. Professor Cook has been assisted in gathering the material by several Yale teachers and others, and in the proofreading by professors and teachers at Yale, Columbia, Cornell, and elsewhere; but, unfortunately, the book is marred by omissions, errors, and inconsistencies, due in the main not so much to lack of scholarship and care as to the bad mistake made at the outset in the selection of Gosse's edition (1884) as the basis for the text and the collation of the manuscripts and early editions. For his text, Gosse follows Dr. W. J. Rolfe, whom he credits in his preface with being "the first to return to the revised text of 1768," in his "Select Poems of Gray" (1876). Gosse, however, copies the one misprint in Dr. Rolfe's first edition (found in many other editions of Gray), of "Not" for "Nor" in line 36 of the "Hymn to Adversity." This has led to the omission of that "Nor" in the concordance. Another strange omission—the only one we have noted in the *text* of the poems—is "drooping" in line 107 of the "Elegy." This, however, is the only poem which we have carefully compared with the concordance, and to which we shall confine ourself here.

The entire body of the standard text of Gray's poetry is so small that it hardly needs a concordance; and the "Elegy," which we all know by heart, is least dependent upon any such aid. But the three extant manuscripts of that poem in the poet's handwriting are less accessible, and are of peculiar interest for their many *variæ lectiones*, which, so to speak, let us into the poet's workshop and illustrate the gradual elaboration of the final text. The Mason (or Fraser) manuscript was probably the earliest, as indicated by its having, in stanza 13, "Cato," "Tully," and "Cæsar," the change of which to English names is one of the most interesting and significant in the poem. Critics have given reasons for believing that the Egerton manuscript was earlier, but this change seems to settle the question. The four stanzas, beginning "The thoughtless World to Majesty may bow" are also peculiar to the Mason manuscript. The interlineations, marginal readings, and deletions in this manuscript are so numerous and complicated that it would not be possible to indicate them clearly in ordinary concordance form, without frequent explanatory notes under the entries, or, better, a detailed description in an appendix. But Professor Cook's plan might have worked much better, if he had not blindly followed Gosse's imperfect and inaccurate collation of this manuscript. A few out of fifty or more of Gosse's blunders will serve as illustrations:

In line 6 of the "Elegy" ("And all the air," etc.) Gosse says that the Mason manuscript has "Now" for "And." It reads "And now."

In stanza 4 "Village" is crossed out, and "Hamlet" written over it. Words thus crossed out might be omitted in a concordance, but Professor Cook is inconsistent in treating them. Here he omits any reference to "Village," as Gosse does; but in stanza 18, where "Burn" (in line 4) is crossed out, and "With" written over it, Gosse gives "Burn" as a manuscript variant of "With," and so does the concordance. Neither mentions "crown" in the preceding line over "at the"; or "hallow'd" (line 4) with "by" over it, and "kindled at" under it. Gray, after first writing:

> And at the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
> Burn Incense hallow'd in the Muse's Flame,

finally decided on the present reading:

> Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
> With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

The reader will see that in cases like this—which is not a solitary one—the history of the passage could not be made clear in a concordance without special note or explanation.

In stanza 8 the manuscript reading is muddled by both Gosse and Cook. The manuscript underlines "useful" and puts "homely" (underlined) in the margin; but they give "rustic" as the manuscript reading for "useful," though it is really the manuscript word for "homely" in the next line. In stanza 12 both ascribe "Reins" for "rod" to the same two manuscripts, but it is in all three.

In stanza 13 neither gives "had damp'd," the reading of the Mason, with both "depress'd" and "repress'd" over it.

In stanza 27, the Mason reads thus:

> One morn' we missed him on th' accustomd
> Hill
> By the Heath-side & at his fav'rite Tree.

"Along the" is written over "By the," "side" is crossed out, "near" put above "at," and the first syllable of "accustomd" is crossed out. The only change noted by Gosse and Cook is "I" for "we." In the next stanza, only one of four changes ("yon" for "that") is noted by them.

These specimens of the defects and errors of Gosse's edition, unluckily reproduced in the concordance, should serve as a warning to the editors of the concordances that are to follow. Let them at the start be sure of their texts and authorities. In the Gray the publishers have done their share of the work admirably, and it is a pity that the book should be so "faultily faultless."

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy. By Sibyl Wilbur. New York: Concord Publishing Co.

In telling the life story of Mrs. Eddy, Sibyl Wilbur says that she "plants herself unreservedly on the methods of St. Mark. St. Mark, I believe, was a scribe

who related what he had been able to gather from witnesses in a direct and unvarnished way." She adds that "all statements of fact made in this narrative are founded upon reliable evidence, town registers, church books, and court records." Here are two rather different historical methods; in the main, however, the writer's material is journalistic, and not documentary. This circumstance destroys its value as a presentation of the much controverted facts of Mrs. Eddy's life. The time has passed when, upon this subject, the public will accept patiently anything but sworn testimony. Mrs. Wilbur's book is semi-official, and is clearly intended as a counter-blast to the Milmine biography, recently published in *McClure's Magazine*. That work consisted of little more than a collection of documents—private letters, court testimony, extracts from contemporary newspapers, and sworn affidavits of people who had come personally into contact with Mrs. Eddy. Manifestly, any rejoinder, if it is to be made convincing, should adopt the same methods. The fact that Mrs. Wilbur, after spending many months carefully going over the ground, was unable to produce that kind of testimony in rebuttal, seems rather conclusive evidence that it cannot be found.

Miss Milmine, for example, published the affidavit of a certain Horace Wentworth of Stoughton, Mass., in which, with much circumstantial detail, he accuses Mrs. Eddy of attempting to set fire to his mother's house. In reply to this Mrs. Wilbur simply ridicules Horace Wentworth; the fact that Mrs. Eddy's theories as to the unreality of disease aroused in him, as a young man, a spirit of "jocularity" and "mockery," is apparently adduced as a reason for disbelieving his sworn statements. The Quimby controversy is an even more important and significant case in point. Whether Mrs. Eddy obtained her ideas from Quimby is of little importance, so far as the value of these ideas is concerned; but inasmuch as Mrs. Eddy vigorously repudiates any such obligation, the discussion, in its bearing upon her own character, is worth while. The documentary evidence on this point, all printed in the Milmine biography, is extensive. Among other things, there was produced an original letter, written in 1871 and signed by Mrs. Eddy herself, in which she informs her correspondent that her theory "has been practised by one individual who healed me, Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me., an old gentleman who had made it a research for twenty-five years, starting from the standpoint of magnetism, thence going forward and leaving that behind." Mrs. Wilbur absolutely ignores this pertinent document, which, of course, in itself forever disposes of Mrs. Eddy as the originator of the Christian Science idea. Quimby, as is well known, left ten volumes of manuscripts, now in the possession of his son, George A. Quimby, of Belfast, Me. Mrs. Wilbur regards these as negligible, simply because they are not in Quimby's handwriting—his wife, son, and one or two favorite pupils acting as his amanuenses. On the same ground she could prove that Milton did not write "Paradise Lost," or Benvenuto Cellini his autobiography. These illustrations, which could be multiplied indefinitely, show the futility of the present attempt to explain away the facts of Mrs. Eddy's career. In other details—in the description of Mrs. Eddy's queer nervous temperament, her "seizures," her cradle-rockings, her strange aversion to her own child, her fondness for associating with spiritualists, her colossal egotism—the present book confirms impressions received from other sources.

Before and After Waterloo: Letters from Edward Stanley, sometime Bishop of Norwich. Edited by Jane H. Adeane and Maud Grenfel. Pp. 308. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Before and after Waterloo" is too pretentious a title for fifty letters, some of them mere notes, written during the hurry of travel and never intended for publication. It is safe to assume that no one would have been more amused than the good Bishop of Norwich himself at this attempt to add extraneous dignity to his hasty jottings of travel. The nature of the volume is characterized much more truly by the dedication, "Echoes of Past Days at Alderley Rectory." Edward Stanley was born in 1780, the son of Sir John Stanley of Alderley in Cheshire. Graduating from Cambridge in 1802, he set out for a "grand tour" of the Continent, and passed the most of a year in Spain. On his return to England, he took orders, and in 1805 he was presented by his father to the living of Alderley, where he remained until his appointment to the bishopric of Norwich in 1837. It was in 1814 and 1816, while rector of Alderley, that Stanley made his second and third trips to the Continent. The letters are in three groups, corresponding to the three journeys.

The first (forty-five pages) contains nine letters, all by Stanley. They are sprightly and interesting, reflecting the point of view of a young man of culture, keen vision, and artistic tastes. But the historian familiar with the pages of Arthur Young will find these first letters rather destitute of new material. Here and there we encounter an incident recorded with so sure a touch and such appreciation of its importance as to fill us with regret that the young man did not follow the example of Young and keep a journal. One such event was an execution that Stanley witnessed at Lyons. The description is rendered more vivid by a sketch of the guillotine from his notebook. After the abdication of Napoleon, Stanley visited France, the Rhine country, Belgium, and Holland. He was gone about six weeks, and wrote fourteen letters, which are preceded by a collection of fourteen others written in the same year from London by Lord Sheffield, Lady Maria Stanley, Miss Louisa Clinton, Miss Catherine Fanshawe, and Mrs. Edward Stanley. At this time King William of Prussia, Alexander of Russia, and Madame de Staël were the lions of London, and the letters of the ladies, full of incidents relating to these distinguished persons, are well worth reading. For this second journey Stanley's letters are longer and meatier, and are supplemented by sixteen full-page sketches, some of them in color. His Paris letters afford illuminating glimpses of the life at the Tuileries and in the salons, with pen-portraits of Louis XVIII, Madame de Staël, Sir Charles Stuart, and the former marshals of Napoleon. On the third journey, lasting about a month, Stanley was accompanied by his wife, by his brother-in-law, Edward Penrhyn, and Donald Crawford. In this group there are sixteen letters—three by Lord Sheffield (1814 and 1815), six by Stanley, and seven by Mrs. Stanley. With Crawford, who had fought at Waterloo, the party explored the field. From Waterloo they went to Paris, where they remained about three weeks. The letters themselves, containing lively descriptions of the movements of the Stanleys, resemble much the letters of modern tourists, with only here and there a bit of fresh information. The text of this third section is illustrated by ten drawings from the sketch-book of Stanley, some of them very clever.

There are two excellent portraits of Stanley. The face is so full of "sweetness and light" that the editors might well be forgiven for believing that all the world would be as much interested in what he wrote as were those who knew and loved him.

Alaska the Great Country. By Ella Higginson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

> Hear it all, ye polar bears,
> Waltz about the pole in pairs.
> All ye icebergs, make salaam.
> You belong to Uncle Sam!

So sang the mockers forty years ago, sure that in the purchase of Alaska we were badly over-reached. Such misconceptions have long since passed away. Successive travellers record more and more wonderful stories, until now, in Mrs. Higginson's book, we seem to have touched the limit of enthusiasm.

She belongs to the class of women-travellers and explorers which includes

Lady Brassey, Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, and Miss Peck, the mountain-climber. They "dare do all that may become a man"—indeed, they dare do more. It is a robust, impressionable, eupeptic, peaceful-conscienced company, whose overflowing amiability and content with life are reflected in the scenes and people they contemplate, so that they give us the most favorable pictures. Mrs. Higginson's seas pass from lavender and violet into opal and sapphire; her islands embosomed in the Japan current are emerald in their greenness; gates of ice like pearl guard the entrances to sounds and straits, upon which look down the diamond stars; all stones known to lapidaries gleam and flash in the earth, sky, and sea. All the sweet things of nature are levied upon heavily for illustrations. The people whom Mrs. Higginson finds in these charming surroundings comport well with their environment. Savage and civilized alike showed her their best side. The result is an agreeable book—a record that is sympathetic and vivid—in which the world seems bright, and the souls that inhabit it cheery and likable. We must be pardoned for declaring that we think Mrs. Higginson's admirations are sometimes too glowing. Other eyes would find bleak and desolate the landscapes which her effusive enthusiasm transfigures; and there is much evidence that in the Far Northwest, there is a devil abroad to whom this record does not give half his due. It is thoroughly a woman's book, emotional, pleasant-tempered, picturesque, and (shall we say it?) in cool accuracy not quite careful, and in discrimination, not quite keen.

Science.

"REVOLUTIONIZING THE PRACTICE OF SURGERY."

The newspaper dispatches from Chicago are telling us wonderful things about "thor-rad-X," which, according to various physicians of that city, is "the most powerful therapeutic agent in the world," and will therefore "revolutionize the practice of surgery." But within the last forty years, more or less, the newspapers have announced at least forty discoveries of the most powerful therapeutic agent in the world; and, on paper, the practice of medicine has been revolutionized every six months. But we continue to go on in the old way, advancing the boundaries of knowledge inch by inch, inventing a serum for diphtheria now, and later an anti-toxin for cerebro-spinal meningitis. Our bacteriologists, pathologists, anatomists and surgeons are accomplishing wonderful results, as any one who will review the progress of medicine in the last half-century must admit. But we can not abolish disease at a stroke. And, in particular, we are still very ignorant of the exact effect of X-rays, radium, and, above all, of this new substance which is supposed to unite their qualities. The Finsen-ray has been employed in healing lupus. X-rays have proved very useful in various kinds of diagnosis, as for dislocated bones. These rays have also cured certain superficial ulcers and affections of the skin, some of which are likewise to be cured by caustics. Radium has been tried with apparent success in several of the superficial and less malignant types of cancer. But it is too soon to tell just what it can accomplish; we have not yet experimented with it long enough. Much less can we pin our faith to "thor-rad-X," the latest of them all. No competent physician would pronounce a cancer cured because it had for the moment disappeared. The cells may still be lurking dormant in the body, to start into activity again when vitality is temporarily lowered, or when a bruise, a strain, or a local irritant may act as an excitant. For some kinds of cancer three or four years must pass before a cure may be regarded as complete.

The chief effect of these widely heralded "discoveries" is to rouse false hopes and lead men to neglect or else to postpone until too late the proper therapeutic measures. Physicians in New York city can point to very recent cases in which patients have refused to undergo comparatively simple operations, under the delusion that X-rays or radium would do the work. The treatment may have checked temporarily the progress of the malady, but in the meantime the cells of the cancer have been spreading through the body and forming metastases, new centres of disease, which ultimately have proved fatal. There are various serums and treatments which may sometimes act as palliatives, and possibly cures; but the highest authorities are agreed that the best way to cure a cancer (except, perhaps, these slight and superficial forms to which we have referred) is to make an early diagnosis, and submit to a thorough operation, for the removal of the diseased tract and a considerable portion of the surrounding tissue. Cancer, they tell us, is at the beginning a local disease. If it can be taken then, the chances of complete extirpation are much greater. What is more, surgical technique in the operations for cancer has improved within the decade, and the probabilities of recovery are therefore larger than ever before. In twenty years, or even ten, an absolute specific for the less virulent forms of sarcoma and carcinoma may conceivably be found, but to-day the surest protection is still the knife.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's plan of building in New York city four model tenement houses for tuberculous families has much to commend it. It is unfortunately true that many tuberculosis patients who are temporarily invigorated and strengthened by treatment under the supervision of a hospital or some charity, go down hill as soon as the supervision is relaxed and the nourishing food ceases. Then they often return to their former conditions of living, perhaps to some of the thousands of dark interior rooms that still disgrace the city. For a long time past it has been felt that supervision of the sleeping quarters of the sick was all-important. This has been made possible for the Presbyterian Hospital ever since April, 1905, owing to the generosity of Mrs. Vanderbilt. Visiting nurses have been sent into the homes to improve the living conditions, and milk and eggs supplied both at the hospital and through the New York Diet Kitchen Association. It has been the aim of the hospital to aid, primarily, incipient or moderately advanced cases where there is a fair prospect of recovery. But as the work has progressed, the nurses and doctors have felt the hopelessness of combating the disease in foul and germ-ridden tenements. Hence this new scheme. In Mrs. Vanderbilt's model tenements the families in which there are one or more sick will remain until they can safely live elsewhere without dread of the white scourge. Doubtless there will be some persons who will wish that these tenements had been instituted under some agency more general in its activities than a single hospital. If it is asked whether Mrs. Vanderbilt would not have done better to put a million dollars into sanatoria, the answer is that there is everywhere a feeling that the importance of sanatoria has been over-estimated. "Their greatest usefulness," according to Dr. Shively, through whom Mrs. Vanderbilt will make her investment, "is in the treatment of the well-to-do and middle-class patient." They can never be a very large factor in the treatment of the poor. The particular virtue of the tuberculosis tenement is, however, its preventing the break-up of families. If the patient sent away is the mother, the children are usually dispersed in all directions, and the same is too often true if the father is compelled to give up his work. In the Vanderbilt tenements, the father or mother can not only stay with the family, be as well treated, and live as hygienically as if in a sanatorium, but can be free from the depressing influence of idleness and exclusive association with other invalids.

For the Rural Science Series (the Macmillan Co.), J. G. Lipman has prepared an attractive volume on "Bacteria in Relation to Country Life." After a rather brief but perhaps sufficient account of the organisms and the conditions affecting their growth, a number of subjects are discussed, many of them of great and practical interest both to rural and urban readers, such as water, sewage, food preservation, milk and its products, of which a particularly neat account is given. Much space, almost a third of the book, is quite properly given to the relation of bacteria to the soil and to the growth of plants. This part of the subject is very interesting reading and shows clearly how complex the problems of scientific farming have become

and how worthy of expensive experimentation. Scarcely less interesting, although exceedingly brief, is the discussion of the sewage problem. Many of the illustrations, made by some photographic process, are beautiful pictures of plant life and structure; a few, particularly those of cultures and apparatus, are quite unclear and inadequate. Misprints are so rare in the book that one suspects the hand of the printer's devil in "Diseases of Swine," which, as a headline (p. 461), marks the discussion of various bacterial diseases of wine.

"Human Foods," by Harry Snyder (the Macmillan Co.), despite its purpose of aiding students of collegiate rank, smacks of the experiment station, and is a text-book of decidedly elementary quality. The character of the different foods, their composition, preparation, and preservation—all this is exceedingly well described. This part of the book is liberally illustrated by pictures, which, unfortunately, do not always clearly show what the reader is expected to see, and some of them are quite superfluous. The explanation of the nutritive value of foods is less satisfactory; in fact, the statements as to what is really meant by nutritive value are far from being clear and explicit. Nor could pupils, otherwise suited to the book, understand the diagrams concerning the dietary standards and the cost of foods without the aid of a patient teacher. A final chapter of laboratory exercises makes no very serious demands on the knowledge or intelligence of the student, and an equally light requirement as to the teacher is indicated by the "review questions," 819 in number. This kind of book will hardly increase the respect of intelligent readers for the courses in "domestic science," "nutrition," or "food values," which are beginning to make a pretentious show in the curriculum of many colleges.

The seventh International Congress for Applied Chemistry will be held in London from May 27 to June 2. Sir William Ramsay will be chairman of the convention.

James W. Moore, professor of mechanics and experimental philosophy at Lafayette College since 1872, died February 28 at the age of sixty-four. He is the author of "The Elements of Natural Philosophy" and numerous papers on physics.

Dr. Daniel R. Brower, professor of nervous and mental diseases at Rush Medical College, and author of many monographs on insanity, died in Chicago March 1, aged seventy years. Dr. Brower attained distinction in medicine and surgery during the civil war, and later was at the head of a hospital for the insane of West Virginia.

A distinguished Orientalist is lost in the death of Lieut.-Col. Sir George King, at the age of sixty-eight. He entered the Bengal Medical Service in 1865, and six years later was appointed to the chair of botany in the Medical College, and to the supervision of the Royal Botanic Garden of Calcutta. His most valuable publication was the "Manual of Cinchona Cultivation," besides which he wrote a number of monographs on Indian flora.

Dr. Julius H. P. J. Thomsen, professor emeritus of the University of Copenhagen, has died in his eighty-fourth year. The four volumes of his "Thermochemische Untersuchungen" (1882-86) embody his best-known work.

Drama.

"A Motley Jest," by Oscar Fay Adams (Boston: Sherman, French & Co.), includes two Shakespearean experiments, which are, perhaps, more entertaining than valuable. The first, called "A Shakespearean Fantasy," is a sort of supplement to the "Tempest," in which Prospero with the aid of Ariel transports Ferdinand and Miranda, long since happily married, back to the enchanted island, which he peoples for them, temporarily, with the figures of Shakespeare's stage folk—Romeo and Juliet, the nurse, Mercutio, Falstaff, Lear, Richard II, Henry VI, and others—who discourse briefly in a fashion more or less in accordance with their theatrical moods and character. The burlesque is cleverly done, the general mimicry of manner and matter being often exceedingly apt and ingenious. It is almost needless to say that the resemblance does not extend far below the surface. But the literary exercise is both skilful and diverting. The second experiment is an imaginary sixth act to "The Merchant of Venice," in which Shylock is Christianized, officially and publicly, and openly proclaims his apostasy while secretly hugging his ancient faith and his passion for revenge. This, too, is a clever conceit, but less happy than the other.

"A Woman of Impulse," by Louis Anspacher, produced in the Herald Square Theatre on Monday evening, exhibits a certain amount of literary skill—in spots—some ingenuity in construction, and considerable acquaintance with ancient theatrical device, but is a singularly unequal and disappointing work, although it is likely to be successful. Professing to be a study of what is commonly described as the artistic temperament—often a mere euphemism for vanity, selfishness, or immorality—it starts off in promising fashion along a vein of genuine, if not very brilliant, comedy, lapses into sheer foolishness—descending even to the depth of a comic curate—passes through a term of sensational melodrama, and, after reaching an effective and fairly logical climax, closes conventionally and feebly with a happy ending. The central figure, that of a famous prima donna, an intensely wilful, whimsical, passionate, irresponsible, but intrinsically honest and generous-hearted woman, is a good conception; and there are truth and humor in the earlier scenes, which show how her husband's patience is exhausted and his jealousy excited by her irascibility and flightiness. Here a sound foundation seems to be laid for genuine comedy. But all expectations of that kind are destroyed permanently by the plunge into melodrama, which, although it is indisputably interesting in a theatrical way, with its elaborately calculated complications and its protracted suspense, is too plainly artificial to carry any illusion of reality or to have much actual dramatic value. Moreover, the sensational developments, which are the main strength of the play, have little or nothing to do with the character traits which are supposed to furnish the motive power of the action. Nevertheless, the repudiation of the husband by the outraged wife—for his indulgence in suspicions which, as a matter of fact, were not altogether unreasonable—was a logical and natural domestic catastrophe, and the piece might well have ended at that point. Miss Kathryn Kidder, as the heroine, displays her capacity as an intelligent and well-trained actress, both in the lighter and more serious episodes, but her support is inferior.

An elaborate scenic production is promised for Shakespeare's "King John," with which Robert Mantell will begin his approaching engagement in the New Amsterdam Theatre on March 8. This is well, but the quality of the cast, of course, is of even more importance than the scenic decorations. One reason why this tragedy has been so long absent from the stage is the difficulty of finding competent players for its many important parts. Among them may be noted, in addition to the King himself, Arthur, Hubert, the Bastard Philip, Pandulph, Eleanor, and Constance. Philip Faulconbridge, though a showy, is not a particularly difficult, character, but Constance and Hubert both demand special ability.

The annual series of dramatic performances at Stratford-on-Avon, beginning on Monday, April 19, will be given by Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson and their Shakespearean company. The special birthday revival this year will be "Cymbeline," a play not hitherto produced by Mr. Benson. Fifteen plays of Shakespeare will be presented, including the histories: "King John," "Richard the Second," "Henry the Fourth" (Part I), "Henry the Fifth," "Henry the Sixth" (Part II), "Richard the Third," and a scene from "Henry the Eighth." The programme will also include four Chester Mystery Plays, "The Belle's Stratagem," by Hannah Cowley; "Richelieu," by Lord Lytton; and "A Midnight Bridal," a play in one act adapted from the story of Halliwell Sutcliffe by Mrs. F. R. Benson and H. O. Nicholson. Among the performers will be: Miss Geneviève Ward, who will appear as Volumnia and Queen Margaret; Matheson Lang, Hamlet; Miss Hutin Britton, Ophelia; Henry Ainley, Shylock; Miss Constance Collier, Portia; Forbes-Robertson, and Miss Gertrude Elliott.

The great popular success of the recent revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the London Lyceum has encouraged the management to try a spectacular production of "Hamlet." Matheson Lang will play the Prince, Miss Hutin Britton will be Ophelia; Halliwell Hobbes, Horatio; Eric Mayne, the King; and Frederick Ross, the Ghost. The significant fact about this performance, of course, is that the Lyceum no longer pretends to be anything but a money-making house. It cares a good deal more for cash than it does for art. Like other purely commercial theatres, it seeks to give the public what it wants, and it has decided that Shakespeare is likely to prove more profitable than modern melodrama. While on this subject, it may be noted that H. B. Irving's revival of "Hamlet" has been so successful in London that he has found it necessary to give extra performances. His appeal, it need scarcely be added, is to the audience of the old Lyceum, not to that of the new.

John Hare informs subscribers to the Henry Irving memorial that Thomas Brock,

R.A., has now practically finished the plaster model for the statue of the actor, and all that now remains to be done is the casting in bronze. There is every reason to hope that, in the autumn of the present year, the statue will be erected on the site arranged for it at the back of the National Portrait Gallery in Charing Cross Road, London.

The German Volks Theater in Vienna has just witnessed another success for Karl Schönherr (whose "Erde" recently won the Schiller prize in dramaturgy). "Das Konigreich," his fairy drama, in four acts, has been very well received.

Music.

Johannes Brahms: The Herzogenberg Correspondence. Edited by Max Kalbeck. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

In 1891, six years before his death, Brahms sent to his publisher his last will, in which, among other things, he directed that all letters found in his house after his death should be destroyed without reservation. His executor, however, decided that the will had been drawn up in a moment of irritation, and was not to be taken too literally; so the letters that were of public interest were saved. Among these were 140 which Brahms had received from Heinrich von Herzogenberg and his wife. These, with 141 letters written to them by Brahms, make up a volume which quite deserves the compliment of a translation—a task excellently accomplished by Hannah Bryant. Max Kalbeck, the official biographer of Brahms, has added a number of helpful footnotes. Admirers of Brahms may obtain through this volume a more intimate view of his character than from any other book so far issued.

Herzogenberg was a German professor, who also composed—like a professor. Brahms was his idol, and his mistrust of his own natural instincts was so great that it "made him almost a slave to form and technique." He eagerly courted Brahms's approval, but that master's verdicts were usually either evasive or of oracular ambiguity. "I am sure none of their beauty and delicacy escapes me"—"I cannot make up my mind as to the claims of any one above the rest"—are specimens of what Frau Herzogenberg wittily called his "enharmonic ambiguities." She drops hints:

> Naturally my husband would have been pleased, poor devil, had you been able to say of any one movement: "I like that." You know yourself what a difference that makes.

But the inexorable idol was not to be coaxed into flattery. Quite the contrary; the moment came when he exploded:

> I have been more than usually impressed this time with the great similarity of our work! In looking over the chorals, the quartets, and the songs, I was quite agitated to find how vividly they recalled all sorts of efforts of my own. May your own agitation, when you have occasion to indulge in a similar retrospect, be of a more pleasing order than mine!

Even this bluntness did not disconcert Herzogenberg. "I could read *every* meaning into your mysterious words—pleasing or painful according to the way I turn them about," he wrote; and Brahms answered, wickedly: "I am glad my last letter shone in two colors—gray for me, sky blue for you."

But Brahms by no means had a monopoly of the fun. Frau von Herzogenberg, though she wept sweet tears over some of Brahms's works, did not hesitate to criticise others freely, and there was no "enharmonic ambiguity" about her words. She tells him concerning some of his songs that she does not like them: "The words alone are enough"; concerning others, that they simply repeat messages better delivered in previous songs; even the famous "Sapphic Ode" does not escape her censure. She chides him repeatedly for his choice of poems: "Oh, how could you think this poem worthy of being composed by you?"; and for using the human voice like an instrument: "Why are you sometimes so cruel as to turn poor women into oboes or violins?" Finally, in a long letter (pp. 352-360) she tells Brahms plainly that his truest friends are not those who greet every new volume of his music with rapture before scanning it. "I ask myself," she adds, regarding this same Brahms, "whether he does not sometimes produce things born, not of his heart's blood, but only . . . of his cleverness, his routine, his supreme skill." And again:

> I love and admire your music more than ever, but my very admiration leads me to ask why one who has coined and still can coin such gold . . . should be so sparing with it.

Brahms was not in the least angered by this frankness. He knew that Frau von Herzogenberg was competent to sit in judgment, being a good pianist and something of a composer herself; and he continued to send her and her husband his manuscripts, both songs and piano pieces, for inspection before they were printed.

His letters are usually short, and many of them are hardly worth printing—less so, certainly, than are hers, which Brahms valued for their "intrinsic qualities of wit and temperament." Occasionally he is witty, too, at his own expense. In one letter he says:

> The orchestra here play my new symphony [in F minor] with crape bands on their sleeves because of its dirge-like effect. It is to be printed with a black edge, too.

Geraldine Farrar will be the principal soloist at the Springfield, Mass., Music Festival in May.

Art.

THE COMIC ARTIST.

Caran d'Ache has a particularly valid claim on the memory of all good Americans. Wilhelm Busch and he were the two great progenitors of the comic supplement. The German artist was much the older man and the pioneer. From him Caran d'Ache borrowed the method of telling a funny story in a succession of pictures, with a minimum of text. This method has been developed to its fullest dreadful possibilities in this country, until we have now the story and the pictorial succession long after the fun has disappeared. in Caran d'Ache's work the idea was always present to animate the drolleries of his pencil. He was not a slavish imitator of Busch. He developed his own conceptions of what the human figure ought to be in the hands of the caricaturist. There were the skeleton pictures in which a man, like an island, was a certain portion of white space bounded by a single line. There were the clear-cut marionette-like figures, in which the same sharpness of line was prominent. There were, finally, the mere circles and cylinders and sacks and flaccid puddings to which a dot here and a stroke there would give an amazingly human aspect. Of American cartoonists, the late F. M. Howarth, with his animated chubby little gingerbread figures, came nearest perhaps to this style of caricature.

Caran d'Ache did political satire as well as social satire and pure comedy. In his political cartoons there is a good deal of the same mannikin physiology that we find in his comic series. There is also a good deal more lighthearted fun than European artists are accustomed to put into their cartoons of statesmen and governments. The King of Siam, home once more from his Western trip, sleeps and has a nightmare. Endless files of stiff little European soldiers clamber up and down his bed, tramp right over his royal body, and disappear. European militarism has rarely been so well shown up in both its tragic aspect and its futility. The stroke is much sharper in a cartoon depicting Wilhelm II's troubles after the dismissal of Bismarck. The Kaiser is in a trainer's cage surrounded by a pack of unruly, snarling beasts, representing the various members of the German Empire. Bismarck, the spectator, remarks, "I left him a circus; he has turned it into a menagerie." But, after all, it is a question whether Caran d'Ache's best work does not fall outside of politics. The French caricaturist declares it a merit that he can be gay without the "brutalities" of the British artist or the vulgarity of the German. As a matter of fact, French caricature, when it turns upon man's non-political failings and er-

rors, can be bitter with an intensity that we seldom find in Anglo-Saxon pictorial satire of the present day. In Caran d'Ache's work, however—was it because of his partly Russian nationality?—the real Gallic cynicism is rather uncommon. Typical of him is a series of a half-dozen pictures entitled the "Jewish Question." The pessimist is arguing that the Jews as a nation worship only money. "Nonsense," says the good-natured man, "when it comes to money, Jew and non-Jews are alike." And he throws a gold Napoleon into the gutter as two men, Jew and Gentile, approach from opposite directions. "Now observe (picture 3) how they will both be fascinated by the coin. Observe (picture 4) how they will both dive for it and come into violent collision. Only (picture 5) the Jew will manage to secure the gold piece. That is all."

A few examples would show that if Caran d'Ache is partly responsible for the comic supplement, he is not responsible for its blatant vulgarities, its emptiness of any real satiric content, and its infinite innocence of ideas. There is no inherent viciousness in the comic series. It has the very best tradition behind it. Before Caran d'Ache and Wilhelm Busch is Daumier's Robert Macaire; and still further back is Hogarth, with his various Progresses. The evil comes when the series is carried for years and years until it is the delectation solely of that dull mind which finds amusement in the mere fact of familiarity.

The pity appears all the greater when we consider how vast is the influence of the comic artist for weal or woe. When people speak of the power of the caricaturist, the habit is to think of the political cartoon. True, the political cartoon has long been an effective weapon of publicity. The history of modern Europe might be written from its cartoons as A. B. Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper have done for the nineteenth century. But it is still an open question whether the satire that deals with us as men and women is not more permanently effective than the satire that appeals to the political animal primarily. A strong political cartoon may make an election or a ministry. The comic artist deals with the permanent traits of human nature and the common facts of life, and, in doing so, shapes our thought and standards of good or ill, subtly but enduringly.

The Macmillan Company has about ready for publication the second volume of Dr. Hofstede de Groot's "Catalogue Raisonné of the Most Eminent Dutch Painters," translated by Edward G. Hawke. Its 650 pages are devoted to Albert Cuyp and Philips Wouwerman.

The scandal over the designing of the new Sing Sing Prison bears good fruit in Senator Wainwright's bill for the creation of a New York State Art Commission. If only there had been such a body of prominent representatives of the fine arts sitting with power when a State Capitol was being planned, New York would have been spared monstrosities and millions. But it will be some gain to have future edifices supervised by a board large and authoritative enough to veto where the State architect might not trust his own solitary judgment or his courage. The men Senator Wainwright would see chosen would demonstrate that beauty and durability are not extravagances, but, in the long run, economies. This idea our country is just beginning to grasp, and the spreading activity of Federal and municipal art commissions is at once the effect and the proof of the new understanding. Simply because the art movement redounds chiefly to the profit and glory of large cities, the States should not withhold assistance. To-day concerned only with offices and hospitals and their adornment, to-morrow a State commission may become an engine in the beautification of village life.

John La Farge's Scammon Lectures on the Barbizon Painters—the first series of Scammon Lectures, delivered in 1903 at the Art Institute of Chicago—are at last published in handsome form by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. La Farge was himself a young man in Paris when the battle between the classics and the romantics was still waging, and he has evidently never outgrown a certain partisanship, so that his lectures have an oddly controversial air, as if it were still necessary to defend a cause, still impossible to admire both Delacroix and Ingres. But this very quality or defect, which ever it be, gives a personal charm to the book. The facts rehearsed are to be found elsewhere; what interests is the light thrown, incidentally, upon Mr. La Farge himself, his own art, and his attitude toward the art of others. And if the book is not so important as his "Considerations on Painting," yet it was impossible that its author should write anything without passages of a still wider interest—passages of sound and illuminating criticism on art in general, and justifying his title, the "Higher Life in Art."

Francis Bond, already known to students and lovers of English mediæval art by his monumental works on English gothic architecture, English cathedrals, and screens and galleries in English churches, has produced in his new volume, "Fonts and Font Covers" (Henry Frowde), a remarkably full and detailed account of extant fonts in English churches. A brief but interesting and intelligent résumé of the history of the rite of baptism is followed by an historical survey of font-design in England (to which country, as in so many other English books, the treatise is restricted in spite of its comprehensive title) and complete indexes, covering over 1,100 examples. Some 426 excellent half-tone illustrations accompany the text, and supply for the general reader and the artist the interest which only the archæologist or specialist is likely to find in the text. The text, indeed, while a monument of painstaking erudition, and crammed full of detailed information, partakes too much of the nature of a descriptive and analytical catalogue to possess any special charm or attractiveness. As a compendium of information, and as an admirable collection of historic examples, most suggestive to architect and decorative or ecclesiastical designer, this handsome book must be of great value, and must entirely supersede all previous essays in the same field.

The American Water Color Society will hold its forty-second annual exhibition at the American Fine Arts Building, No. 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York city, April 29 to May 3. The jury of selection consists of Carlton T. Chapman, Reynolds Beal, Leonard Ochtman, A. T. Van Laer, George Wharton Edwards, W. G. Schneider, W. H. Lippincott, F. K. M. Rehn, R. M. Shurtleff, Bruce Crane, Francis C. Jones, and Arthur Schneider. The members of the Hanging Committee are Charles Warren Eaton, H. L. Hildebrandt, and Cullen Yates.

A retrospective exhibition of the works of John W. Alexander will be held at the National Arts Club, New York city, till March 15. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries here are oil paintings by John F. Carlson at Katz's, March 13; paintings and pastels by Degas, Durand-Ruel's, March 16; paintings of the "1830 School," Schaus's, March 16; etchings, Frank Brangwyn, Wunderlich's, March 20.

Last week, the pictures and other works of art collected by the late Henry Graves of Orange, N. J., were sold at auction in New York city by the American Art Association. The pictures brought $233,250, and the other objects, $161,195, a total of $394,445. The highest price, $27,000, was paid for Millet's Sheep-Shearing. Among the other important sales were the following: Corot, Mill at Ville d'Avray, $13,500; Twilight, $6,000. Daubigny, Gray Skies, $5,600; Village by the Oise, $5 000; Green Pasture, $7,500. Diaz, Edge of the Forest, $13,000. Dupré, The Old Oak, $7,900; Evening Twilight, $8,700; Return of the Flock, $9,100. Rousseau, Morning on the Oise, $14,500; Forest of Camplègne, $11,000. Van Marcke, Verdant Pastures, $8,300. Delacroix, Wounded Tiger, $8,000. Isabey, Return from the Hunt, $5,200. Mauve, Flock of Sheep, $13,200. Among the porcelains, the peachblooms, thirty-five pieces in all, averaged over $750 apiece, and one sold as high as $4,100. A *sang-de-bœuf* vase, 17½ inches high, brought $8,550.

The seat in the French Académie des Inscriptions left vacant by the death of Dr. Hamy has been bestowed on Théodore Reinach, author of a number of historical and archæological works. He is a brother of Joseph and Salomon Reinach.

Emmanuel Poiré, better known under his pen name of Caran d'Ache (Russian for "lead pencil"), the famous comic artist and cartoonist, died in Paris, February 26. His native place was Moscow, where his grandfather, an officer of the first Napoleon, was taken prisoner in the Russian campaign, and finally became a subject of the Czar. Emmanuel returned to Paris, and became connected with the Cabaret du Chat Noir, where he soon attracted attention by a series of Napoleonic "Ombres Chinoises." From that time forward his humorous and satiric pencil was constantly employed in social or political illustrations. His cartoons, which held nothing sacred, had a potent political influence in the formation of public opinion. During the Panama scandals, his "Carnet de Chèques," a col-

lection of especially biting caricatures, greatly increased his reputation. In later years he did much work for the *Figaro* and for *Le Rire*.

Ernest-Victor Hareux, the landscape painter, has died, at the age of sixty-one. He was a native of Paris, and a member of the Société des Artistes Français.

Finance.

THE RISE IN WHEAT.

While the attention of financial markets has been absorbed in the fall of prices of manufacturers' material, a rise in price, more sensational than the decline in steel and copper, has been going on in another staple market. Last Friday, wheat sold at the highest figure reached since Joseph Leiter's celebrated corner of May, 1898. That operation, which brought cash wheat to $1.85 in Chicago and $1.91 in New York was a consequence, first, of Europe's disastrously short crop of 1897; second, of the very scanty supplies in the world's storehouses; and, third, of our Spanish war, which broke out in the "corner month." The spectacular rise in wheat last week was similarly based on a small European crop in 1908, a meagre stock of wheat in the world's granaries, and the persistent mutterings of war in the grain-growing Balkan states.

Wheat sold below a dollar as recently as December; its high level of last week, on the Chicago cash market, was $1.26. This is an abnormally rapid advance. A comparison of Chicago prices in recent years may be instructive:

	High.	Low.
1908.....	$1.11, June.	.84½, July.
1907.....	1.22, Oct.	.71, Jan.
1906.....	.94¾, May.	.69⅛, Sept.
1905.....	1.24, Feb.	.78¾, Sept.
1904.....	1.22, Dec.	.81¼, Jan.
1903.....	.93, Sept.	.70¼, March.
1902.....	.95, Sept.	.67½, Oct.
1901.....	.79½, Dec.	.63⅛, July.
1900.....	.87½, June.	.61½. Jan.
1899.....	.79½, May.	.64, Dec.
1898.....	1.85, May.	.62, Oct.

Considering in detail the causes of the present price, it should be noticed, first, that the world's wheat yield of 1907 was 325,000,000 bushels less than in 1906 and 212,000,000 less than in 1905, a decline of 7 to 10 per cent.; it was, in fact, smaller than any world's crop since 1901. And in that eight-year period, not only had population been increasing, but individual use of wheat, as of other necessaries, had been increasing with the good times in trade and industry. It had been hoped after 1907 that the next year would make good the shortage. But it did not do so; America, Asia, and Australia increased their yield slightly over 1907, but Europe itself produced less than before. These are the European harvests, using Broomhall's estimate for 1908 and our Agricultural Department's for the earlier years:

	Bushels.		Bushels.
1908....	1,594,000,000	1904....	1,747,262,000
1907....	1,616,086,000	1903....	1,830,526,000
1906....	1,826,422,000	1902....	1,817,602,000
1905....	1,803,132,000	1901....	1,513,553,000

Such short yields necessarily have their effect on the amount of wheat in granaries, by which the price is largely regulated. In this regard, Europe is better off than after 1897; in August of that year, the "European visible" fell to 38,000,000 bushels, and the European and American combined, to 77,500,000, whereas last August the two figures were respectively 48,700,000 and 73,700,000. But even so, Europe's storehouses contained less by 22 per cent. than a year before; and with all the unprecedentedly rapid rushing of American wheat to market last autumn, this is the Broomhall and Bradstreet comparison of stocks on hand as of February 1:

	1909. Bushels.	1908. Bushels.	1907. Bushels.
Europe	61,700,000	76,700,000	75,900,000
America	75,600,000	67,300,000	80,800,000
Total	137,300,000	144,000,000	150,700,000

It should be observed that the present relatively large "American visible" is the result of an almost unexampled early clearing-out of farmers' bins to reach the favorable autumn market with the abundant supply of railway cars. One of the most important questions is, How much wheat is left behind in the farmers' hands? The Department of Agriculture will report on that on March 8.

What does this state of supplies, with the abnormal prices resulting from it, signify as to general conditions? There are several aspects to the question. The development is not wholly favorable to this country, for the great rise in price has occurred when home supplies have been so nearly exhausted that we have not, as in such high-price years as 1897 and 1879, a large surplus to sell to Europe at inviting prices. In a period of hard times, slack employment, and falling wages, wheat at $1.26 a bushel, and flour higher by 25 cents a barrel, wholesale, than a year ago, mean increased cost of living when the consumer is least able to meet it. The farmer who has any wheat left over is fortunate, especially since he gets these prices at the very time when the price of his wire fences and farm machinery is falling; but the farmer makes up only a part of the American community.

Prof. Alfred Manes, with the coöperation of a dozen specialists, has published through Mohr of Tübingen a comprehensive insurance-dictionary, a venture which had in the last four decades been undertaken three times by German publishers, but only to end in a failure. The work bears the title "Versicherungs-Lexikon: Ein Nachschlagewerk für alle Wissensgebiete der Privat- und Sozial-Versicherung." Naturally the work deals chiefly with the insurance matters of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. It is published in two solid volumes of 1,682 columns, arranged after the usual manner of an encyclopædia.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbey, Edwin Austin. The Quest of the Holy Grail. Boston: Curtis & Cameron. $5.
Adams, Oscar Fay. A Motley Jest: Shakespearean Diversions. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.
Andréadès, A. History of the Bank of England. Translated by Christabel Meredith. London: P. S. King.
Avery, Elroy McKendree. A History of the United States and Its People. Vol. V. Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.
Balch, Thomas Willing. L'Évolution de L'Arbitrage International. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott.
Bazin, René. This, My Son. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. Scribner. $1.25.
Bell, J. J. Whither Thou Goest. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.20 net.
Benedict, Clare. A Resemblance, and Other Stories. Putnam. $1.50.
Bérard, Victor. La Révolution Turque. Paris: Armand Colin.
Berthet, Élie. Le Douanier de mer. Edited by Robert J. E. Bué. Henry Frowde.
Berthon, H. E., and Starkey, V. G. Tables synoptiques de phonologie de l'ancien français. Henry Frowde. 85 cents.
Black, George F. A Gypsy Bibliography. Liverpool: Gypsy Lore Society.
Blackwood, Algernon. Jimbo: A Fantasy. Macmillan. $1.25.
Brennan, George H. Bill Truetell: A Story of Theatrical Life. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. $1.50.
Bullen, Frank T. Young Nemesis. Dutton. $1.50.
Caine, Hall. My Story. Appleton. $2 net.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. III. Renascence and Reformation. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Catalogue of Books in the Children's Department. Pittsburgh: Carnegie Library. 75 cents.
Churchill, Winston Spencer. My African Journey. George H. Doran Co.
Coit, Daniel Wadsworth, of Norwich, Connecticut, 1787-1876. A Memoir. Privately Printed.
Crichton-Browne, James. Parsimony in Nutrition. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net.
Davidson, John, and Gray, Alexander. The Scottish Staple at Veere. Longmans, Green. $4.50 net.
De Vigny, Alfred. Chatterton. Edited by E. Lauvrière. Henry Frowde.
Fortescue, J. W. The County Lieutenancies and the Army, 1803-1814. Macmillan. $3 net.
Fowler, W. Warde. Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Gerstenberg, Alice. A Little World: A Series of College Plays for Girls. Chicago: Dramatic Publishing Company.
Glyn, Margaret H. Analysis of the Evolution of Musical Form. Longmans, Green. $3.50 net.
Guinness, Geraldine. Peru: Its Story, People, and Religion. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2.50 net.
Hale, Louise Closser. The Actress. Harper. $1.50.
Ham, Roscoe James, and Leonard, Arthur Newton. Brief German Grammar. Ginn. 90 cents.
Hebrew Prophets for English Readers. Edited by Francis H. Woods and Francis E. Powell. Vol. I. Henry Frowde. 85 cents.
Higginson, Francis. New England's Plantation, with the Sea Journal and Other Writings. Salem, Mass.: Essex Book and Print Club. $3.50.
Hillquit, Morris. Socialism in Theory and Practice. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Hitchcock, Alfred M. Enlarged Practice-Book in English Composition. Holt. $1.

Hugo, Victor. Poèmes Choisis. 1822-1865. Putnam. $1 net.
Jebb, R. C. The Characters of Theophrastus. Translated from a revised text. Macmillan.
Jordan, David Starr, and Kellogg, Vernon L. The Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.75 net.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia 1752-1755, 1756-1758. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Richmond, Va.
Key, Ellen. The Century of the Child. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Kipling, Rudyard. Puck of Pook's Hill. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Lang, Andrew. Sir George Mackenzie, King's Advocate, of Rosehaugh, His Life and Times 1636(?)-1691. Longmans, Green. $4.20 net.
Lee, Jennette. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Century. $1.50.
Levering, Julia Henderson. Historic Indiana. Putnam. $3 net.
Loisy, Alfred. The Gospel and the Church. Translated by Christopher Home. Scribner. $1 net.
Lynde, Francis. The King of Arcadia. Scribner. $1.50.
McCarthy, Justin Huntly. The Gorgeous Borgia. Harper. $1.50.
MacColl, Alexander. A Working Theology. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Macdonald, Duncan Black. The Religious Attitude and Life in Islam. University of Chicago Press. $1.75 net.
Mackinlay, M. Sterling. Garcia, the Centenarian, and His Times. Appleton.
Maltzahn, Curt von. Naval Warfare. Translated by John Combe Miller. Longmans, Green.
Mason, Ruth Little. The Trailers: A Novel. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.20 net.
Moore, Justin Hartley. Sayings of Buddha. The Iti-Vuttaka. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Myers, William Starr. The Self-Reconstruction of Maryland, 1864-1867. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Nevill, Ralph, and Jerningham, Charles Edward. Piccadilly to Pall Mall: Manners, Morals, and Man. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Department of Marine Biology. Vol. II. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Paterson, W. E. School Algebra. Part II. Henry Frowde.
Perry, George Powell. Wealth from Waste, or Gathering Up the Fragments. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cts. net.
Pierret, Émile. Vers la Lumière et la Beauté. Paris: La Renaissance Française.
Plato's Euthyphro. Edited by St. George Stock. Henry Frowde. 60 cents.
Poëte, Marcel. L'Enfance de Paris. Lemcke & Buechner.
Pratt, James Bissett. What Is Pragmatism? Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Ranke, Leopold von. History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations (1494 to 1514). Revised translation by G. R. Dennis. Macmillan.
Reinsch, Paul S. The Young Citizen's Reader. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.
Rolfe, W. J. A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Ross, Janet, and Erichsen, Nelly. The Story of Pisa. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Scott, A. Maccallum. Through Finland. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Seager, Henry Rogers. Economics: Briefer Course. Holt.
Sheldon, Samuel, Mason, Hobart, and Hausmann, Erich. Alternating-Current Machines: Being the Second Volume of Dynamo Electric Machinery. D. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
Slack, S. B. Early Christianity. London: Archibald Constable.
Smith, Geoffrey. A Naturalist in Tasmania. Frowde. $2.50 net.
Stapfer, Paul. Récréations grammaticales et littéraires. Paris: Armand Colin.
Stubbs, William. Germany in the Later Middle Ages, 1200-1500. Edited by Arthur Hassall. Longmans, Green. $2.25 net.
Veatch, Byron E. Men Who Dared. Chicago: Homer Harisun & Co.
Weyman, Stanley J. The Wild Geese. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Yale Verse. Compiled by Robert Moses and Carl H. P. Thurston. New Haven: Yale Publishing Association.
Zoölogy, Treatise on. Edited by E. Ray Lankester. Part I. Introduction and Protozoa. Macmillan. $5.25 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1909.

The Week.

President Taft's Cabinet—of which the composition has not been a very well-kept secret—contains able men of the quietly efficient type. It will be the task of their chief to make of them an harmonious and working body. This can best be done by giving to each of them large powers and discretion in the exercise of their respective duties. The business of the government has grown to be too vast for the threads of it to be kept in the hands of any one man. To be a good executive means more than ever not to fret and moil personally over work that can best be devolved upon another. Even in Lincoln it was a defect that he—"the old Tycoon," as John Hay called him at the time—took too much upon his own shoulders and left his Cabinet out of his confidence. Some of the resulting jealousies and friction we see revealed in the Gideon Welles Diary, now publishing in the *Atlantic*. What the President needs from his Cabinet is real advice—not adulation—and hearty coöperation. It is not desirable that Secretaries should be dominated by a powerful and forth-putting President, but simply that they should be kept in touch with his ideas and infused with his spirit. From what we know of Mr. Taft's temper and methods, we are confident that he will magnify the functions of his Cabinet, and get more out of it by giving more to it.

One hears uncomfortable whispers about the new Administration beginning with "this unfortunate Loeb appointment." It is, obviously, the payment of an ex-President's debt. Nor is it even a new way of paying an old debt. The private secretaries of Presidents and Governors always have to be "taken care of." And we must remember that if, in this matter, Mr. Taft yielded something, he resisted more. According to confident forecasts, a few weeks ago, Mr. Loeb was to be, not merely Collector, but a member of the Cabinet. At that, however, the line was drawn. There may be some wonder that Mr. Loeb did not accept one of those flattering business offers which his vast abilities were alleged to have brought him. He may have felt that his talent for public life was too precious to be wasted.

Nature sometimes takes legislators by the nose and makes them do what mere argument cannot compel. It was the potato-rot in Ireland, not Cobden's logic, which forced the repeal of the corn-laws. If the date for the inauguration of American Presidents, and for the coming in of a new American Congress, is to be changed, it will be stress of weather that does the business. In this climate, no day could be pitched upon when meteorological uncertainties would be greater than on March 4, with the chances more in favor of inclement weather, dangerous for that "old experience" which we seek in judges and statesmen. A vague idea is afloat that there is something sacred about March 4. As a matter of fact, of course, the singling out of that day was a pure accident. The duty of starting the new government devolved upon the Continental Congress. When it met in New York, September 13, 1788, eleven States had ratified the new Constitution. Everybody naturally desired that the stronger form of government should be set up as soon as possible, and accordingly it was resolved by the Continental Congress that Presidential electors should be appointed on the first Wednesday in January, that the electors should assemble and vote on the first Wednesday in February, and that "the first Wednesday in March next be the time, and the present seat of Congress the place, for commencing proceedings under the said Constitution." That first Wednesday in March happened to be March 4. And the date was not really made use of the first time. No quorum of Congress, necessary to count the electoral vote, was got before April 6. President-elect Washington was in Mount Vernon, and to notify him and bring him back to New York took three weeks, so that he was not inaugurated till April 30. That was the true Inauguration Day of the fathers.

That it would be a much more propitious day than March 4 for inaugural ceremonies, every one now admits. To change to April 30, or to any other day, would require, however, a Constitutional amendment. The reason is not that March 4 is in the Constitution, but that the limitation of the President's term to four years is, and that the transition could not be made without Constitutional warrant for one President to hold office slightly more than four years—that is, beyond his fixed term. After that, each term would go smoothly as before. It was in this sense that, in 1886, the Senate unanimously passed the bill reported from the Judiciary Committee, and assiduously urged by Senator Hoar, to change the expiry of the next Presidential term, and of the next Congress, to April 30. The project died in the House, however, not so much from hostility as from indifference. It is a similar amendment which it is proposed now to revive. The ideal thing would be to have the new President take office on January 1, and for the Congress, elected at the same time with him, also to begin its work on that date. This would conform to the practice of most of the States, and of other governments; would be business-like; and would certainly be democratic in the sense that it would put the people's representatives in office to carry out the people's expressed will, before that will had been forgotten. The first of January, of course, would be as badly fitted as the fourth of March for outdoor pageants, but the necessary exercises could be held indoors.

We hope the defeat of the ship-subsidy bill means that there will be no attempt to force this legislation through the next Congress. The plan had the support of the President and Mr. Root, but, by a vote of 175 to 172, the bill was voted down. Party lines were broken, and no less than twenty-eight Republicans were against the measure. In the next Congress the Republican majority will be smaller and the need of economy, because of the heavy deficit, more obvious. Hence, advocates of the scheme will face heavier odds than ever. The idea of a ship subsidy is simply to put the government into partnership with certain business interests. In order to stimulate a trade which, from the economical point of view, is waste-

ful, because unprofitable, the United States is urged to guarantee the profits of some few favored steamship owners. Every one will remember the public uneasiness at the voting of a government guarantee of profits on the new Philippine railways built by private capital, and every one knows how impossible it would be to obtain such a guarantee for any railway or steamship venture within the United States. But the argument is that as Uncle Sam's pockets are capacious and have been hitherto well filled, and as it is pleasant to have American steamships going abroad, therefore every American is to be taxed to support these lines. There is still another side to a proposal of this kind. Whenever the government is asked to aid private business enterprises there is usually jobbery and corruption, however sincere and high-minded those statesmen who support the undertaking on grounds of national policy. The country has had one experience of this kind in connection with the Pacific Mail Company. Last week Congress buzzed with rumors of undue influence. Congressman Clark, in speaking of the powerful lobby which has been at work for the bill, declared that it bore "all the marks of corruption."

Everybody wishes to see the American merchant marine restored. But because our shipping is prostrate there is no reason whatever why we should commit an egregious economic blunder. The proper steps are plain enough. President Cleveland, years ago, declared:

> The ancient provisions of our law denying American registry to ships built abroad and owned by Americans appears, in the light of present conditions, not only to be a failure for good at every point, but to be nearer a relic of barbarism than anything that exists under the permission of a statute of the United States.

Yet that remains a law of the land. The next step is to reduce the tariff on shipbuilding materials, which now makes a difference, so shipbuilders testify, of 40 per cent. on "every conceivable item that goes into the cost of a ship." Far-sighted legislation as to registry and the tariff would do infinitely more to develop our shipping than any subsidy scheme yet developed.

In the new copyright law, the provisions of which we summarize in another column, the improvements consist chiefly in bringing the statute up to date. It now protects the owner of a musical copyright from unauthorized reproductions by mechanical means; and, in general, the definitions given to the various kinds of literary and artistic property are made both sharper and more comprehensive. The final abandonment of the attempt to compel books in foreign languages to be set and printed in this country before copyright can be secured, is also a gain for common sense and international fair dealing. But the continued requirement of manufacture in the United States, as a condition precedent to copyrighting books in English, is a grave blot on our legislation. The Berne Convention puts the foreigner absolutely on the same footing as the native, as regards protection of his literary property. Until we get ready to go the whole way, and sign and live up to this Convention, to which nine-tenths of the leading countries are glad to adhere, we shall justly be classified, in this particular, among the unenlightened and backward nations.

The nullification of Missouri's railway rate laws by the United States District Court confirms both the fact and the ethics upon which Gov. Hughes based his veto of the two-cent law. The scanty earnings of the smaller Missouri roads show how impossible it is to fix a flat maximum rate anywhere near the desired average. Judge McPherson's wish for two flat rates, one for strong roads and the other for weak ones, seems a curious compromise between popular sentiment and justice. The wisest course is, according to the theory on which the New York State Public Service Commission is created, to regulate each particular line in the light of conditions prevailing on its own stretch of track.

The proposed new charter for New York city, just laid before the Legislature, is primarily noteworthy because of the things it does *not* contain. In an era of municipal government by commission, of experiments of all kinds, ranging from unexampled participation by the voters to government by an almost despotic group of three or five men, the New York Charter Commission has not included in its draft a commission, or the initiative, or the recall, or the referendum. It has yielded to no craze for untested devices, but has devoted itself to reducing our present chaotic form of government to order. The guiding principle has been to centre responsibility upon the Mayor, his executive officers, and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Lack of this clear-cut responsibility has been at the bottom of some of our chief troubles. It has been impossible, for instance, for the Mayor to control the borough presidents, because they are, like himself, elective officials. Yet their failure, in four out of five boroughs, to perform their duties honestly or efficiently would have made it impossible for any Mayor to govern properly. Take the streets, for instance; as responsibility for their condition is now divided among five departments, it is obvious that no one person can be held accountable. Hence the Charter Commission has tried so to simplify the structure of government that each official's duties shall be clear, and the public may know who is at fault, if there is maladministration.

The commission has not abolished wholly the legislative branch. If the Board of Estimate is henceforth to be analogous to the executive committee of the directors of a business corporation, it remains in one sense an upper legislative house; while in place of the Aldermen, there is to be a council of thirty-nine members to serve without pay. Their powers are, however, to be strictly limited, for they will only pass ordinances, make the tax levy, and exercise a veto over specific appropriations in the budget. The powers of the Board of Estimate are, on the other hand, to be enormously enlarged. Its executive duties will be coördinated and distributed among seven bureaus: Public Improvements and Engineering, Supplies, Real Estate, Claims, Publicity and Statistics, Salaries, and Franchises. These are to be headed by seven experts, appointed by the board, which will itself contain, besides the five borough presidents, the Mayor, the president of the council, and the Comptroller. The desire to concentrate responsibility is also illustrated in the reduction of the Board of Education to fifteen members—still too large a number, however, for the maximum of efficiency. The City Chamberlain is to be the head of a veritable city bank, containing the Treasury, and

the bureaus for the collection of taxes, revenues, and licenses. There has been no attempt to regulate the nominations to office as in the case of the new Boston charter, no attempt to destroy the party conventions or to forbid all party nominations. In brief, then, the Charter Commission has held fast to old and well-tried methods in administration, but has endeavored to recast the present government, with as few changes as possible, to fit it to existing conditions.

Press reports of the trial of the Sugar Trust, ended last week by a jury verdict of guilty, hardly have brought out the shocking nature of the charge, and of the evidence to support it. It was a case of plain stealing of the most contemptible kind. False weights were systematically used in order to defraud the Government, so the jury found, and the verdict of guilty also included the finding that this habitual cheating could not have been carried on without the knowledge of the officers of the corporation. This makes up about the most damning case against a rich company that we have had. Here was no mere question of rebating, or secret trade agreements, but just pilfering, day after day. The fat hand of the Sugar Trust was steadily filching from the Treasury till. For depravity and sneaking meanness, this would be hard to beat.

As a party that has grown expert in explaining away defeat, the English Liberals will not find it very difficult to explain away the outcome of the bye-election in Glasgow last week. From 1886 to 1906, the seat was held by the same Unionist incumbent. In the tidal wave of the latter year, he was beaten by only 431 votes. Obviously, the recapture of so ancient a stronghold by the Unionists cannot be described as a crushing Liberal defeat. Moreover, the Liberal candidate was badly handicapped. He was the renowned T. Gibson Bowles, who, up to 1906, was a Unionist member of independent proclivities, but who was defeated in the last general election, or, as he maintains, assassinated by the Unionist tariff reformers, because of his decided "free-food" views. Mr. Bowles thus had to contend against the particular resentment of the Unionists and the distrust that is always the portion of a "renegade." The influential Glasgow *Herald* is against tariff reform, but it supported the Unionist candidate, because it believed that "free trade is in no danger from anything Mr. Scott Dickson can say." Hence a Unionist victory, by 7,298 votes against 5,185 in an old Conservative constituency, is not so overwhelming as it seems at first.

When the British Old Age pensions bill was before Parliament, Mr. Balfour opposed it on the ground that many persons would not be able to prove their age, particularly in Ireland. How could an Irish dock-laborer working in Liverpool convince any one that he was born in Belfast, seventy years ago, he asked, when it was notorious that the Irish statistics of 1840 were wholly untrustworthy, where any existed? In fact, it is the Irish septuagenarians who are swamping the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The statistics show there should be only 184,000 persons over seventy years of age in Ireland, of whom 32,000 now receiving poor-relief are disqualified for pensions. Of the remaining 152,000, it would seem as if there ought to be at least a few thousand well enough off to do without pensions, but no less than 177,000 Irish pensions have already been granted. It looks as if many men and women in Ireland had reached the age of seventy in a great hurry. If there is a comic side to this, there is also a tragic one for the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the government. They now confess that their estimates of the cost of old age pensions were 80 per cent. out of the way. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer is reported as saying: "I cannot tell you now, but you will find I shall get the money for this alleviation of the misery of the poor from people who are well able to pay." In other words, property is to be taxed so as to break down the incentive to saving for old age.

The Parliamentary elections in Italy last Sunday insure a new lease of power for the Giolitti Ministry. Detailed figures are not yet at hand, but if we accept the government's estimate of 350 Ministerialists, against 158 of the Opposition, the Giolitti majority is almost exactly what it was upon the assembling of the preceding Parliament, late in 1904. Since the legislative term for the Italian Chamber is five years, the recent dissolution only hastened a general election by a few months. The Premier chose to go to the country rather than risk further debate on his foreign policy. Public opinion in Italy is at a high tension with regard to Austrian aggression in the Balkans, but while an excited Chamber might conceivably have voted down the Giolitti Ministry, a Ministerial victory at the polls was inevitable. Giolitti's position in Italy is a good deal like that of Clemenceau and his predecessors in France. Like them, his power rests on a Radical *bloc*, diverse enough in interests, but united against reaction on the one hand, and revolutionary Socialism on the other. In France a long series of tumultuous and short-lived ministries preceded the victory of Radical concentration under Waldeck-Rousseau. In Italy, there was the same chaos of ministries and combinations until the Radical *bloc* was formed, under the Zanardelli Ministry in 1901.

An interesting feature of the Italian elections is that the Pope's supporters are said to have taken a more active part than they have done since the beginning of United Italy. The Papal inhibition against going to the polls was removed in seventy-two constituencies, or one-seventh of the whole number voting. The result has been no gain in Rome, where the Anti-Clerical *bloc* repeated its victories of the preceding year, and a slight gain in the rural districts. In general, it may be questioned whether the Papal *non expedit* has really kept Catholics out of politics to a very considerable extent. The enrolled electors in Germany constitute 20 per cent. of the entire population; in France the ratio is nearly 24; in Italy it is less than 8. At first sight that would indicate that an enormous number of Italians boycott the polls. We find, however, that the Italian franchise demands not only the ability to read and write, but a certain degree of additional elementary education; and that in 1901 nearly 44 per cent. of all males over twenty years of age were illiterate. Add the fact that there are considerable property qualifications for the franchise, and it would follow that the number of Italians who refrain from availing themselves of their electoral rights is not very large.

THE INAUGURAL.

President Taft could not write in the 'Ercles vein if he would, and he has chosen to give his inaugural address an agreeably quiet tone. He summons his fellow-countrymen, not to a deadly combat with Apollyon, but to the long work of constructive legislation, steady administration, and industrial recovery. There is no boasting, either for himself or his party, in putting on the armor, but the new President's words breathe of matured convictions and strong common sense, and will fall gratefully upon the ears of a people wearied of vehemence.

What Mr. Taft has to say about his hopes of tariff revision will be read with the more interest in that Congress is so soon to attack that question. Doubtless, the President will more fully express his views when he sends a message to the special session on March 15. The mere outline to which he limits himself is along familiar lines. Mr. Taft does not go the whole length of the tariff-reform argument. There is no moral indignation in his reference to the Dingley schedules which he would like to see modified. He appears to be still caught in the bog of "cost of production at home and abroad." Still, he has the root of the matter in him. He declares that, in the making of a tariff, the "prime motive" must be "taxation and the securing thereby of a revenue." And he makes it clear that, in his opinion, the existing duties ought to be reduced all along the line. This being so, we think we can speak for tariff-reformers, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, when we say that they will wait patiently for a protectionist Congress and a protectionist President to confess the follies and wrongs of protection, and to set about cutting them away.

In what the inaugural has to suggest about enforcement and revision of laws relating to railways and other interstate corporations, the chief thing is the announced aim—to give to American business "that measure of stability and certainty . . . which is essential to the life and growth of all business." These are the words which will first catch the eye of the thousands all over the country who are striving to restore the former level of industrial activity. Mr. Taft speaks of changes he desires in the anti-Trust law. In view of the recent report of the Senate Judiciary Committee against any modification of that statute, it is hard to see how the new President can hope to bring about an important amendment. But the distinction which he seeks to have made is, not between "good" Trusts and "bad" ones, but between those combinations which are based upon "legitimate economic reasons" and those "formed with the intent of creating monopolies and artificially controlling prices."

Of high significance is President Taft's language about the South, and the status and progress of the negro. One sentence of his, intimating that he will not appoint negroes to a "local office" in any community in which "the race feeling is so widespread" as to interfere with the transaction of the public business by such appointee, will undoubtedly be hailed by negro-haters in the South. They will read into it a promise to remove all colored Federal officials and to name no more. But they must not too hastily overlook the other things that Mr. Taft says on this subject. He warns against "the pretence of race feeling manufactured in the interest of individual political ambition." By that he will not be deceived. Consequently, any Southerner who itches to obtain an office now held by a negro, and who thinks he can get it by showing how the race prejudice in his locality is suddenly terrible, will be likely to have his labor for his pains. And the sober second thought of the South cannot fail to fasten upon the President's emphatic words of sympathy with the negro, and desire to advance his industrial, educational, and political status in every way possible. Mr. Taft proposes to go on in the encouragement of the negroes by "recognizing their distinguished men," in "appointment to office" and otherwise. Moreover, the President stands up stoutly for the war amendments to the Constitution, including the Fifteenth, and notifies the South that its suffrage laws "must" conform to that national charter of political rights for the negro. Hence, we may well believe that, with all his good will and his obvious desire to win the South, President Taft will certainly do as much for the negro as his predecessor did.

The only passage in the inaugural that glows with inward heat is the one refusing even to consider the legal sanction of boycotting, or the withdrawal from the courts of the power of issuing injunctions against labor unions. "As to that," says the President, "my convictions are fixed." Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell will take notice. So will other people. With nothing sensational in his inaugural address, the new President comes before the country with an appeal for reason in all things and justice to all classes of citizens and all parts of the land. We shall, of course, judge him by his acts in the future, not by his words to-day; but that he now stands in a high degree of favor with his fellow-countrymen is plain to everybody. That he may continue to do so to the end of his term is our sincere wish.

A PARTING GLANCE AT ROOSEVELT

We distrust attempts to sum up Mr. Roosevelt's administration. Several of his subordinates in office have tried to do it, but not even their high impartiality is equal to the task. We are too near the events; we are yet too much under the spell of a salient personality, a man of contradictions, in whom good and bad are curiously and inextricably mingled. The most that can be done to-day is to note his chief qualities, and ask what has been their effect upon public affairs.

When Col. Roosevelt ceased to be Governor of New York, the *Nation* said that his two years in office had shown his master-passion to be love of excitement. "It is the clamorous life," we remarked, "which most appeals to him." That opinion is confirmed by the eight years which has followed. Now, Walter Bagehot has a warning passage on the perils of excitable statesmanship. He pointed out in Bolingbroke, what he might have pointed out in Roosevelt, that it is "incompatible with the calm circumspection and the sound estimate of probability essential to great affairs." Certainly, President Roosevelt has taken no thought for careful adjustment of outlay to income and has consequently been wildly extravagant. He has been an unreflecting and noisy advocate of a big army and navy. Yet as an offset to his blustering talk about preparation for war and his constant encouragement of the military spirit must be set his brilliantly successful efforts to conclude a peace between Russia and Japan—efforts that were most appropriately rec-

ognized in the bestowal of the Nobel Peace Prize.

His passion for the sensational has not been confined to his own sensations. He would have everybody set tingling along with him. With an energy that nothing can sap, and an almost fatal eye for what will prove startling, he has given the country a long succession of shocks. And here comes in his wonderful talent for advertising. As Tacitus said of Mucianus: "Omnium quæ dixerat, feceratque, arte quadam ostentator"—he has the showman's knack of drawing public attention to everything he says or does. This is Roosevelt the politician, and no more consummate politician ever lived. For knowing when to seize the occasion; for understanding perfectly how to hit popular feeling between wind and water; above all, for ability to impress and handle men, not singly, but by the million, we have not looked upon his like.

Mr. Roosevelt's uncommon powers of moving the masses have had their chief display in the field of social agitation. A great upheaval of moral sentiment took place during his administration. He was not the sole cause of it, but he utilized it and furthered it mightily. An account of stewardship of the rich was vigorously demanded. Business dishonesty was held up to abhorrence. Corporation rottenness was probed. All this, in spite of excesses of denunciation and legislation, was highly salutary. It was full time that people who had been mismanaging corporations and exploiting the public were called sharply to book. Yet such acts as Mr. Roosevelt's wresting of Panama from Colombia and his appeal to E. H. Harriman for campaign funds have raised grave doubts whether this eager moral crusader is himself always possessed of clear moral perceptions. The fact remains, however, that the quickening of the national conscience, the rousing of a people long dead in trespasses and sins, with such concrete results as the reform of the insurance companies and the restrictions upon predatory public service corporations, is a service the value of which can scarcely be overestimated.

One defect of Mr. Roosevelt as President—on which we have dwelt more than once—was his indifference to constitutional and legal methods. He has but a feeble grasp of general principles; he sees only isolated instances. This explains his failure to perceive that ours is a government of divided and limited powers. His tendency was always to ride rough-shod over Congress, to curse the courts when they failed to sustain his policies, and to do what seemed to him best at the moment, regardless of strict legality. It was not merely that he cut red tape. More than once, as in the case of the colored soldiers involved in the affair at Brownsville, he coolly ignored the express provisions of our statutes. This same trait was also exhibited in his offhand license for the steel merger, in his frequent transgressions of the rules and usages of civil intercourse, his numerous brawls in and with the public press, his fondness for calling men liars. He was impatient of all the restraints which his position should have laid upon him.

But as the years pass and enmities are forgotten and wounds heal, it is inevitable that his eccentricies and acerbities of manner, his recklessness in statement, his violence in vituperation, and even his trampling upon legal and administrative precedents shall fall more and more into the background, while the solid achievements of his seven years in the Presidency shall bulk ever larger. It is on having "done things" that he most prides himself and most confidently challenges the verdict of history. Certainly, the prosecution of the Northern Securities suit has put a definite limit to a consolidation of railways in a few hands through a series of mergers. The value of the railway rate legislation which he secured, after convulsing the country and making himself the idol of the West, cannot yet be reckoned, though the moral effect of the law has doubtless been considerable. No one, however, can gainsay or lessen the credit which Mr. Roosevelt deserves for his pursuit of the postal thieves and the land thieves, for his vigorous prosecution of the railways which gave rebates and the companies which received them, for extending the forest reserves, and for pushing the passage of the Pure Food Law and the Meat Inspection Law. But, above all, the beginning of the irrigation project is likely to rank as the legislative landmark of his administration. That was true initiative, the effects of which will bless millions yet unborn. Conceivably this vast undertaking will be his abiding monument when all his other labors are sunk in oblivion. We cannot tell. Said Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe, after his retirement: "The banker, when he has closed out a speculation, can instantly estimate his gains. But the public man is never in that happy position. He is constantly tormented by the doubt lest, in the end, what he has done have harmful consequences." So we must wait years before knowing how to strike the balance of the Roosevelt administration.

EXIT PLATT.

Of the retiring members of the United States Senate, none presents so melancholy a spectacle as Thomas C. Platt. He returns now to private life, broken in body and mind, almost friendless. No civic organizations are passing resolutions commending the intelligence and zeal with which he has served his State. He has earned no gratitude—only contempt. The people of New York give a sigh of relief that Platt has gone out of politics forever. We should not dwell on so unhappy a figure, but for the fact that Mr. Platt's fate is the direct logical outcome of the policy which for many years he pursued with singular skill and tenacity. Here is a man whose sins have found him out.

Platt is an example of the scholar in politics. He was a member of the class of 1853 at Yale, and though he was compelled to give up the course because of ill health, his attainments were recognized in 1876 by the honorary degree of master of arts; but his case only serves to prove afresh that what is wanted in politics is not so much scholarship as character. Platt began his career as officeholder—clerk of Tioga County—in 1859, at the age of twenty-six; he entered Congress in 1873; and he rose to be United States Senator in 1881, when not yet forty-eight. Such rapid advancement was not the result of accident. He had devoted himself to mastery of the game of politics as it was then played in New York. He was hampered by no scruples; he never allowed himself to be diverted from his ends by any qualms as to the necessary means. It was a day when politicians confessed their cynicism rather more frankly than is now thought to be discreet; and Platt made no pretence to

a high-mindedness which he neither possessed nor understood. The value of noisy professions of all the virtues, domestic and public, had not then been so convincingly demonstrated as it has since; and Platt, with commendable freedom from hypocrisy, set himself quite openly to the task of debauching voters and manipulating legislators.

But mere indifference to principle would never have carried him into the United States Senate. His ambitions were backed by an uncommonly keen intellect. Persons who have seen Platt only in his declining years, since he has been shorn of his power, can hardly imagine what a force he was in his prime. In political astuteness his only rival was the Democratic leader—sometimes, it is suspected, Platt's co-worker—David Bennett Hill. Platt held the Republican party of this State in the hollow of his hand. It was an adage of his that in quiet times the machine rules; and he built up a machine of extraordinary efficiency. He had plenty of money; for at the insurance investigation he told how he used to bleed the big corporations, with the understanding that he would grant suitable favors in return. This money was most judiciously expended throughout the State. He knew the exact capacities of all his minor leaders, the size of the vote which each could deliver, the relative purchasing power of a dollar in city districts and in rural, the various factional quarrels, the possibilities of dicker and intrigue, both within the Republican ranks and with venal or discontented Democrats. New York is a vast chess-board on which to marshal an army of pawns, but Platt deployed his with consummate tact. He was called the "Easy Boss," because he could drive with a free rein (within the prescribed limits) as well as apply the spur. He could take a high-spirited, conscientious, and capable young man, give him his head when he became restless under the discipline of the depraved party organization, tempt his ambition, promise him a career of great usefulness and honor, entangle him in one compromise after another, threaten to bury him in that famous Platt graveyard, and finally bind him to the machine, helpless and hopeless. As a corrupter of youth, we grant the palm to Platt, with his amazing smoothness and cleverness.

His shrewdness was never more strikingly shown than after his disgraceful fall in 1881. With Conkling, he had resigned from the Senate in a quarrel with President Garfield over the patronage. The two men came back to Albany to plot for a reëlection; and the hotel corridors were filled with rumors of bribery and scandal. Then Platt, caught in a nasty scrape, was forced to withdraw, and as one of the newspapers then put it, he "stole into the darkness." That a man thus thrust out of public life should ever rehabilitate himself seemed incredible. But he was indefatigable, and before long he appeared at Albany in control of half-a-dozen votes in the Legislature. With this small capital he began trafficking in legislation. He managed his resources dexterously, steadily enlarged his stock of Senators and Assemblymen, added an attractive line of delegates to city, county, State, and national conventions, ornamented his show-window with Congressmen, Federal officeholders, and even Governors, and then in 1897 returned in triumph to the Senate. But in his twelve years there he has not brought forward any large piece of constructive legislation. His activities have been confined to the field in which he has won all his successes—if we may use that term—office-broking. With his mental equipment, he might have made a record to be proud of; but he deliberately narrowed his interests and centred his attention on petty jobs.

We need not press the lesson. It is easy to sneer at ideas and the idealists; but in the long run it is the idealist who wins and the gross materialist who goes down in shameful defeat. Platt and Platt's influence have wrought nothing but harm in State and nation. A life so sordid, unilluminated by lofty impulse, unredeemed by anything resembling devotion to duty, can secure but one verdict from history; and in this instance Platt's contemporaries anticipate the condemnation of posterity.

FRENCH ANTI-CLERICALISM.

Last week M. Clemenceau's Minister of Public Instruction appointed the Abbé Loisy professor of the history of religions at the Collège de France. The choice was significant, both because of the character of the man on whom it fell and the manner in which it was brought about. The authorities of the Collège de France had recommended M. Loisy; but the Academy of Moral Sciences, which had a voice in the mattor, declared in favor of another candidate by a vote of 19 to 17. Later the Academy reconsidered its action and came to the support of M. Loisy, who was promptly confirmed by the authorities. There can be little doubt that government pressure had been brought to bear on the Academy. The candidacy of M. Loisy had taken on a political aspect. Rejecting him would be a triumph for the Catholic cause; appointing him would be a striking demonstration of the government's unflagging zeal against Rome. For it must be remembered that M. Loisy is the most redoubtable champion of that dangerous heresy of Modernism which the Church has so recently spewed out of its mouth. As far back as 1893 the Abbé Loisy became suspect, and was removed from his professorship at the Institut Catholique. In 1903, five of his books were placed on the Index. In 1907, the Papal decree *Lamentabili sane exitu* stamped as heresy sixty-five propositions drawn largely from the writings of Loisy. The abbé replied. He was excommunicated, and Rome proclaimed a general war on Modernism in the encyclical *Pascendi*.

Neither the Church nor its enemies, in France, hold the opinion that everything was lost and won when Separation was effected some two years ago. The bishops and the faithful, under the lead of Rome, are taking up new positions and are reforming their ranks with an eye to continued resistance. The passionate anti-clericals are pressing on towards victories new. While the necessary after-effects of Separation move on apace, while Church property is being laicised and liquidated, and, on the other hand, the Church finances are being reorganized on the basis of voluntary contributions, the firing line has shifted from Parliament and the courts into the schools. The schoolmasters as a class have a strong liking for the revolutionary ideals so plentiful in France of the present day. Trade-unionism, as applied to their own profession, is defended. Teachers have been known to lecture their pupils on the folly of patriotism quite in accordance with the principles of Gustave Hervé. Naturally, the anti-religious spirit is strong in the average French schoolroom. Text-

books on the history of France, in which the rôle played by religion and the Church is neglected or slurred, are popular. In other words, the radical secularists have borrowed a page from the book of their opponents. They know what an advantage it is to carry your beliefs into the elementary schools. And the Church is fully conscious of the danger. Helpless, under the present régime, it sees its hopes of the rising generation being swamped by the teachers of irreligion, of spiritual and moral, as well as social, anarchy.

With the government definitely arrayed against them, the bishops must fight their battles by extra-political means. They must utilize public opinion. Since it would be less than useless for them to work on the schoolmaster or his superior, they are trying to work through the parents of the school children, whose future welfare they regard as threatened. The great majority of Frenchmen are, formally at least, still in communion with the old faith. The women are still largely susceptible to priestly influence. If the mothers and fathers of France could be brought to protest against the growing godlessness of the schools, there can be little doubt that they would have to be listened to. But for the success of such a policy, or of any policy that the Church in France may bring forward, it is essential that the Church should show a spirit of partial compromise, a certain readiness to recognize the logic of accomplished facts. And especially is it important that its members should act as Frenchmen and not as privates at the absolute behest of Rome. Unfortunately, Rome has shown no desire for compromise, and the Church in France displays no desire or ability to question the orders from Rome. The tendency is the other way. Because the French bishops in their plenary assemblies favored a policy of moderation in the Separation crisis, the plenary assemblies are now abolished and provincial assemblies are substituted. So strong a Catholic organ as *Figaro* has characterized this change as a scheme for splitting up the French Episcopate in order to prevent the formation of a united opinion, within the French Church, in possible opposition to Rome. At the beginning of January, M. Andrieu, the archbishop of Marseilles, probably the most steadfast opponent of compromise with the state, was raised to the dignity of cardinal. It was unmistakably a reward.

Under such circumstances, the anti-clerical swing is gaining force. It is war to the hilt, even if it is sometimes war to the point of the ridiculous. The author of a depreciatory life of Joan of Arc is made professor at the Sorbonne and riots follow. The Socialist Mayor of Ivry celebrates "civic baptisms." The new-born are brought in to the strains of the "Marseillaise," listen to a discourse on liberty and democracy, and depart to the strains of the "Internationale," taking with them a box of candy and a penny savings bank as the gift of the state. The situation is not pleasing to good Catholics.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

I.

Mr. Noyes, himself one of the most serious of the younger English poets, has written a life of William Morris in a tone of almost lyrical enthusiasm*; affording further evidence that the maker of "The Earthly Paradise," as the representative of one of the diverging lines from Tennyson's early Victorian compromise, is receiving more serious critical attention. When Morris went up to Oxford in 1853, bearing with him the humors of a strange romantic boyhood in Epping Forest, he was already steeped in Tennyson, and it was natural that he should have joined himself to a set of men who were under the same spell. "We all had the feeling," says Canon Dixon, one of that university group, "that after Tennyson no farther development was possible: that we were at the end of all things in poetry." As a matter of fact, though Tennyson no doubt exercised a strong influence on these ardent seekers after beauty, their course was to be by no means a continuation of the great Cambridge poet's.

Morris, too, like Tennyson, made a friendship at the university, which colored all the rest of his life. When he took his examination at Oxford, there sat beside him in the Hall of Exeter, a boy from Birmingham, Edward Burne-Jones, the future artist, with whom and three or four others was to be formed the Brotherhood (not to be confused with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood), whose eccentric doings are chronicled so entertainingly in Lady Burne-Jones's memoirs of her husband. Both Morris and Burne-Jones were deeply imbued with the enthusiasm left over from the Oxford Movement, and their first aim was to form a conventual society with some vague notion of preserving and disseminating the religious ideas of the past. Meanwhile, their activity took the usual form of publishing a periodical, the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. It succumbed after a few months, like other such ventures; and if a neglectful world was bettered thereby it was not immediately, but through the lasting influence of those warm aspirations on the men themselves. And I often think that nothing is more striking, nothing, indeed, more lamentable, than the absence of these little societies from our American universities. How utterly lonely and unhelped is the path of many college men who cherish the long hopes of youth. We have so little sense of the power and comfort of these frank conspiracies for fame; we seem to be born with a shame of great ambitions, and tremble lest any one should suppose we nourish a plot to conquer the world. And so we go out into life with no recollection of that first buoyant sympathy to hearten us against life's subduing indifference. We lack the reserve force and the retiring place of such a memory. Well, that is for America, and, perhaps, for England of to-day; not for the Oxford of the Brotherhood.

**William Morris.* By Alfred Noyes. (English Men of Letters.) New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

II.

Their religious zeal soon waned, if it was not rather factitious from the beginning. Morris might be described as a High Churchman and Neo-Catholic when he entered the university, but his religion even then was more a matter of the senses than of morals and creeds. There is a significant note in one of his earliest poems preserved in a letter to a friend:

> 'Twas in Church on Palm Sunday,
> Listening what the priest did say
> Of the kiss that did betray,
>
> That the thought did come to me
> How the olives used to be
> Growing in Gethsemane;
>
> That the thoughts upon me came
> Of the lantern's steady flame,
> Of the softly whispered name;
>
> Of how kiss and words did sound
> While the olives stood around,
> While the robe lay on the ground.

One can imagine the scorn with which Newman would have regarded this use of the Passion of Christ for æsthetic titillation—he who recoiled with suspicion even from the allurement of natural scenery. And there was little of the earlier zeal then at Oxford to correct or change this tendency. "The place was languid and indifferent," wrote Burne-Jones; "scarcely anything was left to show that it had passed through such an excited time as ended with the secession of Newman." In the hollow ritualism that was beginning to crystallize from the Oxford Movement our band of enthusiasts could find satisfaction neither for conscience nor for imagination, and they gradually turned from

this mixture to a pure art of the senses.

New influences, not of the university, began to take hold upon them. They grew deep in mediæval things; Poe's poems came across the water to open a realm of shadowy dreams; Ruskin's "religion of beauty" created in them the solemn conscience of art, and through Ruskin's "Edinburgh Lectures" they were drawn to the strongest force that operated upon them—Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It is not easy to account for the extraordinary domination of Rossetti over almost every one with whom he came into contact. We may call it the mystery of his personality; and this, if analyzed, will probably reduce in large part to the effect of invincible self-knowledge, to his sure instinct of knowing what he admired and what he wanted, while others were waiting for the guidance of some external impulse. And so, as he became better known to these Oxford searchers, he grew to be for a time a kind of high-priest of artistic taste. Their first serious incursion into art under the new leadership was that hilarious fiasco, when Morris, who had no training as a painter, and others who, if they could draw, knew nothing of frescoing, covered the walls of the Oxford Union with pictures which faded almost immediately into the plaster. But there were great days of talk and wild merriment when these friends, now settled in London, came back to Oxford as knights errant of the brush.

III.

The various interests of the world soon invaded that little *cénacle*, drawing its members into different paths of success, but the mark of those Oxford days and of their comradeship in the long hopes was never worn away. The precise work of each depended on his peculiar talents. For Morris, the future was determined by an æsthetic irritability that was not so much the all-eliminating impulse of the great artist as an indiscriminate hankering after beauty, and by a certain fluidity of temperament. You may sink your plummet into his mind, but you will touch no bottom; there is no solid core; all there is movement and flux, save this sense of beauty, which was itself largely a matter of flowing rhythm. The vision of life passed before his eyes in sequence, but without consequence; more than almost any other man of his age he had the romantic indifference to the law of cause and effect which locks events together into a kind of static system, and the bondage of logic he never suffered. The moral compromise of the age, also, which, as "In Memoriam" shows it, tried to combine the old notion of an eternal *fiat* with the new theory of evolution, was no problem to him. If Tennyson sometimes escaped from that constraint into the higher logic of the spirit, Morris moved for the most part as if unconscious of its existence. There is nothing immoral in his work; but of morality there we do not think at all, save as another term to distinguish the beautiful from the ugly.

This lack of a fixed centre is a part of the man's character, showing itself in little traits as in his large. There is no repose in his body. He had, says a friend, the "incessant restlessness of a wild creature." He was "fond of talking, which he did in a husky shout," and for emphasis had the "habit of beating his own head." If anything happened to check his impulse, he would fly into a gusty rage, and there are stories abroad of insane exhibitions of temper, such as striking his head against the wall, rolling in paroxysms on the floor, biting through window-frames, lifting coal-scuttles with his teeth, and the like Herculean feats—half inventions of Rossetti's humor, it may be, but characteristic of the man. His impatience of hindrance was like the boiling of a mountain torrent over a boulder. Of death he was notoriously afraid, not from any deficiency of physical courage, but in recoil from its final stay and pause.

The same restlessness runs through his artistic life. I am not sure that I can enumerate all the crafts he took up at one time or another, either in rapid succession or together, but weaving, dyeing, furniture making, paper designing, and printing were among them. So feverish was his method, that his great physical strength was worn out at the age of sixty-two (in 1896; it seems already long ago), and he succumbed to the disease, as his family doctor reported, of "being William Morris, and having done more work than most ten men." Excellent results were obtained in all these arts, even if sometimes, as in much of his printing, the delight in antique forms and the sheer lust of the eye overrode the craftsman's right feeling for utility. To these tasks of the hand he brought a magnificent scorn of "vagueness, hypocrisy, and cowardice," and his hatred of these sins against joyous and beautiful production was the real substitute in him for the moralist's dictates of conscience. One thing is specially noticeable: his successful work was almost purely decorative, depending on fluent line and skilful repetition. He never learned to manage figures, and when animal or bird was necessary to a design, he generally had it drawn in by another hand. A picture, properly speaking, he could never make, chiefly, I believe, because the concentration of sight and the static power of composition were so weak in him.

IV.

Poetry was but one craft among many for Morris, and he turned off his lines with incredible ease. "That talk of inspiration is sheer nonsense," he once exclaimed; "I may tell you that flat: there is no such thing: it is a mere matter of craftsmanship. . . . If a chap can't compose an epic poem while he's weaving tapestry, he had better shut up, he'll never do any good at all." And so he composed epics and lyrics and again epics amidst his other occupations, accomplishing once, it is said, as many as seven hundred lines in a single day. Mr. Noyes, who himself knows something of the poetic pains, stops to calculate this at about one line a minute for twelve hours on end, and is aghast and incredulous at such an *enfantement*. As a matter of fact, Morris's writing approaches more nearly than that of perhaps any other Englishman to the style of the *improvisatore;* it bears the same relation to the verse of other equally famous poets as the work of the arabesque decorator bears to that of the figure painter. "The poetic upholsterer," Sir Edmund Beckett called him, and Morris was astonished that this "harmless statement of fact" should have been meant for an insult.

Well, let us admit all this, and then add that Morris's verse is superb decoration. With all their shortcomings and their omission of the qualities that mark the great style, it is possible that a time may come when "The Earthly Paradise" and "Sigurd the Volsung" will be read more than many a poem that fails in a grander manner. Every one knows the simple and happily conceived plot of Morris's longest poem. It is told in the Prologue how certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway once, in the Middle Ages, set sail to find the Earthly Paradise, and after long wandering came at last to an island in the western sea, where dwelt a Greek people who still preserved the life and traditions of the ancient world. So throughout a year the elders of the two peoples entertain one another with stories of mediæval and classical origin, one of each source every month. There is no attempt on the part of the poet to differentiate his style for the two periods; his aim is to waft the reader to "a shadowy isle of bliss" which is neither pagan nor Christian, but the world's refuge of romance. From Chaucer he drew the plan of his poem, and with Chaucer in his Envoi he ranges himself as pupil with master. As a matter of fact, except for their common skill in weaving a story, there are few poets in English from whom Morris differed more than from his avowed model. Chaucer did not hate death as Morris hated it; nor did Morris have any understanding of that broad love of actual life that makes the savor of the "Canterbury Tales." His aim was rather to escape from the realities of living, while still shrinking from the contemplation of death or of the eternal things. To me the only really pathetic lines he ever wrote are the

prologue to "November," wherein he expresses this revulsion from the two realities:

Look out upon the real world, where the moon,
Half-way 'twixt root and crown of these high trees,
Turns the dead midnight into dreamy noon
Silent and full of wonders, for the breeze
Died at the sunset, and no images,
No hopes of day, are left in sky or earth—
Is it not fair, and of most wondrous worth?

Yea, I have looked and seen November there;
The changeless seal of change it seemed to be,
Fair death of things that, living once, were fair;
Bright sign of loneliness too great for me,
Strange image of the dread eternity,
In whose void patience how can these have part,
These outstretched feverish hands, this restless heart?

In those lines is something of the grand manner, as you will find it rarely, if anywhere else, in Morris—not the weight of Milton, but let us say the elfin gravity of Spenser in the later stanzas of "The Faerie Queene."

V.

Void patience was not in the heart or the hands of our craftsman, and for his refuge from life he turned to the "pageant-maker's imagery." You remember the story of "The Ring Given to Venus" and the young man, who, to recover the ring and therewith gain his human bride, was forced to stand in a place of wizardry by the sea while a procession of phantoms passed before him:

In after times would Laurence say,
That though the moonshine, cold and gray,
Flooded the lonely earth that night,
These creatures in the moon's despite
Were colored clear, as though the sun
Shone through the earth to light each one.
. . . . . .
And then his dazzled eyes could see
Once more a noiseless company;
And his heart failed him at the sight,
And he forgot both wrong and right,
And nothing thought of his intent;
For close before him now there went
Fair women clad in ancient guise
That hid but little from his eyes
More loveliness than earth doth hold
Now, when her bones are growing old;
But all too swift they went by him,
And fluttering gown and ivory limb
Went twinkling up the bare hill-side,
And lonely there must he abide.

Such a scene is a parable of Morris's own life save that, unlike Laurence, he never recovered his ring, and it affords the best criticism of the whole poem of "The Earthly Paradise." Like the distracted youth, the reader seems to be standing by enchanted waters drenched in a magic light, while dream-shadows flit before him, some terrible and some lovely; but the former pass with open mouths that emit no sound and raised hands that never strike, and the latter gleam only for a moment on the hillside and are gone. The best of the tales, to my taste, are those that use this pageant-like material most frankly—such as "Atalanta's Race," with its dazzling picture of the maiden running before her suitor to the goal:

Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,
Though slackening once, she turned her head about;

or the "Cupid and Psyche," in which the solid gold of Apuleius seems to have dissolved into a golden haze, "the wavering memory of a lovely dream." One seems to take part in the process of transmutation by reading together passages of the Latin and of Morris's paraphrase. Thus, Psyche has been carried to the palace of her unseen lover, and the English poem continues:

Now went she through the chambers tremblingly,
And oft in going would she pause and stand,
And drop the gathered raiment from her hand,
Stilling the beating of her heart for fear
As voices whispering low she seemed to hear,
But then again the wind it seemed to be
Moving the golden hangings doubtfully,
Or some bewildered swallow passing close
Unto the pane, or some wind-beaten rose.

That is all evoked from a single phrase of the Latin: *vox quædam corporis sui nuda.* There is an element of magic in these simple words, no doubt, but nothing that corresponds to the tremulous uncertainty of the paraphrase, as if an enchanted mist had arisen between the palace and the beholder's eyes.

The great fault of "The Earthly Paradise" is its monotony. Very soon we begin to be aware that with all its seeming diversity, it is really extraordinarily poor in ideas. If we say that beauty and death, death and beauty, form almost the whole substance of the poem, it might seem that enough had been granted to furnish forth a library of verse; but Morris uses these topics with the least variety of effect. Death is only the cessation of beauty, and beauty is only the indistinguished blaze of gold and silver, lilies and roses, slender hands and white limbs. Nowhere is there any relief or emphasis, but an even, swift flow, which never invites the mind to pause, or reflect, or go back. In all the diffuse imagery of "Cupid and Psyche," for instance, you will not find anything like Apuleius's description of the chariot of Venus: *limæ tenuantis detrimento conspicuum et ipsius auri damno pretiosum.* Those words, which fascinated Pater by the cunning of their paradox, are altogether omitted by Morris. He was not one of those poets "who hoard their moments of felicity," but sowed from the whole sack. And too soon, this entire lack of concentration or hesitation in the mind of the poet results in something perilously like indifference in the mind of the reader.

VI.

If my own taste can be trusted there is less of this cloying monotony in Morris's other great poem, "Sigurd the Volsung." Already, while composing "The Earthly Paradise," he had become absorbed in Icelandic studies, and one of the later tales, "The Lovers of Gudrun," the finest of all his poems, if we may believe Swinburne, was taken directly from this source. In 1870 Morris, in collaboration with Magnusson, made a translation of the prose Volsunga Saga. Six years later he developed this into the magnificent epic of "Sigurd the Volsung," surely one of the high metrical triumphs of the nineteenth century. It is, of course, idle chauvinism to call these legends, as Morris does, "the Great Story of the North, which should be to all our race what the Tale of Troy was to the Greeks." Our literature and our ways of thinking do not come to us from the sagas, but from the classics and the renaissance. And it is mere wantonness, as some hot brains have done, to place Morris's work above, or even beside, that of Homer. Apart from the question of artistic form and beauty of expression, it lacks the full humanity of the Iliad, and its romance, beside that of the Odyssey, is as stammering to perfect speech.

In one respect "Sigurd" is like Morris's earlier work. If you read the poem pencil in hand you will find that you have no impulse to mark the lines for future reference, that you are never tempted to linger and reflect, but are jostled on from page to page. This is partly due to the metrical rhythm, which deserves a word to itself. In the tales of "The Earthly Paradise" Morris used the ordinary iambic pentameters and tetrameters, but he gave them a new character by lightening the accents, so that in place of the grave marching measure of Milton or the regular rattle of Scott, there is an even, almost unstressed flow. To such an extent does he carry this that many of the octo-syllabic lines have only three accents, with a huddling together of two or three unaccented syllables, while the pentameters have a trick of loosening into series of four or even three accents with still longer groups of unaccented syllables. Now write two of these three-stressed verses together, and you have the verse of "Sigurd":

Then he rose at once to his feet, and smote the harp with his hand,
And it rang as if with a cry in the dream of a lonely land;

or even more characteristic, as showing the tendency to bunch three light syllables at the cæsura:

But the thought of my heart is unstable, and my hope as the winter drift.

Morris himself no doubt believed that

he was using a metre equivalent in effect to the Greek hexameter; as a matter of fact, his rhythm, as Mr. Mackail observes, is probably closer to the original tumbling ballad sing-song out of which the classical dactyls and spondees were developed. Only there is still this difference, which Mr. Mackail does not observe: that the absence of a fixed syllabic quantity, such as we may assume to have been even more pronounced in Homeric than in later Greek, gives to Morris's measure an unpausing haste and, so to speak, a vague and fitful restlessness.

VII.

But this metrical effect, better than in "The Earthly Paradise," harmonizes with the emotional quality of the poem. As you read on and the magic of the imagery lays hold of the mind, you seem indeed to have been rapt away into the dream of a lonely land. Nothing is quite familiar, nothing quite stable. Before you drives a broken mist, through the rifts of which you catch glimpses of a changing and disconnected panorama—gold-gleaming palaces and gray weather-beaten castles, groups of huntsmen driving the deer in the deep glades, terrible kings frowning forward from their thrones, warriors battling within rings of fire, women wonderfully fair calling men to blind dooms. The effect comes, in part, no doubt, from the story itself as Morris found it in the Icelandic saga, but he has shown extraordinary skill in adaptation. Some of the cruder, more savage details he has omitted, and about the others he has thrown an emotional atmosphere almost entirely his own. Sigurd's fateful arrival at the castle of the Niblungs, for example, is told in the saga with the utmost simplicity: "Thus he rides until he comes to the hall of King Giuki; there he rides into the burg." That is all; whereas in the poem all the mystery of the future seems to meet the hero at the gate;

Upriseth the heart of Sigurd, but ever he rideth forth
Till he comes to the garth and the gateway built up in the face of the north:
Then e'en as a wind from the mountains he heareth the warders' speech,
As aloft in the mighty towers they clamor each to each;
Then horn to horn blew token, and far and shrill they cried,
And he heard, as the fishers hearken the cliff-fowl over the tide:
But he rode in under the gate, that was long and dark as a cave
Bored out in the isles of the northland by the beat of the restless wave;
And the noise of the winds was within it, and the sound of swords unseen,
As the night when the host is stirring and the hearts of kings are keen.
But no man stayed or hindered, and the dusk place knew his smile,
And into the court of the warriors he came forth after a while,
And looked aloft to the hall-roof, high up and gray as the cloud,
For the sun was wholly perished; and there he crieth aloud. . . .

There is, in fact, little feeling of any kind evident in the saga, but a mere recital of stark deeds. When Gudrun kills her two children, the brief scene is snapped off with a "yet for all that, she cuts the throats of them"—it is all in the day's work. Now there is, properly speaking, little more of real humanity in Morris than in the Icelandic story. His sense for moral values is of the most rudimentary sort, and the law of cause and effect, which we associate with the moral law, scarcely exists for him. As a consequence, we have small human sympathy with his characters. Yet an emotional quality he does have, and that in a high degree, latent no doubt in the original but developed into something quite his own. From first to last one feels a kind of dim fatality brooding over the poem, a strange troubled necessity, such as cannot be found in any other of the great epics. It is not the mystical fate of Virgil, the unknown law that governs men and gods for its own far ends; nor the apportioned lot of Homer; nor the blind chance of Lucretius; nor the divine will of Milton. It is the fatality of magic, a web of mist and cloud spun by the Norns; a something inhuman and elfin that sends through the reader a boding thrill as from the night-terrors of his childhood. "The Earthly Paradise" was a lovely and rather cloying fairy tale; "Sigurd" is the menacing fable of a witch.

P. E. M.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT LAW.

To the general surprise, the new copyright bill passed both houses of Congress last week. It consists of one complete and consistent copyright statute, in sixty-four sections. The term of copyright is lengthened. The bill leaves the present first term of twenty-eight years unchanged, but provides for a renewal term of twenty-eight years instead of fourteen, thus making possible a period of protection of fifty-six years from the publication of the work. The bill also provides for the extension of subsisting copyrights.

Copyright may now be secured for all the "writings" of an author, using the Constitutional expression. In enumerating and classifying works protected by copyright, the bill is more explicit than the present statutes, and adds the following new designations: "Lectures, sermons, and addresses, prepared for oral delivery"; "dramatico-musical compositions"; "plastic works of a scientific or technical character"; "reproductions of a work of art," and "prints and pictorial illustrations," in lieu of "engravings," "cuts," and "chromos"; and "works of art" instead of the present specific designations, "painting," "drawings," "statue," and "statuary." Express provision is made that compilations, abridgments, adaptations, arrangements, dramatizations, or translations and works republished with new matter shall be classed as new works subject to copyright. As regards a musical work, the bill provides, as does the present law, that the author shall have the sole right to perform the work publicly for profit, but adds the sole right "to make any arrangement or setting of it or of the melody of it in any system of notation or any form of record from which it may be read or reproduced." The composer's control of the reproduction of his music by mechanical instruments is qualified as follows: (a) to cover only music published and copyrighted after the act goes into effect; (b) not to include music by a foreign author or composer unless the foreign state or nation of which he is a subject grants to citizens of the United States similar rights; (c) whenever the owner of a musical copyright has used or permitted or acquiesced in the use of his work upon parts of instruments serving to reproduce mechanically the musical work, any other person may make similar use of the work upon the payment of a royalty of two cents on each part manufactured, notice to be filed in the copyright office of such use or license to use by the copyright proprietor.

American manufacture is required in the case of a book, not only as regards type-setting in the United States, but "if the text be produced by lithographic or photo-engraving process, then by a process wholly performed within the limits of the United States." The provision is also extended to illustrations within a book, and to separate lithographs and photo-engravings, "except where in either case the subjects represented are located in a foreign country and illustrate a scientific work or reproduce a work of art." The printing and binding of the book must also be performed within the United States. Photographs are released from the present requirement that they "shall be printed from negatives made within the United States or from transfers made therefrom." The "original text of a book of foreign origin in a language or languages other than English" is also excepted from the requirements of type-setting in the United States. A new *ad interim* protection is given books printed abroad in the English language. If one complete copy of such book is deposited in the copyright office not later than thirty days after publication abroad, copyright is granted for a period of thirty days from the date of receipt of the copy. If an authorized edition of the book is produced from type set in the United States during this second thirty days,

the full term of copyright is secured.

The much discussed provisions prohibiting the importation of copyrighted books are considerably modified. The importation of *piratical* copies of any work copyrighted is prohibited, and the importation of any books, "*although authorized by the author or proprietor*," which have not been produced in accordance with the manufacturing provisions, is prohibited. The Act of 1891 permits importation of books in "the case of persons purchasing for use and not for sale, who import, subject to the duty thereon, not more than *two* copies of such book at any one time." The new law permits importation, "not more than *one* copy at one time, for individual use and not for sale," and adds the proviso that "such privilege of importation shall not extend to a foreign reprint of a book by an American author copyrighted in the United States." The Act of 1891 allows importation in good faith for the use of societies incorporated or established for educational, philosophical, literary, or religious purposes, or for the encouragement of the fine arts, or for any college, academy, school, or seminary of learning. The new law confines the privilege to *incorporated* societies or institutions, but adds scientific societies and "any State, school, college, university, or free public library"; but while the Act of 1891 permits "*two* copies in any one invoice" to be so imported, the new law provides for "not more than *one* copy of any such book in one invoice" when "for use and not for sale."

In the case of infringement, an injunction may issue, as now, and damages be recovered as well as all the profits due to the infringement. The minimum damage to be recovered is $250, the same as now awarded, but the maximum is placed at $5,000, only half the maximum enacted by present law for infringements of works of fine arts. In the case of an unauthorized newspaper reproduction of a copyrighted photograph it is expressly provided that the damages shall not exceed $200, nor be less than $50, and it is further expressly provided that in no case shall the damage be regarded as a penalty. The old law prescribes that the damage shall be "for every copy *found*" in the infringer's possession "or by him sold or exposed for sale," whereas by the act the damages are assessed on "every infringing copy *made* or sold by or found in the possession of the infringer or his agents or employers."

The new law is more explicit than the old in regard to the transfer of copyright. This is declared to be distinct from the property in the material object copyrighted, and the transfer of the one shall not imply the transfer of the other; but it is provided in express terms that nothing in the act shall be deemed to forbid, prevent, or restrict the transfer of any copy of a work copyrighted, the possession of which has been lawfully obtained. Copyright may not only be assigned, as the present law provides, but "be mortgaged" or bequeathed by will, and when an assignment of the copyright in a specified work has been recorded, the assignee may substitute his name for that of the assignor in the statutory notice of copyright. Foreign assignments must be acknowledged before a consular officer or secretary of legation, and all assignments shall be recorded in the copyright office.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

One of the most important sales of the season, to be held by the Anderson Auction Company in this city, March 18 and 19, includes the library of William Hermann of White Plains, N. Y. A large number of valuable books, some remarkable for their condition, will be offered. Those with colored plates are perhaps the most notable, among them three of Pierce Egan's books, "Life in London" (1821), "Real Life in London " (1821-22), and "The Life of an Actor" (1825), all in the original parts, fine copies, as issued. A Beckett's "Comic History of England" (1846-48), with colored plates by John Leech, is in parts, and has inserted five of the original finished drawings in color. "The Annals of Sporting" (1822-28), 13 volumes; "The National Sports of Great Britain" (1825); the first, second, and third editions of the "Memoirs of the Life of the Late John Mytton," and "The Life of a Sportsman" are important books, with colored plates by Henry Alken. A complete set of the *Scourge* (1811-16), 12 vols.; Ireland's "Life of Napoleon" (1828), 4 vols.; Combe's "Life of Napoleon" (1815); "The Humorist" (1819-20), 4 vols.; Carey's "Life in Paris" (1822), large paper; and the much rarer book, "Gaieté de Paris" (1825), with the same plates, but with different text by W. H. Ireland, are notable works, with colored plates by George Cruikshank. A set of Grimm's "German Popular Stories" (1823-26), the first volume being the genuine first edition, and both volumes in the original boards uncut, is generally regarded in this condition as the most desirable of all Cruikshank's illustrated books. "Mornings at Bow Street" and "More Mornings at Bow Street" are both the earliest issue, uncut, with four autograph letters of Cruikshank relating to the books. Brough's "Life of Sir John Falstaff" (1858) has inserted three of Cruikshank's original colored drawings, differing slightly from the etchings as published. Books with colored plates by Thomas Rowlandson include "The English Dance of Death" (1815-1817) and "The Dance of Life" (1817).

Three early Shakespeare quartos "King John" (1622), "Richard III" (1629), and "The Life of Sir John Oldcastle" (1600); a Fourth Folio (1685), Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea" (1646), Ben Jonson's Works (1616-40), and Milton's "Paradise Regained" (1671) are notable seventeenth century rarities. No copy of the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe" (1719) seems to have been offered at auction in America since the Foote sale in 1895. The copy here offered does not contain the third volume "Serious Reflections of Robinson Crusoe" (1820), but that volume, which has not been reprinted in later editions of Robinson Crusoe, is of slight interest to collectors and of small market value. Among the first editions of nineteenth century English authors are several exceedingly rare and valuable items, the most notable, perhaps, a copy of the first edition of "Waverley" (1814), in the original boards, uncut, but with backs and labels supplied. Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" (1813), 3 vols., one of the rarest of modern books, is first offered at auction in this country. Among the first editions of Shelley are "Queen Mab" (1813), a presentation copy, in the original boards, uncut; and "Epipsychidion" (1821), with the rare half-title and with the autograph of Shelley on the title-page. The Lamb items include "Blank Verse" (1798); "The King and Queen of Hearts" (1805), but with the cover dated 1808; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1811). Keats's three books "Poems" (1817), "Endymion" (1818), and "Lamia" (1820), are uniformly bound by Sangorski and Sutcliffe and offered as a set. There is also a second copy of "Endymion" in the original boards, uncut. Matthew Arnold's first publication, "Alaric at Rome" (1840), is a presentation copy in the original paper cover, a book which has never before appeared in an American auction room. Stephen Phillips's "Orestes and Other Poems," a little pamphlet in yellow glazed paper-cover, printed for private circulation in 1884, with a missing line supplied in the author's autograph, is also the first copy ever offered at auction here. The Dickens collection is remarkable. Besides a collected set of first editions, 68 vols., uniformly bound in full levant morocco by Zaehnsdorf, we note a copy of "Sketches by Boz" (1839), the first octavo edition, with an original water-color by George Cruikshank, and an A.L.S. of Dickens referring to the book; "Nicholas Nickleby" (1839), with an A.L.S. of Dickens pointing out an error in the proof; "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1844) with five original drawings by "Phiz" inserted; presentation copies of "Dombey and Son" and "Pictures from Italy," as well as several of the novels in parts, and two books from Dickens's library. Notable Thackeray items are the *Gownsman* (1830), a little college periodical to which Thackeray was a contributor, seventeen numbers, complete in one volume, original boards; and "The Paris Sketch Book" (1840), "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo" (1846), and "The History of Pendennis" (1850), each containing one or more original drawings by Thackeray.

The first editions of American authors include Poe's "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" (1829), in the original boards, but with trimmed edges (similar to the copy which recently brought $1,200 in Philadelphia); Maria Lowell's "Poems" (1855), presentation copy; Irving's "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada" (1829), with twenty-five lines of the original manuscript inserted; a Whittier leaflet, "In War Time," with autograph corrections; and a fine copy of Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" (1849). The Hawthorne "Love Letters," printed for a Chicago book club, the Society of the Dofobs, by the courtesy of W. K. Bixby of St. Louis, the owner of the manuscript, is

the first copy offered at auction. Of sixty-two copies printed two went for copyright, ten were retained by Mr. Bixby, and fifty went to the members of the club. A copy recently changed hands privately at $200.

In tbe list of manuscripts is a folio half-bound blank book belonging to the Thoreau family, first used by Sophia, then by John, and finally by Henry D. Thoreau as a journal. It contains a number of notes about birds around Concord by John and Henry, as well as tbe first rough draft, 25 pages, of "A Walk to Wachusett." Between the leaves are pressed specimens of grasses and wild flowers with their scientific names on little slips of paper written by Thoreau. One of Charlotte Brontë's manuscripts, "Tales of the Islanders," written in 1829; several Washington letters, a volume containing Lincoln autograph letters and documents and letters written to Lincoln, and a similar volume containing specimens of twenty-four Victorian authors, are other interesting items.

Among the Americana are Hakluyt's Voyages (1599-1600), 3 vols.; Hubbard's "Present State of New England" (1677); Hopkins's "Historical Memoirs Relating to the Housatunnuk Indians" (1753); and Hubley's "History of the American Revolution" (1805), Vol. 1, all published.

In addition to the association items already noted, may be mentioned a series of twenty-eigbt volumes from the library of Thomas Jefferson, a book with Hawthorne's autograph and one with Thackeray's embossed stamp. Jefferson's library, sold to the government in 1815, formed the nucleus of the present Library of Congress. Books from his library therefore seldom come upon the market. It was not his custom generally to write his autograph in his books, but instead to make a private mark. Where the signature mark I or J occurred at the bottom of the page he would put a manuscript T before the signature letter; in the same way on signature T he would put a manuscript J after the signature letter. Most of the books offered in the present sale contain one or more of these private marks. Several also have the autograph of his daugbter, but only two or three contain his own autograph signature or notes.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will sell on March 16, 17, and 18 a collection of books including a portion of the library of the late Rev. E. P. Roe. There are several volumes of early English poetry, among them John Donne's "Poems" (1634), first edition; William Cartwright's "Comedies, Tragi-Comedies with other Poems" (1651); Charles Cotton's "Poems on Several Occasions" (1689); and John Lilly's "Sixe Court Comedies" (1632). Notable also are a nearly complete series of the first editions of Robert Louis Stevenson; 24 lots relating to "Don Quixote," including several unusual editions; Pierce Egan's "Life in London" (1821), large paper; and publications of the Club of Odd Volumes, Dunlap Society, and Essex House Press.

On March 16 and 17, C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, will sell a collection of books, including the library of F. J. Mansfield of Burlington, Ia. Early American almanacs, books on the civil war, and a complete set of the publications of the Maine Historical Society are items of importance.

The second portion of the library of Lord Amherst of Hackney will be sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, March 24 to 27. The books printed by Caxton, which would have been included in this portion, are mentioned in their proper places in the catalogue, with the statement that they were sold privately. This collection of Caxton's, as was announced at the time, was purchased *en bloc* hy J. Pierpont Morgan. This portion of the Amherst sale includes two copies of the First Folio Shakespeare, neither absolutely perfect, but the two together will make a perfect copy lacking only the title-page. Only one Shakespeare quarto seems to have been owned by Lord Amherst, the Roberts edition of "A Midsomer Night's Dream" (1600). The collection of editions of English Prayer Books is very extensive, and there are no less than nine editions of Henry VIII's "Primer." Among the early printed books is a copy of Jenson's edition of Pliny's Natural History (Venice, 1472), one of the most beautiful productions of the early Venice press, described as an exceedingly fine copy. Several early English literary manuscripts are notable items; among them is a volume containing English poems by John Northwodde of Bordesley, near Birmingham, written in 1386; a manuscript by Thomas Occleve; and two fifteenth century manuscripts by Richard Rolle of Hampole.

The current number of the *Library*, the English quarterly, contains a Bibliography of Milton, by Alfred W. Pollard of the British Museum. The controversial pamphlets are described, as well as the more interesting and valuable poetical works. In arranging the title-pages of "Paradise Lost," Mr. Pollard agrees witb most of the recent writers, and gives precedence to the 1667 edition, with Milton's name in large type, though in the Amherst catalogue a copy of this form is described as second issue.

Correspondence.

POE'S INDEBTEDNESS TO BYRON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A recent book on Byron's vogue and influence in America dismisses Byron's influence on Poe with less than a page. Poe's editors and biographers have, with few exceptions, made more of the matter, and some of them have held that Poe was in his earliest volume of poems—the famous little edition printed at Boston in 1827—pretty completely under the Byronic spell. Prof. G. E. Woodberry, for example, asserts in his life of Poe that "Tamerlane" is thoroughly Byronic, and implies that the rest of Poe's first volume was largely modelled after Byron. Two other distinguished editors of Poe, E. C. Stedman and R. H. Stoddard, have even ventured to specify the works of Byron that most influenced two of Poe's poems: Stedman in one of his essays on Poe proclaimed "Tamerlane" a "manifest adumbration of 'The Giaour'"; and Stoddard has pointed out that parts of "Al Aaraaf" evidence an acquaintance with Byron's "The Deformed Transformed." But no student of Poe has taken the trouble to look into the matter of Poe's indebtedness in detail or with any attempt at exhaustiveness. Such an attempt must have made it clear that Poe's indebtedness to Byron extended considerably farther than has heretofore been held. It is revealed not alone in the volumes of 1827 and 1829, but also in the volume of 1831, and in some of the fugitive poems tbat appeared even later. Furthermore, it involves not only the reflecting of some Byronic mood or the imitation of Byron's general method and style, but also, in several cases, the horrowing of Byron's themes and, in a few instances, the appropriation likewise of his language.

"Tamerlane" not only adumbrates "The Giaour," as the critics bave pointed out; but it also resembles Byron's "Manfred." For "Manfred" has all the significant motives which "Tamerlane" and "The Giaour" have in common; and possesses, besides, in its hero, a better prototype of Poe's hero than does "The Giaour." Moreover, there is a rather close parallel both in phrase and in situation between a passage in "Manfred" (iii, 1, 66-78), the prologue to Manfred's confession, and the opening lines of "Tamerlane" (1-12). Besides "Tamerlane," there are in the volume of 1827 five brief personal lyrics in which Poe sings, in the manner of Byron, of his own joys and sorrows, of his youthful pride and ambitions, and of subsequent disappointment and despair. These are: "Dreams," "A Dream within a Dream," "A Dream," "The Happiest Day, the Happiest Hour," and "Stanzas," the last on the list taking its cue from a mystical passage in Byron's "The Island" (Canto ii, Stanza 16), which Poe uses as the motto of his poem. And in the volume of 1829 there is one other lyric in the same strain as these, the piece there called "Preface," but known in the edition of 1845 as "Romance." Still later poems which strike the same notes are "To One in Paradise" (1835) and the sonnet "To Zante" (1837). Sundry other poems in these early volumes deal with themes or situations that put the reader in mind of themes or situations that Byron had also bandled. Tbe lines "To —— ——" (beginning "I saw thee on thy bridal day"), now usually interpreted as referring to Miss Royster's marriage to Mr. Shelton, will remind one of the partial likeness between Poe's love affair with Miss Royster and Byron's with Mary Anne Chaworth, and will recall Byron's numerous verses on his unhappy passion. Two other early poems with the exasperating title "To ———," beginning, respectively, "The bowers whereat in dreams I see," and "I heed not that my earthly lot," are also Byronic, the latter of the two presenting a situation analogous to that of Byron's lines, "And Wilt Thou Weep When I am Low?" "The Lake," with its wild setting and its mention of suicide, finds a parallel in the situation in "Manfred" (i, 2), where the hero of that drama contemplates suicide amid similar environments. Another distinctly Byronic piece is the blank-verse description of the Coliseum, a subject that Byron had twice dealt with—first in "Manfred," and later in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold." And there is some similarity in context between Poe's fantastic verses "To the River ——" and Byron's "Stanzas to the Po."

But the most interesting examples of Poe's indebtedness to Byron are furnished by two poems not so far mentioned. These are his juvenile production entitled "Spirits of the Dead," and the remarkable dream-fantasy, "The City in the Sea." The first

exemplifies a sort of borrowing that Poe indulged in, so far as is known with certainty, in only one other of his poems, "Al Aaraaf," in the first part of which he incorporated, with slight modifications, several passages culled from "Lalla Rookh." Poe's "Spirits of the Dead" is largely a piece of mosaic, a patchwork made up of words and ideas drawn from a passage in Byron's "Manfred," the memorable incantation at the end of the first scene of the first act. The most striking parallel appears in the following couplets:

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish—
Now are visions ne'er to vanish;

There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish—

the first being lines 19 and 20 of Poe's poem —the other, lines 13 and 14 of Byron's. Other resemblances are less striking, but can hardly be held to be accidental. In the concluding stanza of Poe's "Spirits of the Dead"—

The breeze—the breath of God—is still—
And the mist upon the hill
Shadowy—shadowy—yet unbroken,
Is a symbol and a token—

there is pretty close agreement, both in thought and in expression, with lines 7 to 10 of Byron's poem:

[When] the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine
With a power and with a sign.

There is also some resemblance, though only in thought, between lines 11 and 12 and 15 to 18 of Poe's poem and lines 37 to 40 of Byron's poem. Byron's incantation comprises seventy lines; Poe's lyric, less than thirty. But the two have three rhymes in common, and there are in Poe's poem no less than fourteen lines that find some visible correspondence in Byron's.

The indebtedness revealed by "The City in the Sea" is less obvious than that seen in "Spirits of the Dead," but is, I believe, none the less real. In its imagery and in its melody, "The City in the Sea" puts one in mind of Coleridge, and it may well owe something to "Kubla Khan." But for the general situation with which the poem deals, it is my belief that Poe was indebted to Byron's melodramatic lines entitled "Darkness." Byron's concern in "Darkness" is to picture conditions on earth as they will be on the last day of the world's existence. Poe also appears to be concerned with the end of the world—not, however, with terrestrial conditions on that dread day, but with the destruction of death and hell, of which the apostle writes in Revelation. In painting his weird picture, Poe probably went for some of his details, as Byron had done before him, to the Scriptures, but he appears to have borrowed from Byron's poem two of his most impressive situations: the extinction of all light in the heavens, and the utter stillness of the winds accompanied by supreme calm upon the waters everywhere. The first is depicted in Byron's poem in these lines:

The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless.

and in Poe's poem in these:

No rays from the holy heaven came down
On the long night-time of that town.

The second situation Byron presents thus:

The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd.

The corresponding situation in Poe is presented thus:

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

There are no verbal agreements between the two poems, but the general resemblance seems to me too close to be traced to accident.

Such other resemblances between Byron and Poe as I have stumbled on are less obvious or less noteworthy than those already mentioned; and it may be that most of them are nothing more than coincidences. I submit them, however, since their cumulative evidence may be worth something. First in order of time is the line from the concluding section of "Al Aaraaf":

The night that waned and waned and brought no day,

which is perhaps a reminiscence of the sixth line of Byron's "Darkness":

Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day.

In Poe's "Irene" (the earlier form of "The Sleeper") occur these lines:

The lady sleeps: oh! may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep—
No icy worms about her creep;

the first two lines of which will recall the following couplet from the incantation in "Manfred," already mentioned as the source of Poe's "Spirits of the Dead":

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep.

And the third line in the same passage finds a parallel in these lines from "The Giaour" (945-948):

It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep.

Finally there is some resemblance between the exquisite song of Nesace in the second part of "Al Aaraaf," beginning:

'Neath blue-bell or streamer—
Or tufted wild spray
That keeps from the dreamer
The moonbeams away—

and the Stranger's incantation in the first scene of Byron's "The Deformed Transformed," which begins with the words:

Beautiful shadow
Of Thetis's boy!
Who sleeps in the meadow
Whose grass grows o'er Troy.

Stoddard a good many years ago called attention to the resemblance between Nesace's song and another lyric in "The Deformed Transformed," beginning:

The black hands came over
The Alps and their snow;

but the resemblance to the Stranger's incantation is closer both in movement and in substance.

Other instances of Byron's influence doubtless remain to be pointed out, but these are sufficient to warrant certain general conclusions as to Poe's indebtedness. With reference to the period of Byron's influence, it may be said that Poe was most under the Byronic spell during the half-dozen years just preceding 1830, and that this spell was not entirely broken before 1837. With reference to extent, it is safe to say that Byron's influence is reflected in two out of three of the poems printed before 1840, and hence in almost half of all the poems that Poe wrote. In some cases, this influence is, as always with the influence of Coleridge, vague and impalpable, but in others it is both substantial and easily perceived. The works of Byron to which Poe owed most appear to have been "Manfred," "Childe Harold," and "The Giaour."

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

University of Texas, Austin, February 20.

GOETHE'S CONVERSATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An entirely new edition of the late Baron von Biedermann's standard collection of all known conversations of Goethe is now being prepared with the active encouragement of the leading Goethe scholars. In view of the great importance of this work, every effort is being put forth to make this final edition as complete and reliable as possible in every respect. Hence any one in possession of any additions or corrections to the first edition is earnestly requested to send them to the general editor, Freiherr F. W. von Biedermann, No. 33 Albrechtstrasse, Steglitz bei Berlin; or to the undersigned (who is editing the conversations recorded in English). The accounts of the following Englishmen and Americans have already been examined and prepared for the press: G. Bancroft, Albert Brisbane, G. H. Calvert, J. G. Cogswell, George Downes, H. E. Dwight, William Emerson, R. P. Gillies, A. B. Granville, G. H. Lewes, John Murray, Sir Charles Murray, H. C. Robinson (MSS.), W. R. Swifte ("Wilhelm's Wanderings"), Thackeray, George Ticknor, Joseph Wolff (exact date still undetermined); but there must be many others still unnoticed.

LEONARD L. MACKALL,

Kaiser Wilhelmstrasse, 13, Jena, Germany, February 17.

SAMUEL PEPYS, 1633-1703.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I enclose a clipping from Catalogue No. 730, issued by the Anderson Auction Company of New York city:

238. [DEFOE (DANIEL).] Memoirs of the life and adventures of Signor Rozelli at the Hague. * * * *Adorned with curious copper-plates.* Transl. from the French by Defoe. 2 vols. 12mo. original panelled calf. Name of Richard Usticke on title. Lond. 1724

RARE. Both volumes bear the fine old bookplate of Reginald Pole. Vol. 2 has the initials S. P. on a fly-leaf—query, Samuel Pepys?

Was it not Eugene Field who chronicled the discovery by a Chicago bibliophile, of Dante's autograph on the fly-leaf of a volume of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems? K.

Cincinnati, February 20.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BERYTUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The fate of Berytus (the modern Beirût), a prosperous port of Phœnicia, which was destroyed in 551 A. D. by earthquake and fire, presents such a parallel to the recent disaster at Messina that the following epigrams from the Greek, the first two by the contemporary poet, Joannes Barbucallus, are not without modern interest. There is pathos in the thought that Poseidon, "the earthshaker," appears on coins of Berytus, and that he, as well as the sea-born Aphrodite, proved to be no reliable patron saint.

Palatine Anthology, ix, 425: Here am I, that unhappy city—no more a city—lying in ruins, my citizens dead men, alas! most ill-fated of all! The Fire-god destroyed me after the shock of the Earth-shaker. Ah me! From so much loveliness I am become ashes. Yet do ye who pass me by bewail my fate, and shed a tear in honor of Berytus that is no more.

Anthology, ix, 426: Where is Aphrodite, guardian of the city, that she may look upon the shelterless haunt of the dead, once the abode of the Graces? A tomb of tombless men is the city, under whose ashes we lie, Beroe's many thousands. Inscribe upon a single stone above us, dear mortals who survive: "Here lies Berytus, lamented city, buried above ground."

Antbology, ix, 427: Sailor, stay not thy vessel's course for me, nor lower thy sails: dry land is the port you see. I am become one tomb; to some other place, free from sorrow, shalt thou urge with sounding oar thy advancing bark. Such was the will of Poseidon and the hospitable gods. Farewell, sea-faring men; farewell to you who fare on land!

H. H. Yeames.

Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., March 1.

THE LOVE OF STUDY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An editorial in the *Nation* of February 25 revives a faint hope of a return to the love of study, apparently a thing of the past. Our general system of education well deserves the name "macbine made." It is a rush through grades from the singularly unideal kindergarten to the entrance examinations of college, for which youth is practically fitted with the smallest margin of non-requirements. And from college the exit is accomplished, to quote a schoolboy phrase, "on the shave." The great end to be reached by many of our students seems to be forgetfulness of everything learned that does not directly contribute to the accumulation of dollars and cents.

This is a curious and melancboly state of affairs, difficult to comprehend by a person educated in an old-fashioned way, in a home library where a love of the best in literature and art was developed very early, where learning to read was the deligbtful means to a still more delightful end, the perusal of poetry and story, history, and those beginnings in science called natural philosophy. It was not a college degree that added lustre to early maturity, but an abiding joy in study, a zest in acquiring knowledge that never dims, but presses middle age to further endeavor, and even vitalizes the sluggish current of the general reading of to-day with a copious admixture from the living springs of the past.

S. M. H. G.

Andover, Mass., March 2.

THE TRAINING OF AN ARTIST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 25 you publish an article entitled "The Case of the Art School." Mr. Borglum's article in the *Craftsman*, which furnished you with the text, was supposedly read by people who knew something of the truth of the matter in hand; let them judge for themselves. The article in the *Nation* has been read, I imagine, by many who accept your statement as the final word. In justice to the earnest workers who are striving to uplift the public through their teaching in the schools I ask you to publish this protest.

Your main cause of complaint is that art schools profess to produce artists; that this is wrong—that their highest aim should be to create artisans. The first is, of course, not the boast of any art school: the divine fire is not in human gift. But will it burn less brilliantly for being guided? It might, perhaps, if it were true that the student worked under "rare and perfunctory criticism." But by what authority do you state that such is the case—or that he is held to "a stupid routine of drawing the human body" "as an inert and bulging mass." If you will investigate modern methods you will find that the sketch and action classes play large parts in the study of the figure.

You state that the "road to art is through fine handicraft"—and seem to imply that it is the end and aim. None more than art teachers realize that sound craftsmanship is one of the fundamentals; but it is not all. Is Tadema, with all his technical perfection, rated above Watts, whose methods left much to be desired? And you profess that the "only way" is the fifteenth century one of apprenticeship to a great artist. As well state that the only proper way for us to get a classical education would be to sit under Filelfo or an Aretino, as in the good old renaissance days.

If you investigate the modern art school, you will find that the reasoning of all the ages is given the student as a foundation for his structure: will the divine fire be hurt by such methods? As well say that it is folly for the budding poet to study grammar, or to take a course in comparative literature. Where is the wisdom of ordaining that a beginner shall subject himself "to many years of practical servitude" under a master? He will, it is true, learn to be of great help to that master (all that Mr. Borglum desires, evidently)—but will he learn any of the great underlying principles of art? Yes, if the artist be a very great man, and is sympathetic; but in most cases, very decidedly, no. How much better to go to a school where what spark of fire the student may have will be kindled by the enthusiasm of the teachers and the emulation of his fellows; and history and theory and practice given him in such manner that it will be the best stimulus!

You test the "efficacy of modern art education" by the number of former art students "earning their living by the practice of their art," and announce "an insignificant fraction." But only the born artist will be able so to support himself—and the art school merely professes to give good training to those who come, and not to create artists. And as for the adverse opinions given by "great modern painters" concerning their training, it must be remembered that in their student days the old systems still obtained. Though you do not credit them with the fact, the modern art schools are probably almost as progressive as you, yourself. Fortunately you acknowledge that "even in the school, we may hope to make competent craftsmen." Do not mislead the public into thinking that it is useless to try to train the artist also. Investigate before you state that this "so-called training is based on vicious doctrine or sheer pretence"—you may find that the teachers are as sincere and as honorable as you yourself, and, perbaps, as reasonable. Huger Elliott.

Director, Rhode Island School of Design.

Providence, March 3.

[It is proper to say that the article in question was contributed by one eminently qualified to speak on the subject. We believe it is true, for example, that the exhibitions of the so-called "Arts and Crafts" in this country disclose a handicraft not equal to that abroad, where manual dexterity is more exactingly taught. If the modern art school turned out competent work, it would be shown in the competitions for a great post-graduate prize, such as the Lazarus Scholarship for Mural Painting. On the contrary, these competitive works, as various artists testify, display deficiency both in invention and craftsmanship. It is also significant that our commercial decorative houses prefer European labor, because the European hand is better trained than the American. These are some of the considerations which lead us to believe that our contributor was right.—Ed. The Nation.]

POLITICS AND A FEDERAL BANK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Would not the same factor (politics) that destroyed the second United States Bank, tend to destroy a similar institution to-day? B. H. Hibbard.

Iowa State College, Ames, March 5.

THE WATER OF THE MIDDLE YUBA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is only one statement in Mr. Edmund A. Whitman's letter in your issue of February 25 that needs an answer. Mr. Whitman says:

Mr. Olney reiterates that San Francisco must go to the Tuolumne because the waters of all other streams are already monopolized, and yet he was present at the hearing in Washington when Mr. Englebright, the member of Congress in whose district Hetch Hetchy lies, called attention to the Middle Fork of the Yuba River, where one hundred million gallons a day can be had, and where the water is now "used for nothing."

Here is the stenographic report of what Mr. Englebright said about the Middle Yuba, pages 376-377 of the Proceedings before the Committee on Public Lands:

The Chairman. Is the water now used for irrigation—the lower Yuba?

Mr. Englebright. No.

The Chairman. Is it utilized for mining?

Mr. Englebright. It is used for nothing. The only use is on the North Yuba and the South Yuba. The North Yuba is used for power and some irrigation. The Middle

Yuba is practically unused at all, except by a single mining company.

The Chairman. It is not available for irrigation, then?

Mr. Englebright. Not at the present time. It would be if canals were constructed.

The Chairman. Is there territory adjacent to that which requires irrigation?

Mr. Englebright. Yes, there is. It has simply never been built (utilized?) on account of the expense.

To the best of my knowledge Mr. Whitman is the only person that has ever suggested the Middle Yuba as a source of water supply for the cities about San Francisco Bay. I know of no statement being made of the quantity of water that can be obtained from the Middle Yuba. Mr. McCutcheon, representing the Spring Valley Water Works, before the committee, had said that the Middle and South Forks of the Yuba could be relied on for one hundred million gallons per day, but it is evident that the South Fork was what he principally had in mind. All people acquainted with the country know that the reservoir sites are on the South Yuba and those have been utilized for fifty years. The largest one is Bowman's Dam. There are two small reservoir sites on the Middle Fork high up in the mountains, viz: English Dam and Milton, but their capacity is small and the watershed above them is small. They are about seventy-five miles northeast of the city of Marysville. A glance at the map will show how impossible it is to utilize the waters of that stream. San Francisco had both the South and North Yubas carefully surveyed, and her engineers have rejected both. The pipe line would necessarily be twice the length of the one from Tuolumne River. If cost were not an element to be considered, New York city could obtain its water supply from Lake Erie.

It is within the power of the United States to make the cost to the bay cities of procuring water from the Sierras so great that the supply cannot be obtained in our time. If we are not permitted to take water from the Hetch Hetchy that water will not be permitted to go to waste, but will be diverted below the line of the National Park and utilized for power purposes, thereby precluding San Francisco from getting that supply, the same as she is now precluded from the other accessible streams of the Sierras. WARREN OLNEY.

San Francisco, March 4.

Notes.

The spring list of Longmans, Green, & Co. contains a number of attractive titles, among them: "A Pluralistic Universe," the Hibbert Lectures for 1908, by William James; "The Springs of Helicon," a study in the progress of English poetry from Chaucer to Milton, by J. W. Mackail; "Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases," recomposed throughout; "Chapters on Municipal Administration and Accounting," and "Railroad Promotion and Capitalization in the United States," by Frederick A. Cleveland; "The Essentials of Self-Government (England and Wales)," by Ellis T. Powell; "Joseph Cowen's Speeches on the Near Eastern Question," revised by his daughter; "The English Scholarship System, in Its Relation with the Secondary Schools for Boys and Girls," by M. E. Sadler; "The Curious Case of Lady Purbeck: a Scandal of the XVIIth Century," by the author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby"; "Visitors to the New World before and after Columbus," by Marion Mulhall; "Ireland under the Stuarts and during the Interregnum," by Richard Bagwell; "The Political History of England," Vol. IX, 1702 to 1760, by I. S. Leadam; "Unemployment," by W. H. Beveridge; "The Spirit of Christ in Common Life," by Dr. Charles Bigg; "A Memoir of George Howard Wilkinson," by Dr. A. J. Mason; "History of the Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist," by Darwell Stone; "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England, 1781-1803," by Bernard Ward; "Historical Letters and Memoirs of Scottish Catholics," by the Rev. W. Forbes Leith, S.J.

W. S. Booth is said to have discovered about two hundred acrostic signatures of Francis Bacon in books, which, with few exceptions, appeared under the names of other men, or with no names at all. Among the authors who are thus robbed of works commonly attributed to them are Spenser, Marlowe, Puttenham, Bodenham, and Shakespeare. His theories are to be published this spring by Houghton Mifflin Co. in a book entitled "Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon." Many facsimiles will help the reader to test the theory by his own eye. The motto for the volume we have not heard; we should like to suggest as appropriate:

And many are amazed and many doubt.

Among the other books promised for this spring by Houghton Mifflin Co. are: "The People at Play," by R. L. Hartt; "Haremlik," some pages from the life of Turkish women, by Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown); "Wild Life on the Rockies," by E. A. Mills; "Stickeen," by John Muir; "A Voyage on an Ice-Pan," by W. T. Grenfell; "My Cranford," by Arthur Gilman; "Remaking the Mississippi," by J. L. Matthews; "Human Nature in Politics," by Graham Wallas; "State Insurance," by F. W. Lewis; "Education in the Far East," by C. T. Thwing; "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," rewritten, by G. E. Woodberry; "The Autobiography of Nathaniel Southgate Shaler"; "The Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor," new edition with introduction by Ferris Greenslet; "The Story of New Netherland," by W. E. Griffis; "Our Naval War with France," by G. W. Allen; "Shakespeare and His Critics," by C. F. Johnson; "Studies in Christianity," by B. P. Bowne; "Is Immortality Desirable?" by G. Lowes Dickinson; "The Silver Cup," by C. C. Hall; "When Lincoln Died and Other Poems," by E. W. Thomson; and "The Poetical Works of John Dryden," Cambridge poets, edited by G. R. Noyes.

Next month Moffat, Yard & Co. promise the publication of William Winter's "Old Friends," reminiscences for the most part not before printed. In May the same house will bring out the complete and final edition of Mr. Winter's "Poems" in one volume.

The much talked-of study of Shelley by Francis Thompson in the *Dublin Review* is to be brought out in book form by Burns & Oates, with an introduction by George Wyndham, who ranks the essay as "the most important contribution to pure Letters written in English during the last twenty years." The volume will also contain further "Notes on Shelley" by Thompson.

Methuen & Co. announce a new edition of Prof. Bury's Gibbon, with illustrations and many additional notes.

"Puck of Pook's Hill" is reissued by Doubleday, Page & Co. in their uniform edition of Kipling in limp red leather. The plates are apparently those of the edition of 1906, but the margins are narrower and the pictures by Arthur Rackham are omitted. The volume is neat and convenient.

The triple section of the "New English Dictionary" from Premisal to Prophesier, prepared by Sir James A. H. Murray, records 4,381 words to the "Century's" 1,960 and Johnson's 584, and 20,450 illustrative quotations to the "Century's" 3,062 and Johnson's 1,657. As the prefixes suggest, a large proportion is made up of unimpeachable Greeks and Romans of easily traceable ancestry. So many, however, have developed new senses or widened their application that the articles in this section are unusually long and entertaining. It is surprising how much poetry and history the deep-going spade of the lexicographer has been able to turn up about the roots of such a modern-sounding word as President. It is found in the sense of a secular ruler as early as 1375. In the same century it is also applied to the head of a religious house. In 1413 Pilate is spoken of as a "false precydent." Still quainter is this from Crooke's "Body of Man," 1615: "The Nymphes are sayed to bee presedents or dieties of the fountaines." It is interesting to note that in King James's Bible, Acts xxiii, 24, Felix is called a governor, whereas in Wiclif's, 1382, he appears as president. The same change took place in the designation of the chief executive in several of the American States. It was not till 1792 that the President of the State of New Hampshire had to content himself with the title of Governor. One is a little irritated to learn that President, meaning the chairman of a business concern, is branded as an Americanism. "In England," says Freeman, 1883, "we never, I think, give it [the title] to the head of a purely commercial body." One misses in this classic assemblage the exotic colors of barbarian visitors, but there are a number of wily monosyllables like Prim, Prink, and Prod which have writhed their way into the language from no one knows just where. The extremely useful Prig is a comparatively recent arrival with a striking career. At its advent in the latter part of the sixteenth century, it was a cant word for tinker. A few years later it was defined as thief. Dekker, who discourses amply on the rogues of his day in "The Belman of London" and "Lanthorne and Candlelight," says definitely that Prigging is riding and a Prigger is a horse-thief. But it is a long journey from Prig, a horse-thief, to Prig, "one who cultivates or affects a propriety of culture, bearing, or *morals*." The steps in the process have not yet been made clear. One may conjecture that the epithet was transferred from a sleek rogue riding another man's horse to a sleek gentleman riding his own horse, thence to a sleek gentleman without a horse, or, one may conjecture, as the editor suggests, that there were two Prigs

entering the language at about the same time. More recent than Prig and of finer lineage is Presentiment, which apparently made its début about 1714, and which seems now to be displacing the older and more solemn Presage and Foreboding. Later still is Preterhuman, the earliest use of which is appropriately credited to Shelley, 1811. At about 1836 our knowing grandfathers began to speak of the Prescientific age. To the age which supervened we are indebted for the excruciating jaw-breaker, Prezygapophysis, 1866. Perhaps the most impressive recent development recorded is that of the prefix Pro—in a polemical sense—a sense developed within the nineteenth century, but volcanically active in the journalistic press of the last ten years, resulting in such choice coinages as Pro-breecher, Pro-liquorite, and Pro-vaccinist.

Part ii of Vol. IV of the Publications of the Philippine Bureau of Science, Division of Ethnology (pp. 109-391) is "The History of Sulu," by Hajeeh M. Saleeby. The volume, when completed, will comprise three studies of the Moros. The third part, yet to appear, will be a history of the Mohammedan missionaries who converted the Malays of the South Philippines. The first part, "Studies in Moro History, Law, and Religion," appeared in 1906, and was mentioned in these columns as the most important contribution yet made to the study of Moro institutions. Dr. Saleeby is a native of Arabia, born of Christian parents, educated and naturalized in the United States. For two years he served as an army surgeon at posts among the Moros of Mindanao, and for four years thereafter under the Philippine civil government as superintendent of schools and a member of the legislative council for the Moro province. His knowledge of Arabic, as well as of Mohammedan customs, and his early acquisition of the principal Moro dialects, gave him an access to these rather difficult races of ours in a degree altogether unique among American administrators. What he says has, therefore, peculiar value. This "History of Sulu" is not, by the nature of the subject, a contribution so distinctly new as the Moro "Studies." Much that is new, to the world that reads only European languages, is, however, brought out from the Moro side, as regards Sulu genealogy, early religion, and history. In the main, the history treats the period of Spanish-Moro relations, 1578-1899. Dr. Saleeby has not fully explored the Spanish bibliography of the subject, and some of his opinions are open to question; but he has presented in the body of the work and its twenty-four appendices, mostly drawn from the Blair-Robertson series and the government archives at Manila, much hitherto unpublished material. Appendix xxiv, we note, is unfortunately credited not to Governor-General Despujols, but to the clerk who attested it. There are four maps and two genealogical diagrams. Lastly, the author's comments on Spanish policy often have great pertinence to-day. For example:

> Temporary military commanders were put in command without the necessary preparation for the requirements of the office. . . . Not one of these felt that it was his duty to institute a permanent policy for Sulu, or believed that he was going to stay long enough to carry it through, and that he was going to be held responsible for its conduct, whether it failed or succeeded—p. 261.

"Ancient China Simplified" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Edward H. Parker, is designed to give an outline of authentic Chinese history from 842 B. C. down to the time of Confucius and to describe the life of the people of those days. It is the result of laborious research in the ancient documents by an accomplished scholar who was for nearly thirty years a resident in the country and is now professor of Chinese at the Victoria University of Manchester. The information given is not in the form of a continuous narrative, but in a series of miscellaneous sketches from which one can gain an idea of what the ancient Chinaman was and the principles and motives which governed him. It was a difficult undertaking; for the early Chinese annals, he assures us, contain little more history than the "generations of Adam" in the fifth chapter of Genesis. The uncouthness of the strange names and their similarity—Tsi, Tsin, Ts'in, Ts'u are the constantly recurring names of four of the leading states—also add to the difficulty of making the story intelligible to the English reader. Though as a whole the book will appeal only to the special student, there is much of general interest in it. This isolated people, for there is nothing to show that they had any intercourse with the world outside their little empire (now the province of Honan), except with their immediate neighbors, the Tartars, had customs which we connect with an advanced stage of civilization; for example, the inviolability of envoys. Suffragettes were apparently not the product of the twentieth century, for at a great durbar of princes in the year 651 B. C. the following command was recorded: "Do not let women meddle with state affairs!" In the numerous anecdotes of distinguished rulers and their companions there is occasionally a gleam of humor. A commendable fact, worthy of record, is that though slaves were numerous they were treated so kindly that there never was a slave revolt. A sketch of the life of Confucius and some account of his literary work are to be found at the close of the volume; and a striking portrait is given of a duke, now living, who is the seventy-sixth in descent from the sage. Assistance in following the historic narrative is rendered by nine maps showing the relative positions of the states at different periods, and there is a very full index.

"Skotland's Rímur: Icelandic Ballads on the Gowrie Conspiracy" (Henry Frowde), edited by W. A. Craigie, is an interesting addition to this class of Icelandic texts. The series of six *rímur*—each in a different metre, as was customary with such poems—gives an account of the famous alleged conspiracy of the Earl of Gowrie against the life of James VI of Scotland (afterwards James I of England) in the year 1600. Their author, as we learn from the unique manuscript in the Arna-Magnæan collection of the University of Copenhagen, was Einar Gudmundsson, who was priest at Stad on Reykjaness (Iceland) in the first half of the seventeenth century. The volume contains a sketch of Einar's life from the pen of a living Icelandic antiquarian—Sighvatur Grímsson. The immediate source of the *rímur* seems to have been a Danish prose narrative of the Gowrie conspiracy, which Mr. Craigie reprints in an appendix. The text is not accompanied by translation or glossary. The editor gives us, however, a useful list of poetic terms and kennings employed in the *rímur* and a considerable number of notes which are valuable as a contribution to Icelandic lexicography. It is to be observed that the introductory stanzas of the different parts of the series, with their moralizing pedantries and commonplaces, are quite mediæval in tone—which is not surprising in a man who wrecked his career by bringing absurd charges of witchcraft against his neighbors.

The mythological poems of "The Elder or Poetic Edda," commonly known as Sæmund's Edda, edited and translated with introduction and notes by Olive Bray and illustrated by W. G. Collingwood, constitutes the second volume of the Viking Club Translation Series (published for the club by David Nutt). The book is not addressed to students and scholars, but rather to the wider circle of readers who feel an interest in Norse mythology; and the critical apparatus is accordingly adapted to the needs of this class. Nevertheless, the editor is familiar with the authoritative literature of her subject and has made good use of the two previous renderings of "The Poetic Edda" into English—especially that which is included in the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale." The Icelandic text and the English translation—the latter literal, in the main, and line for line—are printed on pages facing each other, so that it is easy to compare them. It is a pity, however, even in a work of this character that the order of the poems as found in the Codex Regius should not be observed, and still more that the order of the stanzas in the individual poems, as in the case of the "Grimnismál," should be sometimes changed. In giving the interpretations that have been proposed for the word "edda," it would have been well to have added the one which until quite recently enjoyed especial favor, namely, "poetics." A bibliography at the end gives a list of all important editions of "The Poetic Edda" and the principal books and articles which have contributed to its elucidation.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh has issued a "Catalogue of Books in the Children's Department," containing 2,500 titles, and intended, so the preface states, for the use of children. The reference is made easy for the child by an author's index, a subject index, and a title index; some of the annotations are adequate, but the librarian has not yet satisfactorily solved the problem of proper annotation of a work of this kind. It would have been well in a catalogue of such proportion, to indicate the desirability of reissuing certain volumes now out of print. This policy was attempted by Miss Caroline M. Hewins in "A Selected List," when she suggested the republication of Lydia Maria Child's "Flowers for Children," Harriet Myrtle's "Country Scenes," and Grace Greenwood's "Merrie England." This new catalogue represents, however, on the whole, long and conscientious labor. We might ask, in reference to recent books, where is mention of Norman Duncan's "Adventures of Billy Topsail," Mary Raymond Shippen Andrews's "A Perfect Tribute," L. Allan Harker's "Concerning Paul and Fiametta," and Virginia Gerson's "The Happy Heart Family"? We have looked everywhere for some mention

of Boutet de Monvel and of that excellent picture book by Guigou and Vimar, "L'Illustre Dompteur." We are glad to see given the *whole* Bible and the *full* edition of Longfellow. Finally, do not our libraries duplicate work unnecessarily? By co-operation and organization, they might agree on one such catalogue of general authority, which could be added to from year to year in "supplements," and wholly revised every decade. Pittsburgh has laid the foundation for such unified work.

Donald Sage Mackay, whose untimely death two years ago at the early age of forty-four was a serious loss to the pulpit of New York city, came of a long line of rugged Scotch ministers. His father was a Glasgow clergyman, and on his mother's side the clerical ancestry went back to Aeneas Sage, a picturesque pastor of Rosshire in the early eighteenth century. Educated at the University of Glasgow and at New College, Edinburgh, Dr. Mackay spent the years of his ministry entirely in America. While his love for his adopted country was sincere and deep, he spoke of American frailties and failings with discernment and power, which gained from the aloofness of which he never fully divested himself. He was a thoughtful student and observer, a keen analyst of character and moral issues, a sympathetic witness to spiritual truth and aspirations. His sermons, as gathered in "The Religion of the Threshold" (A. C. Armstrong & Son), are well worth preservation. They are vigorous, straightforward assertions of earnest moral and religious convictions, free from partisanship, yet ministering to the best progressive manhood of our time.

To "The Bible for Home and School," Prof. Shailer Matthews, general editor, may be extended a cordial welcome, if the volume "Acts: the Second Volume of Luke's Work on the Beginnings of Christianity," by George Holley Gilbert (The Macmillan Co.), may be taken as representative of the series. The design is "to place the results of the best modern Biblical criticism at the disposal of the general reader." This purpose is accomplished by a brief introduction to the book, discussing date and authorship, literary character, and historical trustworthiness, followed by interpretative comment on the English text. Professor Gilbert's introduction to Acts is a model of succinct presentation of critical results, without argument except through clear exposition of cogent facts. The commentary offers explanation wherever it is really needed and trustworthy information from other sources. The series should furnish good text-books for elementary study for either class or private use.

Much excellent material has been gathered by Dom John Chapman, O.S.B., in his "Notes on the Early History of the Vulgate Gospels" (Henry Frowde). Such a contribution is particularly welcome now that Pope Pius X, as has been announced, has ordered a new edition of the Vulgate, the editorial work being confided to the Benedictine Order. Accepting the results of recent scholars, Dom Chapman inquires what lines are to be followed for the restoration of Jerome's text of the Gospels. The first step, he thinks, will be to recover the readings of the codex possessed by Eugipius (first half of the sixth century), which must be determined by the witness of the Northumbrian family (the most important member of which is the Codex Amiatinus), with the aid of Codex Fuldensis (sixth century). The later Proba, to whom Eugipius dedicated his principal work, was of the same gens (the Anician) as the earlier Proba, one of the great Roman ladies to whom Jerome was a spiritual father. This earlier Proba would probably have had a copy of Jerome's manuscript which might have descended to her namesake and so have come to the knowledge of Eugipius. This, as the author remarks, is guesswork, but it is true that the interval of time between the publication of Jerome's Gospels (382) and the beginning of the work of Eugipius (ca. 490) was not great. Other points discussed are the relation of the Eugipian text to that of Codex Fuldensis and to the Gallican liturgy, the Capuan mass-books, the Irish text, the "Gospels of St. Augustine," and the Vulgate text of Gregory the Great. Chapman also reproduces his paper on Priscillian as the author of the "Monarchian" Prologues; the text of the Prologues is printed in full, and the attempt made to explain them. His view that Priscillian is their author has been favorably received, and it must be allowed that his argument for this view is impressive.

A new and promising venture in the department of German dialectology is the "Deutsche Dialektgeographie" (Marburg: R. G. Elwert), recently begun by Ferdinand Wrede. These studies will appear at irregular intervals. The first two contain papers by Jakob Ramisch entitled "Studien zur niederrheinischen Dialektgeographie," and by the editor on "Die Diminutiva im Deutschen."

C. H. Beck'sche Verlagshandlung of Munich has undertaken the publication in four volumes of a "Deutsche Sagenbuch," edited by Friedrich von der Leven, with the co-operation of F. Ranke and Alexander von Müller. The purpose is to furnish a complete acccunt of the Germanic gods and heroes as portrayed by the literature and folklore down to the Middle Ages. The first volume, with the special title "Die Götter und Göttersagen der Germanen," by the editor, is devoted to the mythology of the Germans. The other volumes will follow soon.

Leonardo Olschki has contributed to the literary history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a book of 124 pages, "G. B. Guarini's Pastor Fido in Deutschland" (Leipzig: H. Haessel).

In the series of monographs, Wissenschaft und Bildung, edited by Dr. Paul Herre, an interesting new volume is F. Lienhard's "Das klassische Weimar." After an introduction about Germany's intellectual mission, the author gives a general review of the revolutionary and philosophical century, and proceeds to show the influence of Frederick the Great upon the intellectual life of his country, of Rousseau upon Klopstock and the emotional movement, of Lessing upon the literature of enlightenment. The relation of Herder to the folk-poetry of all nations is also discussed, and there are chapters on Kant and Schiller, and on Schiller and Goethe. (New York: Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.)

The second volume of W. Otto's "Priester und Tempel im hellenistischen Aegypten: Ein Beitrag zur Kulturgeschichte des Hellenismus" (Leipzig: Teubner) brings to a conclusion this comprehensive work, of which the first volume appeared several years ago. The first volume closed with an account of the revenues of the temples; and the present, excluding a discussion of the religious creeds of the period, treats the social status of the priests, including their morality and education; and, finally, the relation of state and church. Many of the details are drawn from reports of recent discoveries. The index is excellent.

Among recent German editions of foreign authors that of Balzac in the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig deserves particular notice. The fourth volume of the Comédie humaine has just appeared, "Verlorene Illusionen." The translator is Hedwig Lachmann, who has hitherto been known chiefly for her excellent translations of Swinburne, Wilde, and Poe.

A volume of reminiscences by the late Jonas Lie has been brought out by Haupt & Hammon of Leipzig, "Jonas Lies Erlebnisse." It is a book of 135 pages, containing letters, portraits, and illustrations. The translator is Mathilde Mann, long associated with German versions of Scandinavian authors.

Pupils and colleagues of Professor L. F. A. Wimmer of the University of Copenhagen, the Nestor of the teachers of Germanic philology in that institution, celebrated his seventieth birthday early in February by publishing a *festskrift*. The main celebration, however, was connected with his having given to the public the last part (Vol. IV, 2) of his Thesaurus of the Danish Runic Monuments, containing the vocabulary for the previous parts, the first of which was published in 1895. Professor Wimmer's work comprises in its four volumes (Copenhagen and Chicago: Glydendal Publishing House) 254 inscriptions and may, as regards artistic reproduction, careful reading, and scholarly and ingenious interpretation of the monuments, be regarded as a standard. Bugge's edition of the early runic inscriptions of Norway is still lacking its vocabulary, and the task of giving the several thousand Swedish runic monuments to the public, auspiciously begun in 1906, by the Royal Academy of Literature, History, and Antiquities of Stockholm, will probably occupy many years.

In the archives of Innsbruck, Prof. Andreas Galante recently found a large collection of hitherto unknown documents relating to the Council of Trent, consisting chiefly of more than a thousand letters addressed to Cardinal Christoph von Madruz, Prince Bishop of Trent (1539-67). The letters came from all parts of Europe, from kings, princes, cardinals, and other high dignitaries in state and church.

The Rev. William Wilberforce Rand died in Yonkers, March 3, at the age of ninety-two. He was born in Gorham, Me., was graduated from Bowdoin and the Bangor Theological Seminary, and then became a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. Since 1848 he had been engaged in an editorial capacity by the American Tract Society. In addition to the large amount of writing which he did in this way he published a "Bible Dictionary."

Richard Cornelius Barrett, professor of

civics in the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, died at Des Moines March 3, at the age of fifty. He had been a county superintendent of schools in Iowa, State superintendent of public instruction, president of the Iowa State Teachers' Association, and editor of the *Iowa Teacher*.

Hinton Rowan Helper, an early anti-slavery agitator and an unceasing advocate of the project of a railway to connect North and South America, died by his own hand in Washington March 9, at the age of seventy-nine. He was born in North Carolina; and thus his "Impending Crisis of the South" (1857), an attack on slavery and an argument that abolition would vastly benefit the South, industrially and socially, was the sensation of the day. The book enjoyed enormous sales, and John Sherman's commendation of it was used against him in his unsuccessful candidacy for Speaker of the House in 1859-60. Helper was consul at Buenos Ayres 1862-66. His other books are: "The Three Americas Railway," "Nojoque," "The Negroes in Negroland," "The Land of Gold," and "Oddments of Andean Diplomacy."

Joseph W. Carr, professor of Germanic languages at the University of Maine, died at Orono March 4. He was thirty-eight years old, a graduate of Harvard, with a Ph.D. from Leipzig. He was president of the American Dialect Society and editor of the *American Dialect Notes*.

Mrs. Frederic Lindsley Drummond, who wrote under her maiden name, Sara King Wiley, died at East Orange, N. J., March 7, at the age of thirty-seven. Her first book was "Alaska, Yosemite, and the Yellowstone" (1898), in which she collaborated with her father, W. H. Wiley. Her other publications are "Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic," "Cromwell," a play (1900); "Alcestis and Other Poems" (1905), and "The Coming of Philibert" (1907).

The death is announced of Albrecht Wagner, professor of English at the University of Halle, in his sixtieth year. Among his works are "Ueber den Mönch von Heilsbronn," "Ueber die deutschen Namen der ältesten Freisinger Urkunden," "Marlowes Tamburlaine," "Shakespeares Macbeth," etc.

OLD LONDON.

The Gilds and Companies of London. By George Unwin. [The Antiquary's Books, general editor, J. Charles Cox]. Pp. xvi+397. London: Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

The history of gilds and of trading and industrial companies is a proverbially thorny subject. Both in England and on the Continent, it has been for the most part the monopoly of the specialist, ordinarily neglected by the average reader and student. Mr. Unwin's book is an attempt to present in a readable and attractive form the result of the most recent investigation. It lays little claim to originality. The authors from whom Mr. Unwin has drawn most of his material and conclusions are adequately indicated in the footnotes, with the possible exception of Professor Keutgen, many of whose theories in his "Aemter und Zünfte" are reproduced with a faithfulness which would seem to demand fuller acknowledgment than they have received. The book is unhappily disfigured by sundry errors and loose statements. "Schanz, Handelsgeschichte," for instance (p. 250 n), is certainly a misleading designation of Schanz's "Englische Handelspolitik gegen Ende des Mittelalters," especially in view of the fact that Mr. Unwin's book lacks a bibliography; and the opening sentence of Chapter xvii, to the effect that "the simplest account that can be given of the monopolies is that they were a device of the Stuarts for raising money without the consent of Parliament," invites protests from more directions than one. But, despite such blemishes, the general verdict on the book must be favorable. It is the work of a scholar and teacher of considerable reputation in his chosen field, who knows the printed literature of his subject *au fond;* it deserves to be taken seriously; it is attractively put together and amply illustrated.

In view of the prevailing fashion for historical pageants in England and Canada and the strong probability that they will soon be introduced into the United States, the chapter entitled "The Lord Mayor's Show" will probably arouse more interest in the average reader than any other part of Mr. Unwin's book. It contains an admirable description of the different processions and celebrations which usually accompanied royal entries into the capital and other state occasions, and in which most of the different gilds bore parts reminiscent of the more glorious episodes of their past. Thus the Fishmongers' ship which sailed up Cheapside in 1292 when Edward I returned from defeating the Scots, and again in 1312 when Queen Isabella bore a prince to Edward II, was a leading feature of the pageant at the Lord Mayor's show in 1616. The pageants, moreover, were for the most part organized and paid for by the different gilds, which often exhibited an energy and a lavishness that are astounding. When Sir Thomas Middleton, a prominent member of the Grocers' Company since 1582, was inaugurated as Lord Mayor of London in 1613, his gild spent nearly 900 pounds on their show. Included in the account are 500 loaves of sugar, 36 pounds of nutmeg, 24 pounds of dates, and 114 pounds of ginger to be cast abroad to the expectant citizens by those who rode the griffins and camels. Even more remarkable are the originality and ingenuity of the allegorical representations. In this same pageant of 1613, Error is depicted "in ash-colored silk, with an owl on her head, a bat on one shoulder, and a mole on the other, a mist hanging at her eyes, and blank verse in her mouth. With her rides Envy, on a rhinoceros attired in scarlet silk suitable to the bloodiness of her manners, her left pap bare where a snake fastens." Instances of this sort might be indefinitely multiplied, but enough has been done to show that Mr. Unwin's treatment of his subject is such as to make it far more attractive and human than it is usually given credit for being, and perhaps also to induce others to follow in his footsteps.

A Survey of London. By John Stow; reprinted from the text of 1603, with introduction and notes by Charles Lethbridge Kingsford. 2 vols. Pp. c+352; 476. New York: Henry Frowde. $9.25.

In view of the amount of enthusiasm recently displayed for the publication of accurate versions of chronicles, memoirs, and other records of the past, it is somewhat surprising that John Stow, the most trustworthy and important of English annalists of the sixteenth century, should have had to wait more than three hundred years for the appearance of a worthy edition of his most famous work. Two hundred years ago Thomas Hearne recommended that Stow's "Survey" be reprinted as a "venerable original," but John Strype, instead of acting on that wise advice, attempted to improve upon it, and in so doing interfered with the original text of Stow in such a way as to make his edition (1720) almost valueless from the point of view of the historian and antiquary of to-day. The editions of Thoms (1842 and 1876) and of Henry Morley (1889 and 1893) leave much to be desired for the purposes of critical scholarship, but Mr. Kingsford has certainly made up for the deficiencies of the past. Within the limits which he has set himself, he has produced an edition of the "Survey" which will remain definitive for many years to come. Those limits are accurately described in his preface, where he states it to be his object to follow the advice which Strype neglected, and reprint the "Survey" as a "venerable original." The aim of his annotations has been "to correct any errors of statement or fact which might be found; to trace as far as possible the sources of Stow's information; to supplement the text with fresh matter from Stow's own collections; to illustrate it, within a reasonable compass, by quotations from contemporary writers." But he has refrained from any attempt to complete Stow's history, or to carry it beyond his own time.

Mr. Kingsford's book begins with an introduction containing an admirable account of the life of Stow and a description of the materials and composition of the "Survey." Then follows a valuable appendix, containing a number of documents bearing on Stow's career, a bibliography, and an account of Stow's

notes and manuscripts. The personality of the old antiquary, with his learning, his conservatism, his literary quarrels, and his constant fear of persecution through suspicion of Popish inclinations and suspicious practices, stands vividly forth. No better insight could be desired into the humors and asperities of the intimate life of a typical middle-class Elizabethan household than that afforded by the story of Stow's quarrel with his brother Thomas, and of his mother's consequent alteration of her will. The remainder of the first volume and the first half of the second are occupied with the text of the "Survey" according to the edition of 1603, followed by a list of the variations between that and its predecessor, the edition of 1598. One hundred and fifty pages of notes, a glossary, and a luxurious triple index of persons, places, and subjects—would that Continental scholars might take the hint!—complete the work.

And, finally, we cannot forbear to pay tribute to the splendid liberality of the University of Oxford and of the Clarendon Press in putting forth, year after year, accurate and expensive editions of works of this sort in the interests of scholarship pure and simple, without the hope of pecuniary gain, and often in the face of certain loss. Without their aid, and that of a few other institutions, which, if not equally rich, are fortunately animated by the same ideals, the cause of scholarship in England and in this country would be in a sorry plight. If English and American learning are beginning to take the place they deserve, abreast of that of Germany and France, the credit must be shared by the scholars themselves with the institutions through whose munificence a large proportion of their works have seen the light.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Magician. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Duffield & Co.

The Explorer. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

The reputation which Mr. Maugham has so rapidly made as a fashionable playwright will hardly be enhanced by these novels. They show cleverness, but less of a dramatic than of a journalistic sort, quickness to seize the theme of the moment, and facility in turning it to account. Thus "The Explorer" derives from the latest "little war" in Somaliland, and "The Magician" from the curious wave of occultism which has so lately overrun "smart" English society. Its theme, indeed, suggests rather strongly that of E. F. Benson's "Image in the Sand," and the comparison is not to Mr. Maugham's advantage. What Mr. Benson treated, if not very powerfully or convincingly, yet with picturesqueness, humanity, and decent restraint, what in Poe's hands would have become beautiful in form, however horrible in suggestion, and, brooded on by Hawthorne's imagination, would have taken elusive, haunting shape as a spiritual drama of profoundest significance—this theme Mr. Maugham handles so realistically, so materially, so hideously, as to excite only loathing and disgust. By choice of details and epithets to arouse a horror that is akin to nausea is not a sign of power; in Mr. Maugham's case it merely proves that, in spite of much "tall talk" about famous pictures and quotation from Pater, the writer is wofully lacking in artistic taste.

Fortunately, "The Explorer" is quite innocuous and even comparatively pleasant. The hero, apart from his African exploits, is a sort of Rochester *minus* the vices; inviting the heroine, then a mere acquaintance, to take a stroll with him, he marches her across country at the top of her speed for two hours without saying one word. This attention Lucy receives with pleasure as a true compliment; it is needless to add that she is an English girl. There is an American in the book, however—a sprightly and mildly witty widow, who carries on a series of "Dolly Dialogues" with an amiable and jocose London bachelor until she finally marries him. Thus the lightest of parlor comedy is neatly sandwiched in between blocks of good old melodrama, the agony being piled up by the time-honored device of binding the hero by a solemn promise never to explain the circumstances that make him appear a scoundrel. Not that Alec Mackenzie has any scruples about breaking a promise as such; Mr. Maugham is much too advanced to allow a hero of his to be so old-fashioned. There is something peculiarly irritating, for a small matter, in the pains which he takes to explain that Alec's devotion to truth was purely a matter of taste, and his insistence on decency among his subordinates, in Africa, a mere prudential measure. "I have nothing to do with morality—every one is free in these things to do as he chooses—but I do know that nothing causes more trouble with the natives."

Miss Betty of New York. By Ellen Douglas Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

A story for the young which is really young throughout is the rarest thing in the world of juvenile fiction. "Miss Betty of New York" is in many ways on the right level for boy and girl readers. One may not murmur at its pranks, circuses, runaways, and abductions, since they are part of the accepted material of youthful literature, however one may wish that other modes prevailed. One wearies, possibly, of the angelic boy of story who softens the heart of the unjust grandfather; and of the lawless girl who is continually defended in her lawlessness by her admiring friend, the author. What is more than wearisome is the boy and girl nonsense that creeps in, how sparingly soever. Consider the pity of such stuff as this between two twelve-year-old children:

"Do you really like me better than Rachel Amy?" asked Betty. . . .

"Why, how funny you are, Betty! I should think you'd know I like Rachel Amy ever and ever so much, but you're a sort of relation. Of course, we think you're the nicest girl we know." . . .

"If it's just because I'm a relation——" she began.

"Oh, you silly!" exclaimed Christopher. "It isn't. It is because you're just Betty. I couldn't possibly like any girl as much as I do you, because—why, because you're Betty Hamilton, and there couldn't possibly be another girl like you."

"All right," said Betty, satisfied at last; "then I'll always be very careful of the locket and never lose it and treasure it forever."

Quite superfluous embellishment this on a story generally wholesome, barring unreproved heedlessness and eavesdropping and a certain absence of spanking.

Rachel Lorian. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: Duffield & Co.

This novel is written throughout in the rhythm of Alfred Jingle, Esquire, of Pickwickian fame. You are jolted, as you read, as if you were riding a runaway horse; and when you have finished, you draw a deep breath and seek relief in a book of German prose. This sentence is a not unfair example: "He might marry—any woman—who was clever enough to catch him—in the years that were left." A mere matter of punctuation, but done evidently with the idea that a plentiful sprinkling of dashes gives an air of spontaneity, of unchecked emotion. The impression actually produced is, on the contrary, one of painful affectation. There are other irritating tricks of style that distract attention from the story.

Nor is the plot remarkable. A railway accident on the honeymoon leaves the heroine with a crippled husband on her hands; she takes care of him for some years with a rather bad grace, and then falls in love with his "poetic" friend. When the husband dies, and she is free to marry her lover, she refrains because she discovers that another woman is "as good as his wife." In this she is said to "play the prig"; but she retrieves herself by realizing, too late, that her lover's misdeeds were "common little tangles, no more!" and that the tangles did not matter, since his soul was always hers. This dualistic philosophy may be poetic (a favorite adjective with the author); but what a perplexing world it would be if things

were run on such lines! It is to be hoped that the cleverness of the book—and it is decidedly clever—will not avail to make either its style or its ideas contagious.

The Red Mouse. By William Hamilton Osborne: New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The pretty American "society girl" in a gilt frame on the cover of this book is a fit symbol of the conventionality within. The conventionality of the characters alone would not much matter, since the story has a good deal of life; but the conventionality of the point of view is tiresome. It is hard enough to believe that a woman still loves her brutal husband when she knows that he is drinking the very dregs of dissipation—especially when the only reason suggested is that "he was still good-looking, and there was an air about him that few men had." To be asked to admire her for such constancy of heart is quite too much. Still more irritating, however, is the assumption that a woman's code of honor is of necessity different from that of a man. It is implied, not merely that women are, in fact, less honest than men, but that they are not even to be judged by the same standards. Not only does the heroine urge her lover, a strenuous reform politician, to buy political "greatness" by fair means or foul, but the hero is not at all repelled by her attitude. He argues the case out with her, it is true; but her utter failure to grasp his ideas does not dampen his affection in the least.

The Poems of Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

From his six books of verse, ranging in date from 1892 to 1905, Mr. Benson has selected enough for a single comfortable volume. He himself, we presume, would not disdain the title of minor poet, if that phrase were spoken with a friendly smile. His work is minor in the better sense that it is unpretentious, and that it is replete with conscious reminiscences. Indeed, it might almost be sufficiently characterized by calling it a mixture of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. This derivative quality is at times annoying, especially in the lyrical poems of nature, of which there are somewhat too many in the volume. Here and there, no doubt, a line or a passage of natural description justifies itself by its first-hand vividness, as when he speaks of

> . . . thridding the trackless hill,
> O'er tumbled cataracts of shapeless stones—

but for the most part he does not in this genre rise much above the level of magazine respectability. It is different in the poems of reflection. Here such echoes are an integral part of the poet's mood and an essential factor of his art.

This musing habit of one to whom all things have already been thought and felt and expressed, who sits within a magic circle of memories, too weak or too indifferent or too wise to break through the ring into the world of cruder or more immediate emotion—it might seem that such a mood would appeal to few readers; yet we have the undeniable fact that Mr. Benson's prose is widely bought and read. There will be fewer purchasers for his verse, of course; but for those who know, it will have the finer and more enduring flavor. If truth must be told, his prose has grown a little stale from repetition, and its aimlessness has become more pronounced from diffusion. On the contrary, the verse is of little bulk, and, if it also lacks any definite outcome, it has at least just that strong personal note which might have atoned in the prose for the lacking qualities of creative force. There is something astringent in the self-revelation of such a sonnet as "Imagination," with its disillusioned close:

> The rapture fades; the fitful flame flares out,
> Leaving me sad, and something less than man,
> Pent in the circle of a rugged isle,
> A later Prospero, without his smile,
> Without his large philosophy, without
> Miranda, and alone with Caliban.

That note was needed in such a book as "Beside the Still Waters" to bring out the ennui which is the sure result of stagnant revery. And in like manner the shadowy kind of peace there sought—not *la pace* that Dante asked for in the cloister, but its dream likeness—is nowhere in his prose so well intimated as in such a sonnet as this:

> Spire, that from half-a-hundred dainty lawns,
> O'er battlemented wall and privet-fence,
> Dost brood and muse with mild indifference,
> Through golden eves and ragged gusty dawns:—
>
> O cloistered court, O immemorial towers,
> O archways, filled from mouldering edge to edge
> With sober sunshine, O bird-haunted ledge,
> Say, have ye seen her? Shall she soon be ours?
>
> She, whom we seek, most dear when most denied,
> Seen but by sidelong glances, past us slips,
> Waves from a window, beckons from a door,
> Calls from a thicket by the minster-side,
> Presses a flying finger to her lips,
> Smiles her sad smile, and passes on before.

In those fourteen lines is the essence of all his books, the undefined emotion that comes from the reading of his prose, here defined by the reality of a personal experience. In the longer poems, "Thomas Gray" and "In the Iron Cage," the same confession becomes dramatic and just misses greatness.

My Story. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

It is a curious commentary on the literary life that the one chapter of Hall Caine's memoirs to rouse wide discussion in England was the account of his income at the beginning of his career. One would never guess, from this discussion of pounds and pence, that the heart of the book was an intimate story of Rossetti's life in that muffled house at No. 16 Cheyne Walk and of his two incursions into the country for health. These memoirs, in fact, are merely the outcome, as Mr. Caine states in his introduction, of a desire to enlarge the little volume of recollections of Rossetti published immediately after the poet's death. Mr. Caine was a young clerk in Liverpool when he first attracted Rossetti's attention by a printed lecture in support of the morals of Rossetti's verse—just then a tender point with the author. A brisk correspondence ensued, chiefly on literary topics, half of which we shall no doubt have in print some day. For Rossetti's letters are preserved and make a bulk of writing greater than all his published works. Then the younger man went to live with the elder and was at his side through all the trying months until Rossetti's death.

There is little that is new in the picture of Rossetti as we now get it. He was ailing in body, suffering from his chloral habit, convinced of a general conspiracy against him, a melancholy recluse, yet still showing on occasions those flashes of intellectual power that so imposed on all his contemporaries. Nothing is more remarkable to one who reads largely in the letters and memoirs of the middle Victorian period now appearing so rapidly, than the dominance of Rossetti over all who came in contact with him, and the extent of his influence. It is as another testimony to this force that Mr. Caine's work will owe its chief interest. On some points he is a valuable witness. He denies the rumor that the melancholy death of the poet's wife was the result of bitterness over Rossetti's wild courses, but he says nothing to dispel the belief that this fragile creature simply withered away in the atmosphere of overloaded thought and emotion for which she was totally unfit. It was this, we believe, rather than neglect or knowledge of Rossetti's vain love for another woman, that killed her. When Mr. Caine raises Rossetti "into the place of one of the great tragic figures of literature, one of the great lovers whose lives, as well as their works, speak to the depth of

their love or the immensity of their remorse"—we are inclined to think the writer is putting some of his novelist's art to use, and our opinion is confirmed by such overstrung words as these:

> Thus, too, the solitude of his [Rossetti's] last years, with its sleepless nights and its delusions born of indulgence in the drug, was not the result of morbid brooding over the insults of adverse critics, but of a deep-seated, if wholly unnecessary, sense as of a curse resting on him and on his work, whereof the malignity of criticism was only one of many manifestations.

The course of Rossetti's life was too nearly that of the typical ultra-romantic to need explanation by such an hypothesis of lasting love and remorse. One error of statement needs correction. Rossetti did not become acquainted with Burne-Jones and William Morris when he went to Oxford to paint the walls of the Union. He had been living in the closest intimacy with them in London before they undertook together that wild knight-errantry of art.

For the rest, Mr. Caine gives some fairly entertaining chapters on Ruskin, Wilkie Collins, Robert Buchanan, and others, and an altogether undue number of letters from these great men in praise of his own works of fiction. Perhaps the most striking minor portrait is that of Henry Irving playing a rôle in life as on the stage.

Testimonium Animæ: or Greek and Roman before Jesus Christ; a Series of Essays and Sketches Dealing with the Spiritual Elements in Classical Civilization. By E. C. Sihler. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co., $2.25 net.

This is an unpleasant book. After devoting some thirty-six years to reading the authors of classical antiquity and to following the influence of the classical spirit in modern times, Professor Sihler is seized with a profound melancholy. Himself convinced of the preeminence of the Christian ideal, he notes that academicians exalt ancient literature as something precious and transcendent, and never call it pagan. He intends, therefore, to give the true story of the Greeks and Romans, "to present, *very largely in the exact words of their most eminent writers, in versions made for this work*, their views or aspirations concerning the soul, life, and death, God and the world—in short, whatever we may designate as the spiritual elements in classic civilization."

We can only commend the plan of giving the exact words of the ancients, save that the versions are at times too crudely literal; it is the interpretation of the evidence that arouses dissent. Professor Sihler finds idolatry and sensuality at the heart of Greek culture, while that of Rome, in which literature appears as an exotic, is strongly seasoned with force and fraud. The author has read the ancients with care; his judgments, delivered in a vigorous, eccentric, and not always impeccable English, are his own. Some of his animadversions are welcome, particularly the remarks on that curious Teutonic product, the pseudo-Hellenism of the age of Goethe. Nor does he always condemn: Euripides, Cicero, Seneca, are treated with sympathy. But the author's general estimate of the Greeks, Æschylus above all, is little short of defamatory. Granting, to use his simile, that the flower of Hellenic culture grows from a filthy swamp, we may gather the flower thankfully, and not, as he does, stir up the swamp. The Romans, on the whole, come off with greater praise, and yet scant justice is done them. If, for instance, Horace, whom Professor Sihler is pleased to call an Epicurean, can share a chapter with Lucretius, Virgil surely contributed enough of the "spiritual element" to deserve more than a few scattering and rather discouraging remarks.

Testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ. Tertullian, despite his fiery arraignments of the pagan past, felt that it was sound at the core. If his attitude toward ancient culture is rightly called obscurantist, that of the present book is more vindictive still. The author, though he sets forth some of the manifestations of classicism in modern times, fails to suggest to us that a genuine Christian humanism has ever appeared in history. From St. Paul, Prudentius, Boethius, from Dante, to whom he devotes a few perfunctory words, he might have learned what it is ardently to embrace the faith and yet not less ardently, though with discerning eyes, to gather the best of the past. This is possibly what he thinks he has done. But the effect is unpleasant. The book is not a brief for Christian humanism; it is rather a kind of Montanist's History of Antiquity *adversus politos*. Despite its array of first-hand material, it does not truly inform.

Lord Haliburton: A Memoir of His Public Service. By J. B. Atlay. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

To Americans, this short memoir of the successful career of a British colonist, born and bred in Nova Scotia, cannot but be interesting; for Arthur Lawrence Haliburton was personally well known to many American visitors to the old country, to whom he extended a hospitable welcome in Lowndes Square. Moreover, the Haliburtons had been settled in New England before they transplanted themselves to Nova Scotia; while Haliburton's father, familiarly known as "Sam Slick," was, according to Artemas Ward, the founder of the school of American humor. There had been other colonials, before Haliburton, who had risen to high office, and some also to the peerage; but these were for the most part lawyers who stuck to the law. Such, for example, was John Singleton Copley, a New Englander, born at Boston before the American Revolution, who rose to be Lord High Chancellor of England, and peer of the realm, as Baron Lyndhurst. But it was as an exceptionally capable administrator in one of the great departments of state, the War Office, that Haliburton made his solid ability felt; his services, as he rose step by step, being marked by companionship, knighthood, and the Grand Cross, in the Order of the Bath.

Originally intended for the law, Haliburton was called to the bar of Nova Scotia; but, at the time of the Crimean war, his early inclination for soldiering led him to seize the opportunity of entering the commissariat, where he acquired experience that proved most useful when he joined the staff of the War Office itself. Even hostile critics admit that he greatly improved the services of supply and transport. Here his aptitude for business, his previous legal training, his clear brain, his untiring industry, and fearless character, joined to a bright and winning manner, caused him to be recognized as a "strong man"—as the life-like portrait in front of the memoir would suggest. Later, Haliburton went to India, and did his work so well that there was an endeavor to keep him by offering him a permanent appointment with a high salary; but he preferred to resume his post at the War Office. Of his subsequent career, ending in his appointment to the highest permanent office in the department, that of Under-Secretary, an interesting account will be found in this book.

The author, J. B. Atlay, whose "Victorian Chancellors" is well known, has done his work exceedingly well. At the request of Lady Haliburton, he has confined himself to a bare statement of her husband's official services.

Science.

In science the spring list of Longmans, Green & Co. includes: "The Human Species," by Dr. Ludwig Hope; "Tables and Diagrams of the Thermal Properties of Saturated and Superheated Steam," by Lionel T. Marks and Dr. H. N. Davis; "The General Character of the Proteins," by Dr. S. B. Schryver; "An Introduction to the Science of Radio-Activity," by C. N. Raffety; "Spinning Tops and Gyroscope Motion," by Harold Crabtree; and "A Text-Book of Experimental Psychology," by Dr. C. S. Myers.

Anti-vaccinationists contend that the decrease in smallpox has been brought about by better sanitation and the proper isolation of persons afflicted with the disease.

That these are factors, no one professes to deny, but that the general immunity from the disease which now exists could be effected without vaccination, competent authorities agree to be absurd. It is interesting to note the effect of vaccination on some of the tribes in the Philippines, where, until recently, smallpox has been an unchecked scourge, among a people with whom sanitary methods and the isolation of diseased persons are practically impossible as yet. A recent paper in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* on tropical diseases in the Philippines concludes as follows:

> In provinces where there were formerly 6,000 cases of the disease, annually, not one death has been reported from this disease in the past year. No case of loss of life on account of vaccination has occurred, nor have any limbs been sacrificed, nor has there been a case of very severe infection resulting from vaccination reported. The disease has been thoroughly kept under control by vaccination alone.

Seldom do conditions arise for such a demonstration of the efficacy of a method of healing or prevention as this quotation presents. None of the factors which the opponents of vaccination assert to be active agents has been in operation in this case, yet the mortality has been reduced from an appalling figure to zero.

In connection with the proposal for stations to observe earth movements it is interesting to note that the Manila Observatory, established by the Jesuits in 1865 primarily for meteorological work, has been conducting seismological observations for some thirty years. Just now a meteorological and geodynamic observatory is being installed at Baguio, the summer capital, 5,000 feet above sea-level. During the year ending June 30, 1908, 227 microseismic movements and 123 perceptible earthquakes were reported from different regions in the Philippine archipelago, but only one earthquake of any violence occurred, and that caused slight damage.

Henry G. Bryant, well known for his own Arctic and other geographical explorations, read an interesting paper, "Notes on an Early American Arctic Expedition," at the International Geographical Congress in Geneva last August. It was published in the January issue of the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* of London, and is reprinted in pamphlet. The story is of value as showing the enterprise and liberality of the merchants of Philadelphia and other seaports in colonial days. As early as 1742 its public-spirited citizens raised funds to send John Bartram, whom Linnæus described as "the greatest natural botanist in the world," on an extensive collecting trip to Oswego and Lake Ontario. His fame is largely due to this opportunity. In 1753 the earliest American expedition to make a scientific exploration of the Arctic regions and to discover the Northwest Passage, was planned and sent out from Philadelphia, with help from subscribers from Maryland, New York, and Boston. Now that in our own day the Northwest Passage has really been achieved, it is of interest to see with what courage it was attempted then. The schooner Argo, sixty tons burden, with fifteen aboard, Charles Swaine, master, sailed from Philadelphia on March 4,1753, to discover the Northwest Passage, supposed to lead from Hudson Bay to the Pacific. Her return to Boston on October 21 was followed by a report in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of November 17 of the failure to find the Northwest Passage, but the discovery of a fine fishing bank, and the charting of part of the Labrador coast. The return of a second expedition reported even less satisfactory results, for three of the crew, who had gone on land to look for a mine, were killed by the Eskimos. E. S. Balch also gave an account of this early expedition in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History*, July, 1908.

The large atlas, intended to illustrate the development theory, and prepared by Dr. Konrad Guenther of the University of Freiburg-im-B., entitled "Vom Urtier zum Menschen," has just been completed by the appearance of its seventieth *Lieferung* (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt). The illustrations are profuse and very good.

The University of Heidelberg has received from an unknown giver the sum of 130,000 marks, to be used for the establishment of a Radiological Institute, which is to be opened by Easter. It will be in charge of the Nobel prize winner of 1905, Prof. Philipp Lenard, the physicist.

Dr. Martin H. Boyè, a chemist, died at Coopersburg, Pa., March 5, at the age of ninety-seven. He was born in Denmark, and was graduated from the University of Copenhagen, the Polytechnic School of Copenhagen, and (in 1844) from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. But before finishing his course at the University of Pennsylvania he had assisted Dr. Robert Hare in chemical investigations and had been assistant geologist and chemist of the first geological survey of Pennsylvania. He conducted a laboratory for analysis and instruction in analytical and practical chemistry, 1842-45, and 1845-59 he was teacher of chemistry and natural philosophy at the Central High School, Philadelphia. In connection with the late Prof. Henry D. Rogers in 1839 Dr. Boyè discovered a new compound of platinum chloride with binoxyde of nitrogen. Dr. Boyè was also joint discoverer of the high explosive, perchloric ether. In 1845 he invented a process of refining oil from cotton seed. Before that the product was almost black and very thick. Dr. Boyè's process produced a bland and colorless oil adapted for cooking and for salad dressing. He was a member of many scientific societies and was author of "Pneumatics, or the Physics of Gases" (1856), "Chemistry, or the Physics of Atoms" (1857), and various articles and memoirs in scientific publications.

The death is reported of Dr. James Hamilton, emeritus professor of pathology in Aberdeen University, whither he was called from Edinburgh in 1882. He wrote a "Textbook of Pathology," "The Topography of the Brain in Relation to Disease," and "Pathology of Bronchitis."

From Paris comes the report of the death, in his sixty-second year, of Victor-Émile Egger, professor of philosophy and psychology in the University of Paris, son of the eminent Greek scholar Prof. Emile Egger (1815-85). Besides "La Parole intérieure," which in 1881 roused much discussion, he wrote many articles for the technical journals.

Drama.

A popular edition of Marlowe, edited by C. F. Tucker Booth and Prof. Walter Raleigh, is announced by the Oxford University Press, also a similar edition of Ben Jonson, edited by Percy Simpson. A more elaborate edition of Jonson has for some time been in preparation by Prof. C. H. Herford and Mr. Simpson.

If the plain truth must be told, there was not much to delight the lover of Shakespeare in the revival of "King John," offered by the grace of Robert Mantell and William A. Brady in the New Amsterdam Theatre on Monday evening. To the one credit must be given for a laborious, more or less consistent, but absolutely uninspired and often inefficient impersonation, and to the other for liberal if often misguided management; but the net result of their labors, so far as any resuscitation of the poetic drama is concerned, was something of a fiasco. For the general public there is provided a stage pageant of more than common splendor, with some lively living pictures, much animated posturing, and a vast amount of vigorous if not particularly enlightened declamation, and these features may keep the representation alive for a season, but the artistic gain is slight. The revival, however, may prove serviceable as a costly demonstration of the practical hopelessness of interpreting Shakespeare satisfactorily—or the romantic and poetic drama, generally, for that matter—until some sort of training school has been established, where actors shall be able to learn something about the proper delivery of verse and appropriate romantic action. "King John" is an admirable acting play, rich in vital personages, and abounding in dramatic incident, and yet it missed half of its legitimate effect through the sheer inability of most of the performers, including many of the principals, to comprehend the characters or speak the lines. Mr. Mantell, by exaggerating the pusillanimous and treacherous side of John, and neglecting his intellectual and princely qualities, robbed him of both force and interest. Although his outbreak of remorseful fear, at the supposed murder of Arthur, was theatrically effective, it had too large a measure of melodramatic extravagance to be really impressive. Mr. Mantell realized only part of this subtle and complex character. Of other leading personages, the interpretation was, to say the least, inadequate. The Philip Faulconbridge was merely boisterous and vulgar; the Hubert —with all its possibilities—hopelessly conventional; the Constance, sentimentally feeble, without royalty or tragic fire; the Pandulph, a comic ranter. The Queen Elinor and a few of the subordinate personages were more satisfactory, but the general result was sadly disappointing. Perhaps the most noticeable feature was the slovenly and unintelligent manner in which all the players, save two or three, spoke their lines, with no apparent understanding of either metre or emphasis. In many instances modern pronunciations were given with excruciating results. It is a pity that Mr. Brady, whose generosity in the matter of stage decoration is worthy of cordial recognition, did not think it worth

while to engage somebody to look after the more purely literary and artistic side of the production.

In the "Münchener Beiträge zur romanischen und englischen Philologie," edited by H. Breymann and I. Schick (Leipzig: Georg Böhme), two new volumes have appeared. Vol. XLII is a treatise by Dr. Albert Franz on Heywood's "Life and Death of Hector"; Vol. XLIII by Dr. Ludwig Grashey contains an account of Giacinto Andrea Cicognini's life and work, with special reference to his drama, "La Marienne ovvero il maggior mostro del mondo."

Charles Hawtrey will be seen at the London Royalty Theatre, March 20, in a new comedy by the industrious W. Somerset Maugham, "The Noble Spaniard." This is a free adaptation from the French of Grenet Dancourt. The scene is laid in Boulogne fifty years ago.

Lucien Guitry, according to the dispatches from Paris, is to play the principal rôle in Rostand's "Chantecler," which will be produced at the Théâtre Porte St. Martin, with the opening of the autumn season. M. Guitry, a former associate of Sarah Bernhardt, is one of the most notable French actors of the day.

Céleste Vénard, famous as an actress during the Second Empire, under the name of "La Mogador," has died in Paris at the age of eighty-five. After her marriage in 1853 to the Comte de Chabrillan she took up authorship and wrote a number of novels. Her memoirs, in five volumes, were ready for publication in 1854, but were suppressed at the time, and did not come out until 1876.

Music.

Garcia the Centenarian and His Times. By M. Sterling Mackinlay. New York: Appleton & Co. $4 net.

It is a singular fact that the greatest teacher of the Italian *bel canto* that ever lived was a Spaniard; but this is only one of many remarkable things about Manuel Garcia. He was the father of two women, Maria Malibran and Pauline Viardot, who rank among the greatest singers of all time; he taught these and Jenny Lind, Antoinette Sterling, Charles Santley, Johanna Wagner, and others who became famous themselves or as teachers of Calvé, Eames, Melba, Henschel, Van Rooy, and Scheidemantel; he invented the laryngoscope, which not only put the study of the voice on a scientific basis, but proved such a boon to medical men that when his hundredth birthday was celebrated, sixteen societies of laryngologists from all parts of the world sent representatives to honor him; and he was one of the very few distinguished men who reached such an advanced age in full possession of their mental faculties and with enough physical vigor to go about and make speeches. Garcia was born in 1805, when Wagner and Verdi were schoolboys, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Schumann not yet in existence; and on March 17, 1906, he celebrated the entrance into his one hundred and second year by taking up a guitar and singing a Spanish song.

Such a man's life was surely worth writing, and this task has now been accomplished by M. Sterling Mackinlay, a son of the famous English contralto, Antoinette Sterling. Both mother and son were pupils of Garcia, but this was nothing surprising in the case of a teacher who repeatedly was able to tell pupils of the time when he taught one of their grandparents. When Miss Sterling first went to him for lessons he was so carried away with the beauty of her voice that he neglected his rule of keeping new pupils to exercises, being eager to hear her sing Italian arias; but when she came to a difficult phrase she burst out crying: "You ought not to give me these songs until I have mastered the exercise properly." He agreed with her, and assigned her the exercises. Mr. Mackinlay was the last of his pupils who received the full four years' course, and his jottings regarding these lessons constitute the most valuable pages in his book. While the lessons sometimes lasted two hours, Garcia allowed plenty of intervals of rest, during which he told anecdotes about the great singers he had taught or known. A flood of light was let in by his clear explanation of the different parts of the "instrument": the lungs for tone emission, the glottis for pitch, the oral cavity for timbre and vowel tone, the front of the mouth for consonants. He tried to awaken the pupil's intelligence, to enable him to criticise his own singing. The chief cause of the lamentable number of failures he diagnosed in these words:

> If you find a difficulty, do not shirk it. Make up your mind to master it. So many singers give up what they find hard. They think they are better off by leaving it and turning their attention to other things which come more easily. Do not be like them.

If a pupil repeated a mistake he had once corrected he would say: "Jenny Lind would have cut her throat sooner than have given me reason to say, 'We corrected that mistake last time.'" A whole chapter is devoted to the lessons of Jenny Lind, who, when she first came to him, had so damaged her voice by injudicious training and over-exertion that he said to her: "It would be useless to teach you, mademoiselle; you have no voice left." All his pupils loved him for his patience and his courtesy. Amusing anecdotes are told in this book as to how he managed to get rid of undesirable pupils without hurting their feelings. However profitable such pupils might be, he had no use for them, as he wanted to keep his reputation as a teacher who could point to results.

Valuable pages are contributed to this volume by Hermann Klein, who studied with Garcia some years and subsequently helped him prepare his excellent "Hints on Singing," which was published in 1895. In his earlier work, the "Method of Teaching Singing," Garcia did much to clear up the confusion between "timbre" and "registers." Apart from the success won by many pupils who followed his method, probably the greatest compliment ever bestowed on Garcia was the request made by Wagner that he should undertake the training of the singers who were to take part in the first Bayreuth festival.

Heretofore there has been no uniform complete edition of Wagner's operas, because he had sold them to three publishers. These publishers, Breitkopf & Härtel, Adolph Fürstner, and B. Schott's Söhne, have now got together for the purpose of issuing an edition of the eleven operas from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal." Each is to be sold for six marks ($1.50), but only to subscribers to the whole series. The issue begins in May, and before the end of 1911 all the scores will be in the hands of subscribers.

The musical periodical founded by Schumann, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik,* is no more. A year or two ago it was consolidated with another moribund, though once influential, periodical, the *Musikalischcs Wochenblatt.* A few weeks ago the last joint number was printed. The demise was no doubt hastened by the growing popularity of *Die Musik* and *Signale für die Musikwelt* of Berlin.

A feature of the spring opera season at Covent Garden is to be the first production in England of Baron Frederic d'Erlanger's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." This opera had its first hearing at Naples in 1906, when an eruption of Vesuvius put a sudden end to its career on the second night of its run. It was subsequently staged in Milan. A previous opera by the same composer, "Ines Mendo," was produced at Covent Garden in the jubilee year.

Art.

RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN ASSUR AND BABYLON.

For a number of years the German Orient Society has uninterruptedly carried on systematic excavations in two of the most important centres of the ancient Babylonian-Assyrian civilization; in the south in the city of Babylon, which in the days of Hammurabi (about 2000 B. C.) became the capital of Babylonia; and in the north in the city of Assur, the starting point of the political growth of Assyria, now traced back to a period beyond 2000 B. C. Moreover, Assur, even after it yielded its prerogatives to Caleh, and later to Nineveh, still retained considerable of its former prestige. The chief feature of these excavations, conducted in the south by

Prof. Robert Koldewey, and in the north by Walter Andreae, is the systematic manner in which the work has been carried on, without sensationalism or blare of trumpets. One section after the other of the extensive mounds at both places has been attacked and thoroughly explored. Indifferent to merely showy results, the explorers have endeavored to obtain as complete a view as possible of the contour of these two capitals in the various periods, and to make an equally complete study of the different kinds of structures unearthed. A great deal of time was devoted to the mere tracing of walls and to other labors that previous explorers, more concerned to announce striking results, would have regarded as wasted efforts. Reports of progress have been sent at frequent intervals to the home office of the society in Berlin, and there published in the form of *Mitteilungen*. The society has had liberal support from a large membership, and in particular from the German Emperor, who has given several thousand dollars annually, and a Berlin banker, James Simon, whose generosity in aiding archæological expeditions has not been limited to the undertakings in Babylon and Assur. The leading spirit of the German Orient Society is Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch, to whom the interest of the German Emperor is largely due. Professor Delitzsch's lectures on various phases of Babylonian-Assyrian culture, delivered before the German Emperor and repeated in all parts of Germany, have brought the results of Assyriological research to the notice of the general public.

In Babylon, where digging was begun in 1899, one of the chief results was the discovery of the sacred procession street —the *via sacra*—along which the statues of the gods were carried on festivals. It led through the city to the great temple of Marduk, and appears to have been made more particularly for the annual visit which on New Year's day—celebrated at the time of the vernal equinox—the god Nebo, whose seat lay at Borsippa, opposite Babylon, paid to the patron deity of Babylon as a kind of homage to the head of the pantheon. This street, which was raised above the level of the houses, was lined with glazed tiles, on which lions were depicted, accompanying the god on his way. Next to the procession street, the elaborate gateway, likewise leading to the temple and known as the gate of Ishtar, was unearthed and so thoroughly explored that its construction is now known to us in its smallest details. The walls here were likewise covered with glazed bricks, on which dragons and bulls were depicted, which probably represent the designs referred to in one of the visions of Ezekiel. Large portions likewise of the temple area of Babylon were carefully explored, as well as sections of the royal palaces, though the almost hopeless state of the ruins afforded less opportunity here for definite results. Besides the great temple of Marduk, known as Esagila, "the lofty house," sacred structures dedicated to other deities, notably a temple to the solar deity Ninib (one of the most important gods of the pantheon), and a temple to Nin-Makh, "the great lady" (a designation of the chief goddess Ishtar), were also unearthed and their general character determined. These temples lay within the sacred area around Marduk's sanctuary, and from the inscriptions of Nebuchadnezzar we know that, grouped about the chief sanctuary, were special edifices, chapels as it were, to a large number of gods and goddesses. In other words, Babylon, like other centres in the Euphrates Valley, had an entire sacred quarter, and it is this quarter that Professor Koldewey has to a large extent explored. The general character of Babylonian temples has now, thanks to the work of the German Orient Society, been clearly determined. Through a central gate one entered a large court open to the air, around which were numerous smaller rooms for the use of the priests, for storage, and for the temple school. This court led to a smaller enclosure, from which one proceeded to the sacred *cella*, containing the statue of the god or goddess to whom the temple was dedicated. The general resemblance of such a structure to Solomon's Temple leaves no doubt that—whether through direct or indirect copying—the latter was modelled after Babylonian examples.

It was somewhat of a disappointment that most of the earlier diggings threw light on only the latest period of Babylonian history, on the time of the Neo-Babylonian dynasty. This was founded in 625 B. C. by Nebopolassar, the father of the famous Nebuchadnezzar, and it lasted only until 539 B. C., when Babylon was taken by Cyrus. The lack of earlier remains was supposed to be due to the sad havoc made by King Sennacherib of Assyria, who, to punish the Babylonians for their frequent revolts against Assyria, destroyed the city in 689 B. C. In order to make destruction complete, he flooded the city. Happily, however, the latest *Mitteilungen* tell of the recovery of a considerable number of cuneiform tablets, chiefly business documents, dated in the reign of the first dynasty of Babylon, the sixth member of which was Hammurabi (about 2000 B. C.). These tablets were found in a stratum of the mounds that reached down to the water level, showing that the explorers had thus struck the beginnings of the settlement. In part, this oldest settlement was built on an eminence at some height above the water. The ancient wall of the city at the old water level has also been traced for a considerable distance; and among other interesting discoveries, mention should be made of the landing places for small boats, to which stairs led down from the wall itself.

To enumerate the many inscriptions and fragments of monuments found in the course of the excavations would carry us too far. Clay cylinders of various rulers, notably one of Nebopolassar, have furnished many new details; a boundary stone dating from the twelfth century contains some important symbols, while terra-cotta statuettes representing the goddess Ishtar, in various forms, among others with a child at her breast, are examples of the kind of votive offerings that the worshippers deposited in the temples. Of special interest is a stone tablet with reliefs depicting incantation scenes to secure release from the grasp of the demons; while, as a great surprise, a dolorite *stele* with a Hittite god sculptured on it, accompanied by a Hittite inscription, was unearthed during the first year of the excavations in the portion of the mound covering the remains of the royal palace and *burg*. It appears to have been carried to Babylon as a trophy of war.

At Assur, the results have been even more gratifying. The work here was not begun till the autumn of 1903, but it has been carried on uninterruptedly up to the present time. The temple of the god Ashur, which was known as the "House of the Great Mountain of Countries," has been found, the *zikkurat*, or stage-tower, which was one of the features of the city, has been explored, and, perhaps most important of all, the temple which was dedicated to two gods, Anu and Adad, and which appears to have been even more sacred than that to Ashur, has been most thoroughly excavated. A separate monograph on this temple, with a complete series of designs and illustrations by Andreae, is now in press. The homage to the two gods is marked by the remains of two stage-towers, one to Anu, "the god of heaven"; the other to Adad, "the god of storms." Possibly these two stage-towers formed the original portion of the sacred area, and subsequently the temple proper was built with the usual large court, surrounded by a series of rooms. Within the court was a sacred well, and beyond, on the northwest side of the court, was a long room, with the statues of the two gods. Of special interest is a portion of the forked lightning, made of gold, the ordinary symbol of Adad. It is a fair presumption that it belonged to the temple statue of the god and was held in one of his hands. The foundation of this temple can now be traced back to the eighteenth century B. C. Another striking result of the excavations was the discovery near the outer wall of the city of a "festival house" (*bît akîti*) in hon-

or of Ashur, erected by Sennacherib. To this sacred edifice, the statue of the god Ashur was carried from his temple at the time of the new year's festival, celebrated, as in Babylon, in the spring. The new year commemorated the triumph over the monster Tiamat, symbolical of primeval chaos and the establishment of order in the universe. This deed was ascribed in Babylonia to Marduk, while in Assyria the distinction was claimed for the god Ashur, who, during the duration of the festival, took up his seat in the special "festival house," surrounded by the statues of the other great gods. An extensive garden in front of the structure and another in the large court are some of the features meriting special attention. The *cella*, or "holy of holies," was unusually large, evidently serving as the assembly place of the gods on the most sacred occasion of the year.

A feature of the excavations at Assur is the discovery of many private houses, with vaults in which the members of the family were buried. The dwellings of the living thus became also the abode of the dead. Much light has been shed, both upon the interior arrangement of these houses and on the methods of burial. Burial and cremation appear to have existed side by side, and in burial several methods were followed. The body, somewhat compressed, was either forced into a clay sarcophagus, or it was simply laid on the ground, or it was walled in within clay covers. From the large number of such private houses that were excavated, many of the details of the interior arrangement have now become clear. The floors were generally formed of pressed earth, while the courts were, as a rule, paved with pebbles, bits of stones, or bricks. Regular patterns, rosettes and squares, were formed by the combination of the pebbles and little stones. Much care was bestowed on the drainage, and even the simplest houses had at least a gutter to carry off water and refuse to the street canal. The thresholds were made of gypsum slabs, or of brick, and the supports and hinges for the doors were carefully worked out. The streets appear to have been narrow and irregularly laid out, and, at times, the entrance to the houses lay through an alley, running off from the main street. A feature of the houses was the large court adjoining the main room. The approach to the court was from a kind of corridor, leading directly to the main entrance. In this corridor, there was generally a mortar sunk into the ground, and used for crushing the grain. Traces of stairs going to the roof have also been found. The number of rooms naturally varies. An unusually large house that was unearthed had no less than twenty separate apartments, grouped around the central court, including one that served the purpose of a bath-room.

The number of inscriptions of all kinds found in the course of excavations at Ashur is very large, and many of them are of great historical importance. While only portions of these inscriptions have been published, the results have already enabled us to carry the history of Assyria back several centuries beyond 1800 B. C., which a few years ago represented the limit of our knowledge. The oldest Assyrian priestly chief now known to us is Ushpia, the founder of the main temple to the god Ashur. His date can be approximately fixed at 2100 B.C.

Besides the work done in Babylon and Ashur, the German Orient Society has also undertaken preliminary excavations at other points in the Euphrates Valley, and has carefully examined a variety of promising sites. Scarcely less important than the results in Babylonia and Assyria is the extension of the society's activities to Egypt and Palestine and to the Hittite settlement in Boghaz-Köi in Cappadocia (see the *Nation* of February 27, 1908, p. 189) and neighboring sites. In Egypt the site chosen was Abusir, where most important discoveries were made, chiefly in the temple of the dead in honor of King Sahure. In Palestine, the ruins of ancient synagogues in Galilee were thoroughly explored, and last spring the site of the ancient city of Jericho was vigorously attacked and important preliminary results attained (see the *Nation* of February 4, 1909, p. 125).

The rapid growth of the German Orient Society, now numbering more than one thousand members in all parts of the world, is in itself a recognition of the value of the work accomplished, as well as an index of the remarkable interest in archæological research which, during the last fifty years, has so widely extended our knowledge of the past and fairly revolutionized our views of the earliest civilizations.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

University of Pennsylvania.

The *Rassegna d'Arte* for February is devoted chiefly to the timely matter of Messina. Of pathetic interest is Lorenzo Fiocca's article on the Cathedral and its restoration, written before the earthquake. Except for the north portal, the decoration of the façade has since been destroyed. Of the interior decoration, the original parts and the restorations were overthrown together. It is possible that the massive blocks of the apses which your correspondent saw lying in the piazza, but still bearing their mosaics relatively intact, may be reassembled for exhibition in the museum. Dr. G. Frizzoni furnished a very complete and interesting list of noteworthy works of art at Messina. Osvald Sirén adds to the list of Lorenzo Monaco's works ten paintings previously unknown. One of these, a large fresco in the Archivio Notarile, Florence, is a substantial addition to our knowledge of this exquisite artist.

Not often has anything come to our table which has given more pleasure than a selection of six colored reproductions from the Medici Series, published by Chatto & Windus of London, and Foster Brothers of Boston. Five of these plates, averaging about 13 in. by 10, give the Head of the Virgin Mary by Luini (Milan: No. 293 Brera Palace), Head of Christ by Da Vinci, Virgin by Lippi (Florence: Uffizi), Fruitfulness by Rubens, and Portrait of an Unknown Lady by Francesca (Milan: Poldi-Pezzoli). The sixth gives Da Vinci's Last Supper in a plate measuring 16 by 31½. The process, a new method of photo-collotype without screen, reproduces the colors and surface quality of the originals with really extraordinary exactness, particularly in the case of the frescos, where one can almost feel the plaster. They are entirely free from the hard dead look of the old-fashioned color prints, and can be heartily recommended for framing. The price of the smaller plates is four and five dollars, that of The Last Supper, ten.

"Jacob Jordaens, his Life and Work," by Max Rooses (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is one of those lovingly elaborate studies in antiquarianism which we have come to expect of the Director of the Plantin Museum. The large folio is abundantly illustrated, and the text is well translated by Elisabeth C. Broers. Readers of Dr. Rooses's standard work on Rubens will be prepared to find the present volume quite as much a contribution to the history of culture as to that of art, narrowly speaking. In fact, there are no more interesting pages than those which describe the roistering, full-blown life of Flanders after the peace. Of this Gargantuan society Jordaens is the best pictorial chronicler. Old Brueghel and Jan Steen, both measurably his superiors, render it less faithfully because with greater artistic prepossession. We agree with Dr. Rooses that Jordaens, who has usually been treated merely as a somewhat rude echo of Rubens, should be studied for his own sake. He never had the reflective quality that goes to make a great composer, and he never achieved an exquisite technique, but in sheer gusto and fertility few are his equals. One rarely sees so great a painter with so little of the finesse that we regard as the mark of the artist. Yet how refreshing he is in his own range of expression! Of convivial drinking he is the very prophet. He alone could have illustrated Rabelais. No one has imagined finer satyrs. Indeed, his mythologies make the overrated inventions of Böcklin seem puerile. The mantle of Rubens weighed heavy upon him, yet he wore it creditably. The best of his big religious pieces represent the Barock of Flanders quite at its best. He was withal an excellent portraitist, and except as a decorator seldom failed utterly. No gift was denied him except that of taste and the patience therein implied. His pictures constitute a world—a world not quite shaped, to be sure, but authentic and as vital as it is turbulent. He has added to the relish of life, and perhaps that is after all the main business of art. Dr. Rooses traces this career with discrimination, admitting freely the lapses to which this sort of a temperament is subject. We would add only that the later drawings of religious subjects seem to betray the influence, in com-

position merely, of that alien and far greater genius Rembrandt. It is a pity that this interesting and useful book is so badly made. The plates are strewn through the text almost at random, and since there are references neither in one case nor the other, the reader is in constant perplexity where to find an illustration, and often wastes time in looking up illustrations that have not been provided. But the book is such a compendium of information that students will be willing to supply with the pen the references that should have been given by the types.

To the series Stätte der Kultur: Eine Sammlung künstlerisch ausgestatteter Städte Monographien, edited by Dr. Georg Biermann (Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann), six new numbers have recently been added. Dr. E. Kroker, in "Leipzig," treats his subject chiefly from the point of view of history; August Grisebach, "Dantzig," from the point of view of an artist and an architect; H. Kesser, in "Luzern, der Vierwaldstätter See und der St. Gotthard," depicts the grandeur of Alpine scenery; Franz Servaes writes his account of "Vienna" in the form of letters to a friend; O. Grauloff, in "Lübeck," tells the story of this old free city, but denounces the religious realism prevailing there in recent years; and J. A. Lux devotes the bulk of "Altholland" to the architecture and the historic art of the Netherlands, to which account the general editor adds an appendix on "Die Kunst von Altholland." The earlier volumes in this excellent series of monographs deal with Berlin, Rothenburg on the Tauber, Frankfort on the Main, and Bremen.

The Metropolitan Museum is exhibiting among its recent accessions a Permagene fragment which bears all the indications of being the work of a great sculptor. It is part of the trunk, the two thighs, and one foot of a Gaul, the jacket and tight-fitting trousers in no way concealing the vigorous muscles. Among other fragments are a tombstone of a woman in relief, exquisite in the simplicity of the folds in the drapery; a replica of the head and shoulders of the statue of which the famous Dresden Satyr is a copy; and the torso of a small statue, possibly of Zeus, with admirable modelling in the back. There are also three fine Roman portrait busts, among them one of Augustus in his later years, showing much of that personal beauty for which he was famed. A gold earring in the form of a Siren playing upon a lyre is in almost perfect condition, and is described as "a marvellous production of the Greek goldsmiths' art of the fifth century B. C." Beautiful, too, are a large Greek drinking bowl, two shallow cups with handles, a jug and a wine ladle, all in silver. Paintings by Frank M. Boggs, J. S. Brown, Miss Mary Cassatt, Winslow Homer, William Sartain, W. Elmer Schofield, F. Ballard Williams, and J. H. Twachtman have been obtained by purchase or gift. The Metropolitan has also bought three of the Sorolla pictures which have been shown here. They are the portrait of Señora de Sorolla in black, the one without the mantilla; the Swimmers, and The Bath, Javéa, in which a little girl is on the point of diving into the water.

The new picture gallery of the Vatican is to be opened March 18, but permission was accorded last Tuesday for a preliminary view. The old Vatican gallery contained sixty pictures, but the new collection embraces 300, displayed in seven halls opening on the Belvidere Court. The additional pictures have been brought from the Lateran palace and the private apartments of the Vatican. The first hall contains a collection of Byzantine pictures; the second is given over to the Tuscan school, headed by Fra Angelico; the third, to examples of the Umbrian school; in the fourth is the gem of the collection, Raphael's Transfiguration, which hangs alone on the main wall; the fifth hall is devoted to the Venetian school, headed by Titian; the sixth, to examples of the sixth century, and the seventh to pictures by foreign artists.

Further details have come concerning the excavations on the Mons Janiculum, in Rome, noted in our issue of February 25, p. 206. Below the level of the court have been laid bare three strata of large oil amphoræ, placed in diagonal rows, with their mouths pointing due north. These contain the remains of sacrifices, bones of wild boars and other animals, and human bones. Here are also innumerable smaller jars, earthen and glass. The statue of Bacchus, mentioned in our former report, is a graceful figure cut in Greek marble, its right hand resting on a grape-twined column. It is of good workmanship, and its head and hands clearly show traces of gilding. The statue in the Egyptian style represents a goddess, standing with right leg advanced and with arms extended and grasping objects not now in place, but reported found. The features and headdress are Egyptian. Over the forehead, the body of a serpent forms a horizontal figure eight and trails down the crown of the head. The goddess wears a short, scant, belted tunic, which seems taken by the breeze, and which brings to mind those worn by Diana. The right leg is broken in two places, and the serpent's, or dragon's, head is missing, but otherwise the statue is in perfect condition. In spite of the rigidity of the type, the work is admirable. The arms of the small statue supposed to be of Kronos are pressed to the side, the legs close together, and from between the ankles a dragon coils to the left, under the limbs, passing over below the thighs, and five times around the body and behind the head, and resting its crested head above the image's forehead. At the point of the dragon's tail is an oval, green object, and now scattered on either side are four broken hens' eggs, natural eggs. The oval object is an egg, and one can plainly see the four original significant places in the spaces between the serpent's coils from which they have fallen. The crest of the dragon shows three clefts and traces of gilding.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are landscapes by Carroll John Halliday, at Powell's, till March 13; glass, oil, water-colors, and sketches, John Lafarge, Knoedler's, March 13; pictures, Horatio Walker, Montrose's, March 13; paintings, Charles H. Davis, Macbeth's, March 18; pictures, W. B. Tholen, Noé's, March 20; "old masters," Ehrich's, March 22; paintings, DeWitt Parshall, Bauer-Folsom's, March 23; seventeenth century etchings, Keppel's, April 6.

Elijah E. Myers, the architect, died in Detroit March 5. He was born in Philadelphia in 1832. He designed the capitols of Michigan, Texas, Colorado, Idaho, and Utah, the Parliament buildings at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, an asylum building in the City of Mexico, and courthouses in nearly every State in the Union. He was also a member of the board of examiners of the World's Fair buildings in Chicago in 1893.

Alexandre Charpentier, sculptor and artist, chevalier of the Legion of Honor and member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, died in Paris, March 4. Among his more important works are a marble Mère Allaitant, in the Musée de Morlaix; Les Boulangers, plaster bas-relief, in the Place Scipion, Paris; and a Narcisse, in the Luxembourg, Paris.

Finance.

PROBLEMS OF THE TREASURY.

The new Secretary of the Treasury takes office in the face of some peculiarly difficult problems. The government's finances, it is true, are in no such tangle as that into which they had fallen in the last period of after-panic reaction. After 1893 Secretary Carlisle found that, on the one hand, the deficit had drawn on the gold reserve against the legal tenders, and, on the other, no lawful means, except loans, existed for obtaining funds to restore that reserve. The result was that the government had to borrow gold explicitly, with the further consequences that discrimination between our different forms of currency constantly prevailed, and that public attention was converged on the danger of a lapse to the silver standard. That state of things is now prevented by the Gold Standard Act of 1900. The $150,000,000 gold reserve is now set definitely apart for the redemption of legal tender notes; and although no general power of borrowing money to make good a deficit has been conferred upon the Treasury—the Panama Canal loans being strictly limited to canal construction—a proviso of the Spanish War Revenue Act of 1898, not subsequently repealed and not restricted to a period of war, authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury "to borrow from time to time, at a rate of interest not exceeding 3 per cent. per annum, such sum or sums as, in his judgment, may be necessary to meet public expenditures."

That such recourse may become necessary has been openly predicted by the financial experts of Congress, and the statements of the Treasury add force to the prediction. The available cash balance, by Monday's report, is $141,600,000, of which not quite $72,000,000 is in the form of deposits with the banks. The deficit, for the eight completed months of the fiscal year, has been $86,000,000, and, according to the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, will rise to $150,000,000 by the end of

June. The Treasury's own estimate for the ensuing twelvemonth, on the basis of existing laws, concedes a deficit of $143,000,000; it is therefore easily possible that the government's borrowing powers may before long have to be invoked for other purposes than the Panama Canal. This is one subject to which Secretary MacVeagh must presently address himself.

The still broader question which lies before him and Congress is the readjustment of the revenue. Borrowing to make good a deficit is at best a temporary recourse; the American people, fortunately, have never been disposed to accept a situation, such as many European governments have allowed to prevail indefinitely, of annual deficits which are always met through large additions to the debt. Revision of the tariff, if pursued on scientific lines, should make that source of revenue much more productive; but relief through that expedient will be relatively slow, especially in the present period of business depression; and it is probable that increased internal taxes will soon be up for discussion. Talk of an inheritance tax, of stamp taxes, and even vague intimations—without any very feasible suggestions—of an income tax, are already heard at Washington.

That the fiscal controversy should have taken this turn is by no means a matter for regret. It is time that people had distinct and personal evidence of the real meaning of our government's extravagance. So long as the topic of the day was how to dispose of a surplus, it was impossible to excite general indignation over the rapidly mounting appropriations. The remark of the late Speaker Reed, in a previous era of extravagance, that "a billion-dollar Congress goes with a billion-dollar country," is thought a sufficient answer to protests; larger bills for naval and military outlay are part of the national glory; and thus the spendthrifts have had their way the past half-dozen years at Washington, as also at London and Berlin. Now the shoe begins to pinch; the present concern of European statesmen is to justify their lavish financiering to a people on whom increased taxes are weighing heavily in hard times; and our own statesmen need not expect to escape a similar reckoning.

Just what our extravagance has been of recent years Mr. Tawney of the Appropriations Committee showed last week to Congress. In the eight-year period from 1891 to 1898, inclusive, our annual army appropriations averaged $23,825,922; in the similar period from 1903 to the fiscal year just provided for, the average has been $83,014,660. Naval appropriations, which averaged $27,579,300 annually in the earlier period, average $102,403,029 for the past eight years. In army appropriations alone, Mr. Tawney pointed out, the total increase for the period "exceeds $473,000,000, a sum sufficient to cover the whole cost of constructing the Panama Canal," while the total increase for naval purposes is "a sum greatly in excess of the total appropriations for the support of the whole government for any fiscal year prior to 1898." Forty per cent. of all our public revenue, outside of postal receipts, is now being spent on nothing but preparation for war.

Facts of this kind, which have so long been brushed aside indifferently by a nation which was enjoying "boom times" and "thinking in hundred millions," will be seriously pondered when the citizen is asked directly to give part of his savings for support of extravagant policies.

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Bode, W. Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting. Translated by Margaret L. Clarke. Scribner. $2 net.

Bode, Wilhelm. Florentine Sculptors of the Renaissance. Scribner. $4 net.

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Duncan, G. Darrow. The Exploration of Egypt and the Old Testament. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.

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Forbes, Mrs. A. S. C. Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons. Chicago: McClurg.

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French, George. The Art and Science of Advertising. Boston: Sherman, French. $2 net.

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Oxford Plain Texts: Coleridge's Ancient Mariner and Christabel; Keats's Isabella and Eve of St. Agnes; Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum; Byron's Childe Harold, Cantos III and IV; Gray's Elegy and Odes. Henry Frowde.

Porter, Sarah Harvey. The Life and Times of Anne Royall. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $1.50 net.

Prezzolini, Giuseppe. Benedetto Croce. Naples: Riccardo Ricciardi.

Prichard, H. A. Kant's Theory of Knowledge. Henry Frowde.

Publications of the American Jewish Historical Society. Number 17.

Reade, W. H. V. The Moral System of Dante's Inferno. Henry Frowde.

Rice, C. Y. Nirvana Days. Doubleday, Page.

Roe, George. Iblis in Paradise: A Story of the Temptation. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. $1.25.

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Trevelyan, R. C. Sisyphus: An Operatic Fable. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1909.

The Week.

March 15, 1909, deserves to rank among memorable dates. It is the day on which the Republican party set about redeeming the broken promises of thirty years. For that length of time, and longer, it has been assuring the country that it would reduce tariff duties in its own way and time, always through "friends" of protection. As the years sped and nothing was done, the faith of many grew dim. But here we are still alive with a Republican Congress called in extraordinary session to reduce the tariff. Wonders will never cease. The reflections of Democrats, however, cannot be other than bitter. Here is their own issue—a winning issue—deliberately thrown away for twelve years, and now their rivals called to power to do what should have been their own triumphant task. As the failure of mere party tacticians, their mortification is complete. Abandoning their strong position, they went off into the unknown under a leader who vacillated between financial unsoundness and class hatreds; saw themselves defeated time after time; and now have to suffer the humiliation of finding their opponents appropriating the only issue on which the Democrats have been able to win a victory in twenty-five years. Seldom can the whirligig of politics have brought round a more dramatic revenge. We would not speak as though the work were already done, and a satisfactory tariff enacted by the Republicans. Their labor is all before them, and it will be arduous. Great credit is due President Taft for firmly holding Republicans to their pledges. As was said by Judge Parker in his lecture at Princeton on Saturday, there are signs in abundance that many Republicans never intended an honest revision of the tariff, but the sincerity of Mr. Taft's purpose is not questioned even by his opponents.

It is already obvious that the necessity of providing revenue is going to be more controlling in the drafting of the coming tariff than was the case with either the Wilson or the Dingley tariff. The point has been reached where the growth of the country cannot be counted upon automatically to fill the Treasury. In the first place, the sums to be taken out of the Treasury have become increasingly vast. Then, the development of our manufactures and the fluctuations of trade are such that protective duties are less and less to be depended upon to produce revenue. Senator Aldrich predicted in 1897 that this would prove to be so, and the Treasury returns have fully borne him out. At the very time when we most need a constant source of revenue—that is, in business depression—tariff duties most miserably fail. Moreover, even excise duties will not be the sure revenue-producers in the future that they have been in the past. With the strengthening of the temperance and prohibition movements, in various parts of the country, the far-sighted legislator will not reckon upon the old large returns from internal-revenue taxes. New taxes will be necessary, and are in contemplation. A Federal inheritance tax has been suggested by President Taft. Such a tax is correct in principle, but is open to the objection that it would, in many cases, lead to double taxation, as many States now levy an inheritance tax. It is not strange, then, that Congressmen should be discussing a recourse to various forms of stamp taxes, in order to put the Treasury in funds.

The present "war" in the steel trade comes as a complete refutation of an argument—or excuse—of which we have heard much during the past eight years. We mean the tearful protest against reducing the tariff lest the "small producer" be injured. The land has been full of Republicans who would be only too happy to clip the claws of monopoly by taking away its tariff protection, but when they thought of the independent manufacturers, their hearts failed them. They would like to kill Goliath, but they could not do it without cutting off David's head. This assertion was always inherently absurd. But it is not necessary now to rest the case on general considerations. The actual facts are to-day full under the eye, and yield a practical demonstration of the hollowness of the protectionist contention that the tariff must not be touched in a way to lower prices lest the small, independent producer perish on the spot. Exactly how deep is the cut in prices, it is impossible to say. The admitted reductions range from 10 to 20 per cent. Thus the quoted price of steel billets, which was, in 1907, $29.75, and a year ago $28.00, was, on March 10, $23.00. Now, if anybody had ventured to propose two years ago a change in the tariff which would result in lowering the price of steel billets nearly 20 per cent., or forcing tin plates down by the large percentages announced last week, he would have been denounced as an enemy of the business and a deadly enemy of the small and independent steel-maker. But here we are with those low prices and the tariff not altered in a comma. Moreover, the evidence goes to show that the low prices were actually conceded first by the manufacturers outside of the Steel Corporation. Instead of having to maintain high prices or be ruined, they found that they would be ruined unless they went out and got business at low prices.

The calmness with which the public receives news of the acquittal of the Standard Oil Company, in the retrial of the case in which it was fined $29,000,000 two years ago, is more important than the acquittal itself. It betokens a new attitude of the public mind. The excitements, the explosions, the vast agitations of the past few years, the people are preparing to put away like a closed book. It is not that the material for sensation and outcry is lacking; it is only the motive that seems now to be wanting. In this dismissal of the famous prosecution of the Standard Oil Company, so indifferently noted by newspapers and their readers, there is an abundance of good shrieking matter, if powerful politicians could see their advantage in making the welkin ring with it. Merely consider the possibilities. Suppose a Democratic President had been elected; suppose that he had chosen an Attorney-General known for his long service of corporations; and that within a week after the new Administration came into power, the most offensive corporation in the land had come out of a Federal court with a

clean bill of health—would not the Republicans have been calling upon the winds of heaven to blow and crack their cheeks in order faintly to express the outrage? The facts would be just what everybody now knows them to be—namely, that fundamental legal principles were violated when the Standard was fined a sum equal to the revenue of the State of New York, and that the reversal is simply in accordance with the law. Yet all this would have made no difference if the public had been disposed to follow an agitator appealing to violent prejudices. But the people are "most unusual calm" about such things just now, and, consequently, so are the politicians and the young lions of the press.

The reappointment of Major-Gen. J. Franklin Bell, as chief of staff of the army, has a special interest aside from the personality involved, because of the fact that this is the first time that a President has gone out of office since the position of Chief of Staff was created. Under former conditions, the commanding general remained the head of the army until his retirement took place at the age of sixty-four years. The law creating the Chief of Staff, who can be any one of the generals and does not have to be senior in rank, requires that he shall submit his resignation to the new President just as if he were a member of the Cabinet. The President can then choose another officer if he believes that some one else will be more valuable to him, or more in sympathy with his policy. In this case, Mr. Taft has promptly reappointed Gen. Bell, with whom he has had close acquaintance since Philippine days. Gen. Bell has the respect of the service to a remarkable degree, and is a man of such undoubted ability that his rapid rise from captain to general has never militated against him. He has, however, found desk work so irksome that it was thought that he might retire in favor of some other man at this time. He is preëminently at his best when in the field, and such criticism as has attached to his service as Chief of Staff relates to a lack of vigor in his decisions and the failure of the General Staff to realize the expectations of its founders.

In railway rate regulation, one of the chief advantages of a commission is that each case of alleged confiscation may be decided on its individual merits, without jeopardizing the whole mechanism of State control. This is seen afresh in the failure of the attempt in Missouri to regulate by statute. The importance of this question, to the public and corporations alike, appears in the impending struggle at Albany for an amendment clearly empowering the New York Public Service Commission to establish joint rates and through routes over two or more street railways. If reason rules, that struggle cannot last very long. Let the corporations say that the measure imperils their legitimate dividends, and the answer will be that, in so far as they can prove this, the commission will not touch them. The honest corporation has nothing to fear from such government control.

Whatever may be the defects of the probation system in its present form, they are generally understood to be due to the experimental stage through which it is passing, and not to inherent weaknesses. The progress of the past year is evidence. During 1908, the number of cities and counties in New York State supporting probation officers was doubled; 26 municipalities, 8 towns and villages, 23 county courts, and the Supreme Court in 6 counties are now giving offenders a fair chance to mend their ways. We can only take this as testimony that the immediate benefits of probation have already made themselves felt in the quick reform of young and occasional wrongdoers, and in the lessening expense of jails and reformatories. It would be a dull eye that could not perceive something of this in the second annual report of the State Probation Commission. Over 10,000 persons were set free under surveillance last year. All had committed offences which, under the old dispensation, would have put them behind the bars. And yet there has been no "crime wave" in the wake of this liberty; on the contrary, three-quarters of those whose terms ended within the twelvemonth have finished it with credit to themselves.

The demands of the anthracite mine workers are sound in so far that it never hurts to ask for things you have not the least hope of obtaining. A 10 per cent. increase in wages, the establishment of an eight-hour day, and recognition of the miners' union, are concessions which the operators would stoutly resist at the best of times. They are impossible demands in a year of business depression following upon a year of severe panic, with wages settling steadily towards a decline, and unemployment widespread. In 1906, in the very heart of flush times, the coal workers, backed by the benevolent interest of the President himself, got fewer concessions than they now ask for. In 1906, everybody was well off—apparently—and the miners succeeded in making out so strong a case that the increased cost of production involved in their demands became quite secondary. To-day everybody is not quite so well off. There is a growing tendency to weigh the rights of that almost forgotten animal, the consumer, against the rights of the producer; and a possible increase in the price of coal comes home more sharply than it did in 1906. Under the circumstances, it is hard to see why the miners should be disappointed when the operators offer a three years' renewal of the existing agreement. Possibly, the miners are not so disappointed as they profess to be. Possibly, the advantage of having things stay as they are was in their minds when they asked for higher wages and a shorter day.

It is generally believed that the Income Tax bill passed by the French Chamber last week will be rejected in the Senate. It is stated that the government itself has no illusions on the subject; that its real purpose is to create a popular issue for next year's Parliamentary elections; and that only a decisive Radical victory in 1910 will serve to drive the bill through the upper house. But it must not be supposed that conditions in France are analogous to those in Great Britain, where a House of Lords stands in chronic and steadfast opposition to the popular chamber. In England, nothing less than an electoral tidal wave can force the Lords to yield a position on which their hearts are definitely set. The French Senate, of course, constitutes no such rock-bound citadel of conservatism. At the present moment the Clemenceau Ministry can actually count upon a normal majority of between twenty and

thirty in the Senate—this as a result of the January elections for the renewal of one-third of its members. That body, for the first time in its history, is now Radical; and, though a majority of twenty or thirty in a Chamber of 300 may not seem very impressive upon so contentious a subject, it is apparent that the task of putting the Income Tax bill through the Senate is not extremely difficult, and that its ultimate enactment is nearly certain. That the bill has behind it a majority of the French nation, appears even from the fact that Deputies of the extreme Right have voted for it. To explain the popularity of the measure as arising from the desire of the poor to get their fingers into the coffers of the rich, is somewhat crude. A bill which does away with the door and window tax—the name sounds almost mediæval—cannot help being popular, and in a legitimate sense. Furthermore, according to the Associated Press summary, commercial licenses to the extent of 138,000,000 francs and transfer taxes to the extent of 109,000,000 francs are to be abolished or reduced, to the apparent advantage of the trading classes.

The strike of the Paris telegraphers and post-office employees is probably not so serious as would be implied by the amount of inconvenience it causes. Professedly, the strikers' quarrel is a personal one. They complain of oppressive treatment at the hands of the governmental chief of their department. Hours and wages do not seem to enter into the dispute, and a way out will probably be found when the government declares that there has been a misunderstanding somewhere. Yet the strike is symptomatic of the growing difficulties of the state in its capacity as employer of labor. Future Cabinets will confront such troubles again and again, unless the Ministry attempts to decide once for all the status of the government employee with regard to his right to strike. The attitude of the Clemenceau Ministry has been that government employees—in the posts and telegraphs, in the national factories and arsenals, and in the schools—may form unions for the purpose of safeguarding their interests by peaceful means. But the right to strike is denied them under penalty of expulsion from the government service with the loss of accrued pensions and privileges. That right is what the French schoolmasters, to take the most prominent instance, are contending for. Needless to say, they have with them the hearty support of the Socialists.

The Japanese have again taught a lesson to Europe and America. This time it is by showing how to retrench when times are bad and expenses heavy. The budget for 1909-1910, which has just passed the Japanese House of Peers, makes a saving of no less than $178,500,000 by the simple expedient of deferring for eleven years public works heretofore undertaken. Doubtless, this sum, when details are received by mail, will be found to contain many items relating to army and navy. In the chancelleries of Europe and in our own Congress, this policy of the Japanese will, we fear, be taken as another sign of Asiatic inferiority. Our own deficit bids fair to be not less than $130,000,000, and if Congressman Tawney is correct, will go as high as $150,000,000, but nobody suggests any savings. The naval budget is higher than ever and may go to $160,000,000 next year. Germany and England are facing big deficits, but there, as with us, the idea is not to economize but to wring more money out of the people by new taxes. In Japan, however, people actually seem to believe that a nation should deal with its finances as would a private citizen with his.

The long wrangle in the British Cabinet over the navy estimates has ended, as expected, in a compromise. But it is doubtful if the compromise will please many people. It increases the naval estimates by $14,116,000, and the total reaches the enormous sum of $175,713,500. There is nothing peaceful about this, and not the slightest evidence that the Liberal Ministry is less devoted to Imperialism than were the preceding Conservative Cabinets. More than that, the government announces that in addition to its building programme of four Dreadnoughts and six protected cruisers, it will ask authorization to prepare in the course of the year for four more large armored ships to be laid down April 1, 1910, "if necessary." The latter phrase undoubtedly refers to the German shipbuilding programme; if progress with the Kaiser's new ships is faster than expected, the four additional vessels will be rapidly built. All this will sicken those Liberals who have hoped that England, under their party, would take the lead in the limitation of armaments. On the other hand, the Jingoes are sure that England's supremacy at sea will be lost if six Dreadnoughts are not laid down this year.

Lord Esher, one of the editors of Queen Victoria's "Letters," gave a lecture recently before the Royal Institution, in the course of which he read some further extracts from the Queen's journals and correspondence. None of these was of great significance, but some of the things which the lecturer said about the place which Victoria had helped to make for the English monarch, in a Constitutional government, are not without interest. She undoubtedly did much to vindicate the Sovereign's right to keep in hand the threads of important foreign negotiations. It appears that only within the last few months, and by accident, have the Queen's letters to Lord John Russell, when he was Foreign Secretary, turned up. They are surprisingly numerous, since during four years she wrote to him with her own hand at least once a day. Both Disraeli and Gladstone were scrupulous in keeping the Queen minutely informed of all that was going on at the Foreign Office. The former, in particular, addressed elaborate reports to her which, Lord Esher remarks, it is impossible to read without "the conviction that they were written quite as much for his own enlightenment as for that of the Sovereign." That is, he was thinking out loud to the Queen, endeavoring to clear his own mind in reference to critical matters. The impress which Victoria made upon the conduct of British foreign affairs will appear in clearer light, Lord Esher asserts, when her correspondence after 1861 comes to be published. With that date, it will be remembered, the letters already printed abruptly stopped. But it is evident that the useful part played by King Edward in recent years, in helping to secure good understandings with France and Spain, and Italy and Russia, and possibly even Germany, was made possible by the place, in such matters, which his mother did much to win for the Crown.

THE SPEAKER AND THE RULES.

If the House of Representatives does not revise the tariff more drastically than it did the rules, no bones will be broken. The truth is that there was a good deal that was factitious and insincere, or else ignorant, in the fight to change the rules of the House. To run off on that issue was a convenient way of attacking Speaker Cannon without facing him directly. It was easy to find fault with his management; indeed, a formidable indictment could be drawn of his narrowness and dull withstanding of needed legislation. But to sally forth boldly and pluck the popular "Uncle Joe" by the beard required more courage than most of the insurgents possessed. So they took it out in railing at the rules. Of these, however, they secured but the slightest modification. They were able to defeat by a bare majority the motion to adopt the old rules intact, but with that their strength was exhausted. They fell short by twenty-four votes of carrying the motion embodying their own plans for shearing the Speaker of power. And then the compromise, proposed by a Democrat, and opposed by the rebellious Republicans, was easily put through. This leaves the Speaker with all the essential powers of his office untouched.

Aside from what is offensive in Mr. Cannon as Speaker, the recent outcry against the rules of the House seems to us largely ill-judged. It is an old story. The Hon. Demosthenes Napoleon Cavour from Podunk enters the Capitol for his first term as Representative, and expects the floor of the House to sag visibly when he rises. He proposes to enlighten the members early and often. In his pocket he has a dozen bills for the salvation of the country, all of which he intends to insist shall be enacted at once. But he finds his young hopes sadly dashed. He cannot witch the House with his eloquence unless he first catches the Speaker's eye, and that organ seems singularly blind. His bills are incontinently sent to committees, from which few travellers ever return. Such things at first perplex the aspiring member, and then anger him; and he is ready to join in a movement to abolish those tyrannical rules which prevent his happy thoughts from being written instantly into law.

There was plainly something of such raw impatience in this year's insurrection against the rules. But the steadier and more philosophic members of both parties, irrespective of their liking or disliking of Speaker Cannon, are aware that they have to do with an historic political evolution. The rules of the House are not arbitrarily devised green withes wherewith to bind the young Samsons of statesmanship. For each one of them, there is a reason, and it is a reason growing out of the needs of the public business, orderly conducted, and of party government, duly in control of legislation. If these too quick despairers, these unbaked theorizers of the cheap magazines, would take the trouble to reach such books as Woodrow Wilson's "Congressional Government," or Miss Follett's able work on "The Speaker of the House of Representatives," they would discover that they are trying to upset in a night an edifice slowly reared out of wisdom learned by experience. Minor changes can, no doubt, be argued for, but to propose rashly to sweep away the main safeguards which the rules of the House erect against the folly of its members, is itself folly. If the next House is Democratic, it will undoubtedly adopt the existing rules, very much as they are, just as Speaker Crisp, when he succeeded to Speaker Reed, was forced to accept the much-decried Reed rules.

It does not necessarily follow that the upheaval in the House has been unwholesome. We think the reverse. The Speaker has been openly challenged. He has been sharply reminded of the deep feeling against him. This may incline his heart to better ways in the future. He may be led to attempt to organize the House on the basis of intelligence and character, not merely that of seniority and pliability. It is a just reproach to the Cannon régime that, under it, the ablest and most respected men of the House have not been allowed to be its leaders. Routine party hacks and time-servers have been given the seats of authority, and Speaker Cannon himself, through his control of the organization, has put himself again and again athwart the path of desirable legislation. To currency reform, he has been an obstruction, not a help. His ideas about the tariff are much like those of a Turk. His conception of the chief function and glory of the House is that it should do nothing. But the revolt has now come, and may be to even the obtuse and obstinate Speaker as a great light.

One aspect of the House insurrection is peculiarly significant at the present moment, for it has its bearing on tariff revision. Several of the "insurgents" are low-tariff men. They resent the extreme "stand-pattism" which Speaker Cannon has exemplified. He himself is aware of this, for he caused it to be put about that, if these insubordinate Republicans were successful in joining the Democrats to change the rules, the next thing to expect was a union of the same kind to enlarge the free list. But the demonstration has been made. The fact is now known that the prestige of the House organization has been hurt; that a fine brute majority cannot be counted upon to whip through obnoxious bills, be they tariff measures or any others. This will inevitably make the managers cautious. They will not wish to ride to other rebukes. And the net effect cannot well fail to be a tariff bill, so far as the House is concerned, more in the interest of the public, and less in that of the monopolist, than an unterrified protectionist Speaker and his lieutenants would draw if left to themselves.

MOPPING BACK THE FLOOD.

The small politicians, like Barnes, and the big humbugs, like Depew, who are opposing the Governor's plan of direct nominations, are fond of speaking of it as a crank notion, a new-fangled and fantastic idea that nobody ever dreamed of until Gov. Hughes brought it out. True, they confess to having dimly heard of something of that foolish sort being tried in the woolliest West, or where rolls the Oregon, but as for there being anything like a widespread and swelling popular movement in favor of the new method of making party nominations, why, nothing of the sort could exist, because they knew nothing of its existence. It is an axiom with them that their ignorance marks the bounds of human knowledge. Yet facts have a way of persisting, even in the face of a boss busily trundling his mop to keep back their rising flood; and the truth is that the agitation for direct nominations is steadily gaining force, has already won State after State, and is destined to run the same triumphant course as ballot reform and primary reform did before it.

So common has been the plaint that Gov. Hughes was forcing a little invention of his own upon the party, that the Citizens Union has done well to compile information for the benefit of the Legislature. This shows that, as Senator Root frankly told the politicians dining around Barnes's mahogany-tree at Albany, the people everywhere have become more and more dissatisfied with existing methods of party representation and party control, and are casting about for something better. They are finding it, or think they are—which comes to the same thing politically—in one form or another of the direct primary. The movement to abolish the nominating delegate, because both his election and his action are controlled by the selfish few, has taken on proportions that may now truly be called national. Besides those States in which direct nominations have been made compulsory by law, we have the Southern States, in which the system has been made operative by the voluntary action of the parties. Exact statistics may be wanting, for much turns upon definition and upon interpretation of law and of practice, but the gross fact is thus summarized by Prof. C. E. Merriam in his recent book on "Primary Elections":

> In brief, about one-third of the States of the Union, containing about one-half of the population of the United States, employ the direct primary system for practically all elective offices. Including the Southern States, where party rules require direct nominations, about one-half the States are using the direct method.

We can now see how much sense there is in the charge that a restless and meddling Governor of New York has got up a primary scheme out of his own head to vex the righteous souls of Barnes and Woodruff. They did not know what was going on, but Hughes did, Root did. A boss has no means of finding out what the people are thinking of; to him, a popular movement always comes like a bolt from the blue. But to intelligent and disinterested men, in touch with their kind, and able to read the signs of the times, the gathering force of a new political idea is not such an utter stranger. Gov. Hughes did not contrive the plan of direct nominations. He saw it coming; he studied it; he sought to fit it to the traditions and needs of New York, excluding various extreme or untried proposals that have been associated with it in a few States; and thus endeavored to live up to his promise of trying to do something, during his term of office, to make party government better.

As already suggested, the student of politics will see a striking analogy between the way in which the movement for direct primaries is winning in one State after another, and the manner in which the adoption of the Australian ballot in this country, with the legal regulation of party primaries, slowly gained impetus and finally traversed the land. In those earlier instances, as to-day, the objections and reproaches of the politicians were loud. Why interfere with the good old plan of ballots given out at party headquarters, or wonderful "split-tickets," which were so profitably "run out of the boxes" by Johnny O'Brien, and skilled workers of that ilk? Was not the existing system justified by its results? Had it not brought forward great statesmen—Lincoln and Grant and Tilden? Had it not produced *us?* Why, then, all this ridiculous fuss about possible corruption here and there, with the absurd proposal to import a method of voting from a former penal colony of Great Britain, as if American citizens could not devise their own? This is no travesty of the kind of talk which was heard from the Barneses and Gradys and Woodruffs of that day. Men of their tendency instinctively withstand reform of any kind. How long will *they* be safe if an inquisitive people begins asking if its government is all it ought to be? They fought the Australian ballot, tooth and nail, just as they fought the movement to throw legal safeguards around party primaries; but both swept to victory over their prostrate forms. There is no reason to think that the case will be different with the cause of direct nominations. Its chariot wheels will crunch across the necks of politicians, but the great amount of rubber in their composition will enable them shortly to rise and say they did it!

THE HEART OF A CLASS PROBLEM.

The late Hinton Rowan Helper's remarkable anti-slavery book, "The Impending Crisis of the South," which caused months of turmoil and excitement in Congress in 1859 and 1860, was essentially a plea for the "poor white" of the antebellum South, for whom there was no place between the slave-holding aristocracy and the unpaid slaves. For the negro's sufferings and wrongs Helper cared little. What stirred him so deeply that in his thirtieth year he was able in turn to stir the nation to its depths, was resentment at the degraded condition, social and economic, of his own non-slave-holding class. He perceived that free white labor in competition with forced black labor could not only not progress, but that it was scorned by the slave-owning autocracy because labor itself was regarded as fit only for blacks. Hence his tract was an appeal for the freedom of the negroes, that the shackles might also be struck from the limbs of the poor whites.

What Mr. Helper foresaw for the South in the event of the abolition of slavery all came to pass in his lifetime—the diversification of industry, the springing up of manufactures, the opening of mines, the development of commerce, the rehabilitation of agriculture, the spread of education. But one thing he did not look for—that the emancipated poor whites would, after taking control of the politics of the South, become extremely bitter against the negro. As this part of the dominant race has risen socially, industrially, and politically, it has sought to depress the blacks whose condition of servitude the poor whites at times and in certain places had almost envied. Just as ownership of a slave was once the highest sign of social superiority, so the poor whites now seek to mount on the backs of the negro. This fact has been dwelt upon before this. But it has remained for the Rev. Quincy Ewing, like Helper, a Southerner born and bred, to bring out clearly in the current *Atlantic Monthly* the truth that the basis of the race strife in the South is simply a determination to keep the negro inferior to the white at any cost. Mr. Ewing states the matter thus:

> How to keep him what he is in relation to the white man; how to prevent his ever achieving or becoming that which would justify the belief on his part or on the part of other people, that he and the white man stand on common ground.

Fifty years ago slavery was held to show that the two races did not stand on common ground; and it was, therefore, the poor whites that the slave-

holders endeavored to keep in their places. As Mr. Helper put it:

> Poor whites may hear with fear and trembling but not speak. They must be as mum as dumb brutes, and stand in awe of their august superiors, or be crushed with stern rebukes, cruel oppressions, or downright violence. If they dare to think for themselves, their thoughts must be forever concealed. The expression of any sentiment at all conflicting with the gospel of slavery, dooms them at once in the community in which they live, and then, whether willing or unwilling, they are obliged to become heroes, martyrs, or exiles. They may thirst for knowledge, but there is no Moses among them to smite it out of the rocks of Horeb. . . . Never were the poorer classes of a people, and those classes so largely in the majority, and all inhabiting the same country, so basely duped, so adroitly swindled, or so damnably outraged.

To-day in the South, says Mr. Ewing, who has resided all his life in darkest Louisiana, in Mississippi, and in the black belt of Alabama, friction between the races is entirely absent "so long as the negro justifies the white man's opinion of him as an inferior; is grateful for privileges, and lays no claim to *rights*"; the expression "Good Nigger" means, "everywhere in the South, a real negro from the Southern standpoint"; and the "race problem is the problem how to keep the negro in focus with the traditional standpoint." To-day the South approves of Tuskegee because it turns out artisans; it likes Booker Washington because he seems to be teaching the South's own doctrine that the negro shall remain "a hewer of wood and drawer of water." But it scorns negro universities, like that at Atlanta, or Fisk University in Tennessee, because they are putting "false ideas" into the negroes' heads. No negro, however correct his ideas, however noble his achievements, however brilliant intellectually, may cross the line, because, as Mr. Ewing states it, "the logic of the situation requires that to be any sort of black man is to be inferior to any sort of white man." This is the crux of the matter. Volumes may be written about the alleged criminal tendencies of negroes, about their physical repulsiveness, their cranial structures, or their laziness as laborers, and the economic friction arising from industrial competition. At the end one comes back to Mr. Ewing's masterly analysis.

Proof in plenty he offers; it could be multiplied a thousand times. Prating of race purity as they do, the Louisiana Legislators yet vote down a bill to stop illicit relations between white men and black women: it is a badge of racial inferiority to have the black women the prostitutes of the community. In the parlor-car the appearance of a Washington or a Du Bois is an insult; the black nursemaid in her uniform of service is welcome and attempts to expel her by legislation have failed. The negro is allowed in the balcony of theatres, because the place emphasizes his inferiority, but he could not buy a first-class ticket to a ball game, even if he sat in a section apart, for that would be a step toward an alteration of status. So, with rare insight, Mr. Ewing comes to the conclusion that a race problem "arises only when the people of one race are minded to adopt and act upon some policy more or less oppressive or repressive in dealing with the people of another race. In the absence of some such policy there has not been a race problem since the world began." The California hoodlum's jealousy of the successful Japanese is another case in point. But Mr. Ewing might have gone further and used the word *class* problem, for it is not merely a race problem. Helper's book would have given him the text; and Helper's words are also a prophecy that under the principles of a democracy this present attempt to hold a black class in subjection is in the long run likely to be as futile as the effort to suppress the poor white.

INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS.

In *Charities and the Commons* appears a remarkable study of a year's accidents to workingmen in Pittsburgh. It is from the pen of a careful student of the subject, Miss Crystal Eastman, and deserves widespread attention. Only a year ago, there was opened in this city an exhibition of safety devices, in the hope of lessening the ever-growing number of industrial injuries, so appalling in their total as to make less formidable the terrors of war, and bearing so heavily upon the workingman as to suggest the recasting of the Employers' Liability law. But statistics of killed and wounded, even when the aggregate equals the losses on a dozen battlefields, no longer stir a people accustomed to wholesale deaths, as at St. Pierre or Messina. Hence the public has been slow to comprehend that the field of industry offers as great an opportunity for life-saving as do the homes of those afflicted with tuberculosis. Then, too, we have lacked precise information as to the causes of accidents and the responsibility therefor—just such detailed studies as *Charities* has now furnished.

All told, Miss Eastman found 526 men were killed in Allegheny County by industrial accidents in the twelve months from July 1, 1906, to June 30, 1907. During the same period it is estimated that 2,000 injured workmen were received in the city's hospitals. How many others were treated in their homes it is impossible to say. Out of 294 hospital cases analyzed by Miss Eastman, 75 of the injured were discharged as permanent wrecks. If this proportion held in 2,000 cases, some 500 men must annually be turned out of the Pittsburgh hospitals so crippled as to make the earning of their livelihood almost if not wholly impossible. There is no respite in this recruiting of the army of the infirm; year by year its ranks are swelled by at least 500 men, with corresponding suffering and misery. Moreover, it is by no means the old or middle-aged who suffer. Analyzing the 526 deaths, Miss Eastman found that 82, or 16 per cent., were of persons under twenty-one, while 42 per cent. were between twenty-one and thirty, 26 per cent. between thirty-one and forty, and only 16 per cent., or 81 cases, over forty. It is really the young men who are being sacrificed.

Nor is it true that deaths are almost wholly among the teeming foreign population of Pittsburgh; for 228, or 42.5 per cent., of those killed were American born. Equally erroneous is the prevailing idea that these victims of the steel mills, railways, and factories are of the lowest class of laborers. Only 16 per cent. earned less than $10 a week; while 36 per cent. of them earned between $15 and $20; and 94, or 10 per cent., between $20 and $30 a week. In other words, Pittsburgh, says Miss Eastman, "loses more than 500 workmen every year, nearly half of whom are American born, 70 per cent. of whom are workers of skill and training, and 60 per cent. of whom have not yet reached the prime of their working life." So great a loss of power and strength to the community, with the resultant drain for the support of the dependent, surely could not be regarded with complacency, even if the waste

were unavoidable, due wholly to the character of Pittsburgh's chief industries.

Is this the case? When Miss Eastman began her work, superintendents, claim agents, and general managers assured her that 95 per cent. of all accidents were due to the carelessness of those injured. Investigation showed her, however, that only 28.54 per cent. of the 410 deaths, about which accurate information could be obtained, were due to unavoidable causes, such as two explosions, which killed 19 men, and apparently could not have been prevented. Taking 132 cases for analysis in which the victims were at fault, we find that in 22 cases "carelessness" was ignorance, in 13 cases youth, in 8 cases drunkenness, and in 4 cases physical weakness. Of the other cases considered, 13.65 per cent. were due to fellow workmen, 11.95 per cent. to foremen, and 35.85 per cent. were attributable to the employer's negligence, as indicated by the breaking or falling of scaffolds, chairs, ladders, planks, floors, etc. "Some of these defects," Miss Eastman says, "prove inexcusable neglect," but others are due to the speed and pressure of the work; and she reaches a conclusion every one must be reluctant to accept, that "there can be no absolute standard of safety here, for no employer can keep his equipment in perfect repair every day in the year."

As to the results of the accidents, nearly one-half of the people killed were married men, regularly supporting families; three were women, supporting others, and 265 were single men of all ages. Of all the 526 killed only 19 per cent. left no "private economic problem" to be faced. As to the compensation, Miss Eastman has this to say:

> Thus out of 304 cases of men killed in a year's industrial accidents in Allegheny County, all of whom were contributing to the support of others, and two-thirds of whom were married, 88 of the families left received not one dollar of compensation from the employer; 93 families received not more than $100, a sum which would cover reasonable funeral expenses, but would not replace any of the lost income; 62 families received something over this $100, but not more than $500; 61 families received more than this, some few as much as $3,000, but most of them under $1,000. In other words, 181 families, or 59.5 per cent., were left by the employers to bear the entire income loss, and only 61 families, or 20 per cent., received, in compensation for the death of a regular income provider, more than $500—a sum which would approximate one year's income of the lowest paid of the workers killed.

Taking six men, totally disabled for life, at random, Miss Eastman found that the total loss, based on earnings and expectation of life, was $123,065, and the total compensation only $520. As a result of her study, she feels that her facts would justify legislative interference for the purpose of reducing the number of preventable accidents and for adjusting more fairly the economic burden entailed by them. She does not, however, believe in the employers' liability principle, so vigorously urged of late by Mr. Roosevelt, but suggests a policy of uniform compensation for all industrial accidents, except those due to wilful misconduct. Whether her opinion on this point be accepted or not, it is obvious that the facts she has set forth will call fresh attention to the gravity of the evil, and must lead to a readjustment of many ideas hitherto held as to the best method of attacking the problem.

REGENERATING THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

A quiet revolution is stirring in the country school. The institution is struggling hard to lose its wild, chaotic variety. Only the other day, no two districts had like text-books, like desks, or like courses, save by pure chance. Many a village read four brands of American histories in as many classrooms, and let First Street fill its copybooks with vertical handwriting, while Second Street slanted its letters, as Heaven ordained. Against such perfect home rule, rebellion has been brewing ever since the large cities proved its wastefulness. To-day ten States have commissions searching out the causes of the wretched condition of schools in villages and the countryside; and these commissions are putting the blame upon the bric-à-brac equipment and lack of unified management. At least ten more States have advanced to the point of clearing away these obstructions. Small or poor districts are rapidly being consolidated. The county is displacing township and hamlet as the educational unit. Prof. Edward C. Elliott, in a digest of recent school legislation compiled for the United States Bureau of Education, names another group of ten States which, within the past two years, have created text-book commissions to compel the use of uniform books and to prevent rapid change.

But these are only the beginnings. So long as the country school employed its own teacher and taught what the neighbors liked, it remained a beggarly, uncertain thing, now losing a good schoolma'am because she would not eat the fried mush where she was requested to board, now getting a miserable pedagogue because he was the constable's cousin. Professor Elliott's digest, however, shows that in these two matters also small communities are rapidly surrendering autonomy. The State is giving the crossroads more money and exacting, in return, more power over instructors and courses. Since October, 1906, no fewer than twenty-six States have materially increased their school funds and adopted more liberal rules of distribution. Minnesota has agreed to furnish each of fifty consolidated rural schools with ten acres of land for buildings and lessons in agriculture; and pupils are transported from house to school at the State's expense. Ohio, a pioneer in this system of transportation, has centralized schools in 157 townships. Connecticut is not especially radical in offering aid to schools in all her towns having a valuation of less than $1,000,000. Everywhere there is the inclination to bring all save the largest communities within the circle of State support. The price of this favor is central supervision, generally through a county official. Seven States have gone further by ordering annual meetings of county school officers and making attendance compulsory, thus insuring more active coöperation.

With difficulty the city-dweller catches the import of these almost unnoticed changes. But let him recall that two Americans out of every three live in farmhouse or small town; he will then see that the policy of centralization must end in bringing good educational facilities to more than 50,000,000 people who have been more or less deprived of them. For the fact is that, in spite of our excellent urban schools and colleges, our rural schools have been heroic without becoming efficient. American farmers and villagers have made pathetic sacrifices to educate their children, but only too often the reward has not measured up to a tithe of the effort. And all because of too much home rule—or rather too little State control,

for our communities have not been so vehement in asserting their own local rights as the commonwealths have been in denying their obligations. The folly of independence has, however, had its day. With the extension of good roads and trolley lines, larger and larger areas will bring their pupils together under one roof; and the county high school, an ambitious experiment to-day in the West, will cease to be a dream. Wonder-working, however, need not wait on these rural improvements. By trebling its annual school funds many a State can bring about the fairest transformations for which country-life commissions are clumsily striving. Through the regeneration of the country school along lines already laid down, the social life will be quickened.

The cry for Federal aid, which must be expected whenever something new is proposed, has, of course, been lustily raised. The Wisconsin Legislature started it when it invited Congress to establish a national school system. And the idea has been taken up by numerous educators whose real wish is a much more laudable one—namely, to increase the usefulness and power of the Federal Bureau of Education. Every such suggestion, it need hardly be said, is a mere evasion. Few States are too poor to educate all their children properly, and there is probably not one today that is spending for rural schools as much as it can and should.

ENGLISH NOVELS AND ENGLISH LIFE.

Looking back at the leading Victorian novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, George Eliot, Kingsley, Charles Reade, Mrs. Gaskell, and Meredith, one is struck by the sustained optimistic note of their work, even when they are painting depressing or sordid aspects. Thomas Hardy is the only novelist of rank who lays insistent stress on the melancholy and tragic elements inherent in the web of human life. Victorian optimism reached its high-water mark in the sixties, but the generation that found expression in the late eighties showed itself conscious that its robust fathers, while attacking manfully the appalling social evils bequeathed from the first half of the nineteenth century, had superadded many of their own making. The cheerfulness of the prosperous middle-class Briton became conventionalized in the novels of Besant and Rice, whose bustling humor and domestic sentimentalism were derived no less from the popular example of Dickens than the painful gray realism of George Gissing was a logical development of Dickens's work as social reformer. The middle-class Englishman was, however, as unwilling to accept Gissing's depressing pictures as the upper-class Englishman was unable to assimilate Meredith's brilliant wit and spiritual nobility; and the two most significant novels of twenty years back, "Demos" and "One of Our Conquerors," can scarcely be said to have affected the British mind. To-day our middle-class audience, constantly recruited from below, is more accessible to new ideas, but if a George Eliot appeared now among us, she could not look for earnest moral and spiritual support from our enormous villa public, occupied chiefly with social appearances, and politically consolidated by fear of the labor movement and the spread of Socialism.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose novels are as well known in America as here, has inherited the moral Victorian earnestness of the sixties; but the reason of her wide popularity is probably that the impressive façade of her works gives the public right of entry to the society of our wealthy, fashionable, upper-middle, official governing class. Written with intellectual breadth and much insight into character, and typically English in the tone of their class bias, these novels betray the internal struggle between the moral purpose of the preacher and the intentions of the artist. Her serious, lofty-minded, and brilliant statesmen heroes, such as William Ashe, and her accomplished, high-souled, and patriotic heroines, such as Diana Mallory, are in truth personifications of an ideal upper-class Englishman and Englishwoman. Though proud of the standard of integrity of our public life, we are uneasily aware that a solemnity of moral purpose has always served us as the cloak to cover our pursuit of national advantage. And the imposing moral banner that is held aloft in Mrs. Humphry Ward's clever novels is perhaps dangerously pleasing to the middle-class Briton, who is already too prone to ignore the spectacle of our gaunt and sullen industrial system, and to congratulate the peoples of India and Ireland on the beneficence of our rule. No generation can keep healthy without the stimulus of sharp criticism, and it is some small consolation that we have satirists and critics among us as acute as George Bernard Shaw, H. Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, and H. G. Wells. We shall not speak here of Mr. Shaw's and Mr. Chesterton's novels, which are of small importance beside their work in drama and the essay. Mr. Belloc's two satirical novels, "Mr. Burden" and "Mr. Clutterluck's Election," though savagely bitter in their exposure of fresh currents of greed and financial corruption in our political life, have enough truth in them to make Mrs. Humphry Ward's contemporary pictures seem a little too much like mellowed Victorian tapestries.

A new generation is knocking at the door, and while it is clear that we cannot live on the traditions of Victorian liberalism, the indeterminate battle waged between vested interests and social reformers does not seem to bring into being the new party that is wanted for social reorganization. Imperialism and the Federation of the Empire are, no doubt, based on grand ideas, but it is difficult to detect any renovating force for the Englishman at home in tariff reform, and, perhaps, a war with Germany. The American reader must understand that our Victorian literature reflected the energy and the impetus of the new ideas and social forces by which the English people swept from the countryside into the big towns, 1820-1860. A counter movement is now growing more and more imperative for the national health, but the forces of landlordism and capitalism combined have hitherto blocked the way to the reorganization of rural life.

This prelude is necessary to explain the real bearing of the finely wrought pictures of English society presented to us by John Galsworthy. In "The Country House," this novelist has made an absolutely truthful and brilliantly executed study of the old-fashioned landed gentry's life, and the unwritten laws of its pursuits, habits, tastes, prejudices, and ideas. He treats sympathetically all the typical characters he introduces, such as the well meaning and obstinate squire, Mr. Horace Pendyce; the sound and hearty rector, the Rev. Hussell Barter; the exquisite and gracious English lady, Mrs. Pendyce; her son, George Pendyce, the clubman and man of pleasure; Sir James Malden, "a Justice of the Peace, a Colonel of Yeomanry, a keen Churchman, who is much feared by poachers," etc. In the provincial insularity of these country gentlemen's ideas, their relations to the tenant farmers and the villagers, who, "with the exception of two bad characters and one atheist, were also believers in the hereditary principle"—you have the key to the caste system of rural England, and the immense power still wielded by the land-owning aristocracy. In "The Island Pharisees," an earlier and less artistic novel, Mr. Galsworthy has analyzed with much subtlety the ruling ideas that govern English "good society," its ideal of "good form," its contempt for intellect, its mental self-complacency, its individuality and kindness of heart, its practical love of comfort, its genius for compromise. The portrait of Antonia, the charming English girl, is a triumph of delicate drawing, and we may here note that our author, in contradistinction to his cool intellectual scrutiny of men and women, shows

a genius for delineating the rich, complex shades of the passion of love. Unlike Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chesterton, and Mr. Belloc, who satirize English society from without, Mr. Galsworthy, born inside it, understands its intimate feelings of social caste, while remaining outside its prejudices and convictions. Again, the special value to us of "A Commentary" is that the author is about the only upper middle-class writer we have who has had the moral courage to disclose the bad conscience of the rich in respect to the exploited under-world of the sweated masses. We say "bad conscience," but it is rather the sub-conscious uneasiness of people who refuse to consider unpleasant realities; and in his new novel "Fraternity," Mr. Galsworthy has treated with great subtlety the profound disturbance which invades a typically cultivated, amiable Kensington household when the latter is forcibly brought into personal relations with the life of the London poor. Although there is a humanitarian tendency in all his work, Mr. Galsworthy is not a propagandist or a preacher, but, as an artist pure and simple, he exposes better than any of our other novelists the practical outlook of the modern Englishman, the soft sentimental spot in his soul, if once his feelings are reached, together with his amazing capacity for protecting himself from any inroad of disturbing ideas. No other modern writer has so intimately understood and expressed the contradictions of the English temperament, in its manner of acting and feeling, or the rich diversity of our individual types, all chained together by the accepted bond of conventional thinking, yet all separate through the streak of romanticism in the blood. These conflicting qualities appear in "A Man of Property," a story of an unhappy marriage in a typical middle-upper-middle class English family. The social progress and rise to fortune of this family, the Forsytes, is practically the social history of that enormous phalanx of "the propertied and investing classes," which, embracing both manufacturers and professional men, is bounded by the landed gentry at the top and the small tradesman at the bottom. In this novel, the nebulous background of London's multitudinous human life is used with much poetical feeling to give depth and perspective to the detailed class study.

Next to Thomas Hardy, our most important novelist of country life is Mrs. Mary E. Mann, who deals not with the landed gentry and their conservative influence, but with the social affairs of the parish as viewed by the doctor, the lawyer, the parson, the small residential gentry, and the better class of tradesfolk. Mrs. Mann is one of the few realists we have in latter-day fiction, and her art, inspired by great sharpness of vision and a warm and generous heart, forms a connecting link between the spiritual realism of George Eliot and the matter-of-fact realism of Trollope. One of her earliest books, "The Fields of Dulditch," which contains extremely powerful sketches of the stagnant, suffering, and brutalized life of the field laborers, would have given the writer a great reputation abroad, had she been a Continental writer. Our middle-class reading public, however, only encourages novelists whose idealized or sentimentalized pictures please, amuse, or flatter its susceptibilities, and Mrs. Mann, standing isolated, has not received the stimulus or encouragement of being "one of a school." The defects of many Victorian novelists, even of so great a writer as Thomas Hardy, appear in her workmanship, *i. e.*, a tendency for the plot to hinge too much on coincidence, to be forced, or stage-managed. Her novels, indeed, as with nearly all English fiction, rarely embody a general idea; but nobody has painted with so much exactitude or with so firm and sharp a touch the cramped and petty horizon of the shrewd country folk of East Anglia. In the best of her stories and sketches, such as "The Sheep and the Goats," "Olivia's Summer," "The Mating of a Dove," "Mrs. Peter Howard," "The Memories of Ronald Love," "A Sheaf of Corn," etc., the author shows a deep knowledge of human nature, a ruthless sincerity, and no little imaginative intensity. Her individual note is a pleasing feminine malice mingled with a deep sympathy for the fine side of human endeavor. She is, happily, almost entirely devoid of sentimentality, and she inspires the reader with great confidence in the soundness of her judgments. While speaking of novels of country life we must also mention the remarkable literary quality of a young author, Mrs. Gertrude Bone, whose spiritual studies of humble peasant life in "Provincial Tales" and "Children's Children," recall the beauty of drawings by Millet. Three other novelists may also here be mentioned: Mrs. Henry Dudeney for her naturalistic studies of Sussex life, James Prior for his hearty and unconventional pictures of Nottingham folk, and A. T. Quiller Couch for his humorous character studies of the Cornish people.

Since Mrs. Gaskell's death in 1865, the industrial life of our great manufacturing centres in the north of England has gone almost unchronicled in fiction. This is a sign of the significant fact already noted—the instinct of our well-to-do classes not to look backwards or downwards, in their ambition to climb the social ladder. Two remarkable studies on the delicate subject of "social origins" may be cited here, "Anna of the Five Towns," and "The Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett, both of which, though delineating life in the Staffordshire pottery towns, are fairly typical of manufacturing England in general. As we have said elsewhere, our modern novelists are, to-day, bewildered by the comparison of standards, tastes, and ideals in the modern townsman's life, a confusion which is due to the commercialization of our society and the incursion into every class of new swarms of successful people from lower social levels. Hence a general adulteration of standards, a vulgar pretentiousness and plebeian uneasiness to appear not what you are, but something a little better. Mr. Bennett's two novels, both admirable works of art, are of special value, because his characters are genuine local products of the manufacturing midland towns, where a powerful middle-class, by brains and energy, has pushed its way out of the people, and has risen to social affluence on the backs of the operatives. In "Anna of the Five Towns," the old-fashioned, hard-headed peasant forbears are hit off in the person of a shrewd, miserly man of business, who keeps an iron grip on his money and his daughter's life. In "An Old Wives' Tale," we have delineated the life of a generation of pottery tradesfolk, a chapel-going, money-worshipping race, yet not without imagination and romance relieving its hard utilitarianism of soul. The formidable worldly shrewdness, innate Philistinism, and commercial aptitude of the British middle-class is built up on the social foundations of the old-time yeoman and the small farmer, who, as Mr. Bennett shows us, have become transmogrified into the modern commercial man. None of Mr. Bennett's midland characters show any inheritance of gentle breeding in their mental refinement, even in this third generation of manufacturers, which, through its increasing wealth, is conscious of its social power. In a third novel, "Whom God Hath Joined," Mr. Bennett has made a very clever and penetrating study of the middle-class Briton's attitude to marriage and divorce, of the pressure of public opinion in the regulation of his sex relations. The careful picture of the household life of two provincial lawyers, and the analysis of the atmosphere of the London divorce court, both in general grasp and masterly execution, recall the best novels of Trollope. Mr. Bennett has written a series of inferior popular novels to please the public taste, but it is to be hoped that he will work in future on the high artistic level of the three novels we have cited. He has himself satirized in "A Great Man" (a clever but blunt piece of work) the tastes of that vast section of the Philistine public, that cannot distinguish a rubbishy from a mediocre, or a mediocre from a true, work of art, and just as Mr. Galsworthy is

the only novelist of rank we have whose novels form an effective criticism of the life of the upper-middle class, so Mr. Bennett's work seems to qualify him as the fairest critic and interpreter of the commercial classes. Here we will mention Pett Ridge's humorous and penetrating fiction, especially his novel, "Name of Garland," as being the best guide we have to the lower-middle class outlook.

We have, of course, no less than America, scores of popular favorites whose work rests on the basis of satisfying and emphasizing the tastes and outlook of the majority of readers. These novelists, such as A. E. W. Mason, Sir Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Sir Gilbert Parker, Anthony Hope, W. J. Locke, Mrs. K. C. Thurston, etc., satisfy the "huge demand" of a public which will not suffer its equanimity to be disturbed by any reversal or negation of current valuations. Certain members of the popular school, such as Anthony Hope in "A Servant of the Public," have, indeed, shown that they are capable of creating a mental atmosphere, and establishing a point of view highly individual, and not a mere popular emphasized reflection of mental atmospheres and standpoints already projected by the public mind. But they have not developed this rarer original vision to any degree, and we will therefore pass to four novelists who have something unique in their artistic gift, and a finer quality of mental outlook. The first of these is Leonard Merrick, who, though repeatedly praised by our best critics, seems to have eluded the public's attention. No doubt the quiet subtlety of Mr. Merrick's touch, his unassuming tone, and his restrained, ironical humor are qualities that do not impress the public at large, but one suspects that his pictures of semi-Bohemian life make his circulating-library readers somewhat uneasy. Mr. Merrick does not deal with that sham Bohemianism which is both a pose and an advertisement in certain fourth-rate London literary and artistic circles, but with the genuine Bohemianism of unpopular novelists, journalists, and hard-working and hard-up professional folk who are connected actively with the life of the stage. The ups and downs and general vicissitudes of this shabby but interesting world Mr. Merrick paints with great exactitude and brilliance; and with the cunning of a true artist he shows us its life in relation to the larger human background of London respectability, both in the genteel suburbs, and in the lower-middle-class environment of boarding houses, cheap lodgings, and bar-parlors. Mr. Merrick's experience of life is both "extensive and peculiar," and his sharp insight into the weakness and pettiness of ordinary human nature is offset by his intimate understanding of the pressure and struggle of the workaday world. He is quite delightful, however, in the way he blends sweet and sour in the literary salad, and one of his novels, "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," is perhaps the most piquant and appetizing dish of fiction that our generation will taste. Other works of his to be mentioned are "Whispers about Women," "Cynthia," "The Man Who Was Good," and "The Stage of Fools." His little vignettes of French Bohemian life do not, however, seem to us to spring from that sensitive response to reality which is the artistic basis of his finest work.

A younger novelist who has taken the British Philistine in flank, so to speak, is E. M. Forster, whose two books, "Where Angels Fear to Tread" and "The Longest Journey" would have excited the admiration of Matthew Arnold. Mr. Forster has had the happy idea of transporting a typical British family into Italy and contrasting its dilettante æstheticism and drab Protestant ideas—a bizarre mixture!—with the frank and graceful materialism of the natives. The novel is an extremely clever study of national types and the author has followed it up with "The Longest Journey," a book which, bearing traces of George Meredith's influence, contains a most spiritual, witty, and elusive philosophy of life. The bland and smug forces of Sawston, a provincial town, are indicted in the novel on the ground that "people live together without love, they work without conviction, they seek money without requiring it. They die and nothing will have happened either for themselves or others." The novel, which will puzzle the commonplace mind, should present little difficulty to those who appreciate Meredith. Another story with much the same tendency, but mystical in its pleading for the life of the soul rather than of the senses or the understanding, is Mrs. Evelyn Underhill's "Lost Word," a book which turns the tables very cleverly on the utilitarian world of "the practical man," who has created the squalid mess and muddle of our "mean streets" and all the sordid, tangled hideousness of modern "civilization." The futilities, absurdities, and falsities of our matter-of-fact world are exposed here in a pitiless fashion. And on a different emotional plane Miss May Sinclair's "The Helpmate" and "Kitty Tailleur," novels which are probably as well known in America as in England, are a significant sign that the conventional code of our social life cannot prevent the infiltration of ideas instinct with social charity and a fine justice, into the head of the thoughtful citizen.

In this connection, we must remember that the leading Victorian creative minds, such as Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Meredith, Ruskin, William Morris, and Kingsley spent much of their energy in opposing directly or indirectly the hide-bound Philistinism of their day, the greed, cant, vulgarity, lack of "sweetness and light," implicit in the conventional outlook. The cruder vulgarities of Victorian life have disappeared, along with the more crying social evils, and middle-class life suffers now most from the monotony and pettiness of its horizon, from its preoccupation with the small proprieties of social ritual and the keeping up of appearances, and from its lack of generous width and direct contact with first-hand realities. Thus it comes about that the most vital pieces of fiction fall into the class we have been discussing, or into the class of the mildly satirical novel of manners, as the work of Percy White, Paul Neumann, and Archibald Marshall. Our clever young authors show an increasing tendency to be critical of their surroundings. Ford Hueffer's "An English Girl," a criticism of New York life, and his "Mr. Apollo," a satire on London, are cases in point. William De Morgan's work, in its vigorous breadth, delightful breeziness, and large optimism, is a striking exception, but not only is the author spiritually a survival of that healthy Victorian circle of which Madox Brown and William Morris were typical forces, but his novels are a literary resurrection of the robust mid-Victorian school, which, in its humor, its pathos, and its celebration of the sweetness of domestic life, is far removed from our modern self-consciousness and spiritual narrowness. What has wrought this striking change in fifty years or less? We have already answered the question: the Victorian fund of animal spirits, mental vigor, and optimistic impetus has been used up in two generations of competitive strain in town life. Our outlook, though not pessimistic, is lacking in spiritual conviction. We require a new source of spiritual energy, and from what can this spring but from some new departure in social reorganization, precipitated, perhaps, by some national crisis, or the pressure of economic necessities? Has any novelist among us grasped the general situation and come forward with an answer that embodies a new social creed? One, and one only, of our novelists has done this. I speak of H. G. Wells.

Americans, I believe, are as much inclined to underrate Mr. Wells as to overrate Mrs. Humphry Ward. They prefer to see us not as we are, but as we appear against the sentimental background of historical traditions, "the stately homes of England," etc. And one may hazard the guess that America, in the exuberance of her teeming national life, despite the gathering pressure of her own social problems, is still in that stage of youthful expansion which is always impatient of criticism. What England needs to-day, however, in her writers is spiritual and mental audacity In spite of all the material benefits con

ferred, capitalism, commercialism, and industrialism combined have impressed on the bulk of our population a servitude to a narrow, petty, and mean town life that dwarfs and stunts the spirit. We are cramped, congested, and bound hand and foot by a network of "vested interests." Our middle class has entrenched itself in comfortable surroundings to enjoy the fruit of its own and other people's labor. Mr. Wells, who is not a pure artist, and who expands his fluent, stimulating ideas with great rapidity, has assailed in "Kips" and "Tono-Bungay," with a cruel humor that is electrifying, the absurdity of British shibboleths and conventions, and the haphazard irrationality of our social organization. In general, one distrusts the programmes of the social reformer as lacking in intellectual breadth, humor, and sympathy with human passion. Mr. Wells, however, unites the artist's zest and joy in life's ceaseless fecundity and diversity, with a cool scrutiny of the man in the street, an attitude that recalls the detachment of a professor examining a test tube. His imagination has been fired by the topsy-turvy spectacle of man's powers over nature being indefinitely increased by science, while his powers over himself have been diminished by the irruption of incalculable, new forces. What needs putting under the laws of science, in short, is modern man himself, and Mr. Wells is the only English novelist who, with large and generous democratic sympathies, has perceived that a "civilization" that is guided by the jerry-built ideals of an ignorant democracy and of plutocratic cunning, is running counter to the laws of social health. In "Tono-Bungay," his last novel, Mr. Wells has analyzed with an amazing brilliance and force the structural ideas of our modern commercialized society. It is a biassed analysis in some degree, but how fundamentally true is the criticism!

In this hasty survey I find I have left myself no space in which to speak of a little group of remarkable artists, of whom Joseph Conrad, Cunninghame Graham, W. H. Hudson, and Maurice Hewlett are the chief. I may perhaps recur to them on another occasion.

EDWARD GARNETT.

Crockham Hill, Kent.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Robert Hoe has just issued the concluding part of the catalogue of printed books which make up his magnificent library. This portion, describing books in foreign languages printed after 1600, is in four volumes, uniform with the preceding issues. One hundred copies were printed at the University Press. Here are described books from the Elzevir, Bodoni, and other seventeenth century Continental presses, as well as the first and later editions of French classics, such as Molière, Racine, and Corneille, some of the famous French illustrated books, and many modern French works. Mr. Hoe is the possessor of one of the ten known copies of the first and unauthorized edition of Molière's "Sganarelle ou le Cocu imaginaire," Paris, 1660. Of the ten known copies, three are in New York city. Included in this portion also are a few important American books. Among them are the first edition of Champlain's first book, "Des Sauvages" (1603), and later editions of Champlain's voyages, 1613, 1619, 1620, and 1632; Sagard's "Histoire de Canada," 1636; and the three rarest and most important Dutch books on New York, "Beschryvinghe van Virginia, Nieuw Nederlandt," etc., which contains the first engraved view of the city of New Amsterdam, and both editions of Vander Donck's "Beschryvinge van Nieuw-Nederlant," 1655 and 1656. The fifteen volumes which make up the whole Hoe catalogue describe 14,030 titles of printed books, without including Mr. Hoe's collection of illuminated manuscripts unmatched in America.

The Society of Iconophiles has just issued a descriptive catalogue of the engravings published by the society, from its inception in 1894 to 1908. The text has been prepared by Richard Hoe Lawrence. William Loring Andrews, the actual founder of the society, has supplied an introduction, interesting, as is everything which comes from his pen; and at the end of the volume is printed an autobiography of the late Edwin Davis French, prepared by him in 1901 at the request of the society. The book is a quarto, handsomely printed at the Gillis Press, 125 copies on hand-made paper, and 12 copies on Japan paper.

The first quarterly part of Vol. VI of Frank Karslake's "Book-Auction Records" has appeared. It covers the period from the beginning of the London season, October 1 to December 31, 1908 and contains 3,383 records. The most important sale is that of the first portion of the library of Lord Amherst. The preliminary matter in this part is a series of "Notes on Authors, Booksellers, Printers, and Stationers of the City of Hull, England," prepared by W. G. B Page.

On March 24 and 25 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city will sell a portion of the library of John La Farge. Among the books to be offered are publications of the Bibliophile Society, including "André's Journal": several books by William Loring Andrews, including "Jean Grolier"; publications of the Grolier Club; a first edition of "Gulliver's Travels" (1726); a presentation copy of Samuel Rogers's "Italy" and "Poems" (1830-34); the first edition of Edward FitzGerald's "Polonius" (1852), and of "Sálaman and Absal" (1856).

Correspondence.

VARIANT READINGS OF GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A reference to Anderson's Bibliography of Goldsmith (1896), in the *Nation* of October 15, 1908 (p. 357), led me to look up the book; and I was surprised to find the list of editions of the poems (the only part that I examined with any care) somewhat incomplete as to those published in Great Britain, and far worse as to American reprints.

Of the English editions of "The Traveller," one which I found in the Athenæum Library (Boston) when preparing my "Select Poems of Goldsmith," in 1875, is unique in some respects, and of peculiar interest to the bibliographer. It contains some readings, including one entire couplet, which I have found in no other edition, early or recent, and which seems to have been overlooked by all the editors and critics. The title-page of the quarto volume is as follows: "The Traveller, or, A Prospect of Society. A Poem. By Dr. Goldsmith. The thirteenth edition. London: Printed for the Booksellers in Town and Country." It is undated, and bears no name of publisher or printer. It appears, however, to have been edited with notable care and discrimination, and shows a familiarity with the earlier editions. I was able to compare it with the first, third, and fourth editions in the Athenæum Library and sundry others in the Boston Public and Harvard Libraries. A noteworthy feature of it is the restoration of not a few readings of the first edition, which do not appear in the other early editions, so far as I have examined them. The following are readings that I noted as only in the first and thirteenth editions:

Line 50: "Creation's tenant, all the world is mine"; now "Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."
Line 124: all this nation (all the nation).
Line 126: Men seem (man seems).
Line 140: Soon Commerce turn'd on other shores her sail (Commerce on other shores display'd her sail).
Line 205: And as a babe (and as a child).
Line 222: Nor quench'd by want, nor fan'd [fann'd] by strong desire (unquench'd . . . unfann'd).
Line 312: Dull as their lakes that sleep beneath the storm (slumber in the storm).
Line 349: As social bonds decay (As nature's ties decay).
Line 358: And monarchs toil and poets pant for fame (Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote [*sic*] for fame).
Line 416: And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim (marks with murderous aim).
Line 421: Casts a fond look where England's glories shine (long look).

In most of these passages the editor evidently prefers the earlier reading, which is, perhaps, as good or better, *me judice*. Some readings seem to be entirely his own. In line 255 he has "So bright a life" for "So blest a life." In 342 (which, with 341, is not in the first edition), he has "All kindred claims that soften life unknown" for "All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown"; and in 357: "Where noble stems [that is, families] transmit the patriot claim," which seems to me better than Goldsmith's "patriot flame," a metaphor that does not go well with "stems."

After line 374 we have the couplet to which I have referred above:

> proportion'd Loads on each;
> Much on the Low, the Rest, as Rank supplies,
> Should in columnar Diminution rise;
> While ["Hence" in the standard text], should one
> Order, etc.

As this thirteenth edition must have been published some years after Goldsmith's death, this couplet could hardly have been his, if, indeed, it is quite like him. The metaphor is ingenious, but rather far-fetched, though evidently suggested by the context; for the form of a Greek column, even in the earliest Doric, shows so slight a "diminution" as to be scarcely perceptible to the average eye. The couplet, however, is a curious interpolation on the part of the

editor (if it was his), and interesting as the only noteworthy one he ventures to make.

Goldsmith himself made many little changes in successive editions of his poems, but very few of them have been recorded by the editors, critics, and commentators.

W. J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, Mass., March 1.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it wise, or necessary, to perpetuate longer the custom of teaching the classics with the Roman, or Continental, method of pronunciation?

Greek is still a spoken language, and yet it is not the language of Homer, Xenophon, Demosthenes, or Plato; and the student of the preparatory school and college who attempts to read his Iliad, or "Anabasis," or "De Corona," or "Gorgias," with the pronunciation and accent of Athens to-day, acquires thereby neither culture from an ancient tongue nor fluency in a modern language; he attains nothing which is real. But Latin has ceased altogether to be a spoken language. The comparatively few who employ it in academic or in ecclesiastical circles use it not as native speech, and seldom as a means of communication, but more commonly as an artificial mark of erudition, or of sanctity. In either case it is not a vital, fluent tongue. There is, therefore, no present warrant for a standard pronunciation in present or prospective conversational uses. The classics to-day have no appeal to the universal ear, and their opportunities to be heard in speech are daily becoming less and less. Why, then, erect one more barrier in the way of easy acquisition of these highly cultural languages? Why perpetuate longer a custom of less than thirty years' duration, which has naught but a worn-out theory to commend it? Why longer prejudice the vanishing number of novices who hesitate at the threshold of Greek and Latin?

It has been proved that though a German and American study the classics according to the same "method," they will still pronounce according to racial and national characteristics. English and American scholars have a different twang; and even American pupils from New York and New Orleans will not sound the vowels alike. I had occasion once, when fresh from college and seminary, after eleven years of enthusiastic and fruitful study of the classics, to essay the difficult task of exchanging with a bright, classical German student some commonplace thoughts about a trunk which had been for several weeks detained in a German custom house. The German's English was as scholastic and as impracticable as was my German at that time. We had both studied Latin, we had been trained in the same "method," and we did not lack for a Latin vocabulary; but we were as unintelligible before each other as a jackdaw and a donkey, until, with the help of a pencil and the back of envelopes, we submitted to the eye what the ear could not understand.

But the attempt to pronounce by one common method a language long since dead is worse than useless; it prevents a large part of the cultural ministry of which the language is capable. I ardently believe that there is no means for acquiring linguistic taste and skill in any native tongue quite equal to that acquired through the medium of Latin and Greek, the languages from which all our modern speech has been so profusely enriched and adorned. The poise of judgment in the fine discrimination of sense and synonyms, when making a translation from Latin or Greek, is an incomparable exercise in one's mother tongue, leaving behind the rare crystallization of taste and refinement, even when the languages themselves are forgotten; and the appreciation of etymological derivations is an æsthetic delight as well as an incentive to precision of meaning. But how can etymological derivation be detected by a spoken symbol which departs entirely from the standards of the mother tongue? At least the ear is cut off from suggestiveness and reminder. When the eye reads "Cicero," it is immaterial how the word is pronounced. The mind through the eye knows that the Latin "Cicero" is the same, at least in origin, as the English "Cicero," judged as words merely; but what ear would ever understand that "Kekāro" is the same as "Sisēro"? The novice, who pronounces "veni, vidi, vici," in the English manner, may by his ear be reminded that "veni" is related to "advent"; that "vidi" may be related to such a word as "evident," or even "vision"; and that "vici" at least is the same as the "vici kid" made into shoes. But what will any mind at first think if the famous phrase be pronounced "wany, weedy, weeky"? There are enough distractions into by-paths and pitfalls for any mind, however watchful and wary, without confusing sense by sound and leading off into the mazes of puns and pleasantries! If the Roman or Continental method of pronunciation be used, the mind has the double task of correlating sounds unlike and then detecting derivatives, while the native pronunciation of the ancient speech brings that speech at once into vital linguistic relations with the native speech and gives the mind the simple task of making direct comparisons, wherein the recognition of derivatives and relationships lies.

Why then should the foreign method be perpetuated, (1.) If it does not give the student acquaintance with a spoken language? (2.) If it cannot be the intelligible meeting place of scholars of all lands and all cities? (3.) If it places an added difficulty in the way of acquiring the languages? (4.) If it tends to fix the mind upon external and whimsical relationships to the loss of etymological kinship and derivation? (5.) If it multiplies the mental burden and complicates the psychological operations? What vindication is there for the method?

ALFRED WILLIAMS ANTHONY.

Bates College, Lewiston, Me., March 9.

RACE PREJUDICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading the observations on the negro question in the United States by Sir Harry Johnston in the London *Times*, to which you refer in your editorial of February 18, I was struck with the detached and impartial tone of the writer as well as with his strange inability to appreciate the transparent fact that some millions of people in this country who live with the negro do not, cannot, and will not like him or tolerate him as an equal. There seems to be really no substantial reason why, as rational human beings, they should not like him; they ought to; and, in fact, they are quite absurd in not doing so—at least it so appears to that amiable foreign observer.

Perhaps the attitude of the South towards the negro has never been better hit off than by John T. Morse, jr., in his "Life of Lincoln," when, describing the Fall of Richmond, he says with a delicious touch of irony (and of the baldest fact):

> The negroes were intoxicated with joy and the whites with whiskey; the convicts from the penitentiary had broken loose; a mob was breaking into houses and stores and was pillaging madly. Erelong the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, a negro regiment, under Colonel C. F. Adams, jr., paraded through the streets, and then the Southern whites hid themselves to shun the *repulsive spectacle* [italics mine].

In all modern history, I recollect no scene more significant, portentous, perhaps ominous, than that of those intelligent white men of affairs hiding behind doors and windows and peeping out upon a regiment of former negro plantation hands, clothed, armed, and trained by their opponents—complete masters of the situation.

Some of us who felt a savage thrill of exultation at the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment as being a well-merited humiliation for the South have, after forty years of reflection and observation, come to see why the negro on horseback is still a "repulsive spectacle" to Southern eyes. One generation of Southern whites has passed and gone, and still the spectacle is to their children just as repulsive as ever. Predictions are notoriously incapable of proof or refutation, but it is safe to assume that, until human nature greatly changes, the white race in this country will never view with equanimity the spectacle of the negro on horseback—logic, reason, justice, and all the virtues in the calendar to the contrary notwithstanding. Or, to drop the metaphor, there is no evidence to show any disposition on the part of the native whites, or of those Northern people who have come into intimate contact with conditions in the South, to allow the negro to make the laws for the locality where he lives with white men or to administer its public affairs. If one may venture to interpret the trend of popular thought on the race question, it is that we are willing to accept almost any European white man, because, however unprepossessing he may be on landing on these shores, he and his ancestors have undergone more or less the same social and political evolution as ourselves, and he has good stuff in him somewhere; the red man has practically disappeared; the little brown man is too far away to bother about; the yellow man we fear, admire, and suspect because of his intelligence and industry; but the average negro—taking him by and large and making a rough average out of the ten million in this country to-day—is neither formidable nor admirable for intelligence or industry. He has now had a half century of trial on the theory of a political and social equal of the whites; if the question were now fairly put before the seventy million of whites in this country whether or no he has made good or shown any prospects of ever making good, there can

be no doubt that the popular verdict would be a decided negative.

Whether the popular verdict is right or not, I am not discussing here; but I venture to call attention to the substantial unanimity of that verdict. Sir Harry Johnston dismisses this view of the case as "provincial"; rather an inapt epithet for him to apply to the deliberate conclusion of practically a whole nation.

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, March 1.

LINCOLN AND THE NEGRO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A few days ago I read with interest your editorial article of February 18, on "The Negro Problem in Foreign Eyes." You will agree with me that it is the truth alone to which we must look to set us free from prejudices and differences, the whole truth, got only by considering the testimony of both sides to our controversy.

Perhaps no American could have had a stronger desire to be the well-accepted head of a whole people than Abraham Lincoln. When you put the issue of the "War between the States" (to use a Southern term) on the basis of a war waged by "those who gave their lives for the liberty of the slave," are you not, by implication at least, doing Lincoln an injustice? He professedly waged war "to preserve the Union," which he said was his great purpose to maintain, whether "all free," the more desirable, and in agreement there with highest Southern sentiment; or "all slave," the less desirable. I am sure that those biographers of Lincoln who are considered the least favorable to his memory have taken pains to show that he was no hypocrite, as Dr. Goldwin Smith has laboriously and unwittingly made out, in order to reconcile the theory of a war for negro emancipation and the above-mentioned strongly expressed views of the President. I hold the memory of Lincoln in high regard, and I do not believe I dishonor his memory when I remind you of the fact that his Emancipation Proclamation was regarded by him as a necessary or desirable war measure, designed to bring the protracted conflict to a speedier close, a result to be desired by patriots; although that particular measure might have resulted in a slave uprising and massacres, after the manner of some of the islands in the West Indies. Violent radicals of the John Brown type might have hoped for this extreme; yet it was averted, not by "lash-torn flesh and mutilated face," but by the close and even affectionate relations between the vast majority of English masters and their African slaves lately redeemed from the lowest strata of uncivilized existence. Lincoln probably foresaw this. Again, the Emancipation Proclamation applied only to those portions of the country without the control of the Union arms; and Lincoln expressed very forcibly his belief in race supremacy, that, as between the black and the white, there could not be coequal races dwelling together, and that he preferred the control to be in the hands of the white race.

Sir Harry Johnston would solve the race question theoretically in the way he proposes in London or New York; but would he do differently in practice in Louisiana or Georgia? I live in Maryland, and should vote against the locally advocated disfranchisement of negroes, because it is not needed here to uphold Lincoln's view of the necessity of white supremacy. In the far South, as to the black African, or in California, with reference to the yellow Chinese, it is considered necessary for the race in control of our national and State governments.

Matthew Page Andrews.

Baltimore, Md., March 6.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The correspondent in your issue of March 4, criticising your editorial of February 18 on the race problem, does, I think, both Lincoln and the *Nation* an injustice. Lincoln's sentiments regarding the negro, as disclosed by the citation from the Lincoln-Douglas debate, were certainly not of the higher and nobler kind, and it would seem, superficially at least, that the correspondent is right and the *Nation* wrong in the contention at issue. But, in the light of conditions when Lincoln made the speech and the subsequent developments from the time of Lincoln's death, it is manifestly unfair to assume that Lincoln's views would not have undergone a change. These debates took place in 1858, before the notion of negro citizenship had thoroughly dawned upon the great masses of the American commonwealth, and before Lincoln was elected to the Presidency.

The negro problem, stated tersely, is this: Shall a man physically, intellectually, and morally the equal of other men be denied equal treatment because his skin is black, or because his ancestors had been oppressed? It is unlikely that Lincoln, the emancipator, would have answered the foregoing question in the affirmative.

Charles S. Duke.

Chicago, March 7.

Notes.

Besides the works recently mentioned by us in special notes the Oxford University Press has the following titles on its spring list: Hobbes's "Leviathan," edited, with introduction, by the late W. G. Pogson Smith; "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century," Vol. III, 1685-1700, edited by J. E. Spingarn; "Specimens of Middle English," edited by J. Hall; "Roger Bacon's Works," edited by R. Steele (hitherto unpublished); Dante's "Convivio," translated by W. W. Jackson (Oxford Library of Translations); "The Forerunners of Dante: a Selection from Italian Poetry before 1,300," edited by A. J. Butler; "The Englishman in Italy: An Anthology," edited by G. H. Wollaston; "Aristotle's Poetics," a revised Greek text, with critical introduction, translation, and commentary by I. Bywater; "Plato's Theory of Ideas," by J. A. Stewart; "The Cults of the Greek States," Vol. V, by L. R. Farnell; Theophrastus, edited by H. Diels, Euripides, Vol. III, edited by Gilbert Murray, and Cicero, "Orations" (another volume), edited by A. C. Clark, these three in the Oxford Classical Texts; "The Origins of Christianity," by the late Charles Bigg, edited by T. B. Strong; "The Sikh Religion, Its Gurus, Sacred Writings and Authors," six vols., by M. A. Macauliffe; "The Aitareya Aranyaka," edited by G. A. B. Keith (Anecdota Oxoniensia, Aryan series); "Law and Custom of the Constitution," Vol. I, by Sir W. R. Anson (new edition); "Tudor and Stuart Proclamations," edited by Robert Steele; "The Rhodian Sea-law," edited by W. Ashburner; "Historical Essays," by the late Henry Francis Pelham, edited by F. Haverfield; "The English Factories in India, 1624-1629, A calendar of Documents," by William Foster; "Ionia and the East," lectures by D. G. Hogarth; "A Collection of Pieces in Prose and Verse in the Irish Language," printed in facsimile from the manuscript in the Bodleian Library (Rawlinson B. 502), with introduction and notes by Kuno Meyer; "Gray's Poems," edited by W. Bang; "Memoirs of Shelley," by Thomas Love Peacock (with Shelley's letters to Peacock), edited by H. F. B. Brett Smith; "Shelley's Prose in the Bodleian," edited by A. H. Koszul; "De Quincey's Literary Criticism," edited by Helen Darbishire; "Milton Memorial Lectures read before the Royal Society of Literature," edited by P. W. Ames; "Poe's Poems and Critical Essays," edited, with life, by R. Brimley Johnson; "Author and Printer," by P. H. Collins (popular edition); "An Illustrated Guide to Westminster Abbey," by Francis Bond; "The Edicts of Asoka," edited by Vincent A. Smith; "Aristotle's Criticisms of Plato," by J. M. Watson; and "The Odyssey," printed in Proctor Greek type.

George Allen now announces a final volume of the great Library Edition of Ruskin's Works, consisting of a Complete Bibliography, a Catalogue of Ruskin's Drawings and MSS., Addenda and Corrigenda, and a general Index.

The *Athenæum* reports that important letters from J. S. Mill are likely to be given to the public.

"The Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln," by J. Henry Lea and J. R. Hutchinson (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is an excellent piece of special genealogical investigation. Many points of the family history in the United States were in doubt, and the President characteristically said it was "the short and simple annals of the poor." The English line had long baffled investigation. It was known to begin in Hingham, and the name of the emigrant to New England was known, as well as that of his father; beyond that nothing definite, until by a discovery not unlike that which established the Washington line, a chance finding of papers in a chancery suit, solved the problem. This suit left the father of the emigrant in rather straitened circumstances—probably one of the leading motives of his removal and that of two brothers to New England. The line of descent is then traced to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, affording a good example of the manner in which New England has spread into the West. The value of this volume rests upon the fact that it is the work of trained investigators, who have carefully weighed their evidence, and who have not hesitated to mark what is doubtful or misleading. The many errors of other writers are corrected, and some of these errors were more than curious. While the style is at times pitched in a high key, no unreasonable claims are made. In England the family were "ostensible yeomen, with a dominant strain of gentle blood in their veins"; in America, they were plain pioneers, with fine in-

herited traits. The book is handsomely illustrated, and is in every sense worthy of its object.

Vols. V and VI of the "Works of James Buchanan" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) cover five years, from 1841 to 1846. In the first period Buchanan was in opposition, a critic in the Senate of Capt. Tyler's administration, and an authority on international questions. In 1845 he entered the cabinet of Polk as Secretary of State, and thus became identified with the Texan policy of his chief. He was still very local in his interests, and had a really better knowledge of what Pennsylvania expected of him than what national concerns required. He was opposed to a national bank, and fought the policy of distributing among the States the revenue from public lands. He professed to be opposed to a high protection tariff, but incidental protection on the products of his own State could hardly be too high for its prosperity The proposition to frame a horizontal tariff, in which a uniform rate of duty was imposed on all articles, was ridiculed, and the pauper labor of Europe was introduced as a serious political argument in favor of higher duties. In Texas he saw an ally, for he believed Texas would be another sugar producing State, and in the cause of incidental protection "sugar and iron are indissolubly connected in interest." For Tyler he had a moderate contempt, "a President without a party," and he clearly indicated his growing dislike of Van Buren, who was confidently thought to be the coming man. This opposition to the leader of his party never became open. In the Department of State he encountered some pressing questions. Congress had determined that Texas should immediately be annexed, and it remained only to arrange the details, and throw the real burden on other departments, as war with Mexico was inevitable. As for slavery, the negroes would flock to Mexico where there was no racial objection to them, and this would draw off the possible dangers hanging over the country. "All Christendom is leagued against the South upon this question of domestic slavery"—and Texas was to be the outlet to relieve the pressure! On the Oregon question, much discussion passed betwcen Buchanan and Pakenham, and the important notes on both sides are printed in this volume, though in the equally important and more delicate intercourse with Mexico Slidell's dispatches are omitted. While robbing Mexico of Texas, Buchanan sought to educate the Californians, still foreigners, tc annexation. "It would be difficult," he wrote to Slidell, "to raise a point of honor between the United States and so feeble and degraded a Power as Mexico," and he thought the hehavior of the Texans "one of the grandest moral spectacles which has ever been presented to mankind." Unfortunately, Buchanan was without a sense of the humorous, and when he does undertake to be light, the result is heaviness. Mr. Moore includes the foreign affairs paragraphs in Polk's messages, and prints not a little that is trivial and of neither personal nor political consequence. The accuracy of the text is noticeable.

A leading fact in the history of South Africa in recent years is the progress of the natives. There have been remarkable economic and social changes among them, as well as the awakening of a wide-spread desire for education, independent churches, and a larger share in the government. This awakening, together with the labor question, has hrought about a new order of things; and perplexing race problems are to be solved. To give information in regard to the present conditions and to aid in the adoption by the different colonies of a uniform and progressive policy toward the natives, the South African Native Races Committee has published a volume entitled "The South African Natives: Their Progress and Present Condition" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is largely a collection of facts derived from the reports of commissions appointed by some of the colonial governments. The subjects treated are occupations, land tenure, taxation, administration, legal status, education, and churches. The chapter on administration was written hy Sir Godfrey Lagden, chairman of the Inter-Colonial Commission on Native Affairs of 1903-5. The largest space is given to education, and the general impression left is very encouraging, especially from the introduction of manual and agricultural instruction in the schools, the establishment of institutions for the training of teachers, and a college for the higher education. The Ethiopian movement is described in the chapter on churches, its principal aim being to secure for Africans an independent, self-supporting church. The treatment of the different subjects is remarkably fair and temperate, the difficulty of finding ready solutions for the various prohlems presented being always acknowledged, and helpful suggestions, rather than criticisms, being offered. The work has a value for all who have to deal with a similar condition of one race ruling another of a lower grade of civilization, but vastly superior in numbers. None can read it without feeling with the committee that prepared it that in South Africa "the outlook is hopeful."

Two slender volumes give us F. B. Sanborn's reminiscences of "Bronson Alcott at Alcott House, England, and Fruitlands, New England (1842-1844)," and of "Hawthorne and His Friends." They are put together in a rambling fashion, but reproduce the atmosphere of those transcendental days, as no one else now living can do. The Torch Press of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has printed the books in excellent form.

Morris Hillquit's "Socialism in Theory and Practice," just published by the Macmillan Co., is a fair example of the new tone now getting into the better socialistic books. The note of defiance is less heard, that of persuasion, at times almost of compromise, is more pronounced. When, for instance, Mr. Hillquit enumerates the transitional measures to be adopted hetween the present régime and the perfect state, he is on ground of rational debate. The initiative, the referendum, puhlic ownership, etc., are to be accepted or rejected for no à priori reasons, but as each is, or is not, expedient. As a reaction against the extreme individualism of the middle nineteenth century, this tendency is wholesome; but like all reactions, apart from any consideration of final constitutional changes, their advocacy seems to most judicious minds to run to irrational excess. When Mr. Hillquit, however, passes from questions of transitional expediency to his socialist ideal, there enters, as always, an entirely different set of questions. Society has passed successively through slave-holding and feudalism, to industrialism, and is now struggling through this stage to socialism. That some change will occur in the near future is quite possihle; but according to the law of analogy, to which the socialist appeals, it would be to a new order of leadership taking the place of the present "captains of industry," not to a uniform equality. And by the same argument, the change in moral standards would be to a new form of more or less suppressed egotism, and not to a state in which there is no motive for selfishness. In one section Mr. Hilquit reflects particularly the common weakness of his school. When he comes to the question of payment for lahor, he simply says that "socialists do not offer a cut and dried plan of wealth distrihution." Yet it is just here that the real psychological crux occurs: what conceivahle plan of distribution will maintain a degree of content sufficient for the working of any communistic scheme?

In May, 1888, a little party, including John Addington Symonds and his daughter Margaret, visited Vescovana, where the Countess Pisani lived and managed what was left of the estate of the ancient Venetian family. She was the daughter of Dr. Julius van Millingen, the physician who attended Byron at Missolonghi, and she had married Count Almorò Pisani in 1852. The visit gave rise to an intimate friendship, and this to a charming book by Miss Symonds, published in 1893 under the title of "Days Spent on a Doge's Farm." A new edition of this work now comes from the Century Co., revised by the author and embellished with a numher of new illustrations. It is an interesting account of Italian country life and gives a picture of an unusual woman.

"The Magic Casement" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a taking name for an anthology of fairy poetry, and Alfred Noyes has brought together a good volume of verse from Shakespeare to several suhstantial writers still alive. There is a common prejudice against the insertion of the editor's own work in such books; it savors somewhat of pushing one's self uninvited into illustrious company, but it is hard to find fault with a procedure which gives us so elfin a poem as Mr. Noyes's "Sherwood," with its dancing close:

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves;
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

"Deutschland unter den Kulturvölkern," by Dr. P. Rohrbach (Berlin: Buchverlag Hilfe), of which the second edition has followed rapidly on the heels of the first, is a patriotic and yet critical discussion of the political relations of Germany to its neighbors. While pointing out the prominent place and even leadership of Germany in international politics, the author freely and frankly dwells on the weaknesses of its foreign policy.

It is generally held by Jewish and Christian scholars that the Sanhedrin trial of Jesus, as described in the Gospels, was not in accordance with the Jewish law of the time, and the facts in the case are well set forth by Walter M. Chandler in "The

Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's Standpoint" (New York: The Empire Publishing Company). He has consulted good authorities, and his statements of Jewish law may be taken to be correct. As irregularities in the trial he mentions among other things: the private examination before Annas (or Caiaphas), and the facts that the trial was at night and on the eve of a Sabbath, that it was concluded within one day, that, according to one account, Jesus was convicted on his own uncorroborated testimony, and that there was not a unanimous verdict by the whole Sanhedrin. It thus appears that Jesus was condemned by a Jewish clique, and that neither the Jewish people nor the Sanhedrin as a whole is to be held responsible for his death. To his legal discussion Mr. Chandler has prefixed a defence of the authenticity and credibility of the Gospel narratives, but the work would be improved by the omission of this part; the author is not at home in New Testament criticism, and might properly have contented himself with the assumption that the Gospel narratives of the trial, though not free from difficulties, may be taken as giving in general a trustworthy statement of the facts. The first volume of the work is devoted to the Jewish trial; in the second volume the Roman trial is discussed, the author's conclusion being that Pilate's procedure was legally correct in the first appearance of Jesus before him, but not in the second appearance. There are added two chapters on Græco-Roman religion and social life, bringing out mainly the darker side of the religious life, and an appendix gives an English translation of the apocryphal "Acts of Pilate."

An edition of all the Gothic literature extant, together with the lexicographical and other aids necessary for the thorough study of this language and its literature has been begun by the publication of the first volume of Wilhelm Streitberg's "Die gotische Bibel." This issue is entitled, "Der gotische Text und seine griechische Vorlage mit Einleitung, Lesarten und Quellen," a volume of more than 500 closely but clearly printed pages (Heidelberg: Winter). It constitutes the latest addition to the series Germanische Bibliothek, edited by W. Streitberg. The editor has endeavored to cover the whole ground in a new and independent study.

In view of the approaching four hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Calvin, the new volume of Dr. Adolf Zahn of Stuttgart, entitled "Studien über Johannes Calvin," is timely. The special purpose of this well-known conservative theologian is indicated by the subtitle, "Die Urteile katholischer und protestantischer Historiker im 19. Jahrhundert über den Reformator" (Gütersloh: C. Bertelsmann). These views the author, himself a member of the Reformed Church and a close student of Calvin's life and works, as evidenced by a number of publications, criticises and weighs in a fairly objective way.

In "Kirche und Gegenwart" Prof. Erich Schaeder of the University of Kiel (Gütersloh: Bertelsmann), publishes two lengthy lectures in which, from a moderately conservative point of view, he tries to show how the church can meet the wants of the times. The special topics are "Kirche, heiliger Geist und Geister von heute," and "Die Kirche die zentrale Geistesmacht auch im Kulturleben der Gegenwart." As to the timeliness of this discussion there can be no question, but Professor Schaeder is not willing to yield to modern thought what apparently must be conceded before the church can resume its old prominence.

Prof. Johannes Weiss of the University of Heidelberg, in "Die Aufgaben der neutestamentlichen Wissenschaft in der Gegenwart" (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht), gives an exceptionally comprehensive and clear birdseye view of the status and problems of modern New Testament research. He recognizes progress especially in textual criticism. He is among the critics who take a more conservative view of the authorship of the fourth gospel; for he maintains that it must be regarded as the work of an eyewitness and suggests that the writer was John the Presbyter of Ephesus.

Although there are several good commentaries for the study of Kant's "Prolegomena," yet the new "Kommentar zu Kants 'Prolegomena'; I, Die Grundprobleme der Erkenntnistheorie," by Dr. M. Apel (Berlin-Schöneberg: Hilfe) is anything but a work of supererogation. This volume of 224 pages is exceptionally clear in explanation of Kant, and is well adapted to make the reader an independent student of his system. The work is also one of the signs of the revived interest in the study of Kant.

There certainly can be no lack of detailed data in the recent work of Otto Nirrnheim, who devotes 624 pages to the material alone on the first year of the Bismarckian era, "Das erste Jahr des Ministeriums Bismarck und die öffentliche Meinung" (Heidelberg: Winter). The matter, taken chiefly from the public press, is intended to give the student the data for independent research. The author draws no conclusions.

Unsympathetic as has been the attitude of Dr. Adolf Bartels towards the German moderns, that group which was supposed to have founded the new *Heimatskunst* met with his approval from the very beginning. It is therefore not surprising that the name of Dr. Bartels should appear on the cover of a little book of 140 pages, entitled "Wilhelm von Polenz," and containing an appreciation of the personality and the work of that writer, who was one of the sanest and most mature representatives of his generation in the literature of contemporary Germany (Dresden: E. A. Koch).

The interest in Hebbel, evident even from the latest issue of *Poet Lore*, which contains a translation of his "Agnes Bernauer," is still growing and producing studies of his character and his work. Among the most recent are "Der Fall Hebbel: Ein Künstlerproblem," by Friedrich Paul (Leipzig: Xenien-Verlag); "Friedrich Hebbels philosophische Jugendlyrik," by Dr. Paul Zincke, the first book of the Prager deutsche Studien edited by Carl von Kraus and August Sauer (Prague: Carl Bellmann); "Friedrich Hebbel," by Dr. Anna Schapire-Neurath, contained in the series Aus Natur und Geisteswelt (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner); and "Hebbelprobleme: Studien," by Dr. Oskar F. Walzel in the new series of his Untersuchungen zur neueren Sprach- und Literaturgeschichte (Leipzig: H. Haessell).

A handsome book on Paris is the volume of notes by Karl Scheffler (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). Scheffler is the editor of the art magazine *Kunst und Künstler* and the author of a number of works on modern art. What he saw in Paris, he saw with an artist's vision, and the record and reflection of these impressions is of distinction. The author must also be given credit for an impartial attitude which is most agreeable.

"Le Messianisme chez les Juifs," by M. J. Lagrange (Paris: Victor Lecoffre), covering the period from 150 B. C. to 200 A. D., treats the origin of the teachings of Christ, particularly on eschatological subjects. The author, who has the sources well in hand, opposes the views of Loisy and his school, who insist that the contents of Christ's doctrines were taken mainly from the Apocalyptic literature of the inter-Testament period. While not denying the influence of this world of thought, Lagrange sees rather in the Old Testament itself the fountain head of what Christ preached.

The *Studi di Filologia Moderna*, a periodical devoted to the study of the modern literatures, has recently been founded by a committee of distinguished Italian scholars, and has been entrusted to the editorship of Prof. Guido Manacorda of the University of Catania. The first two numbers, which have already appeared, indicate a higher level of scholarship than can be claimed for any periodical of the same kind in this country. They contain two Schiller studies by Arturo Farinelli, and numerous other contributions of similar merit, besides more than usually competent reviews, and briefer notices of virtually all works of literary scholarship recently published in Europe and America. Our own Modern Language Association might do well to model its Publications on lines similar to those successfully followed by this Italian venture.

Prof. Ettore Pais, who is now connected with the University of Rome, has begun the publication of *Studi Storici ner l'Antichità Classica*, a quarterly review devoted to articles on classical history, archæology, and culture. Unlike the earlier journal written by Professor Pais and his pupils, this one has a long list of contributors, among whom are German, French, English, and American classicists. Articles will be printed in other of the important modern languages, as well as Italian. The first number has six monographs and nearly forty pages of critical reviews and notes. Each volume of the *Studi* will contain at least 550 pages of text. Subscriptions (16 lire per annum) should be sent to the publisher, Enrico Spoerri, Lung' Arno Regio, Pisa; manuscripts and books for review to Prof. Ettore Pais, 76 Via dei Sediari, Rome.

The estimates of appropriations for the United States Bureau of Education for the fiscal year ending June 30,1910, as transmitted to Congress, included under the general head of salaries estimates for additional employees as follows: Expert in higher education, $4,000; expert in industrial education, $3,000; expert in the welfare of children, $3,000; editor, $2,000; additional clerks, $12,100. Of the new employees requested, Congress made provision for an editor at $2,000; one clerk at $1,200, and one clerk at $1,000. The salary of the commissioner of education was increased from $4,500 to $5,000, making a total increase in the appropriations for the general work of the bureau of $4,700 over the appropria-

tions for the current fiscal year. The requests for a lump sum appropriation of $40,000 for educational investigations; for an increase of $1,500 in the appropriation for the library; for an increase of $8,000 in the fund for collecting statistics, and of an appropriation of $39,000 for rent, metal shelving, additional furniture, and removal of the bureau to new quarters, did not receive the favorable consideration of Congress.

The trustees of the Rhodes Scholarships have decided that henceforth any candidate from the United States shall be eligible who has passed the qualifying examinations in Latin and mathematics, without Greek. Such a candidate, however, must satisfy the Responsions Examiners in Greek before he can offer himself for any examination which presupposes Responsions.

Mrs. Francis Ransom Lane (born Elinor Macartney), the novelist, died at Lynchburg, Va., March 15. She was author of "The Mills of God" (1901), "Nancy Stair" (1904), and "All for the Love of a Lady" (1906).

George Thorndike Angell, founder and president of the American Humane Education Society, died in Boston March 16, at the age of eighty-five. He was editor of *Our Dumb Animals,* which he founded in 1868.

The Rt. Hon. Hugh Oakeley Arnold-Forster, Secretary of State for War, 1903-1906, died last week. He was born in 1855, son of William Delafield Arnold, and was adopted by the late Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster. At Oxford he secured high rank, and he became a Member of Parliament in 1892. His books are: "How to Solve the Irish Land Question," "The Citizen Reader," "The Laws of Everyday Life," "This World of Ours," "In a Conning Tower," "Things New and Old" (7 vols.), "Our Home Army," "A History of England" (1897), "Army Letters" (1898), "The Coming of the Kilogram" (1899), "Our Great City" (1901), "The Army in 1906: a Policy and a Vindication" (1906), and "English Socialism of To-day" (1908).

Frédéric-Salomon Rauh, of the Faculté des Lettres in the University of Paris, has died at the age of forty-seven. His published works include: "Essai sur le fondement métaphysique de la morale," "De la Méthode dans la psychologie des sentiments," "Psychologie appliquée à l'éducation" (in collaboration with M. d'Allonnes), and "L'Expérience morale."

Eginhard von Barfus, one time officer in the Prussian army and author of a number of books of travel and fiction, has died at the age of eighty-three. Among his works are "Durch alle Meere," "Bis in die Wildnis," "Deutsche Marine am Kongo," "Treue Kameraden," "Im Lande der Buren," and "Auf Samoa."

Vice-Admiral Reinhold von Werner has died at Charlottenburg in his eighty-fourth year. Besides his active duties, he wrote several works on naval topics, including "Die preussische Marine," "Erinnerungen und Bilder aus dem Seeleben," "Berühmte Seeleute," and "Bilder aus der deutschen Seekriegsgeschichte."

PROGRESS OF CLASSICAL STUDIES.

A History of Classical Scholarship. Vol. II: from the Revival of Learning to the End of the Eighteenth Century (in Italy, France, England, and the Netherlands). Vol. III: The Eighteenth Century in Germany, and the Nineteenth Century in Europe and the United States of America. By John Edwin Sandys. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 each.

With the volumes before us, Dr. Sandys has acceptably completed an important undertaking, desired by many since the days of Francis Bacon, "a just history of learning." A history of classical scholarship only partly fulfils Bacon's plan, but it is nevertheless a useful part of the larger undertaking. Dr. Sandys has had no precursor in this attempt. Valuable studies of special periods exist, as well as biographical dictionaries of scholars. Prof. A. Gudeman some years ago published a useful outline which has recently appeared revised and augmented in a German translation; but this work suffers from two noticeable defects, the neglect of scholarly achievement in the nineteenth century outside of Germany, and the absurdly meagre treatment of the Occidental Middle Ages. On the significance of this period even the brief statement of Dr. Sandys in his final recapitulation (Vol. III, p. 471 f.) is more satisfactory than the page or two in Gudeman; the whole story appears in Vol. I, which, issuing in 1903, was given a second edition in 1906. The three volumes together sum up successfully the history of classical scholarship from the sixth century B. C., well-nigh to the present day.

Beginning in Vol. II with the Italian renaissance, which period is treated with greater detail in the author's Lane Lectures at Harvard University (1905), the course of scholarship is followed through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Italy, France, the Netherlands, England, and Germany. In the eighteenth century, however, this order is rightly abandoned, and England, owing to the influence of Richard Bentley on the Dutch scholars, precedes the Netherlands; indeed, England might appropriately head the entire list, as Germany does in the treatment of the nineteenth century. The lesser countries are skilfully fitted in, and the work closes with a courteous and even too complimentary review of American scholarship. The great periods are broadly characterized, with due consideration of exceptional phenomena. In the Italian period (fourteenth and fifteenth centuries) the chief aim of scholarship is described as the *imitation* of classical models of style and of life; the French period (sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) is that of many-sided *erudition*, accumulation; the English and Dutch period (eighteenth century) is that of *criticism;* the nineteenth century, which belongs to the Germans, introduces the *systematic* or encyclopædic type of classical learning; it is an age of classification.

Our main criticism of this work is that history is at times submerged in biography. We sympathize with the enormous difficulties of the task; with so brief a compass and so long an array of names, the external aspect of the work almost perforce suggests a biographical dictionary arranged on the chronological instead of the alphabetical plan. This effect is in part overcome by the divisions into periods already noted, and might be still further diminished by emphasis of the larger movements of which individual achievements are typical. Such movements are not neglected, but they are not set forth prominently in introductory sections; slight rearrangements of the material offered could be easily and profitably made. Thus the various Italian academies deserve further description and differentiation; there is no comprehensive treatment of the aims of the Pleiade (which name is lacking in the index); the Querelle des anciens et des modernes is tucked into the account of Bentley; and Cambridge Platonism is likewise incidentally introduced. Most conspicuous of all is the failure to emphasize the importance of Jesuits and Benedictines in the history of French scholarship, and, particularly, the significance of the contest between them in the age of Mabillon; there is even no mention of Papebroch.

Coming, though, to Germany in the nineteenth century, we find, at the first, a better arrangement, with due regard to the principle just explained. Gottfried Hermann and August Boeckh are confronted in a special chapter, and, as in Bursian and Gudeman, the schools formed by their influences are then described. Comparative philology, too, deserves its separate chapter, but a further experiment at classification impresses us as unfortunate, namely, the segregation of editors of Greek and editors of Latin classics. This leads not only to curious inclusions—no one would think of Usener as primarily an editor—but to the partition of one name under two categories, as in the case of Mommsen. There is also an attempt to group the important nineteenth-century editions under the names of the ancient authors. Such lists are more appropriately and more adequately treated in other manuals; they necessitate here the frequent mention of living scholars. As to this last point, the writer's practice varies. If Comparetti is introduced because "no account of scholarship in Italy would be complete without him," is that of England complete without the mention of Robinson Ellis? Much more satisfactory is the classification suggested in the summary at the end of the work, namely, the

school of Hermann, the school of Boeckh —with not too many names under either—and "independent scholars with a certain affinity" with this latter school. In short, in the third volume, Dr. Sandys deserts somewhat the biographical method which he has followed thus far, and which is the only safe basis for a history of the subject. If he should care to present in a subsequent volume complete accounts of such matters as editions of the classics, the history of the different disciplines, of libraries, of universities and learned institutions, we should be grateful; there are suggestions on various topics of this sort in the present work, but nothing like consistency in the treatment.

But these considerations are of secondary importance. The strength of Dr. Sandys's work is the biographical part. He has succeeded in introducing the reader not merely to a collection of names, dates, and publications, but to a glorious company of scholars. In compact and felicitous phrasing, with a touch of wit here and there, he makes his subjects persons whom one is interested to know. He has an instinct for the picturesque and the anecdotal, and contributes several new anecdotes. Here is a story—not one of the new ones—after which the reader is not likely to forget Mabillon and his relations with the eminences of his day:

> After its publication [that of the "De Re Diplomatica"], the King desired to see the author, who was accordingly presented by Le Tellier, the Archbishop of Reims, and by his rival, Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. In introducing Mabillon, Le Tellier said: "Sire, I have the honor of presenting to your Majesty the *most learned* man in your realm." Bossuet, regarding this as a reflection on his own learning, quietly suppressed the proud archbishop by adding, "and the *most humble*."

Such touches as these make the book more than a history of scholarship. The term is interpreted broadly in other matters, too; Dr. Sandys finds room for occasional discussions of literary imitation, as the relation between the "Prolusiones Academicæ" of the Roman Jesuit Strada and Ambrose Philips and Crashaw, or the ancient origin of a metaphor used by Grotius, supposed by one critic to be the only touch of modernity in the latter's verse. This tendency to view the subject largely is not carried too far. Solid information, including a sufficient amount of bibliography, is always presented; various summaries are of help, such as the list of *editiones principes* and that of important collections of Neo-Latin poetry. With regard to the space assigned to different scholars, opinions will differ; for ourselves we regret that Gantrelle is given as much as Usener, Lucian Mueller and Roersch twice as much, while Rohde and Traube are reduced to fine print. Though it seems ungrateful to say it, fine print would be appropriate for many of the American scholars.

One most important feature of the book is the inclusion of a large number of portraits, some reproduced from new or inaccessible sources. Facsimiles of autographs occasionally appear, and works of art are described, such as the tomb of Leonardo Aretino in Santa Croce, or Ghirlandaio's fresco containing portraits of four Humanists of the Florentine Academy. Dr. Sandys has been reminded, in pursuing his subject, of the Roman practice of adorning the atrium with the painted masks of ancestors; he has certainly given the reader the same sense of personal communication with illustrious men of the past.

In no spirit of captious criticism, but rather as a token of gratitude, we subjoin a few random suggestions on matters of detail, some of which may be of use for a second edition. Vol. II, p. 6, the remark that Ovid was too frivolous for Petrarch's taste should be qualified, despite Petrarch's own statement, by the obvious fact of his imitation of Ovid's work; thus one of the models of the "Trionfo d'Amore" is "Amores," i, 2. *Ibid.;* Petrarch was not only "familiar with the comedies of Terence," but wrote a commentary on them, with an introductory *Vita.* P. 12: the traditional statement that, "while Petrarch is interested in the *spirit* of the ancient classics, Boccaccio is absorbed in trivial items of *subject-matter*," should be applied only to Boccaccio's later career; the "Ameto," the "Decamerone" show that he could form various suggestions from Latin poetry into literary creations. P. 14: Boccaccio, despite Symonds, did not cease to be a poet after 1361, but wrote both Latin eclogues and Italian sonnets. P. 120: Add to the list of editions of Neo-Latin verse the convenient collection, perhaps by G. Bottari, "Carmina Illustrium Poetarum Italorum," 11 vols., 1719-26, which contains the otherwise well-nigh inaccessible eclogues of Boccaccio. P. 245: Instead of the ferocious portrait of Buchanan from Boissard, we hope that Dr. Sandys may now avail himself of some one of the admirable reproductions in the "Glasgow Quatercentenary Studies" devoted to Buchanan, 1907. Vol. III, p. 1: The autograph letter of Leibnitz to Huet on the proposed edition of Martianus Capella is in the possession of Harvard College Library (see *Nation*, February 25, 1909, p. 194). P. 140: Geppert's interest in Plautus is mentioned, but not his still valuable article on the text of Terence.

CURRENT FICTION.

David Bran. By Morley Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The giant figure on the cover of this book, clad in fisherman's garb, with tam o'shanter and jersey, standing with folded arms on a rocky cliff under a purple sky, and gazing out dreamily over the sea, is that Natural Man of whose actual existence even Rousseau was skeptical. His soul is at one with storms and darkness and stars and deep waters. By day he draws out turbot with a hook. By night he meets according to nature with Lou Trevarris, a dark Welsh girl with a deep soul and a terror of child-birth. Anon there is brought into the village of Trescas a white and gold and rosy girl of the North, also with a deep soul, but of another sort. And there rises in the deep soul of the hero a mighty love for the fair Kate and a mighty instinct for paternity. He marries her, and she is "fruitful," and brings forth a son, and he is exceeding glad. Yet he does not fall away from the dark girl—not a jot; he feels a mighty love for them both. Neither is Kate estranged, nor Lou:

> She had given Kate to David. Thus might one wife of some patriarch of the desert bring in another one to give children when she could not. For there are women who know, and do not uselessly repine at the knowledge, that men can love more than one.

Gossips of Trescas and the hero's mother, a mad old woman who reads the Bible, attempt to make the devil's own time for Lou and David. The strength of David sustains them all:

> The sense of sin was not in him, for he was strong, drawing his nutriment straight from the earth. Sin is known only to the weak and those who are afraid, and it abides like a curse upon the poor of spirit. These things he knows who lives. And David lived greatly.

In the end Nature overrules opposers. Lou and Kate and David at last are allowed to live together like sweet children of the earth, and a "strange and almost wonderful peace" falls upon Trescas.

We fear the foregoing exposition may be a trifle confusing to the boys and girls who read English novels in pretty red covers. Let us therefore divest the account of its Old Testament phraseology, its Roussellian rapture, and its Nietzschean commentary, and tell the story in quite simple English. In the degenerate fishing village of Trescas lived a sensual and ignorant bully named Bran. After consorting a long time with a low woman of the town, he married a pretty girl of distinctly domestic type. though deficient in intelligence and destitute of moral sense. His old habits, however, reasserted themselves, and at almost the time of his child's birth he returned, with ineffable brutality, to his mistress. His mother, in a last mad flash of decency, tried to murder the evil woman. The attempt failed, and in the end the whole village, including the mother, subsided into its accustomed apathy and moral rottenness. This is a fair sum-

mary of the facts. But Mr. Roberts was shrewd enough to know that he could not make out a case for depravity on mere facts. He saw that if his book was to circulate from public libraries and penetrate freely to the firesides of the dear novel-reading public, it would not do to present this story of nasty acquiescence in adultery in its raw animality and inherent repulsiveness. Accordingly, he suffused the whole scene with an exultant, hypæthral spirit, prated volubly of the large sanity of nature, metamorphosed his bestial fisherman into a superman and his woman of the town into an earth-spirit, sought out Biblical language to clothe vile thoughts, spoke steadily of disease as health, and represented what was shallow and muddy as deep and mysterious. The book is one of many of the same stamp, false to civilization, false to life.

An Idyll of All Fools' Day. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: Dodd. Mead & Co.

The author herself in the dedication characterizes the book as a bit of busy nonsense, and it would be hard to better this description. The action is continuous and amuses by its very impossibility: into its ethical trend—what there is of it—it is perhaps more discreet not to inquire. Of course, from the time Mrs. Bacon's youthful Benedick and Beatrice exchange hostilities at first glance, one foresees that on the last page the moon will be throwing a needless glory over youth and love and laughter, but the events of the day that works the change are none the less piquantly unexpected for leading to a foregone conclusion. The dainty and spirited pen-and-ink sketches with which R. M. Crosby enlivens so many of the pages, add greatly to the attractiveness of the volume.

The Three Brothers. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

> From great Trowlesworthy's crown of rosy granite, the world extended to the moor-edge, and thence, by mighty, dim, air-drenched passages of earth and sky, to the horizons of the sea.

With this familiar touch of verbal magic, Mr. Phillpotts re-ushers one into his moor-country. He really has the faculty of word-painting, if there be such a thing, and his descriptions are never invented for their own sake. His moors and tors, however lavishly he may picture them, are always a background or a setting for the human scene: he never presents a landscape without a figure or two to give it point. The story of the three brothers Baskerville is less sombre than most of its predecessors. There is a less sharp contrast between rustic comedy and tragedy, and the spirit of comedy prevails. The three brothers are all well past middle life when the story begins; their differences of temperament have long ago resulted in totally different ways of life. One is a thrifty farmer, huge of frame, an ex-wrestler, proud of his strength, looked up to for his thrift, dull, prejudiced, a remorseless egoist. The second is an innkeeper, brisk, generous, sanguine, much loved and trusted for his good heart and ready hand. The third breeds ponies upon a lonely hillside to which he welcomes no man. He thinks himself a misanthrope, and tries to make himself independent of the chances of human happiness and unhappiness by attaching himself to his kind as little as possible. And, of course, he is hated and distrusted by all men. It is of this man, Humphrey Baskerville, that the story is chiefly told. Each of the brothers in the end appears in his true character. The wrestler-farmer dies a hard and dull and unrepentant self-worshipper; the popular innkeeper ruins himself and many others by speculations into which he is led by his weak and cheerful nature. It is the savage recluse who by stealth rights the wrongs laid to the door of both his brothers, and is at last discovered for what he is—a great-hearted man, whose oddity and surface harshness have been really due to a quivering sensitiveness. In the treatment of a theme like this, Mr. Phillpotts's sincere method is at its best. How the affair would reek of sentiment in the hands of most of our magazine story-tellers!

The Perfume of the Lady in Black. By Gaston Leroux. New York: Brentano's.

The present volume is a sequel to that exceptionally clever detective story, "The Mystery of the Yellow Room." We presume that it is no disadvantage in a sequel, from the practical point of view, that it shall send the reader back to the pages of its predecessor. That is what M. Leroux does in the present instance, though indirectly. Yet it would have been better to insert a frank recommendation right at the beginning that the earlier work be read as a preparation for the treat to come; for without a previous acquaintance with the two men whose deeds fill the pages of both stories, the reader will find it somewhat difficult to enter into the spirit of the latter events. "The Perfume of the Lady in Black" can be described as inferior to the "Mystery of the Yellow Room" and yet remain a tale of mystery and "ratiocination" very far above the average. Its inferiority consists in this, that the same device which was employed with simple and direct ingenuity in the earlier book, appears here in a somewhat mechanical and cumbersome setting. Still, the highest judgment a book of this kind can aspire to is that it cannot be laid down till it is finished. That verdict can be justly pronounced in the present case.

The Mystery of the Pinckney Draught. By Charles C. Nott. Pp. 321. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

Five days after the meeting of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, Charles Pinckney of South Carolina, one of the youngest delegates, only thirty years of age, presented what James Madison, the unofficial reporter of the convention, described as "the draft of a federal government which he had prepared," and it was referred to the Committee of the Whole. "This draught," says our author, "was not a subject of notice or comment by any speaker or writer of the time." The journals of the convention were sealed up on adjournment and not reopened till they were printed by order of Congress under the supervision of John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State. Several important papers presented to the convention were missing, among them Pinckney's draft; and Adams wrote to him for a copy. He sent a paper which so much resembles the finished Constitution, that, reading it without further knowledge, one would "be tempted to speak of the Constitution of the United States as the Constitution of Pinckney."

After Pinckney's death, however, James Madison, who was regarded as the authority on the proceedings of the convention, discredited Pinckney's alleged draft, pointed out inconsistencies between its provisions and Pinckney's known and spoken views in the convention, and declared that Pinckney, at the time he sent it to the Secretary of State, had constructed it from memoranda of measures adopted in the course of debate in the convention. Madison suggested that this method had been followed because of Pinckney's defective memory of events which had taken place thirty years before, and endeavored to convey the impression that Pinckney had probably deceived himself into believing the draft he sent to Adams to be the same in effect as his original plan.

In his letter transmitting the draft, Pinckney said that some of his opinions had undergone a change after the convention met, and this explanation, Judge Nott says, does away with part of Madison's argument. Judge Nott also thinks it a suspicious circumstance that Madison should have allowed the draft printed in 1818 to go unquestioned till 1830, when every member of the convention was dead. Judge Nott freely admits that the draft sent to Adams was not the actual draft submitted to the convention, but that it was written just before it was forwarded in

1818. Pinckney said in his letter of transmission:

> I have already informed you I have several rough draughts of the constitution I proposed & that they are all substantially the same differing only in words & the arrangement of the articles—at the distance of nearly thirty-two years it is impossible for me now to say which of the 4 or 5 draughts I have was the one but enclosed I send you the one I believe was it—I repeat however that they are substantially the same differing only in form & unessentials.

This Judge Nott construes as meaning that Pinckney was simply complying with Adams's request and sending a copy:

> Either Pinckney gave to the convention a draught substantially like that in the State Department or he fraudulently fabricated that draught after the Secretary of State had called upon him for a copy.

Madison's argument against the draft is, in Judge Nott's opinion, due to the fact that he was really ignorant of its nature. He never saw it in the convention or afterwards till it appeared in 1818, and cannot qualify as a witness in the case.

Judge Nott discusses briefly the drafts of James Wilson in the Committee of Detail, printed by Prof. Andrew C. McLaughlin in the *Nation* on April 28, 1904, those brought out by J. Franklin Jameson in the Report of the American Historical Association for 1902, and the Randolph draft given in Meigs's "Growth of the Constitution"; and argues that the basis of all the drafts was Pinckney's, and that the copy of the report of the Committee of Detail given to the printer was Pinckney's draft itself, with interlineations—a fact which, of course, satisfactorily accounts for its disappearance. In the space of a review it is impossible, however, to follow in detail the reasoning by which this conclusion is reached.

A book written by a man of Chief Justice Nott's attainments is entitled to respect. He is a learned lawyer, a scholar of parts, and from 1865 until his retirement a few years ago he served with distinction as judge of the United States Court of Claims. Nevertheless, regard for the truth of history compels the statement that his book is not convincing in itself, and is marred by remarkable omissions. It seems almost incredible that he should have utterly ignored an entry in John Quincy Adams's Diary on May 4, 1830, wherein is described the visit paid to Adams by Jared Sparks when the latter was investigating the records of the convention. Sparks, just returned from a week at Montpelier, told Adams that Madison bad said that the plan presented to the convention was "nothing like the paper now in the book" (the printed journal), and Adams adds:

> *I told Mr. Sparks that Rufus King had spoken to me of C. Pinckney's paper precisely in the same manner as he says Mr. Madison now does; that it was a paper to which no sort of attention was paid by the convention,* except that of referring it to the committee, but when I compiled the Journal of the Convention Charles Pinckney himself *sent me the plan now in the book as the paper which he had presented to the Convention,* and with it he wrote me a letter which obviously held the pretension that the whole plan of Constitution was his and that the Convention had done nothing more than to deteriorate his work by altering some of his favorite provisions.

Judge Nott has trained his guns on Madison; but here is Rufus King, an enemy as powerful as Madison, unnoticed in his rear. Moreover, Judge Nott has not fired a single shot at Adams, who evidently believed that Pinckney had foisted a spurious draft upon him.

Judge Nott says Madison "had a poor opinion of Pinckney, a very poor opinion," and he quotes Madison's letters to Washington and Jefferson soon after the convention closed in which he speaks slightingly of Pinckney; but Judge Nott fails to quote Washington's letter in reply:

> Mr. C. Pinckney is unwilling . . . to lose any fame that can be acquired by the publication of his sentiments. (Washington to Madison, Oct. 22, 1787, Ford's "Writings of Washington," XI, 175.)

Evidently, the president of the convention was no more impressed by Pinckney than its reporter was.

Immediately after the convention adjourned, Pinckney printed what purported to be a speech delivered by him at the beginning of the session, and Judge Nott relies upon it as helping to sustain the authenticity of the draft; but he admits that the speech was never delivered. The title of the pamphlet containing it was:

> Observations on the Plan of Government Submitted to the Federal Convention in Philadelphia, on the 28th of May, 1787. By the Hon. Charles Pinckney, Esq., LL.D., Delegate from the State of South Carolina. Delivered at different times in the course of their Discussions.

But this is a continuous speech worded throughout as if spoken soon after the convention met. It will be hard to convince an unbiassed mind that a man who would print a spurious speech in 1787 would not be capable of constructing a spurious draft in 1818.

Judge Nott speaks of Mr. Jameson's studies of the Pinckney draft; but though they are the most important that have ever appeared on the subject, he does not pursue Mr. Jameson's discoveries and conclusions at all. With relentless minuteness Jameson discusses everything in print and manuscript bearing upon the draft, and the question of what it really contained. In twenty-two pages he presents the whole subject with a completeness which Judge Nott fails to attain in his 300. Mr. Jameson traces through the medium of Pinckney's speeches his whole connection with the finished Constitution, and thereby partly constructs a Pinckney plan; he takes the Wilson draft used in the Committee of Detail and finds interlineations which he argues must have come from the New Jersey and Pinckney plans; and his conclusion is:

> As a maker of the Constitution Charles Pinckney evidently deserves to stand higher than he has stood of late years, and he would have stood a better chance of doing so if in his old age he had not claimed so much.

Whether Jameson has not claimed too much for Pinckney may be questioned; but Judge Nott's failure to discuss his paper is the most deplorable of the omissions.

The mystery of the disappearance of the original draft is not solvable, because there are so many probable hypotheses, the easiest and simplest of which is that it was burned up by Major Jackson, the secretary of the convention, along with the other papers which he regarded as useless, and was not preserved with the journals because it was not a part of them—a fact which Judge Nott fails to notice. The precise extent to which it was used is also a question which can never be answered; but the most reasonable probability is that Rufus King and Madison spoke the literal truth when they said it was not used at all. Pinckney's friends may comfort themselves by accepting Madison's charitable suggestion that Pinckney constructed his fictitious draft in the belief that it was a true one; and they need not necessarily embrace the disagreeable alternative which Judge Nott offers to those who cannot accept his argument.

The War-Time Journal of a Georgia Girl, 1864-1865. By Eliza Francis Andrews. Pp. 387. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

It is hard to believe that the entries in this diary could have been made under the given dates. The days are so filled with talk, action, discomfort, dauntless gayety, and the contemplation of distressing sights, that the nightly records constitute an amazing instance of the force of the diary habit. The result is a crowded but evidently veracious picture of life as it had to be lived during the last months of the Confederacy.

The introduction and notes, written by the same hand nearly half a century later, make a sane and interesting comment on the work of the vivacious young woman of twenty-four. Miss Andrews's father, Judge Garnett Andrews, was perhaps the most prominent Unionist in Georgia. Yet her brothers were in the Confederate armies, and she her-

self utterly devoted to the Lost Cause. Their home was at Washington, Georgia, where the Confederate government finally disbanded, and through which the men of Johnston's and Lee's armies, whose homes were in the lower South, passed by thousands after surrender. But other Georgia towns are visited, and there is a gruesome account of Andersonville, accompanied, however, with instances of the destitution of the Confederates themselves hardly less pitiable. Miss Andrews has done well to let the passion and partisanship of the diary stand unsoftened; otherwise it would not be the convincing record it is. The excellent spirit of the introduction and notes leaves nothing to be desired.

The book should take rank as one of the more valuable of the remarkable number of accounts of life in the Confederacy which have been finding their way into print.

Science.

The Oxford University Press will publish this spring "The Œcology of Plants," by E. Warming, translated by Percy Groom; "Elementary Biology," by J. W. Kirkaldy and B. N. Drummond; and "Elements of Non-Euclidean Geometry," by B. J. L. Coolidge.

Mycologia, in continuation of the *Journal of Mycology*, is now issued bi-monthly by the New York Botanical Garden. It is edited by William Alphonso Murrill, with the following associate editors: Joseph C. Arthur, Howard J. Banker, Giacomo Bresadola, Frederic E. Clements, John Dearness, Franklin S. Earle, Bruce Fink, Thomas H MacBride, Paul Magnus, Narcisse Patouillard, Lars Romell, Fred J. Seaver, Cornelius L. Shear. The first issue, now at hand, contains a good color-plate as well as drawings in black and white.

Dr. Thaddeus Asbury Reamy, an authority on gynæcology, died at Cincinnati, March 11, in his eightieth year. He was born in Virginia and studied at the Starling Medical College of Columbus, O. In the civil war he served as an army surgeon, and then after study abroad he settled in Cincinnati. There he had been on the staff of various hospitals, and had been professor of materia medica and therapeutics at the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, professor of diseases of women at Starling Medical College, professor of gynæcology at the Medical College of Ohio (now the medical department of the University of Cincinnati), and president of the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine, the Ohio State Medical Society, the Cincinnati Obstetrical Society, and the American Gynæcological Society. He had been an extensive writer for medical journals and the publications of medical societies, and he had contributed the article on "The Sub-involution of the Uterus and Vagina" to "The American System of Gynæcology."

Major Edmund Louis Gray Zalinski died March 10 in this city at the age of fifty-nine. He was born in Kurnich, Prussian Poland, and at the age of four came to this country with his parents. He entered the army as a volunteer in 1864, and served till the close of the civil war. From 1872 to 1876 he was professor of military science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and from 1883 to 1889 he devoted his time to the perfecting of the pneumatic dynamite torpedo gun, which he had invented. He also invented an intrenching tool, a ramrod bayonet, a telescopic sight for artillery, and a system of range and position finding for sea-coast and artillery firing.

Mark Vernon Slingerland, professor of economic entomology at Cornell University, died at Ithaca March 10. He was born at Otto, N. Y., in 1864, and was graduated from Cornell in 1892. He had published many bulletins on injurious insects.

Dr. Simon Somerville Laurie, emeritus professor of the institutes and history of education in the University of Edinburgh, has died at the age of seventy-nine. He had published largely on philosophical and educational topics, including: "Constable's Series of Educative Reading Books," "Philosophy of Ethics," "Primary Instruction in Relation to Education," "Life and Educational Writings of John Amos Comenius," "Metaphysica Nova et Vetusta," "Ethica," "Mediæval Education and Rise and Constitution of Universities," "Language and Linguistic Method in the School," "Institutes of Education," and "Studies in the History of Educational Opinion."

The death is reported, in his sixtieth year, of Dr. Hermann Ebbinghaus, professor of philosophy in the University of Halle, and known especially for his work in experimental psychology. His publications in book form are "Ueber das Gedächtnis" "Theorie des Farbensehens," "Eine neue Methode zur Prüfung geistiger Fähigkeit," "Grundzüge der Psychologie," and "Abriss der Psychologie."

Drama.

"A Shakespeare Word Book" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a "glossary of archaic forms and varied usages "of words," prepared by John Foster. It is a laborious and comprehensive work, compiled from various annotated editions of the poet, and the notes of such authorities as Nares, Halliwell, Dyce, and Skeat. Upon a cursory comparison with earlier publications, it seems to be both full and accurate. Like many other commentaries of a similar kind, it is likely to reject the obvious and simple meaning in favor of one that is more abstruse or far-fetched, while some of its distinctions of meaning are so slight as to be unimportant or altogether fanciful; but its explanations of obsolete words and phrases, its parallel quotations, and copious references will make it very useful to all younger students of the text and to many of more advanced experience.

Arno Holz, who during the storm and stress of the eighties collaborated with Johannes Schlaf in that first product of German naturalism, the now historical play, "Familie Selicke," is still one of the most belligerent spirits of his generation. The first of his dramas, with the sub-title "Berlin: Wende einer Zeit in Dramen," was "Sozialaristokraten," a satire upon the reformers and radicals among his colleagues. Now he has published another, "Sonnenfinsterniss" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), in which artists discuss art problems, while the leading psychological motive reminds one of the story of Beatrice Cenci. The almost unmitigated gloom of the play is oppressive, but the work bears the stamp of seriousness and sincerity and proves that the author has lost none of his power in the twenty-five or more years that he has been before the public.

Elizabeth Robins's play, "Votes for Women," which had a considerable run in London a year or two ago, and which was produced in Wallack's Theatre on Monday evening, is entitled to respect on account of its serious purpose, its entire sincerity, and its literary skill, but is not particularly impressive as drama, or startling as a social and political document. For the one it is lacking in plot and action; for the other in freshness and logical force. It is in the nature of a special plea, and, as is apt to be the case in appeals of that sort, advances a special instance as a proof of general conditions. Such arguments as it uses are familiar, and well put, and were received by a very large and sympathetic audience with fervent applause. Naturally, the debate was of rather a one-sided character, the feminine champions easily confounding their stage opponents. It is not likely that the piece will make many converts, but there will be general agreement among all intelligent and fair-minded persons that many of the conditions imposed upon fallen and helpless women, as described by Vida Levering, are a disgrace to modern civilization, and cry aloud for remedy. In London, this character—that of a pure and noble-hearted woman deceived and cruelly abandoned by a brilliant politician, who, having risen above her own misfortune, devotes the rest of her life to the cause of her more feeble and miserable sisters—was taken by Edith Wynne Matthison, whose emotional eloquence gave it a significance which Miss Mary Shaw, good actress as she is, was unable to impart to it here. Moreover, the scene of the woman's rights meeting in Trafalgar Square, where Vida and other women plead their cause and finally prevail over an irreverent mob, had the advantage of being staged by Granville Barker, and proved an extraordinarily effective bit of realism. Here it was only moderately effective, although Miss Grace Griswold contributed a very striking bit of acting as a working-woman orator. Miss Shaw and she were the only redeeming elements of an exceedingly feeble cast. The mob itself was fairly well handled, but the representation of the play itself was far from satisfactory.

"The Bachelor," the latest comedy of Clyde Fitch, just produced in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, is a slight sketch of no serious dramatic or literary purport, but thoroughly characteristic of its author, in its adroit utilization of the humorous side of every day life, its facile construction, its flashes of cleverness, its per-

vasive flippancy, and its essential triviality. It has, however, the distinguishing merit of being consistently amusing and absolutely sweet and wholesome. On this account, if on no other, it would deserve a word of special recognition and commendation. Trifling as is the story—the romance of a middle-aged bachelor with a pretty typewriter and the mischief made by her foolish brother—it nevertheless serves to exhibit the fine technical skill of Mr. Fitch as a theatrical craftsman. It is a pity that so much ability should not be employed to better purpose. The leading character is exceedingly well played by Charles Cherry, an admirable light comedian.

On March 22, "An Englishman's Home" will be produced at the Criterion Theatre in this city.

Beerbohm Tree is soon to make a notable production in London of "The School for Scandal." He tried to secure the coöperation of John Hare, but was not successful. He purposes to play Sir Peter himself, and has engaged Irene Vanbrugh for Lady Teazle. The Lady Sneerwell will be Ellis Jeffreys.

Robert Hichens's comedy, "The Real Woman," which has just been produced in London, does not seem likely, judging from the current reviews, to create any sensation. It aims at a contrast between the frivolous and the serious life. A lovely woman of fashion, Lady Arden, impelled by the impulse of the moment, leaves a merry supper party after the opera to visit an East End slum where an injured boy is dying. In the presence of pain and suffering the best womanly part of her is revealed, and an earnest young tenement worker, seeing in her a ministering angel, declares his passion for her. Then he learns that he had been an object of ridicule in her intimate set, and had been made the subject of a thoughtless bet. He is deeply wounded and indignant, but soon discovers that Lady Arden has experienced a change of heart, although she is not in love with him, but with his bosom friend, in whose favor he retires.

Music.

Papers and Proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association. Third Series. Published by the Association. $1.60.

Once a year, the Music Teachers' National Association meets, and the papers read on these occasions are subsequently printed as "Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics." The last meeting was at Washington, on the last three days of 1908; twenty-five papers were read, and these, with the "Proceedings," make a volume of 336 pages. In the opening paper, following the address of welcome, Frederic W. Root refers with justifiable pride to the "wealth of interesting material" contained in the first two volumes of this series. The third is even better; from it one can obtain a clear view of the present condition of musical culture in this country and of the powerful forces which are at work in its behalf.

So far as vocal instruction is concerned, Mr. Root feels gratified that the old vagary of "Italian method" is practically retired; yet the preposterous claims still made about new and revolutionary discoveries in voice training show that there is need of further growth of intelligence. In pianoforte teaching, there has been a decided movement from "mere keyboard sport" to a kind of practising and playing which involves the mind as well as the muscles. A quarter of a century ago the only one of Beethoven's works which pupils had heard of was the "Moonlight Sonata," as Constantin von Sternberg remarks in his "Report of Piano Conference." He claims for the piano teacher a large share of the improvements since made. The influence of opera and symphony concerts is great and good, as far as it goes; but "it bears no comparison with the influence which the piano teacher exerts." He has taught the parents the value of music as well as the children; he has helped to create an audience for good music.

One of the best papers in this collection is that on the works of Edward MacDowell, written by one of his Columbia University pupils, W. H. Humiston, who is a good writer, as well as a musical scholar. His article is not merely a review of the works of the greatest of American composers, but it includes instructive comparisons of revised editions with old ones, and throws light on a number of points not dwelt on in previous articles on MacDowell. Few of his admirers know that at one time he wrote a number of pieces—excellent ones, too—under the pseudonym of "Edgar Thorn," to assist a helpless woman who had once worked for his family. Mr. Humiston also prints an interesting extract from a letter by Mr. Baltzell, editor of the *Musician*, to Mrs. MacDowell. Mr. Baltzell, on visiting, a few years ago, his native city, St. Petersburg, was nettled to hear the masters of the new Russian school make light of American music. He thereupon sent for copies of MacDowell's first three sonatas and sent them to the eminent composer, Glazounoff.

> The effect was—as I expected—a complete reversal of the previous opinion, and praise was expressed on all sides in a most generous and enthusiastic manner.

Another eminent American composer, George W. Chadwick, director of the New England Conservatory in Boston, is a contributor to this volume. In a paper entitled "The Curriculum of a School of Music" he discusses Wagner's plan for an ideal high school of music and its suitability for American conditions. This paper contains many valuable suggestions as to the functions of a true teacher, the need of allowing for individual peculiarities of students, the desirability of suppressing the unfit, and of raising funds for the talented pupils because "it seems to be almost invariably the case that the musically gifted student is without means to pay for his education." Mr. Chadwick agrees with Wagner's fundamental proposition that a music school should be, first of all, a school of singing. Prof. Charles H. Farnsworth contributes a valuable paper on school music in Berlin, Paris, and London. It is worthy of note that one series of music books much used in German schools has on it the name of Lowell Mason, the American pioneer of school music, with that of the German editor.

That the American music teachers—some of them, at any rate—are far from being buried in pedantic practices, oblivious to present tendencies in music, is shown by several papers in which the harmonic innovations of Debussy and Strauss are discussed. David Stanley Smith wittily remarks that in examining some recent Debussy songs, he fancied he saw the composer "turning over the leaves of one of those rigid French text-books on harmony and making a list of all the rules and conventions contained therein, with the sole purpose of wantonly breaking these rules."

O. G. Sonneck, the indefatigable, judicious chief of the division of music in the Library of Congress, supplies much interesting information on the inside working of that institution. Six persons are now engaged in the music division, and it is largely due to the liberal, broad-minded attitude of the chief, Herbert Putnam, that that division of the Congressional Library now exceeds the collections in the Lenox in New York, the Newberry in Chicago, and the Boston Public. The Washington Library's collections included, on July 1, 1908. 500,587 volumes, pamphlets, and pieces of music.

Our operatic repertory is becoming more and more international. Italian, French, and German opera we have always with us. Paderewski's "Manru" was a sample of Polish opera. A Russian opera, by Tchaikovsky, is to be launched before the end of the season. A few weeks ago a Bohemian opera, "The Bartered Bride," was successfully produced at the Metropolitan; and now the Manhattan has provided an opportunity to sample the new Flemish school of composers, who are trying to revive the glory of the Netherlands of a few centuries ago, when that country was the world's musical centre. In 1896 there was produced at Antwerp, under the name of "Herbergprinses," and in the Flemish language, an opera of which the music was composed by Jan Blockx, to a libretto written by Nestor de Tière, one of the leaders of the Flemish literary movement. It proved so successful that it was promptly translated into French, and in that version it was heard in a num-

ber of cities. It was well worth producing in America, although it cannot be called a masterwork. The power of creating new melodies, which is of paramount importance in opera, is not strongly developed in Blockx, but he has helped himself to some effective national airs, and he is a master of orchestral coloring. The hero of the opera is a young composer who competes for a prize and wins it; but the announcement of his victory comes just as he has been stabbed by a rival for the affection of a dissolute woman known as La Princesse d'Auberge—the French title of the opera. There are some fine spectacular effects.

The New York Philarmonic Orchestra is to be increased to one hundred players for the two special concerts to be given under the direction of Gustav Mahler, on the evenings of March 31 and April 6, at Carnegie Hall. For the first concert, the Schumann "Manfred" overture, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, the "Siegfried Idyll" and the overture to "Tannhäuser" are announced. These works have never before been conducted in New York by Mr. Mahler. For the concert to take place on April 6 he will present a Beethoven programme. It will begin with the "Egmont" overture, to be followed by the Ninth Symphony. In addition to the augmented orchestra there will be for the final movement of the symphony the Bach Choir of Montclair, comprising two hundred and fifty voices under the direction of Frank Taft, and a quartet of soloists to include Mrs. Rider-Kelsey, Janet Spencer, and Daniel Beddoe.

The opportune discovery of two violin concertos by Joseph Haydn has been made just before the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth. J. G. I. Breitkopf, son of the founder of the Breitkopf & Härtel firm, had, somewhere about the middle of the eighteenth century, put to one side a quantity of manuscript music, and it was among this that the parts of the two works in question were found. In a supplement to a thematic catalogue drawn up by the firm in 1769, the concertos were indicated, but until now were regarded as lost. They were written between 1766 and 1769 for Luigi Tomasini, leader of the prince's band at Esterhaza, and in a catalogue in Haydn's own hand the one in C is marked as "fatto per il Luigi." Haydn greatly admired this violinist's style of interpreting his music.

A cheap edition of the works of Brahms, which he himself often begged his publishers to issue, is at last to gladden the hearts of his admirers. N. Simrock of Berlin announces that, beginning next month, those of the Brahms compositions that are published by him and by B. Senff, will be issued at about one-half their present price, in a Simrock Volksausgabe, which will also include the copyrighted works of other composers, among them Dvorák, Rubinstein, Bruch, Goldmark.

Proof of the increasing interest in Germany in American music may be seen in the fact that G. Schirmer of this city is issuing a special catalogue for that country of "Ausgewählte Compositionen" by Americans, among them Chadwick, Bartlett, De Koven, Hadley, Homer, La Farge, Loeffler, MacDowell, Parker, Shelley, Schindler, Brockway, Huss, Klein, Joseffy, Liebling, and Whiting.

Art.

THE SPRING ACADEMY.

In reporting the National Academy last autumn we pointed out the prevalence of what may be called exhibitionism, or the false values consciously or unconsciously put into a picture destined to attract attention amid a multitude of other pictures, rather than in a private chamber. The exhibition now holding in the Fine Arts Building in West Fifty-seventh Street displays less of this militant trait, but still too much of it for our taste. There is less manifestation of explosive force, less exploitation of method, but still, as one glances through the three galleries, one feels the lack of any idea dominating the collection as a whole, and individually most of the pictures have the same lack. So often one says, "That is a good bit of painting, but who could possibly want it as a companion in a private room?" If this feeling is analyzed, it will commonly reduce to a perception of the fact that the picture in question is simply a skilful combination of lines and colors without any moral meaning, without any real interpretation of life, and that, lacking these, it has little power of retaining interest.

There are exceptions which only emphasize the general rule. Sargent's full-length portrait of Miss Vanderbilt, besides the supreme mastery of the brush which he always shows, has a grace that adds an interpretative value to youth. The hands are rather carelessly done, and the lower part of the figure has no indication of anatomy, but as a whole the picture suggests that refinement of the eighteenth-century English painters who refashioned life according to their ideals. Something of this same quality is found in two portrait groups (Nos. 222 and 232) by Lydia F. Emmet and Ellen G. Emmet, of which the latter especially, two young women, is marked by a scheme of translucent colors delicately harmonized. As a contrast with these may be mentioned Irving R. Wiles's near-by figure of Mlle. Gerville-Reache as Carmen, a brilliant work in yellow and red possessing almost every quality except a controlling taste. How clearly the fault here is a lack of idea, not of skill, may be learned from his Quiet Corner, a swift sketch where cleverness is the only quality needed, a "stunner," to use Rossetti's favorite slang. Among the other portraits we can only stop at H. R. Butler's Miss M—— of Los Angeles, somewhat strained and unpleasant in face, but notable for the masterly manner in which the gown suggests the figure without any illegitimate straining or wrapping; in contrast, J. M. Lichtenauer's Portrait of Mrs. Walter Scheftel, where the green drapery is deliberately drawn to suggest the figure, but with ill success; a Portrait (No. 157), by Cecilia Beaux, piquant in face, but showing a harsh scheme of reds; William H. Hyde's Portrait of Bishop Potter; and a Portrait of Carleton Wiggins, by J. C. Phillips, which has what is almost universally lacking, character in the countenance.

Among the figure groups and fancy portraits, two stand out preëminently for their moral values. The Saltus medal has been well bestowed on George De Forest Brush for his Family Group, consisting of mother with child on her lap and, sitting behind her, a boy. It is in Mr. Brush's usual style, but he has been more than usually successful in instilling the very spirit of the family into the design without falling into what has seemed at times almost a sham idealism. The triangular composition of the figures is itself significant of an inner harmony. The other picture we had in mind is the Lemon Girl by Charles W. Hawthorne, notable for the blending of yellow lemons, the dull yellow of the bowl and shawl, and the duller yellow of the girl's face; still more notable for the poetry of poverty, if that phrase will be understood to-day, that envelopes the whole. From these the interpretative value extends in diminishing degrees through W. T. Smedley's Two Dutch Dolls, Charles A. Winter's conscientious but strained Pandora, to such hideous manifestations of unreflecting realism as John Sloan's Making Faces, such flaunting ugliness as Albert Herter's Mary of Magdala, such pink inanities as William Cotton's Calypso, and such bar-room photographs as Harry W. Watrous's "Some Little Talk."

As a transition from human to inanimate nature we may take the group of paintings that attempt with more or less success to win picturesque effects from the city. Best among these are two bits of New York: one, by C. C. Cooper, giving a glimpse of the train yards at Grand Central Station, with the usual romance of blurring smoke and steam; the other a view of Washington Square, by W. J. Glackens, in which a green 'bus in the foreground makes a pleasant contrast with the bright red houses beyond the Arch.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the landscapes in general display the same lack of interpretation, of moral values, if the phrase will be accepted, as the portraits. It is a fair criticism that most of these artists while at work had in mind the making of a picture which by its manifestation of energy or bold method should hold its own in the terrible competition of the galleries. In some cases this descends to sheer brutality, as in Charles Rosen's winter scene in which an Old Willow sprawls its boughs across the white background in lines of merely hateful ugliness. The effort to reproduce nature in her crud-

est, most intrusive nakedness is painfully evident. It is scarcely conceivable that any one should care to own and look constantly at a scene so devoid of human meaning. There are other snow scenes of the same class, though none so exaggerated as this, and there are one or two sea scenes in which a tempestuous mess of colors is devised for the same expression of inhuman energy. In the same category, if on a lighter scale, is Hélène F. Metcalfe's Villa Torlonia, in which that small and secluded fountain, by means of rather crudely applied colors, is made to look almost like a bit of wind-stirred sea. Better every way, but still lacking the final transmutation of art, are a number of landscapes over which we must pass with undue rapidity: E. C. Clark's Over the City, in which a burst of sunset from behind a cloud scatters an explosion of light over the sky, a brilliant study; E. W. Redfield's Harbor of Boulogne, large and spacious, but laid off in tiresome horizontal strata; Cedar Hill, by the same artist, a fine study of snow in the foreground with a long look into the distance, but not exactly comfortable; The Golden Moon, by Paul Dougherty, a view of ocean and rocks bathed in a rich golden light, excellently painted with a bold stroke that does not lapse into mere daubing; The Valley, by C. F. Ryder, in which height, a difficult effect, is obtained by setting the hill behind a row of bare poplar trees, but which is marred by the harshness of the greens; Northern Coast of France, by the same artist, showing a really noble slope of land up to a lighthouse in the far horizon; and W. Ritschel's Lifting Clouds, in which the land, foreshortened to a narrow strip, still conveys the look of distance, and by its glinting light leads the eye into a mysterious distance. But of all the landscapes the two by Ben Foster, Early Moonrise and Morning After the Rain, conveyed to us the finest impression of the healing charm of nature, seemed to us most capable of bestowing the true quietude of mind and of winning us to comfortable companionship. Early Moonrise obtained the Inness gold medal, and deserved it; but the Morning After Rain was almost more seductive, with its hillside of pure green and its grayish white curves of cloud. We have necessarily passed by many paintings worthy of remark, but to these two landscapes we would point as embodying most perfectly the interpretative and, in the broader sense, moral values which as a whole the exhibition lacked.

In art the Oxford University has three titles on its spring list: "Decorative Design," by A. H. Christie; "The Stone and Bronze Ages in Italy," by T. E. Peet; and "Bushman Paintings," reproduced from tracings by Helen Tongue and Dorothy Bleek.

From Curtis & Cameron of Boston we receive a portfolio of fifteen photogravures (price $5) of E. A. Abbey's Holy Grail frieze in the Boston Public Library. The pictures come out well in the process, and give a good notion of the romantic charm which has attracted so many sightseers to the originals. These Copley Prints might well be framed for hanging in a library or hall.

Twenty-four years ago Copenhagen resolved to erect a new City Hall. Fifteen prominent European architects competed, and the task fell to Martin Nyrop, who began building in 1892 and was not done until thirteen years later. What he has achieved is told, in word and picture, in the artistic folio published by F. Hendriksen under the auspices of the municipality. "Kobenhavns Raadhus" (August Bangs) is a worthy literary memorial of one of the most original and most interesting modern European structures. The volume describes the architectural details, of design, construction, and expense alike, minutely and with a wealth of superb illustrations. It is more useful than many other similar studies because Nyrop has broken with tradition and evolved a new effect, in which classical hints and modern tendencies are admirably fused. Unconventional without being inchoate or falling into the extremes of novelty, the structure, upon which nearly $1,500,000 has been spent (apart from the approaches and site), well repays the foreigner's attention. Unfortunately for English readers, the text of the descriptions is in Danish. There is, however, an English index.

The excellent collection of colored reproductions of old masters that has been published under the title of Galerien Europas by E. A. Seemann, Leipzig, will in the future appear in the form of monthly instalments. In addition to the four colored plates which each issue will bring, there will also be a descriptive and critical letterpress, discussing problems of art. The last five instalments are filled with reproductions from the paintings in the Alte Pinakothek in Munich.

Seven large marble bas-reliefs have been discovered on a farm two miles and a half outside the Porta Maggiore, Rome, between the Via Prenestina and the Tiburtina. They are admirable specimens of Greek or perhaps neo-Attic art, and together form a magnificent circular base over twelve feet in circumference. They represent dancing figures, maenads or Bacchantes, of which illustrations are given in the current number of *Notizie degli Scavi*. Their discovery at this point, however, has raised the question whether they may not have been carried and secreted there, but the president of the Roman Archæological Society, Prof. Giuseppe Tomassetti, states that in studying the history of the Vicolo Malabarba he had found that an important temple of Bacchus once stood in this neighborhood, impressing its name on the surrounding land, which was known in the years 987, 999, and 1010 as the *fundus Bacculi* and *Bacculas*, as records in the archives of Santa Prassede prove. This statement gives rise to the hope that the statue for which this foundation was designed may now be found.

At an auction in the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries in this city March 11, Jacob Maris's The Dome, Amsterdam, brought $9,000. Other high prices were: Adolph Schreyer, The Raiding Party, $7,250; B. J. Bloomers, Children on the Beach, $5,200; Ziem, Canal la Giudecca, Venice, $8,000; J. B. C. Corot, Morning in the Valley, $5,000; Marie Diêterle, Cattle at the Pool, $5,000. On March 12, at a sale of paintings belonging to Cottier & Co. of New York, these prices were paid: Millais, Little Miss Gamp, $6,250; Diaz, A Girl and Her Dog, $9,000.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 27, N. Maes's Portrait of an Old Lady, with black dress and white ruff and cuffs, brought £2,152.

Following the great success of the exhibition of pictures by Sorolla, there will be an exhibition of the paintings of Ignacio Zuloaga at the museum of the Hispanic Society, March 21 to April 11. There will be a private view March 17 to 20.

An exhibition of bronzes by Barye will be held at the Grolier Club till March 27.

Raphaël Collin, after a protracted contest, has been elected to the Académie des Beaux-Arts in place of the late M. Hébert.

We have to record the death of two French artists: Raymond Balze, at the age of ninety, a pupil of Ingres, painter of historical subjects; and the Comte du Passage, at the age of seventy, a cavalry officer by profession, who studied sculpture under Mène and Barye, and produced a number of statues, including a successful Jeanne d'Arc.

News comes of the death of Madame Henriette Ronner at the age of eighty-seven. She was born at Amsterdam, being the daughter of J. A. Knip, a well known painter of animals and landscapes. Her first work to attract much attention was La Mort d'un Ami, exhibited at Brussels in 1860, a picture of a hawker with a cart drawn by two dogs, one of which lies dead. But her favorite subject was the cat, which she painted in a variety of styles.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Al Ghazzali, the Confessions of. Translated by Claud Field. Dutton. 40 cts. net.
Allen, William H. Civics and Health. Ginn. $1.25.
Barrett, Eaton Stannard. The Heroine. Henry Frowde.
Blackwood, Algernon. John Silence: Physician Extraordinary. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Bourgeois, Émile. Le Secret du Régent et la politique de L'Abbé Dubois. Paris: Armand Colin.
Bowne, Borden Parker. Studies in Christianity. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1909.

The Week.

It is easy to credit the Washington report that Senator Aldrich has informed the President that it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to get the inheritance tax through the Senate. This is not because the Senate is the entrenched defender of wealth, but because it directly represents the States. Now, no less than thirty-three of the States have laws levying an inheritance tax. The rates on inheritances in the direct line vary from one-half of one per cent. to 5 per cent.; and on collateral inheritances from 1½ per cent. to 15. The amounts collected for the latest fiscal year accessible ranged from $200 in North Dakota to $5,435,000 in New York. (We quote from the figures furnished by the State Tax Commissioner of Connecticut, to the meeting of the International Tax Association, at Toronto, last year.) It is natural that the States should look with jealousy upon an invasion of their tax preserves by the Federal government. The objection is not only that double taxation would result, but that the fruitfulness of the tax itself would be certain to be impaired. The tendency would increase to make gifts during lifetime, instead of waiting for a legacy to be taxed twice. It is, of course, highly desirable that Federal taxes should impinge upon those best able to pay them. That is one of Adam Smith's fundamental canons of taxation from which our government has too much departed. Wealth ought to be taxed, not poverty. And if the inheritance tax cannot be taken up, the movement for a national income tax will become strong. President Taft has declared that such a tax can be levied in a form to obviate the objections made by the Supreme Court to the income-tax clauses of the Wilson bill.

One of the first nominations sent to the Senate after Mr. Taft's inauguration was that of Z. Lewis Dalby of Virginia, as Indian inspector. The nomination had failed of approval in the last Congress. It was twice confirmed, but then reconsidered, and was thereupon laid aside, pending further inquiry as to the fitness of Mr. Dalby, against whom a number of charges have been made. His name was once more sent to the Senate on Monday. An Indian inspector is a very important official, because he must judge between the Indians on the one hand and the agents on the other. The Indian Rights Association charges Mr. Dalby with brow-beating and cursing an Indian witness when the man's evidence was unfavorable to the sheep and cattle interests. Not unnaturally, the Indians have lost confidence in Dalby. An educated Chippewa Indian charges Inspector Dalby with having shown himself at an inquiry "unscrupulous, untruthful, and unreliable"—this at the White Earth agency, Minnesota. Other complaints on file against him come from the Winnebago reservation in Nebraska. The very helplessness of the Indians makes it absolutely necessary that only men of the highest character be permitted to come into such vital relations with them.

There is no higher parliamentary authority in this country than Asher Hinds, so long clerk to the Speaker, and his opinion of the slight changes in the House rules will hardly be challenged. He declares that they leave the Speaker stronger than ever, since they take away none of his essential power, while relieving him of certain irksome responsibilities. These relate chiefly to his consent to the calling up of bills in which particular members are interested. The giving or withholding permission has often been the cause of bitter enmities. Mr. Hinds recalls the political hostility which Speaker Reed incurred in that way. Hereafter, there is to be a "unanimous-consent" day, in which bills that have reached a certain parliamentary stage may be brought before the House, provided nobody objects. That will take the burden from the Speaker, and put it upon the members. They will have to rage at each other, after this, and not at a tyrannical Speaker, for preventing them from getting their great measures enacted. The check on hasty legislation will remain, but will not lie wholly in the Speaker's hands. As Mr. Hinds puts it, the result will be to tend to make "a perpetual Speaker and an ephemeral membership." This was scarcely the intention of the insurgents.

The Second Public Service Commission at Albany has refused assent to the plan to build the proposed Buffalo, Rochester and Eastern Railroad, from Troy to Buffalo, a line parallel to and competing with the New York Central. For months the commission held hearings along the projected route, listening to the evidence of shippers and merchants in all the leading cities between Albany and Buffalo. The volume of fault-finding with the New York Central was astounding. Shippers, it seems, would route their consignments in the most devious ways to escape the inevitable delays on the Central. The fact was settled beyond all dispute that the conditions inflicted grave injury upon business. Naturally, the New York Central appeared in opposition, but speedily found itself in the difficult situation of having either to admit that its management had been bad but could so be improved as to enable it to handle properly all the traffic offered it, or else to confess that the volume of traffic had passed beyond the limits of its utmost powers as a four-track railway. After hearing the evidence, the commission took months to weigh it and to examine the scheme from all possible points of view.

Now the commission has rejected the proposal, not because the new road would parallel an existing line, or, we take it, because the members of the commission are satisfied with the traffic arrangements between Albany and Buffalo, but for wholly different reasons. The commission found that one excellent defence offered by the New York Central, the inability of the Boston and Maine to care for the business offered to it by the Central, would be a fatal obstacle to the new line; for the Boston and Maine would be its only Eastern outlet. An average of 770 cars a day was the utmost that the Boston and Maine could handle in 1907. Yet to earn enough for its fixed charges the new road would have to offer to its Eastern outlet at least as many additional cars per day. Another ground for disapprov-

ing the application was the underestimates of the engineers, $85,559,018, as against the $100,000,000 estimated by the commission's engineers. That capitalization would call for an earning capacity of $48,000 a mile—over $8,000 a mile more than the gross earnings of any road in 1906. Furthermore, the financial responsibility of the backers of the road did not satisfy the commission. Whoever recalls the era of speculative, overcapitalized, parallel railways from 1870 to 1885 must rub his eyes in amazement as he reads of this quashing of a plan because it has the very features which characterized the wild building of that period. The history of American railroading would have been far different had Public Service Commissions with similar powers been established even so recently as thirty years ago.

The conviction of the Coopers for slaying ex-Senator Carmack is highly creditable to Tennessee and to the South, where crimes of precisely this nature have more than once gone unpunished. When the former Lieut.-Gov. Tillman of South Carolina killed N. G. Gonzalez, editor of the Columbia *State*, without the shadow of an excuse for his crime, he was promptly acquitted. The Cooper jury was apparently just the one that would be expected to let the murderers off, because of its lack of literacy and general intelligence. Its members one would think precisely the persons to sympathize with the feud spirit of the Tennessee and Kentucky mountains. Yet they have bravely vindicated the courts by balking the clever attempts of the lawyers to bring about acquittal on the ground of self-defence. This conviction, we believe, will be of great value to the entire South, as a precedent. Henceforth every public prosecutor in that section who is compelled to put on trial a bully with the pistol-carrying habit will be encouraged by the result of the Cooper trial. This interference with the long-established prerogative of one gentleman to kill another may mean the breaking up of an old custom, but it is a custom that should have gone decades ago.

The strike of the postal employees at Paris has been settled in the inevitable way. The strikers are going back to work in reliance upon fair treatment by the government. In all probability they have received pretty definite assurances that their enemy, M. Simyan, will be got out of the way. Thus another victory of the somewhat peculiar Clemenceau brand is added to the French Premier's record. He has settled labor troubles before this by sternly refusing to yield, next getting the strikers back to their places, and then yielding with grace and dispatch. The Opposition may accuse M. Clemenceau of hastening on the social revolution by compromising with the enemies of social order. But in that talk there is a good deal of humbug. What the Opposition cannot forgive M. Clemenceau is that he should compromise with the labor leaders instead of bringing on a crisis by stern measures, get the Opposition into office, and let *them* compromise with the strikers. After all, France is a radical nation at present. It has an overwhelming Parliamentary majority of men who are not afraid to call themselves Radical-Socialists. It has a large out-and-out Socialist party. It has two Socialist members of the Cabinet.

The Balkan war-clouds melt away as the skies in the North Sea begin to lower. In this there is food for optimist and pessimist alike. It is too bad that trouble should follow upon trouble. It is fortunate that one difficulty should pass away before another arrives. The outcome in the Balkans is distinctly encouraging to this extent: if there are forces in Europe working for conflict, there are also powerful forces making for peace. Austria-Hungary comes out of the long quarrel with her coveted pound of flesh, but with nothing added to her reputation. Her warlike intentions could never have been very serious, seeing how very exacting she was while winter made war impossible, and how suddenly she grows placated when spring is on the threshold. Von Aehrenthal and his associates banked upon Europe's present fear of war. In justice it must be admitted that they played a bold game; but "bluff" it was nevertheless. Yet if Russian diplomacy can now take advantage of the exasperated feelings of the Balkan Slavs, Austria may find her way to the Ægean Sea barred more solidly than ever.

Mr. Asquith has set at rest the rumors that he was about to give way to the Jingoes and decide upon eight new Dreadnoughts instead of the four he has asked for. Mr. Balfour's resolution of censure is still before the House, and will come up for discussion within the next ten days. If his own party wishes, therefore, to take sides with Mr. Balfour for eight battleships, it may do so. We cannot, however, see that there is any danger of this, unless the House, like the public, should go stark mad over battleships. Mr. Asquith also spoke out bravely against the anti-German agitation; "the artificial agitation," he called it, "that is now being engineered" and is "unpatriotic, unscrupulous, and misrepresenting the situation." These are the correct adjectives to apply; and the Premier helped to establish his claim to be a leader by stating positively that there is "no friction, no unfriendliness, and no suspicion" between England and Germany. That country is endeavoring to set before the world the facts as to its building programme. It ought speedily to agree with England on a definite limitation, lest both peoples go out of their heads.

The details of the libel suit won by Mr. Lloyd-George, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, make it plain that the proprietors and editors of the offending paper, *People*, have reason to be grateful that they are not in jail. A sort of English *Town Topics*, this newspaper announced that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been guilty of adultery, but that, thanks to the efforts of his friends and the expenditure of $100,000, the price of peace, the case would be kept out of the divorce court. Naturally, Mr. Lloyd-George brought the paper to book, and the proprietors, Sir William Armstrong and W. T. Madge, were compelled to admit that "they were unaware of the insertion in their paper of these scandalous libels"; that the last thing they would desire is that their paper should circulate such accusations, for which there was no justification or foundation. The defendants were let off with a fine of $5,000. The judge praised Mr. Lloyd-George for his extreme moderation in not going further in the punishment of the offenders. He gave the case an immediate place upon his calendar, not because Mr. Lloyd-George was a man of influence and position, but because anybody plac-

ed in his position was entitled to immediate relief, as the defendants had confessed guilt. There would be less libelling in this country if our courts moved more promptly and were as keen to see justice done.

In Persia, a crisis seems approaching. The greater part of the Empire is in open revolt against the Shah, who would apparently be content to hug his quiet at Teheran if Russia and England would only let him. The loose structure of Oriental states allows life to go on in spite of dismemberment. Morocco furnishes a parallel instance of a revolution extending over almost a dozen years, without greatly disturbing the monarch in his capital. The West, however, is more impatient, and neither Britain nor Russia can be content with Tabriz, Ispahan, and other great cities in a permanent state of revolt. It rasps on the political nerves and hurts trade, besides. So far, winter has exercised the same restraining influence that is ascribed to it in the Balkan imbroglio. With the melting of the snows fighting will take on new life about Tabriz, and even Teheran may not remain permanently intimidated by the Shah's Cossacks. There is talk of a convention being summoned by the Shah to draft a new constitution. Foreign influence is undoubtedly behind that move.

THE PAYNE TARIFF BILL.

By the way in which a tariff bill is received, one may get light upon the theory on which it is drawn. The Payne bill has a mixed reception; the inference is that it was drawn on mixed principles. That is otherwise clear. No man can even read the vast mass of provisions in the various schedules, with their minute subdivisions and qualifications, without becoming convinced that no one clear principle runs through the whole. Now it is revenue that is sought; now protection; now a dubious mingling of the two. More than one clause is subject to the suspicion of having been inserted only as a "joker." Many such will doubtless be discovered as the examination and discussion of the bill goes on. The whole is too much like a mighty maze without a plan. A rigidly and consistently protectionist tariff would be easier to understand. We could both more heartily praise and more readily comprehend a tariff strictly for revenue. The Ways and Means Committee has given us neither.

Concerning the efficiency of the bill in producing sufficient revenue, its very framers are evidently in grave doubt. The statement put out by the Ways and Means Committee predicts an adequate government income in 1910, only in case the next fiscal year prove "prosperous and the normal conditions of 1906 return." Hope is also expressed that the returns will be larger "on account of the large increase in population," during the past three years. But nobody seriously expects conditions to become "normal," in the committee's sense, until after the next fiscal year is pretty well gone. The committee itself plainly does not, and is not certain that its bill will wipe out the deficit by means of fruitful taxes, for it goes on to provide methods of borrowing money to meet the deficit. Authority to issue Treasury certificates is continued, and the maximum amount of them is pushed up from $100,000,000 to $250,000,000. That is a good-sized anchor to windward. Furthermore, Panama bonds, to the amount of $40,000,000, may be sold and the proceeds used to "reimburse" the Treasury for the money paid in the original purchase of the canal. Once let the principle be recognized of capitalizing previous expenditures for "permanent utilities," when revenue fails, and we are treading the path of danger which has thrown the public finances of Germany and Russia into their present disorder. If the Treasury is to be "reimbursed" for revenue spent in good faith on the Panama Canal, then why not "reimburse" for fortifications, for post-offices, for river and harbor improvements, paid for out of the ordinary revenue in years gone by? It is proposed not only to set up a principle new to American public finance, but quietly to override the old and salutary principle of paying for the needs of government as we go. This provision is the surest evidence that the Ways and Means Committee is not at all confident of the revenue to be got from the new tariff. Yet to make it yield sufficient revenue was declared by President Taft in his message to be the main object.

Whatever may be the defects and the offences of the Payne bill, it still represents, as compared with the McKinley and Dingley bills, an enormous advance towards common sense. The idea of cheapness has ceased to be anathema to these latter-day protectionist tariff-makers. They hold out the hope, and have done their work on the theory, that the cost of many of the necessaries of life may be reduced by reducing taxes. Shoes and clothing, glass, and steel, wood and paper, it is proposed to make cheaper. At last, the forgotten consumer is given a thought. After long years of argument, it has been beaten into the heads of high-tariff fanatics that low duties mean both more revenue and more trade. And the old idea of universal, all-round protection, every single product getting its just recompense of reward in a perfectly equitable tariff, is now admitted to have broken down.

The most conspicuous proof of this is the restoration of hides to the free list. They were taxed 15 per cent. ad valorem in the Dingley bill, as a distinct sop to the farmer. He was being heavily taxed for his ploughs and hoes and harvesters and harness, therefore, in order to conciliate him, concede him the right to tax other people on leather. The duty on hides was explained by the great Lodge in the Senate as a necessary part of consistent protectionism. His constituents in Massachusetts might not like it, and he himself was opposed to it *per se*, but there stood the fact that the blessings of protection must be extended to all, or none would enjoy them long. Manufacturers might desire free raw materials, but could not have them. From all this sophistication, the Payne bill executes a sharp retreat. It would make not only hides free, but iron ore and coal; and the taxes on other raw materials it would cut down. This is the greatest single achievement of the bill. It marks progress. Upon some of the hoariest absurdities and outrages of protection, it plants a heavy foot. Free hides are a kind of signboard, pointing the way in which the whole bill is headed. That provision alone will do more to stimulate our trade with South America than could the establishment of a score of steamship lines, unprofitable and therefore to be subsidized.

The new tariff bill will now be fought over in Congress. It will have to en-

dure the assaults of selfishness and intrigue. Powerful interests will fall upon it in the process of what the *Tribune* elegantly calls "adjustment, equalization, and compromise." Others, instructed by the history of the framing of previous tariff bills, would call it grabbing, squeezing, and threatening. In what shape the bill will finally emerge, it is impossible to say. It ought to be freely debated and so amended as to add to its good features and diminish its vices. But, even as it stands to-day, the Payne bill must be confessed to be a more enlightened and promising measure than any tariff bill ever fathered by the Republican party.

PUBLICITY FOR PARTIES.

If we might believe certain Albany correspondents, the Governor's bill for direct primaries is "doomed." It is to be variously ignored, despised, and rejected. Neither it nor he has any friends in the Legislature. But this is an old story. All of Gov. Hughes's capital measures have been "doomed" just before they were adopted. His Public Service Commissions bill hadn't a ghost of a show until it suddenly passed triumphantly. As for his bill to abolish race-track gambling, the scorn with which the knowing regarded those simple-minded people who thought it might be enacted, was overwhelming. Did we not remember this usual course of important legislation urged by Gov. Hughes, we might think it a waste of time to examine the actual text of the primary bill. As the probability is high, however, that it will pass the Legislature either this year or next, it is just as well to ask what it purposes to do.

Enormous labor has plainly gone to the preparation of this measure of 135 printed pages. This was made inevitable partly by the need of fitting the new scheme into the general election law of the State, of which the bill is offered as an amendment. The scrutiny of details and the recasting of sections and a thousand minute changes in phraseology are enough to account for the delay in perfecting and introducing the bill, to say nothing of thinking out and drafting all the provisions and applications of the new plan. The result is no mere happy-thought legislation, but a serious measure to the preparation of which able lawyers and men skilled in affairs and in politics have given days and nights of toil. It is as far as possible from being a doctrinaire production. There are no sweeping theories going through it unbroken. No unvarying logic shapes its provisions. The bill is made flexible, intended to fit varying conditions in varying parts of the State. It admits differences of procedure in Presidential years. The entire plan is not something wholly extraneous to our political system and party practices, violently forced upon them, but an expansion and extension of what already exists—all wrought out with the sole object of making party management truly representative of the wishes of the party. Let no off-hand critic get it in his head that he can at a glance point out objections which have not been duly considered and provided for in some part of this bill. It is a document about which politicians may rage, but upon which they will break their teeth.

If the bill were to be described in a phrase, one could say that its dominant purpose is to enforce publicity upon parties. If the Governor has his way, they will be compelled to come out into the open and do their work where everybody can see. This is the one idea running through the whole measure. We have had a powerful movement for publicity in corporations: here we have publicity for parties. To show how great is the change proposed from the old secret methods of "addition, division, and silence," we will take the prescriptions for a political committee setting about the work of making nominations. In the first place, every meeting of a committee for that purpose shall be "open to the public." No more "going into executive session," where the thimble-rigging can be done in the dark. The public can now be present, newspapers can report all that takes place. Moreover, the new law provides for a public calling of the roll of the committee, each member of which shall then "arise and declare the name" of his favored candidate. One can understand how terrifying all this transparent procedure will appear to the old practitioners of the secret arts of politics, but how simple and natural it all seems when once you have gone over to the wholly sound theory that the party is entitled to know what its managers are doing!

The "directness" of this primary plan consists in getting rid of delegates and conventions, and acting instead through committees, whose work and whose personalities are continually coming before the voters of the party for direct approval or condemnation. Nominations for membership in these committees must be made only on petition, and long in advance of the primary. There is to be entire freedom in the nomination as in the election of these men, who are to have party affairs in charge. They hold office for but one year, and they and the candidates for office whom they favor, must come before the September primary. About that primary election itself, new safeguards are thrown. There can be no raiding of a Republican primary by Democrats, or vice versa, as in Oregon. Nor can party funds of any description be used in a primary fight. This provision, with the general law governing the expenditure of money in elections, will effectually prevent such a scandal as that attaching to the purchase of a seat in the Senate by Mr. Stephenson of Wisconsin. By the way, the Albany bill does not contemplate a primary election for United States Senators. And the argument that the city vote would always swamp the country vote, in the political committee, is met by the provision that each city committeeman shall have one additional vote for each thousand votes cast for Governor by the party in his unit, while country committeemen are to have an extra vote for every hundred votes so cast. Herbert Parsons will also discover that ample provision is made for fusion movements in municipal elections. Sincere objections to the direct primary have been largely met in the bill; there remain the dishonest pretences of politicians who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. But Gov. Hughes has triumphed over them before, and we look to see him do it again.

THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

The announcement of the conclusions arrived at by the conference of the maritime Powers at London, confirms previous forecasts. Agreement was reached in several disputed matters of naval warfare, and principles were laid down to guide the Hague Tribunal in passing upon any cases that may be brought before it involving the rights

of neutrals, the definition of contraband, the effectiveness of blockades, etc. All told, this Declaration of London is in line with the general humane progress that has been made since the famous Declaration of Paris in 1856.

To that convention, the United States did not adhere. This was not because it went too far, but because it did not go far enough. This country, as represented by Secretary Marcy, stood for an absolute rule against the destruction of private property at sea in time of war. How does the case stand now for our own historic contention? The Declaration of Paris itself represented a certain advance. It excepted certain classes of private property from capture. Neutral goods were better protected than before, and even an enemy's goods under a neutral flag were safe, unless contraband of war. Since that time, the practice has grown towards larger exemptions, with more ample recognition of the principle that the flag covers the goods. Capt. Mahan could write in his "Influence of Sea Power" that "the principle that the flag covers the cargo is forever secure." But that left enemy's goods in enemy's ships still a legalized prey.

At London, attention was fixed less upon the flag than upon the nature of the goods. A fuller definition of contraband was sought, and was found in a division into articles that are always contraband, articles that are always free, and articles that may sometimes be free and sometimes contraband. In the first class fall, of course, powder, arms, military equipment of all kinds. They may be seized on any vessel at any time. Conditionally contraband are supplies of food, fodder, money, flying-machines, and articles which might be used as munitions of war; the question would have to be determined by a prize court. But for the first time the leading nations of the world have agreed upon a list of articles which shall be at all times and places non-contraband, and which, under no circumstances, not even in a ship flying the enemy's flag, can be seized. This list includes many raw materials of manufacture, together with machinery and chemicals used in agriculture and the arts. Our State Department estimates that the export of such absolutely free articles from the United States amounts to $400,000,000 a year, while the conditionally contraband goods among our exports would figure at some $900,000,000 annually. One sees what the new agreement would mean for our trade in time of war. The honorable position striven for by the United States has not yet been attained, but is more closely approximated.

With much skepticism is to be taken the statement from Washington that another triumph for the United States is to be read in Article 47 of the London convention. This provides that any person belonging to the armed forces of the enemy may be made a prisoner of war on board a neutral vessel, even though there be no reason for seizing the vessel herself. It is said that this is a recognition of the principle under which Capt. Wilkes removed Mason and Slidell from the British steamer Trent, during our civil war. It is added that the British representatives at London renounced the doctrine under which the release of Mason and Slidell was demanded and obtained. This we must think highly doubtful. Mason and Slidell were not a part of the "armed forces" of the Confederacy. They were diplomatic agents; and the right of neutrals to convey them to a neutral port can scarcely be questioned. Lincoln had Mason and Slidell given up on the technical ground that Capt. Wilkes should have brought in the Trent for adjudication of the question in dispute by a prize court; but when Seward came, later, to argue the justice of their seizure, he put it on the ground that they were contraband. It has been generally admitted by American writers on international law that the capture of Mason and Slidell was illegal; and it is hard to believe that the Declaration of London can have intended to justify it. The mistake probably arises from supposing that Mason and Slidell could be regarded as part of the "armed forces" of the enemy.

We will not dwell upon the new regulations affecting blockade and defining "continuous voyages." Those matters, though hotly debated, are of minor importance. The decision respecting them appears to be enlightened. The whole endeavor of the delegates of the various Powers at London seems to have been honestly to seek to make war less terrible. They could not, however, take any steps to make war impossible, or to lead the nations to disarm; and as long as this was so, their work cannot be thought to go to the main question of the day. Of what use to regulate naval warfare when nothing can be done to stop the insensate jealousies and hatreds and provocations which are now being used to goad England and Germany into war, or at least to heap up burdens on either people almost as grievous as those of war itself? An international agreement to ground arms is much more needed than one simply to decide how arms may be used. The really statesmanlike proposal was that made by Campbell-Bannerman to leave off building battleships if Germany would do the same. From that to the present fury for Dreadnoughts—dreading not even national bankruptcy—is a painful change.

THE FOURTH ESTATE IN RUSSIA.

The St. Petersburg *Novoe Vremya* is the Russian London *Times*. On March 12, Alexei Suvorin, its founder, owner, and manager, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance on a journalistic career. The event took on national importance. An Imperial rescript dealt with the veteran editor's services to his country. Leading members of the Duma joined with members of the Cabinet in paying homage. The rival newspapers brought forward their tribute handsomely. For M. Suvorin is preeminently a type of the editor who rises to be a national force. He has had other interests than his newspaper. He is the owner of a great theatre at St. Petersburg, which he does not run as a money-making institution. He is the publisher of a popular library which has distributed the masterpieces of Russian and foreign literature by the millions at nominal prices. But, though he is quite aware that Russia has much to learn from abroad, Suvorin is, above all things, an intense, almost a violent, patriot. His may be the high-class jingoism of the London *Times*, but a jingo he is. That is the predominant characteristic of the *Novoe Vremya*. Generally regarded as a conservative, M. Suvorin claims the merit of having been among the first to voice the nation's desire for liberty in the stormy days that followed the outbreak of the war with Japan. When no one as yet ventured to speak of a constitution, the *Novoe Vremya* is said to have demanded the convoca-

tion of the Zemsky Sobor, the ancient Russian Estates. Only when the Liberal agitation took on, to M. Suvorin's view, the character of a separatist and disintegrating movement, when the unity of the Russian Empire and the safety of monarchical institutions with which he believed it bound up were in danger, did he break sharply with the radical progressives.

That is the apologist's view. An opponent might argue that, as an expert and prudent journalist, M. Suvorin must have scented a change in the air some five years ago, and have taken measures accordingly. Possibly he played safe. It is an interesting fact that, while the *Novoe Vremya* was Moderate during the short-lived days of freedom which followed the Constitutional Manifesto of October, 1905, a son of M. Suvorin was among the founders of the Radical organ, the *Russ*, whose brief career was made up of almost weekly suppressions and revivals. In any case, the *Novoe Vremya* has kept its patriotic character and its influence. It has been prominent in the present Balkan crisis in a rôle similar to the one it played in 1876. Then it helped to provoke the upheaval of Slav sentiment which forced the Czar into war with Turkey in behalf of Servia and Montenegro. To-day, M. Suvorin's journal fulminates against Austrian aggression and gives the Czar's ministers cause to be anxious. The outside world finds it hard to understand that in Russia to-day there should be such a thing as public opinion, capable of being roused by a newspaper, and directed against an omnipotent government. Yet that would seem to be the fact. Within certain limitations, the fourth estate makes its power felt under the worst of despotisms.

The power of the press may be appraised in two ways. There is its influence on the total mass of a given population, and there is its influence on the class of newspaper readers. Evidently, the newspapers are a greater force in our own country where everybody reads them, than they can be in Russia where perhaps three per cent. of the population reads them. But, man for man, it is pretty certain that the Russian newspaper reader is far more susceptible to the journalist's influence than the American. The very fact that free expression is a forbidden art in Russia, makes the free word, when it does reach its audience, all the more potent. The very fact that the printed word in Russia often carries a price on its head, makes the printed word sacred. Whereas the average man in New York reads his two or three papers daily, in Russia a copy of the daily journal is still circulated from hand to hand. But whereas in New York the path of every newspaper is straight from its owner's hands to the gutter or the waste-basket, in countries where newspapers are rare a single copy leaves behind it a luminous trail of debate and speculation. We often tend to forget how powerful was journalism in its youth when the lettered classes were the rich classes, and circulation was small. The London *Public Advertiser* did not circulate by the hundreds of thousands when Junius's letters drove a King and his ministers to fury. There was no enormous reading class in Paris when the restored Bourbons were baited by the Opposition press. The beginnings of Russian journalism, itself, show a rare instance in the case of Alexander Hertzen. From its London office, Hertzen's *Kolokol* (the Bell) had to be smuggled into Russia. Yet, passing secretly from hand to hand, read in secret, commented upon in whispers, it came to exercise a tremendous influence, which even its comparatively large circulation by itself could not account for. Alexander II was said to be a faithful reader of the journal which he would not allow within his dominions.

At the present time, the liberties granted less than four years ago are mutilated. The censor is busy once more. The Russian journalist is again compelled to practise the arts of half-meaning, insinuation, and innuendo, which made his predecessors of a generation ago marvels of subtle expression. But that is only when a writer would say everything he wants to say. Undoubtedly, the range of the permissible has grown immensely since the early days of even Nicholas II. To write of labor wars, of conspiracies, of constitutional liberties, Russian newspapers need no longer confine themselves to telegraphic reports of foreign strikes, conspiracies, and constitutions. They need only print what the radicals in the Duma utter. Not even the full reports of the Duma may be privileged at present, but, after all, the Russian censor is a stupid fellow. The censorship, like the autocracy in general, is inefficient, spasmodic, allowing to-day what it prohibited yesterday, or even allowing in one column what it strikes out from another. St. Petersburg and Moscow in 1890 had eleven daily papers and twenty weeklies. In 1900 the number had risen to twenty-four dailies and thirty-three weeklies. In all Russia there were then 287 periodical publications. In August, 1905, the number had risen to 1,630, of which St. Petersburg alone had 534. There were fifty daily papers at St. Petersburg and twenty-five at Moscow in those short days of freedom, when the pent-up speech of ages burst out in Russia. This, of course, was inflation. Periodicals were born and died with the rising and setting of the sun. The numerical strength of the press must be far smaller now. But much that was gained for freedom of speech in those stormy days has not been lost.

SHELF-ROOM AND CULTURE.

When President Eliot said that a row of books five feet long, read at the rate of ten minutes a day, would supply a man with a liberal education, he was not dealing in impossibilities. Two books lie on the desk before us. One is 1⅝ inches wide and contains 380 pages, with about 300 words to the page. That would give the proposed "Harvard Library" between 35 and 40 volumes, comprising some 15,000 pages and 4,500,000 words. It is not too little. Athens succeeded in training her citizens upon a far smaller expenditure of words. As to the time involved, we may assume that 2,000 words may be managed in a ten-minute session by the ordinary reader. This would give us between six and seven years for the entire five-foot journey. But there is no reason to suppose that Dr. Eliot lacks Yankee shrewdness. Let us count on. The second book on our desk is one inch thick and holds 1,272 pages of about 600 words each. The matter it encloses happens to consist of the complete works of William Shakespeare. Here we see our "Harvard Library" grow at once to 60 volumes of some 76,000 pages, and 45,600,000 words. This should satisfy the more advanced student, who is willing to pursue knowledge for sixty-five years, or at the rate of thirteen years a foot. Finally, Dr. Eliot has not specified the height of his shelf. Take thought, add one-tenth of a cubit to the

stature of your volume, and there is another gain of 25 per cent. in contents. Without question, the scheme is practicable.

We should have less doubt of the authenticity of Dr. Eliot's scheme if the newspapers a week ago had not reported him as favoring the expulsion of the Irish from this country, and if we were sure that the newspapers will not report him next week as favoring a system of modified polygamy. Mere justice to the college professor requires that we take what the papers say about him as *prima facie* untrue. In the present instance, however, the first impression goes the other way. We have shown that Dr. Eliot's plan is practicable. We can also find reasons why it should have been formulated. Dr. Eliot stands now at the culmination of his career. Whether he will choose to rest or not, he is at the age when most men prefer to rest, to reflect, and to review. When a wise man looks back over his life, he is first struck with the vast mass of chaff out of which he has garnered his permanent stock of wisdom. Old age, in the retrospect, recalls something more than deeds done that should not have been done, and words said that should have remained unuttered. It sees labors lost that should never have been begun, friendships that should not have been formed, faiths that should not have been embraced, and, with the others, books that should never have been read. That is why learned old men have been fond of drawing up lists of the world's ten or fifty or one hundred best books.

One weak point there is in President Eliot's scheme. It is by no means certain that, in this country at any rate, the most condensed library is likely to prove the most popular. The great mass of us, precisely those who stand in need of a home system of liberal culture, buy books in bulk. Dr. Eliot's original three-foot shelf of books ought in theory to sell more readily than his revised five-foot shelf. But in practice, it often seems easier to sell five feet of books than three, ten feet than five, and twenty feet than ten. Take the extraordinary development of the traffic in "standard sets," in so-called editions *de luxe*, in "libraries" of hundreds of volumes of all kinds. And beside them come the cohorts of English authors less well known, and of the men of strange tongue and distant lineage. There are Trollope, Charles Reade, Jane Austen, Fielding; there are Voltaire, Balzac, George Sand, Flaubert, Maupassant; there are the numberless histories of literature, of science, of art. The predominant tendency is towards more volumes with heavier paper, bigger type, and more illustrations. We have, of course, the pocket edition and the India-paper edition. But the pocket edition only provokes to a Shakespeare in forty volumes, and the thin-paper edition seems only to tap new and inexhaustible sources that make our last condition worse than our first.

We can call this passion for long and gayly equipped library shelves a passion for furniture and not for books, and yet refuse to be discouraged. What if the young physician buys his forty volumes of Shakespeare as an effective piece of furniture for his reception-room? What if Balzac, dead and turned to gorgeous morocco, is bought as the mechanical piano is bought and the pictures in gilt frames? The point is that the books have won a footing. With time to back them, the battle is henceforth theirs. Like the hidden plague germs, like a subtle malaria, the infection of their presence saps and conquers—if not the first generation, then the next. A restless hand, on a day of illness, will fall upon one of these volumes; a child poring over those striking illustrations, on a day of rain or punishment, will turn to the text; and then suddenly our piece of furniture becomes an enchanted garden, and the "standard set" becomes a world.

That is why Dr. Eliot's plan may sin on the ground of undue economy. Once upon a time, it is true, we thought that immortal literature could be carried in small bulk. The author who travelled light was supposed to travel far. Now it is apparent that the more serried the ranks of his volumes, the better is his chance of popularity. That, probably, is part of the reason for Balzac's or Voltaire's vogue among us, and not a sudden awakening to the high worth of French literature. Shakespeare is made to assume a merit when he hath it not, by being put into large type and 16mo. They call these pocket editions, but the people who carry about "Hamlet" with them must be very few, after all. These are really wall editions, and no shame attaches to them for being that, or for being as handsome as they can be made. Some day, they will leave the wall and walk abroad throughout the house.

"MUCKRAKING" IN THE COLLEGES.

At the recent dinner of the Oberlin Alumni Association of New England, President King is reported to have said:

> I am beginning to think that we are on the verge of an era when there will be tests for efficiency such as this country has never seen. There are only two institutions to which the "muckraker" has not turned his attention—the church and the college. But, mark my words, it is our turn next. There are plenty of colleges which are not doing what they ought to do. There is such a thing as getting money under false pretences.

The church, unless our senses deceive us, has been under the harrow for a number of years; and certainly the attack on the colleges has already fairly begun. The issues of *Science* for March 5 and 12, for example, contain four papers discussing the aims and the shortcomings of the American college—papers that were read before the Section of Education at the Baltimore meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. A few months ago Abraham Flexner, in a little book, "The American College," charged that the college suffers from many defects of organization and discipline; and Clarence F. Birdseye's "Individual Training in Our Colleges" (1907) has provoked such wide discussion that he is, according to the publisher's announcement, preparing a new book in which his criticism will be further elaborated.

These books and articles are evidence of a growing belief that our colleges are, as President King puts it, "not doing what they ought to do." Too many of our youth spend three or four years in comparative idleness, and come out with minds appallingly empty and amazingly undisciplined. Alumni of Harvard or Yale, for instance, will freely confess that they were drilled severely at Exeter or Andover; but that, by the time they had gone through college and entered the law school or medical school, they had almost forgotten how to work. They were forced to acquire again that habit of concentrated application which they had lost in the happy hours of undergraduate ease. College professors themselves admit the facts. Prof. James H. Tufts of Chicago (*Science*, March 12) speaks of the "more or less definite feeling" that college work "lacks intel-

lectual seriousness." Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard says flatly (*Science*, March 12): "I agree with our critics that many college boys do not now work hard enough." Mr. Flexner (*Science*, March 5) argues that under the elective system the college is tolerant of every form of intellectual capacity, and therefore has the right to demand, as unhappily it does not, "a genuine performance at every point. To make opportunities abundant and standards low is thoroughly immoral." Prof. William North Rice of Wesleyan (*Science*, March 5) takes as his thesis "A Danger Arising from the Popularization of the College." After noting that "in the olden time it was assumed that every student in college was dedicated to a distinctively intellectual pursuit," he goes on to show that with the influx of students who are not looking forward to scholarly careers, a pressure is "exerted upon college faculties to tolerate a lower standard." He adds:

> The trouble is not simply that some men do not study. That was always the fact. No system ever fulfils its own ideal. . . . But then the men who did not study knew and confessed that they ought to study. Now it is gravely asserted in influential quarters that [as] many students in college . . . are never intending to be scholars, there is no need of their being particularly scholarly even during their school life.

Thus it is that influential alumni and alumni clubs want the college to admit boys who are unprepared and "to graduate men who have accomplished very little in the line of study." Especially, says Professor Rice, is this plea raised "in behalf of men who are distinguishing themselves as athletes during their school and college life, and in behalf of men who are likely to come into possession of considerable money." No one who is familiar with the inner working of our colleges can deny that the conditions are as Professor Rice describes them.

How, then, can we change them? Professor Royce would "reject or dismiss" the unfit or the unworthy. But while the colleges are competing for numbers; while Amherst keeps an anxious eye on the registration at Williams; while Brown is proud of a larger attendance this year than last; while Harvard men point with scorn to the smaller enrolment at Yale, this talk of rejecting or dismissing the unfit is a counsel of perfection. The lad who fails to pass his entrance examinations at Harvard or Yale, is gladly received on certificate elsewhere. And once he is in college, anything that may by any stretch of language be described as diligence in study will serve to keep him there. A remedy which is sometimes proposed is to adopt the methods of certain foreign universities in imposing extensive and searching examinations before granting degrees. But this procedure seems to us applicable rather to advanced university courses than to the college proper. Professor Royce would apply the plan which President Wilson is trying at Princeton—give the boys "more good work to do" and employ "more instructors whose duty it should be to follow them up personally."

We have high expectations of the Princeton experiment if it can be generously backed and persisted in through a period of ten years. We shall also look for important results from Clark College in Worcester—an institution which, though very new, avowedly strives to be a Johns Hopkins for undergraduates. We hope, moreover, that the rumors are true that under President Garfield, Williams will set its ambition on a small but select group of students. There is no reason why at least one of the older colleges of New England should not have its course as rigorous as that of the best fitting schools—reject both the dull and the indifferent, and make its task the stimulation of a picked body of ambitious youth. The sharp discipline would not mean that students could not enjoy ample opportunities for athletics, music, and all other forms of legitimate recreation, and it would certainly mean that the graduates would soon be as notable for efficiency as are the graduates of the finest secondary and technical schools. The maintenance of such a model college would have a tonic effect on our whole system of education. We come back then to the idea we have so often advanced. Again we say, let college boys have a taste of the policy of Thorough; and as Professor Rice urges,

> If they do not want to study Greek, they may study French or German or Spanish; they may study applications of science, as well as pure science; if they do not want to study philosophy or advanced mathematics, they may study the labor problem, or banking and currency, or commercial geography and commercial law; only let it be understood that whatever they profess to study they must really study. In a college, as in a railroad station, there is no room for loafers.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

Much of the fiction recently published in Germany bears evidence of seriousness without that emphatic insistence on purpose which is so often detrimental to artistic quality. An example in point is Ludwig Ganghofer's "Waldrausch" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), a novel in two volumes, neither in theme nor treatment of striking originality, but of refreshing spontaneity. The narrative opens with a charming woodland idyll. Two little boys set out to explore the mysteries of the woods and of the mountain stream which, when the spring floods swell it, overwhelms man and beast. One of them says that when he grows up he will build a wall around the turbulent waters. As they stroll through the underbrush they meet the aged *Waldrauscher*, who gathers the medicinal bear-berry, and all the while sings *Schnadahüpfl* that reflect his reading of life. This chapter is the prelude of the drama that forms the plot of the story, and the centenarian is its chorus. A remarkable creation is this sage and poet of the people, who has a stanza for every problem coming within the range of his observation and whose rhymes sink into the hearts and stir the souls of his listeners. The boys carry the memory of their meeting with him into their manhood. The dream of Brosi comes true, for he chooses engineering as his profession; and the building of the dam and his experiences with the native peasantry and the hated Italian laborers enter largely into the tale. There are some strong love episodes, too—the love of Toni for the wild-wood beauty Beda, and the ideal affection springing up between the engineer and the princess as they play together sonatas for the piano and the violin. Nor is the element of rough and primitive passion wanting, and the humor that relieves the tension of tragic complications. A cheerful acceptance of the inevitable facts of life, a smiling resignation to fate is the lesson to be read between the lines.

Two remarkable first books breathe the same wholesome spirit. "Funchal," by Norbert Jacques (Berlin: S. Fischer), a native of Luxembourg, but a resident of Switzerland, is a story of unfulfilled longing. A child born on the island of Madeira is the only survivor of a ship wrecked on a voyage to a northern port. A Danish fisherman, already blessed with a numerous family, adopts the boy who at the time of the catastrophe is only twenty months old. As he grows up, his dark skin, eyes, and hair set him apart in the community of fair-skinned and flaxen-haired Scandinavians. He is a serious, quiet lad, with the temperament of a dreamer; and even before his foster father shows him a board of the sunken ship with the

name Funchal upon it, he is haunted by visions of sunny skies and flowery shores against a background of towering mountains. At times an irresistible *Wanderlust* seizes him, and as he tramps and works his way through the little country, he seeks in its seaports for a ship bound for Funchal. But he never finds one, and as his love for his foster-sister ripens into the desire to make her his wife, he is resigned to remain in the little Danish fishing-village. As the daughter born to them grows up into a girl of strange beauty, an artist comes as suitor for her hand; but one day the father, mother, and daughter go out in their fishing boat to ply their trade as usual, and never return. The distracted lover erects a block of granite near the shore, on which he has graven the girl's image; but the boys of the village, ignorant of its meaning, pelt it with pebbles, until in time the outlines are obliterated. The charm of this story is its atmosphere and admirable style.

The second of these first-stories is distinguished by poetical sentiment and by a noble ethical message—Hans Kyser's "Der Blumenhiob" (Berlin: S. Fischer). The hero is a modern Job, a man persecuted by an extraordinary series of misfortunes, yet in his despair never quite blind to the beauty of the world. The home which he had earned for his little family is destroyed by fire. The gifted boy who has been the light of that home is snatched away by sudden death. Crazed by the loss, the wife gives birth to a daughter and dies. The girl proves an idiot, and becomes a sore burden to the bereaved father, who in rescuing her from an approaching train is crippled and loses both of his legs. The book would be unendurably dismal were it not for the hero's patient acceptance of his fate. The story shows such great promise that one looks forward with interest to the author's volume of verse and his tragedy "Medusa," which the publishers announce as in preparation.

Bernhard Kellermann is a comparatively new arrival. His strong individuality announced itself in that delicate fantasy, which could hardly be called a novel, "Yester und Li," and appeared matured and deepened in "Inge," published about two years ago. Now he has given us "Der Tor" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), of which the hero is a simple vicar in a provincial town, going about, like another Nazarene, doing good to his fellow-beings, forgetful of self. Into the joyless life of a poor consumptive, he sheds a ray of happiness. The dormant soul of a miser, he rouses to the consciousness of good to be done, and the conscience of frivolous worldings he stirs until they are fired with the desire to begin life upon a more spiritual plane. Yet this vicar is simple and almost awkward in his manner, apparently dull and ignorant, and only in critical moments startling those about him by his clearness of judgment and independence of action. No one in the town escapes the influence of his strong personality. But after all his labors, he falls a victim to a disease contracted in his Samaritan service, and goes to an inglorious and undramatic end. The style is well adapted to the subject, unadorned, yet strangely impressive.

Marie Eugenie delle Grazie's work as poet and dramatist has so overshadowed her fiction that a novel from her pen comes almost as a surprise. Yet it was her story "Bozi" which, years ago, first brought her wider recognition. Her new work, "Heilige und Menschen" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is a remarkable achievement. The heroine, a member of the old Italian aristocracy, which is divided to-day into friends and foes of the Church, is Alba Chietti, the older of the two daughters of Prince Chietti. He is as faithful an adherent of the Pope as his brother is an enthusiastic admirer of Haeckel. From books in her uncle's library Alba has derived a knowledge of zoölogy which is barred from convent schools, and her story of the lizard and casual mention of the "Natural History of Creation," strikes the pacific atmosphere of her class-room with the force of a cyclone. This experience opens the eyes of the girl to many abuses in the school, and makes her a friend of Elena, the illegitimate scion of an old Roman family, who is continually made to suffer for the sins of her parents. Alba takes Elena home with her during vacation and a love springs up between her brother Flavio and the high-spirited, beautiful girl. Flavio is destined for the church, but his rebellion, strengthened by his love, ripens into open opposition. Thus through a succession of moving incidents, the breach between the two generations widens, until the spiritual estrangement is complete. The characterization of the women is excellent, the girl types in the convent school being particularly well presented.

The idea that the sins of parents are largely responsible for the sins of the children is the theme of Kurt Aram's "Jugendsünden" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). It is also a tale of school life, in the rigid and strait-laced household of a worthy pedagogue, the Oberlehrer Sieg, whose own son is the victim of his father's ignorance of the child-soul in that trying period which precedes maturity. Into the joyless routine of the boy's life comes the meeting with little Baroness Thea. The guileless love of a boy and girl barely in their teens is delicately and tenderly depicted. A childless couple become interested in the youthful lovers and save them from a dismal ending of their innocent escapade into the world. The types by which the school, the bourgeoisie, and the aristocracy are represented bear the stamp of real life.

The woman novel with a distinct *Tendenz* is still popular in Germany. The "Tagebuch einer anständigen Frau," by Hedwig Hard (Munich: Albert Langen), has gone through several editions within a short time. It is the simple and pathetic record of a rescue from a life of disgrace. The story is concerned with only two people, the redeemed woman and the man who has married her. The espionage practised in European cities by landlords, janitors, and police force, more tolerant of sin than of the regenerate sinner, makes of their life a purgatory. Even when salvation comes to them through the protection of an influential philanthropist, one is not quite sure whether the mistakes committed by the legal authorities will not continue to influence public opinion and to breed trouble. The Diary is very unpretentious, and has a far more convincing ring than the "Tagebuch einer Verlorenen," which may be remotely responsible for this new sociological document.

Else Jerusalem is a Viennese writer whose "Venus am Kreuz" some time ago attracted no little attention. Her new book, "Der heilige Skarabäus" (Berlin: A. Fischer), is the record of the life of a girl born an outcast, who develops a remarkable intelligence. Inheriting a fortune, she does not seek admission into the world of respectability, but devotes her money and energy to the rescue of children like herself, for whom she founds a home in the mountains. There is a host of characters not ordinarily met with in fiction, and the author shows great skill in their delineation; the heroine's evolution is amazing in its consistency. The subject matter is unpleasant, but the treatment is dignified.

The problem of rehabilitation seems to engage many minds at present, for even Bernardine Schulze-Smidt, who has been a conservative in her long career as novelist, makes it the theme of her new book, "Fliessendes Wasser" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). Her heroine, homeless, motherless, but intelligent and high-spirited, seeks refuge in a pious institution, where she is tortured with moral precepts and Scripture texts. An aristocratic patroness sees through the crust of hardness in Rose Diener and gives her the love that the girl has lacked. But finally Rose cannot bear the oppressive atmosphere of the place; goes out into the world, becomes a nurse in the Boer war, and in due time dies on the battlefield. There are other interesting characters and incidents, among the latter the discovery that Rose is the prodigal daughter of an aristocratic family—a rather well-worn device of fiction.

Ernst Zahn is a Swiss writer whose

work has given him a prominent place in recent German fiction. "Die da kommen und gehen" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a volume of short stories full of interest. They are records of lives that come and go, of whose existence the earth bears but a faint impress, lives without complications, yet not without psychological interest. In "Requiem" the eyes of a robust fisherman are suddenly opened to the delicate beauty of his invalid wife, and when death takes her from him, he continues to live ever after as under the spell of a dream. There is an admirable tenderness about "Eine Begegnung," and even "Ein kleiner Frühling," stories of passing fancies, of loves barely reaching the threshold of consciousness and passing away without a crisis, leaving nothing but a faint memory. The author is a keen observer of life and reflects his impression with the tact and the discretion of an artist. A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The following are the prices paid for a few of the more important items at the Hermann sale, on March 18 and 19, at the rooms of the Anderson Auction Company in this city: Shelley's "Queen Mab" (1813), a presentation copy, original boards, uncut, $875; "Epipsychidion" (1821), with the autograph signature of Shelley on the title-page, sewed as issued, uncut, $500; Thackeray's "Paris Sketch Book" (1840), with an original drawing by Thackeray inserted, $215; "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo" (1846), with three original drawings by Thackeray inserted, $180; "Pendennis" (1850), with an original drawing in colors by Thackeray inserted, $250; Scott's "Waverley" (1814), 3 vols., original boards, uncut, $400; Matthew Arnold's first publication, "Alaric at Rome" (1840), original paper cover, $345; Charles Lamb's "The King and Queen of Hearts" (1808), $430; FitzGerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam" (1859), uncut, $246; Milton's "Paradise Regained" (1671), $260; Butler's "Hudibras" (1663-1678), first edition, 3 vols., $240; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621), $180; Poe's "Al-Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems," original boards with trimmed edges, $1,460; Grimm's "German Popular Stories" (1823-26), with illustrations by George Cruikshank, original boards, uncut, $540; the *Scourge* (1811-16), a complete set, 12 vols., with colored plates by Cruikshank, $300; the *Annals of Sporting* (1822-28), a complete set, 13 vols., with colored plates by Henry Alken, $420; "Tales of the Islanders," an original unpublished manuscript by Charlotte Brontë, $470 (this manuscript sold in November, 1905, for $120); unpublished manuscript of Bret Harte, fifteen pages, $120; a collection of fifty-five letters of Robert Southey to Mrs. Hodson, $360; a collection of letters by and to Abraham Lincoln, more than 250 items in two folio volumes, $835.

On March 29, the Anderson Auction Co. will sell the second part of the library of the late William Harvey. Among books with colored plates by Rowlandson are Burton's "Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy" (1818); the three "Tours of Dr. Syntax" (1812-20-21), first editions; "The English Dance of Death" and "The Dance of Life" (1815-17); the "Journal of Sentimental Travels in the Southern Provinces of France" (1821); and "Naples and the Campagna Felice" (1815). Brough's "Life of Sir John Falstaff" (1858) and "The Table Book" (1845), in the original parts, are important Cruikshank items. A copy of Stith's "History of Virginia" (London, 1753), reprints of Indian captivities, publications of the Caxton and Rowfant Clubs, and an original drawing by John Ruskin, are other notable lots. On March 30 and 31, the same firm will sell the library of L. D. Griggs of Waterbury, Conn., including books on art and a collection of editions of the Book of Common Prayer.

On April 1 and 2, the Merwin Clayton Sales Co. of this city will offer the libraries of the Rev. William Laurie and the Rev. Joseph M. Clarke. Early American periodicals, pamphlets relating to Yale College, and books on Ireland are important classes represented.

On March 30 and 31 and April 1, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the library of George Alfred Townsend, better known as "Gath." Books on the civil war and American local history, especially Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, make up a large part of the collection. Among the rarities is a copy of the famous Martyr-Book, "Der Blutige Schau-platz oder Martyrer Spiegel," printed at Ephrata in 1748 and 1749, the largest book printed in America before the Revolution. This copy has the frontispiece (slightly damaged) not in all copies.

Frederik Muller & Co. of Amsterdam send us the advance sheets of a sale of autographs to be held by them on April 19. Included are documents signed by Charles V, Maria Theresa, Louis XV, etc.

Correspondence.

THE "LOST LEAF" OF "PIERS THE PLOWMAN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. J. M. Manly's notable article, "The Lost Leaf of Piers the Plowman," which appeared something more than three years ago (*Modern Philology*, III, 359), has reawakened the lively interest of scholars in the critical problems presented by Langland's poem. Professor Manly pointed out for the first time the manifest lack of connection in Passus V of the A-text between vv. 222-35, which describe the confession of Sloth, and the passage which immediately follows (vv. 236-59). In this fact he found evidence of the disappearance from the author's manuscript of a leaf, containing between sixty and eighty lines, in which, he believed, the confession of Sloth was concluded and the figure of Robert the Robber introduced. Moreover, he reminds us that from the company of deadly sins who make their confessions Wrath is omitted, and brings this omission into connection with the break at v. 235, by advancing the theory that the confession of Wrath covered the two pages of another lost leaf in the original manuscript, and that the two lost leaves were the halves of a folded sheet, "the next to the innermost of a section or gathering," in the bound volume in which, as he supposes, the author committed his poem to paper.

Dr. Henry Bradley, reviewing Professor Manly's article a few months later (*Athenæum*, April 21, 1906), accepted his view that vv. 236-59 do not properly follow the confession of Sloth, but proposed a different explanation:

> Professor Manly has failed to perceive that the proper place of lines 236-59 is after line 145, at the end of the confession of Covetousness. In this position they not only fit perfectly, but actually improve the sense.

Dr. Bradley's explanation of the mistake which has occurred is, that the author wrote his text on loose sheets instead of in a bound volume, and "that one (or more) of these leaves (containing the confession of Wrath and the end of the confession of Envy) got lost, and that another (containing lines 236-59) was misplaced." This theory of the "misplaced sheet," which has the advantage of being simpler than Professor Manly's "lost leaf," has recently been endorsed by Dr. Furnivall (Forewords to the Offprint of Manly's "Piers the Plowman," Early English Text Society, Original Series, 135 B (1908), p. iii) and M. Jusserand (*Modern Philology*, VI, 287). Nevertheless, a still simpler explanation of the difficulty, it seems to me, may be offered.

All are agreed, it will be remarked at the outset, that some displacement of the text has occurred immediately following v. 235. The break in the sense at this point was instantly evident as soon as Professor Manly pointed it out. The lines which follow are in no wise appropriate to Sloth. But shall we transfer them, as Dr. Bradley would do, to Covetousness? To me, as to Professor Manly, they seem rather to belong to Robert the Robber. It is nowhere hinted that Covetousness would have found difficulty in making restitution, as is implied in vv. 236-8 (I transliterate to modern English characters):

> And yit I-chulle yelden ageyn, yif I so muche haue,
> Al that I wikkedliche won sethe I wit hade.
> And thauh my lyflode lakke letten I nulle—etc.

On the other hand, these phrases fit well with the situation of Robert the Robber, who looked on *Reddite*, "And for ther nas not Wher-with he wepte ful sore." Again, the penitent's determination to seek St. Truth "er I seo Rome" (v. 241), may be compared with earlier lines in the poem (A. iv, 111) where "Rome Renners" and "Robbeours" are mentioned together.

But perhaps the most serious difficulty in Dr. Bradley's rearrangement of the passage lies in the fact that if vv. 236-59 be transferred to Covetousness the latter would then give utterance to two vows hardly consistent with each other:

> (1.) I and my wife will wend to Walsingham,
> And bidde the Rode of Bromholm bringe me out of dette (v. 145);
> (2.) I schal seche seynt Treuthe er I seo Rome (v. 241)

Each of the deadly sins (except Envy), it will be noted, closes his confession with a vow. And it might be supposed that Robert the Robber would follow their example in this. But if in vv. 236-41 Covetousness is the speaker, Robert is left without a vow, though there can be no question as to his contrition.

This omission, now, will be supplied—

and most appropriately—if we recognize the troublesome lines 236-41 as forming the conclusion of Robert's prayer, and restore them accordingly to their proper place following v. 253. Let us see how the lines read thus placed (the shifted lines being marked hy asterisks):

Robert ye Rohbour on *Reddite* he lokede,
And for ther nas not Wher-with he wepte ful sore.
But yit the sunfol schrewe selde to him-seluen;
"Crist, that vppon Caluarie on the Cros dlyedest,
Tho Dismas my brother bi-souyte the of grace,
And heddest Mercl of that mon for *Memento* sake,
Thl wille worth vppon me as Ich haue wel deseruet
To haue helle for euere yif that hope neore.
So rewe on me, Robert, that no Red haue,
Ne neuere weene to wynne for Craft that I knowe.
Bote for thi muchel Mercl mltigaclon I he-seche;
Dampne me not on domes day for I dude so llle,
*And ylt I-chulle yelden ageyn glf I so muche haue,
*Al that I wlkkedllche won sethe I wlt hade.
*And thauh my lyflode lakke letten I nulle
*That vche mon schal hahhen his er Ich henne wende:
*And wlth the Resldue and the remenaunt (bl the Rode of Chester!)
*I schal seche seynt Treuthe er I seo Rome!"
Ak what fel of this Feloun I con not felre schewe,
But wel Ich wot he wepte faste watur wlth hls elyen,
And knouhlechede hls gult to Crlst ylt eft-sones,
That *Penitencia* is [plke he] schulde pollssche newe,
And lepe with him ouerlond al hls lyf tyme,
For he hath lelyen hi *latro* lucifers hrother.
A thousent of Men tho throngen to-geders,
Weopyng and weylyng for heore wlkkede dedes,
Crlyinge vpward to Crist and to hls cleue moder
To haue grace to seche seint treuthe: god lene thel so mote!

Thus arranged, the whole passage seems to me to fit together perfectly. With the words, "I beo-hote to the Rode" (v. 235), the vow of Sloth comes naturally to its conclusion (for I cannot feel with Prof. Manly that this is an ahrupt ending). In the next line Robert is introduced—abruptly, if you will, hut in the same fashion that Sloth is introduced at v. 222. His prayer for mercy concludes with a vow which could not be better suited to the situation. The next six lines (254-9) serve to dismiss Robert and thus to clear the stage for the throng of nameless penitents, who, like Robert, will seek St. Truth. Consider, on the other hand, how ahruptly vv. 260-2 would come in if placed, as Dr. Bradley suggests, directly after v. 235. It is unnecessary, then, in the case of this much discussed passage, to assume either a "lost leaf" or a "misplaced sheet." The text as we have it appears to he intact. The whole confusion has arisen through the carelessness of the scribe, who introduced vv. 236-41 at a point 12 lines earlier than they belonged.

Nor is this the only blunder of the kind committed by the scrihe of the A-text. Professor Manly ("Camhridge History of English Literature," II, 33) has recently pointed out a precisely similar case in Passus VII. Here we find four lines (71-4), which the author plainly intended to follow v. 90, inserted 16 lines ahead of their proper place. Dr. Furnivall, commenting on the misplacement of these lines in Passus VII, explains graphically how the mistake occurred. The four lines were added by the author, "no douht at the top or hottom of the page, with a tick to show where the lines ought to come in." But the scrihe "shovd them into a piace 16 lines earlier, where they've nothing to do with what came before or after them." This explanation is eminently satisfactory, and will apply equally well to the misplaced lines in Passus V. Here also the lines were written in hy the author, at the top rather than the hottom of the page, since in both instances the scribe has hrought them in earlier than they belong. These two passages taken together are instructive, not only as to the careless hahits of the A-scribe, but also as to the method of the author in revising his lines. It would not be surprising if further scrutiny of the A-text should result in the discovery of still other misplacements of this sort. For example, in Passus II, vv. 37-9, would certainly fit better if placed after v. 51; and in Passus III, as Skeat has already remarked, vv. 266-9 "ought to be put lower, having ll. 270-271 above them." One also suspects some misplacement at IV, 64, and at VIII, 77.

The absence of Wrath from the congenial company of the deadly sins, which Professor Manly used to confirm his theory of the "lost leaf," is a matter which requires to be considered separately. If we assume that the poem as Langland wrote it included a confession by Wrath, it is easy to explain its disappearance on the hypothesis of Dr. Bradley, that the poem as it passed from the hands of the author to the scribe was written on loose sheets, and that one (or more) of them has been lost. I do not feel certain, however, that the author's text included the confession of Wrath. Langland shows a free hand in his treatment of the deadly sins, by varying at pleasure from the stereotyped order in which they stand in the works of edification. May he not have felt himself at liherty to omit one of the seven if he feit that it did not suit his purpose? Let it be noted in this connection that in Passus II (vv. 60-74), where the other six sins are marshalled, Wrath is likewise ahsent. Professor Manly is mindful of this omission, but assumes that a line in which Wrath was mentioned has dropped out. This would be, to say the least, a singular coincidence.

In conclusion, I wish to make it clear that the restoration of the passage in Passus V here proposed in no way militates against Professor Manly's view that the revisions of the poem which we know as the B- and C-texts were not the work of Langland. Though it was the theory of the "lost leaf" which led him to reëxamine the relation of the revised texts to the original form of the poem, Professor Manly's subsequent investigations enahle him to base his conclusion on more general grounds. In regard to this larger question of the authorship of the B- and C-texts, however, it will perhaps he well to reserve final decision until Professor Manly presents his evidence in full, as he promises to do shortly.

CARLETON F. BROWN.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., March 8.

P. S.—I discover, after writing the ahove communication, that Mr. Theophilus Hall in the *Modern Language Review* for Octoher, 1908, remarks hriefly with reference to the break at V, 236, that "the lines in question are surely part of the confession of 'Robert the Rohber,' to which they form a fitting close" (p. 1). To him, therefore, belongs the credit of first pointing out this solution of the passage. That two persons should have arrived at this solution independently makes it the more conclusive.

C. F. B.

March 13.

A MEMORIAL TO JOHN NEWBERY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The month of July in the year of 1913 will see the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Newhery, the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard, whose life I publlshed ahout thirty years ago under the title of "A Booksellner of the Last Century." Newbery was immortalized by Goldsmith in his "Vicar of Wakefield," by Dr. Johnson in the *Idler*, hy Washington Irving in "Bracebridge Hall," and hy many other writers who have recognized the influence of the first man who published, wrote, edited, and compiled books for "all those little Masters and Misses who are good, or intend to be good."

We have travelled a long way since Newhery and Goldsmith coöperated on that famous list of books of which "Goody Two Shoes" and "Tommy Trip" may be taken as among the best examples, but if it were only for the fact that Newbery was the first to give the "Rhymes and Jingles of Mother Goose" to the world in collected form his memory should he kept green hy English-speaking children wherever they may he found. Newbery's original collection of Mother Goose's melodies has, morcover, an added interest, for there is no doubt that Goldsmlth had a hand in the editing, annotating, and arranging of the first edition, while he was living with and working for John Newbery. Neither in London, at the scene of his lahors, over against the north door of St. Paul's Churchyard, nor at Canonbury House, Islington, where he and Goldsmith lived and worked together, nor at his birthplace, Waltham St. Lawrence, is there anything of prominence to keep John Newbery's name in remembrance. "Mother Goose" has enriched countless puhlishers, who have banished both the name of Goldsmith and of Newhery from their editions, and has delighted children innumerahle on both sides of the Atlantic, and the year of the two hundredth anniversary of his hirth would be an appropriate one in which to commemorate in some enduring way the lifework of a man who was, as Goldsmith said, "not only the friend of the children, hut the friend of all mankind."

This would seem to he the more necessary, for a claim to have been the originator of this collection was made about forty years ago on hehalf of a Mrs. Goose, or Vergoose, the mother-in-law of one Thomas Fleet, a printer who flourished in Boston, Mass., during the eighteenth century. The ahsurdity of thls contention was amply demonstrated by H. W. Whitmore, a former city reglstrar of Boston, in hls preface to a facsimile of Newbery's edition, which he published in 1893; but ancient superstitions and modern myths alike die hard, and there are thousands in America to-day who cling to the idea that Mother Goose was an American lady, instead of a *nom de plume* borrowed by Newbery from Charles Perrault's "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye," whlch was published in the seventeenth century, and which had

an origin even still more remote, as any one may learn who will read Longfellow's "Ancient French Romances."

The Marquis of Northampton, the owner of Canonbury House, where, as a contemporary poetaster has it,

> Learned Chambers treasured lore for men,
> And Newbery there his A B C's for babes,

has recently restored it and made of it a museum of North London Antiquities; and a movement is on foot to secure subscriptions to raise some enduring monument, either in Canonbury House or elsewhere, to the memory of the father of children's books, a most laudable enterprise. And in doing this let us not forget our great American publisher, whose name forever deserves to be linked with that of John Newbery. For he reprinted all of the Newbery-Goldsmith books in America as fast as they came out in England, among them the famous "Mother Goose's Melody." Therefore the memorial to John Newbery by grateful English and American children should in some way enshrine also the name of Isaiah Thomas.

CHARLES WELSH.

Winthrop, Mass., March 13.

MAINTAINING IDEALS OF STUDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of February 25 on "Making Scholarship Attractive" you present certain aspects of the subject so convincingly that it seems worth while to call attention to certain other considerations which you have overlooked or undervalued. As regards two of the remedies suggested, you have, I think, quite effectively disposed of the arguments used in their support. "Honor days," or by whatever other name occasions of doing public honor to "high scholars" may be called, will never be effective agencies in stimulating a spirit of scholarship that is worthy of the name. There will never be any lack of public honor for anything the community regards as honorable. To put the honors first and expect the scholarship to follow is putting the cart before the horse indeed. Affairs of this kind are purely a worked up demonstration on the part of the government and find no spontaneous support in the feeling of the student body. I recall an occasion of the sort when, as each good boy's name was called by the presiding official, the small company of students present responded with perfunctory hand-clapping, until at the sound of one name they burst out into a round of perfectly genuine applause. It was the name of the champion strong man of the college!

Equally futile, as you well indicate, would be any organized attempt to make scholarship the basis of social distinction. Societies of the type you refer to are not charitable institutions, but natural groupings of men of similar social tastes and habits. A common interest in the higher things of life will draw those who feel this interest together as surely as any other form of attraction, and it may safely be left to take care of itself. In any of the larger colleges the intellectually superior youth do now, in spite of the apparent contempt of seriousness, come together in societies of their own, and these are regarded by their mates with the kind of respect that serious interest in any worthy thing always commands. Only, young men are still happily far from accepting the official standards of scholarly accomplishment. They have an instinctive sense of the fictitiousness of distinctions won in official ways. They admire and respect a clever man, but they distrust the stamp by which the institution marks its "distinguished" scholars. The real problem of college administration is to bring about some kind of harmony between this instinctive appreciation of good work that exists even in the penal colonies of our parasites and their imitators, and the methods of teaching employed to stimulate such work.

It is at this point that I find myself differing from the conclusions of your article. You lay the blame of present ills chiefly upon the existence in our larger colleges of courses of instruction in which it is easy for the student to win the certificate of accomplishment with a minimum of intelligence and a shameful absence of work. You connect with these courses the charge of incompetency on the part of the teachers. Now, as a matter of fact, the most notorious of such courses have been at Harvard, and I think the same would be true elsewhere, in charge of men of the highest scholarly repute and of altogether exceptionally stimulating quality as teachers. Such courses were deliberately planned to furnish to large numbers of students not aiming at special results in the given field of study, glimpses at the larger aspects of the several subjects treated. In the scheme of a great university they have had and always ought to have their honorable place. They were intended to correspond to the so-called "public courses" of the German universities, where hundreds of students not enrolled in the department concerned come together to hear what men of the highest standing in their several professions have to say about the relations of their subject to learning as a whole or about some aspect of it specially interesting to thinking people at the time. Such courses were never intended to be used as tests of scholarship, and it is in their use for this purpose, not in their essential quality, that the real evil consists.

Now the remedy you suggest is that the teachers proceed "to keep the undergraduates up to the mark." That is easily said, and there is no doubt that it can be done. It would be possible for our colleges to revert frankly to the conditions of a half century ago, to divide their students up into small groups, set them lessons to learn, and maintain an army of useful young men to see to it that they learned them. But we may be perfectly sure that no sooner would this machinery have got into working order than we should begin to hear the same old criticisms over again. The lame and the lazy would simply have a new set of devices to escape the consequences of their own action or inaction, and the authorities would have to begin devising new means to meet them. We gave up this way of approach to the problem more than a generation ago, and we are not going back to it. Whatever is done to meet the very real evils you have pointed out must be done on the basis of the ideas which underlie our present educational conditions.

In other words, the principle of liberty with which the present movement in education began must still be maintained. It has been grotesquely misunderstood and misapplied, and we are suffering from these misunderstandings and misapplications. But in spite of all this, the principle that in higher education the student must be made responsible for his own actions remains unshaken. The only question is how this responsibility can be brought home to him wisely, and, in the best sense of the word, safely. I venture to believe that the chief obstacle to a right attitude on the part of students toward their work comes from the wrong aim set before them by the college itself. Formerly the aim of the indifferent student was to do a moderate amount of prescribed work in a way to escape disgrace, and then, after the lapse of a fixed period of residence, to take the degree which was the certificate of such performance. In the desire to escape from that system we have run, or slid, into another equally dangerous, if more seductive. We now set before our youth the ideal of accomplishing so many "courses" in as little time as faculties can be persuaded into permitting. In place of units of time we now talk and think in units of acquirement vaguely supposed to correspond to units of instruction. The "course" has come to have an almost mystical meaning as a kind of mysterious entity independent alike of the quality of the man who "gives" it and of the kind of youth who "takes" it. We hear of "good" courses and "bad" courses, "hard" and "soft" courses, "big" courses and "small," until the college community comes almost to believe that these qualities attach in some occult fashion to a given presentation of a subject without special reference to the personality of the teacher.

"Counting courses" has come to be almost synonymous with getting an education. In many places the unit is deliberately made as small as possible. We began with courses representing several hours of classroom work per week through a year. Now a "course" may mean instruction covering a half or a quarter, or even an eighth of a year. Then we patch these odds and ends together and give a certificate that the youth has "done enough work" to entitle him to membership in the goodly company of educated men. All this degree giving rests upon a system of credits differing little from the method of reckoning piece-work in a factory. It has not greatly changed since the days of required studies. It does not vary essentially from the method used in grammar schools. It is a device unknown to the higher education of any other civilized country, and would be repudiated anywhere else as unthinkable, in connection with any intellectual ideal. Good teachers have fought against it. Faculties in their higher moments have tried to infuse into it some degree of reasonableness, to make it bear some relation to the intellectual life. But the business side of college administration has regularly defeated such effort, and we stand to-day in the grotesque position of trying to maintain ideals of study for study's sake and then dealing with our students on a commercial basis which makes it possible for them to win all the certificates of accomplishment without ever feeling for a moment the breath of the ideal

we would fain have them live and work by.

The remedy I propose is at one stroke to knock the bottom out of all attempts to get or to give something for nothing by giving up all credits on courses as such. It should not be possible for a student to ask "Is this course hard or easy?" Work is hard and loafing is easy, and such inquiries relate, not to the intrinsic difficulties of a subject, but solely to the point whether the given teacher will make it easy for the student to gain credit toward his degree. It is obvious that if no credits were given on courses such questions would disappear at once. In their place would come questions like this: "Is this course one that will best lead me toward the goal of learning I have set before myself?" "Is this course one that an educated man, such as I hope to become, ought to pursue?" "Will this course and that and the other, put together, make such a combination as a reasonable man would approve?"

Then, as the condition for a degree, we should provide in every department a series of graded tests, consisting of oral and written examinations at considerable intervals, and these should be *the only tests upon which credit should be given*. Under the term "examinations" should be included any form of test, such as extended theses, laboratory reports, drawings, charts, or whatever proof of the candidate's real accomplishment at the time may best serve as a basis for academic recognition. All these tests should be set by departments, not by individuals alone. The subjects of examination should not regularly correspond to any specified courses of instruction. The degree should be given in a subject or definite group of related subjects. For example, to win the degree, the candidate must have passed primary examinations in several subjects, thus securing a broad basis of general knowledge and an adequate preparation for further study. Then he must have passed a smaller number of secondary examinations in subjects, some of which will be in continuation of those pursued for the primaries. Finally, he must have passed one or two final examinations in subjects which he shall have carried from the beginning.

It will be seen that this scheme combines some of the advantages and avoids some of the dangers of the German, the English, and the American ideals. It retains the free choice of studies up to a certain point, where a moderate degree of specialization must come in. It frees the teacher from any direct personal responsibility for the standing of the student, but it does not, as in England, put him at the mercy of an examining board in which he has no part. As a member of the department he has a voice in determining the tests, while at the same time, he is subject to the wholesome correction of his immediate colleagues. The plan retains the American idea of reasonably frequent examinations and stages of advancement without the present evil of examination by courses. It opens up to faculties the opportunity of illustrating a broad, generous idea of a liberal education without the fatal scrappiness from which we at present suffer. The plan would not prevent any teacher from using any amount of tests which might seem to him useful for purposes of instruction or discipline; only, such examination would never be thought of as bearing directly upon the student's academic standing. No course would be "hard" because there would be no such thing as "passing in a course." No course would be "easy," because slackness in instruction would be followed by failure in the credit tests. The student would get out of a course much or little to help him in gaining the training which alone would enable him to pass successfully the stages leading toward his degree.

It is, of course, idle to imagine that under this or any other system, the deliberately useless student will be greatly improved. He will always spend what energy he has in devices to defeat the purposes of his own academic existence. Academic systems must be planned with no further reference to him than is necessary to keep him from blocking the ways and to save the college from stultifying itself by certifying to his accomplishment of work it knows he has not done. The worst evil of the present conditions is that they are teaching, not only the loafer, but the better man as well, to look to fictitious and immediate rewards, instead of working for more real and more remote attainment.

X.

Cambridge, March 18.

INTELLECTUAL DEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial of February 25 on "Making Scholarship Attractive" strikes undoubtedly at the root of the whole matter. There are, to be sure, in college too many "spoiled, lazy boys"; nor can any one rightfully look for a remedy until, as you suggest, "our colleges themselves firmly assert the authority of intellectual interests." And yet true as both these statements are, they are likely to remain unheeded, because they fail to meet specifically the world of complexity that lies below the surface of any large university. Rigorous reform will probably result not from broad generalizations, but rather from a careful analysis of the various attitudes toward the student held by instructors the land over—obviously a colossal task. The slightest step in this direction, however, would reveal an alarming array of men who in one way or another are essentially opposed to making on the student more than shockingly lax demands; nominally they may stand for high standards of scholarship, but they lapse variously into indulgence.

With one class of such men, as I have observed them in two or three universities, I wish here to deal, for though they are relatively few in number their influence is, I am sure, disproportionately harmful. These are they, strangely enough, who desire to make knowledge human and attractive for the student; to be not only teachers but friends too. These are they, also, who all too plainly wag the tail when some "rich parasite" in passing gives them a smile—usually an ulterior smile, looking for future favors. These are they who find it far easier to be friends with the rich than with the poor. With them the student of only ordinary circumstances, or less, gets a square deal; and the student of wealth and social position does not—he gets more. These are they who are indeed enthusiastic about this friendship game.

Truly, the little brothers of the rich on any faculty are a mighty foe to the traditional ideals of education. Instead of holding all students up to reputable work, they easily find reasons for making exceptions, being always scrupulously careful, however, to convince themselves by specious logic—even sophistry—that their reasons are cogent. It is largely due to the easing off processes of such men that an instructor is often confronted by a boy who refuses to buckle down to any prescribed task whatsoever—he has been led to believe that really to use his best intelligence on such a matter is bourgeois—or who essays without a blush to defend from a low mark a slovenly piece of his own handiwork, brain-work it is not. These men, too, are the kindergartners of the college, who maintain that a student, like a child, should be taught amusingly rather than by requiring him to give any severe attention. Whence, otherwise, those sullen, pampered faces which seem to say, on entering the classroom, "Well, now that you've got us here what are you going to do to make us happy?" All students deserve on occasions, of course, to be treated with the gentlest good humor; just as all students most of the time need fierce directness, if they are to grow. Teachers might well take the hint in this respect from the treatment accorded by coaches of athletic teams; the result would be more winning wits. The test should always be that a student is really applying his mind to the matter in hand. In this connection I recall the case of a boy who, when asked to write a composition embodying something learned in a college course, replied in a panic, "Oh, I couldn't." He was true to his word.

On the other side, let a good round note be blown for these very fellows whom men are trying to spoil. For experience convinces me that the majority of them, whenever they can break loose from the pamperer, really delight in mental competition—just as they do in competition at games—and in a rough encounter of intellects. They often have virile, revolutionary ideas which they wish to test on an older, maturer judgment; they ask for no quarter, they demand only fair play. How stupid, then, how criminal of an instructor, when approached in this way, to waste time by feeling flattered, or by surreptitiously shifting the conversation to the boy's prominent people! I remember once hearing a captain of a crew rebuke an instructor by saying meekly, "I can talk about something else than rowing." Boys of any brains, no matter what their social position, are, as a rule, I believe, bored by this sort of attention and at heart give more respect to the teacher who maintains in his relations with them a strict intellectual democracy, showing partiality neither to the grind nor to the more leisurely disposed, and who, above all else, recognizes and tries to stimulate any eager, active mind.

Intellectual democracy, that, it seems to me, should be the rigid ideal of every teacher. In the undergraduate body, of course, there will always be exclusive clubs and the condescension of the great man to the little man, as in society at large. But

in the attitude of the instructor what student really desires to see any respecting of persons! Surely, not until it is weeded out will our colleges discharge the magnificent duty with which they are entrusted—to guide youths during their most formative years; to give flexibility and reach to their imaginations; to grant them an opulent chance, which your young men should always have, to see visions; to encourage in them mental correctives for the rougher and readier standards of the world outside. Just so long as intellectual democracy continues to be vitiated in the manner I have cited, just so long will this duty remain unfulfilled, and just so long shall we observe rich men's sons learning, even at college, the shifty ways of unfair influence.

HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER.

Cambridge, Mass., March 12.

THE UNDERGRADUATE POINT OF VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial of February 25 on low standards of scholarship in the universities, the *Nation* laid a large part of the blame on the "benevolent gentlemen" whose easy courses are the sheltering fold of idlers.

While the existence of such professors and their damaging effect upon the students who elect their courses are not to be denied, yet it seems more likely that they are merely by-products of general conditions, rather than prime causes. Of course, they make it far easier for a determined loafer to keep his head above water for the specified four years, but it is too much to say that they produce loafers from new material, or that they exert any influence over those not idly inclined. If there were a general desire among the students to do effective and creditable work in college, and thereby prove their ability to do likewise in life, these kindly incompetents would lecture to empty seats, and their courses would die of malnutrition. They were called into being, and their continued existence is made possible by the presence of a large percentage of students who wish to coat themselves with the fashionable veneer of a college "education" with the least possible annoyance from such obsolete old fogies as Homer, Molière, or Newton.

The difficulty lies much deeper than the shortcomings of a few professors more charitable than wise, for it springs from the characteristic undergraduate point of view and standard of values. The ludicrous inaccuracy and distortion of student ideas of life and student judgment of men and things are perfectly well known, except in the one place, where such knowledge would be of use—among the students.

The undergraduate regards himself as a mature and important personage, who, for reasons of his own, has elected to live for a few years with some hundreds or thousands of personages almost as mature and important as himself, in a community where the conditions of life are as favorable as, and in some cases much more favorable than, those he has been accustomed to. The only drawback to this delightful scheme, with its great freedom from disciplinary restraint, lies in the fact that each of these communities is encumbered by a number of men, called the faculty, who are so far advanced in age, or so biassed in opinion, as to be utterly incapable of comprehending the ambitions of the full-blooded college man. As far as possible, the undergraduate ignores this superannuated body and applies himself with vigor and enthusiasm to the real affairs of life—the making of a team, the election to a club or fraternity, the acquisition of a reputation as a good fellow or a hard drinker, according to his tastes and talents—in short, to becoming a "big man" in some branch or other of the college activities. That expression "big man" nearly every one can remember having used at the boastful age when one dons his first trousers and scalps his sister's doll as a proof of manliness. "I'm not a baby, I'm a big man." Likewise, the undergraduate, "I'm not a callow boy with an unformed mind and a half-formed character, but I'm a big man with important matters on my mind."

Until the Almighty or President Wilson or somebody can make it plain to the student that what appears to be a big man from the campus point of view is really nothing but a small boy with an inflated ego, the "soft course" professor will still lecture to large and somnolent classes, and the undergraduate will continue to circulate noisily and violently in a sphere which approximates the mathematical definition of a point, "that which has position, but no magnitude." HERBERT JONES.

Princeton, N. J., March 10.

WORK FOR TARIFF REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After an interval of twelve years, Congress has met to revise the tariff. This rare occasion makes the opportunity for the most effective work of a decade by the Tariff Reform Committee of the Reform Club. The essential conditions surrounding the present revision are novel. For the first time we have a vigorous tariff reduction movement originated by Republicans and manufacturers, and spreading in the party of "protection." This movement, quite naturally, is not in accordance with our views in important particulars, and is apparently not yet strong enough to control the revision; but it makes a serious division among the protectionists. In this clash a great deal of damaging truth about "protection" can be brought out and used to widen the breach. This situation permits of forcing the discussion of the whole tariff question, in Congress and before the people, practically free from considerations of party. This, in itself, is a long step toward the just settlement of the question.

Moreover, the imperative need of a great and prompt increase in the revenue now compels the party of "protection" to recognize the insufficiency of any tariff, and to consider various plans for more direct taxation, as well as for increasing revenue by reduction in certain rates of duty. This makes the opportunity to show, in Congress and out, and likewise without partisanship, the advantages of more direct taxation over tariff taxation.

Under these exceptional circumstances this committee can accomplish, by reason of its experience and connections, and at comparatively small expense, a great deal toward the final breaking down of the protective system, by supplying the most effective facts, figures, arguments, and suggestions to members of Congress and newspapers. Persistent and intelligent work on our part now can accomplish in a few months results that ordinarily would be the work of years. We need at once several thousand dollars for carrying on the work which has been already begun. We can supply a large number of country newspapers with convicing information in the interest of the consumer, in plates which they are ready and willing to use, if we can meet the necessary expense, and we ought to carry on this service largely just now. We ask all interested, therefore, to send a liberal contribution, to the fund of the Tariff Reform Committee. Checks should be made payable to the order of Louis Windmuller, treasurer, Reform Club, No. 42 Broadway, New York.

BYRON W. HOLT, Chairman.

New York, March 18.

POSTPONING INAUGURAL CEREMONIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So far as I have observed, no mention has been made in your columns or elsewhere of a simple solution of the inauguration question. A Constitutional amendment for so small a matter as a date would be almost "much ado about nothing." And yet the people want their pageant: certainly the tradesmen and hotels in Washington would miss it sorely. Why not adopt your plan for your proposed change of date to January 1, without any change of date at all? The President-elect shall take the oath in the Senate chamber without ceremony on March 4; but inauguration day shall be fixed for the last Wednesday of April or the first Wednesday of May.

This plan would make our inauguration correspond to the coronation of all monarchical nations. The new President's address on taking the oath, if any be needed, would be to Congress only, and his fuller declaration to the people would come all the better after two months in office.

WOLCOTT CALKINS.

Newton, Mass., March 12.

Notes.

The University of Chicago announces the following books as in press: "The Cameralists," by Albion W. Small; "English Poems: The Elizabethan and Caroline Periods," edited by Walter C. Bronson; "The Wars of Religion in France: The Huguenots, Catherine de' Medici, and Philip the Second, 1559-76," by James Westfall Thompson; "Christ and the Eastern Soul," by Charles Cuthbert Hall; "The Teachings of Jesus about the Future," by Henry Burton Sharman; "The Development of the Idea of Atonement," by Ernest D. Burton, John M. P. Smith, and Gerald B. Smith; and "Studies in Galilee," by Ernest W. G. Masterman.

Sir Leslie Stephen was almost as well known for his walking feats as for his literature, and it is an odd fact that his mountaineering book on "The Playground of Europe" has never been published in this country. Putnams, the regular publishers of Stephen's other work, are now making good this deficiency.

The recent duel between Messrs. Lang and France will attract attention to the announcement that Prof. Charles Roessler has undertaken to publish by subscription "Jeanne d'Arc; Documentary Evidences of the Heroine and Christian Healer." His work, written in English, is based on investigation of the original documents and is said to throw new light on her story. His address is No. 30 Rue Le Marois, Auteuil, Paris.

A flood of light was thrown upon the history of Guiana—that vast country lying between the great rivers Amazon and Orinoco—by investigations made in connection with questions of boundary between Great Britain and Venezuela, and Great Britain and Brazil. In these papers Laurens Storm van Graavesende, the first Directeur-Général of the United Colonies of Demerara and Essequibo, loomed large. The letters of this old-time Kruger are soon to be published, in two volumes, by the Hakluyt Society, London. They will be edited by J. A. J. de Villiers of the British Museum, and C. A. Harris of the Colonial, both of whom rendered much help to the British government in the preparation of its cases for submission to the Arbitration Tribunal at Paris and to the King of Italy, respectively.

Published by Mitchell Hughes & Clarke of No. 140 Wardour Street, London, a magazine, *Caribbeana,* has recently appeared; future issues are to be made quarterly. The proprietor and editor is Vere Langford Oliver (a member of the West Indian branch of the New England family of the same name), who, a few years ago, published, in three volumes, a genealogical "History of the Isle of Antigua." While family pedigrees fill much space in this magazine, with extracts from registers of births, marriages, and deaths, and copies of monumental inscriptions, the editor proposes to include legends and folk-lore, grants of land, and other deeds, old letters, bookplates, engravings, and a miscellaneous collection of reliques. The name Washington frequently appears in the first number of *Caribbeana,* especially on page 10, but there is nothing to connect it with the Virginian branch. Thomas Washington of Nevis, whose will was proved in London in 1719, mentions "my brother Simon of County Westmoreland."

Harper & Bros. have a new edition of Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," giving the two volumes bound together. The paper is not all it should be, and the index is quite inadequate for a book abounding in striking opinions on a great variety of men and things. The advantage of the edition is an additional chapter at the end, containing Trevelyan's delightful disquisition on "Macaulay's Marginal Notes" published separately two years ago. Macaulay was one of the great readers to whom the margin of a book is as important as the letterpress, and to have his running comment on Shakespeare and Pope and Warburton and the classics is to be admitted into a curious intimacy with his ways of thinking.

An interesting contribution to our Revolutionary history has been made by a Harvard senior, Robert E. Peabody, in an account of the "Naval Career of Captain John Manley of Marblehead," published in the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute. Manley was the commander of one of the armed vessels which Washington sent out to intercept supplies for the British troops in Boston at the time of the siege. There has always been some doubt as to the status of these American vessels, whether they were privateers or "state cruisers." But original documents in the possession of the Beverly Historical Society show that "they were chartered at the Continental expense, but their captains were captains in the army of the United Colonies and their crews were soldiers from the army who still received their pay from the army paymaster." Manley's vessel was the Lee, a fishing schooner manned by fifty men from Col. John Glover's "Amphibious Regiment," so called because it was largely composed of fishermen and sailors. His greatest exploit was the capture of the Nancy with a cargo of military stores valued at £20,541. This prize was brought into Gloucester harbor on November 29, 1775, and on December 3 a long, heavily laden, flag-bedecked train of wagons bearing the cargo came rolling into the camp at Cambridge. An officer present writes:

> To crown the glorious scene there intervened one truly ludicrous, which was old Put [Gen. Putnam] mounted on the large mortar which was fixed in its bed for the occasion, with a bottle of rum in his hand, standing parson to christen, while godfather Mifflin gave it the name of "Congress."

Manley took many other prizes during the war, and at its close in 1783 he was cruising in the West Indies. Being pursued by four British frigates, he unfortunately ran ashore on a sandbar and the British opened a tremendous fire. "For two whole days the American vessel withstood and returned this cannonading," and on the third day Manley succeeded in floating his ship and escaping. He fired thirteen guns as a farewell defiance, probably the last gunshots of the war. Little has been written about this "father of our navy," and this account is largely the result of the examination of original documents, American archives, and contemporaneous newspapers.

The "Historical Catalogue of the Members of the First Baptist Church in Providence, Rhode Island," compiled and edited by the pastor emeritus, the Rev. Henry Melville King, with the aid of Charles Field Wilcox, is a volume of no little genealogical and biographical value. It lists and indexes over 4,000 names of persons who have been members of the church since 1775. There is also a brief outline of the history of this parish, which has played so large a part in the development of the Baptist denomination in America. The volume contains numerous pictures of the building itself, of the ministers, and of others who have been active in the work of the church. The printing has been done by F. H. Townsend, Providence.

"Germany in the Later Middle Ages (1200-1500)," by William Stubbs, edited by Arthur Hassall (Longmans, Green, & Co.), is a second and final instalment of Dr. Stubbs's lectures on the History of Germany in the Middle Ages. What we had to say about the first volume (*Nation,* October 22, 1908, p. 388) applies with little change to this. Mr. Hassall's preface, or rather advertisement, promises "immense pleasure" to all students of the middle ages from its perusal. If this promise is realized, we can only say that the English historical student is easily pleased. He will find here a bibliography of a dozen general and more or less relevant books, a rambling narrative of events, any amount of "character sketching," and very little else. From an author who is advertised as the English historian most "eminently qualified to undertake the task of describing the history of Germany, and indeed of Europe during this period of transition," we might at least expect some little account of the fundamental changes in the German Constitution which mark the period here treated. There is a shabby summary of the Golden Bull without explanations; but the Kurverein at Rense is not mentioned, the Sachsenspiegel is not referred to, and the whole epoch-making reign of Ludwig the Bavarian is dealt with on the basis of personal motive and with only the slightest indication of its constitutional importance. Worst of all, the really moving forces of German public life in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the immense development of cities, the expansion of trade, and the whole eastward movement of civilization in consequence are touched upon only by the way and without bringing out their organic value as factors in the national structure. Equally flimsy is the presentation of what Dr. Stubbs still calls the "reforms of Maximilian I." Except for one obscure sentence, the delighted English student would certainly be led to imagine that Maximilian was a popular leader in political reforms instead of being compelled, as he was, to grant these reforms as the price of men and money to carry out dynastic ambitions distinctly in opposition to German interests. Altogether, if we were compelled to choose, we should certainly prefer any one of several historical manuals to this "brilliant" presentation.

One is in doubt whether to treat P. F. William Ryan's "Queen Anne and Her Court" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) as history or fiction. The characters and events are historical, and the facts except in some minor points are correctly presented; but withal Mr. Ryan suffers his imagination to riot so luxuriantly in pallid cheeks, quivering eyelids, and palpitating hearts; he knows so precisely the inner feelings of every actor and the stage setting of every act, that one seems to be reading a novel, and no tame one at that. With this method, if it were artistically and frankly carried out, we should have no reason to quarrel; and with all his faults Mr. Ryan does succeed in giving life to the Queen and her courtiers. The scene at St. James's when Abigail Hill was married to Mr. Masham in Arbuthnot's chambers, and the scene at Kensington when the Duchess Sarah thrust herself upon the Queen while Prince George lay dying, are, for instance, effective bits of writing, in a genre midway between history and fiction. But for the most part Mr. Ryan's hysterical English and gushing sentimentality arouse a feeling of opposition in the reader's mind, and make the whole work seem more unreal than necessary.

"It is indeed strange," as Joseph Fort Newton remarks in his biography of "David Swing, Poet-Preacher" (Chicago: The Unity Publishing Company), "that so far there has been no adequate record of Swing's life, no serious appraisal of his ministry, no attempt to set him in due or-

der among our teachers of faith." He was not, perhaps, a fighter, but one cannot but commend the delicacy of his conscientious scruples. Convinced that he could no longer hold to the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, he refused to occupy an ambiguous position, to say one thing while he really meant another; and consequently he resigned. It is not without significance that Dr. Patton's victim was always spoken of as "Professor" Swing, a title which clung to him from his early connection with Miami College. His kinship was with Erasmus, not with John Knox. Mr. Newton has done well in recounting his life, with sympathetic portrayal of his intellectual qualities, but it is difficult to see how Mr. Newton can say that Mr. Swing "was a man of such high and tender humanity, of such unique and persuasive beauty of soul, of personality so opulent, engaging, and lovable, that one finds it difficult to form a deliberate and calm estimate of him." The portrait has been drawn with care, with intelligent analysis of its subject's mental and spiritual qualities, but affection and personal enthusiasm have often pushed the pencil.

Richard DeBarry's "The Land of Promise" (Longmans, Green & Co.) has for its sub-title the alluring phrase, "an account of the material and spiritual unity of America." Of all the recent writers who have committed to print their "impressions" of the United States, none, certainly, has outdone Mr. DeBarry in high-sounding rhetoric, or rushed with more breathless enthusiasm at the task, weakly imagined by some timid souls to be a rather serious one, of determining our exact place in the social, philosophical, and æsthetic universe. Of course, he saw Niagara, "a drama of that liquid cosmic energy which sculptures continents"; and Colorado, "a model of all the freedoms of humanity," whatever that may mean; and "the vast Western Shrine of the Infinitudes," commonly referred to as the Rocky Mountains; and New York, "the pictorialized embodiment of the newly intercommercialized mankind"; and Boston, dedicated to the "unique office of framing and fashioning the mythology of the present mind of America." Racing across the country from Chicago to San Francisco and back to New England, he casts sweeping glances at our valleys and plains, wonders at our newspapers, patronizes our schools and colleges, sniffs the faint aroma of our religions, admires our restless and masterful energy, apologizes for our political failings, and adores our women: in short, does all the things that a well-bred and ready-to-wear tourist is expected to do, and dresses it all up in catchy phrases and sententious generalizations that sparkle like the tinsel armor of the stage warrior. If there be among us any one so mean, so low, so debased as not to be vividly conscious every moment of his waking life that we are the greatest, busiest, finest, and most interesting people on the face of the earth, let him read Mr. De Barry's book.

"More Japonico: A Critique of the Effect of an Idea—Communityism—on the Life and History of a People," by James L. De Benneville (Yokohama: The Japan Gazette Press), represents one more of the many recent attempts at an interpretation of Japan. The author, a resident of the Far East, writes with a familiarity with conditions in Japan that gives no little weight to his statements. But that Japan shows an inherent propensity to extinguish the individual in the communal mass, is not altogether a new theory. In the incessant and carefully designed efforts of the Japanese authorities to repress individualism to the advantage of the family and the state, the writer sees the prolific source of many of the evils that retard the social and moral progress of the nation:

> The dangers of individualism are strenuously preached from every official pulpit. . . . There remain many prejudices in Japanese thinking. The greatest of these is the prejudice against the individual, still found among the mass of the Japanese. They can appreciate the material progress of Europe, without seeing that at the root of it lies Europe's individualism, and that their own history is stamped by the lack of it.

It is contended that the main differences between the East and West are accounted for by the "comparatively recent and greater plasticity" of the latter peoples, and by their "elastic use of the apparatus of thought." More explicitly the theory is that what one finds in the East is merely a distortion or stunting of a perfectly natural process which in the West has had free development for centuries. The Occidental is advised to bear in mind that in his contact with things Japanese he is being transported back to the England and France of the thirteenth century. The author of this volume seems convinced that the wisest course for Japan is to reverse her present drift toward communalism, and to encourage a wholesomely developed individualism capable of leading the nation to accept the highest to which human civilization has attained. He sees some hope of the triumph of this idea; but it is not very pronounced.

William Guild Howard's learned treatise entitled "Ut Pictura Poesis" (reprinted from the Publications of the Modern Language Association), reminds us how long the battle of the books has been raging over Horace's innocent dictum. The question as to the respective limits of the arts of the poet and the painter, handed down by Aristotle, occupied some of the greatest minds of the renaissance, and resulted in a bulky literature, dogmatic mostly rather than æsthetic, whose pretensions finally gave way to the logical processes of Winckelmann and Lessing. Nevertheless, as Mr. Howard points out, we get a better conception of "Laokoon" if we regard it as "the descendant of a long and not ignoble ancestry." It is the purpose of his historical investigation to show in detail how great is the indebtedness, alike of the artist and the art critic, to those who centuries ago, crude as were their theories, formulated practical rules long since adopted by masters in their respective crafts. Much of what, for instance, Leonardo da Vinci laid down in his "Libro di Pittura" as the result of his scientific study of painting, has remained common artistic property, though, as Mr. Howard says, poetry fares as ill in his remarkable parallel between the sister arts as does painting in Lessing's "Laokoon." Dante and Petrarch, with many lesser lights, confused the terms of poetry and painting, while Dryden's curious "Parallel," though without originality, loomed large as, in Saintsbury's language, "the first writing at any length by a very distinguished Englishman of letters on the subject of pictorial art."

In the eleventh volume of the Harvard Oriental Series, which has just appeared, Prof. C. R. Lanman has introduced a new feature which is likely to awaken the interest of Sanskrit scholars. By a free use of the *virāma* and other devices he has presented a text separated and subdivided into individual words easily distinguished by the eye, thus lightening materially the labor of interpretation. For beginners this is indubitably an excellent plan, and probably older Sanskritists will admit its utility, even if it is rather shocking to the reader accustomed to the long unhyphenated compounds of the ordinary text. A preface replete with instructive and amusing examples of texts not furnished with visible aids, even in English, beguiles the reader to give involuntary assent to the practical advantage of the new system. The work selected for this volume is the collection of Hindu tales known as the Panchatantra, in the *textus ornatior* of Pūrnabhadra, which appears here for the first time in the original, edited by Dr. Hertel, who some years ago discovered the oldest recension of the text, known as the Tantrākhyāyika. The arrangement of the "tale within a tale" is clearly indicated in this edition by different types and waving lines on the margin, so that the various stages of "emboxments" may be easily followed. No better book for arrangement and for matter could be chosen as a first Sanskrit reader. The fact that it gives a critical text for the first time makes the volume indispensable to the advanced scholar. The brief glossary at the end of the book supplements existing lexicons with a list of over a hundred rare or new words.

Of the articles which make up the last number of the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland (Vol. XLII, Fourth Series. Edinburgh: Neil & Co.) the most considerable are Fred. R. Coles's "Stone Circles in Perthshire—North Eastern Section" and the account by James E. Cree of a prehistoric kitchen-midden and superimposed mediæval stonefloor found at Tusculum, North Berwick. William Bannerman presents notes on the Newton Stone and the Ogham inscriptions of the Lunnasting and Golspie stones, and the Rev. Angus Mackay discusses "Sunderland and Caithness in Ancient Geography and Maps." Among the contributions on the mediæval and modern period, the most interesting are Lord Guthrie's "Mary Stuart and Roscoff"; "The Churchyards of Prestonpans," by Alan Reid; "Boyamund's Valuation of Ecclesiastical Benefices in the Archdeaconry of Lothian (1274-5)," by the Rt. Rev. John Dowden; "A French Mission to Scotland in 1543," by William Moir Bryce; and the Rev. James Hewson's "Bands or Covenants in Scotland, with a List of Extant Copies of the Scottish Covenants."

In "The Administration of Public Education in the United States" (The Macmillan Co.), Prof. Samuel T. Dutton and David Snedden of Columbia University have done a valuable piece of work; for they have shown the evolution of the organization of public education, its present condition, and

its tendencies. That public education has grown to enormous dimensions in the United States is revealed in the fact that more than one-fifth of all public expenditures during the year 1905-6 were for this purpose. Whether value commensurate with this great outlay shall be returned to the country depends no less upon an efficient and wise administration than upon a correct apprehension of the educational process. Indeed, it is probably true that the most important problems to be solved in increasing the efficiency of the schools are those of organization and administration. Hence, the scholarly and very comprehensive volume now before us is a distinct contribution to the literature of education; and it should aid further progress.

Two large volumes, "Moral Instruction and Training in Schools" (Longmans, Green, & Co.), present the result of an international inquiry set on foot in the autumn of 1906 by a number of persons interested in educational work in England. The inquiry itself was extended to the leading countries of Europe, the chief English colonies, Japan, and the United States; and these findings should focus attention upon the subject and obtain for it a more important place in the schools. For though there is no general agreement as to method, all who contribute to the report admit that the opportunities for moral education in the schools are not fully understood or utilized. On the side of moral training the factors of greatest influence are the personality of the teacher; the corporate life of the schools, its building and surroundings, its traditions, its discipline, its organized games; and the curriculum through which in part the personality of the teacher must make itself felt. These elements should be so organized as to develop more directly a good moral character. As to moral instruction—whether it should be direct or incidental, from what source its materials should be sought, whether or not it should have the sanction of religion—there are many opinions. Most observers in all the countries represented were, however, in accord as to the value of direct ethical instruction if given at the right time and in the right way. A necessary condition of success is agreed to be the preparation of the teacher for this most responsible phase of his work. The report is edited for the committee by M. E. Sadler.

"Memories of Brown: Traditions and Recollections Gathered from Many Sources" has been published in Providence by the *Brown Alumni Magazine* Company. The editors are Robert Perkins Brown, '71; Henry Robinson Palmer, '90; Harry Lyman Koopman, the university librarian; and Clarence Saunders Brigham, '99. The volume contains nearly five hundred pages, well indexed, and there are numerous illustrations. The interest of the book is primarily for graduates of Brown, for whom the personalia will have a significance that men of other colleges can hardly be expected to discover. Among the names in the list of contributors are those of the late Prof. Albert Harkness, George William Curtis (who never was graduated), President J. B. Angell of the University of Michigan, the late President E. H. Magill of Swarthmore, Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, President B. I. Wheeler of the University of California, and President Faunce.

It seems strange that there should have been no complete verse translation of Empedocles in English, but if we have waited for this work it has at last been well done by Dr. William Ellery Leonard ("The Fragments of Empedocles"; Chicago, The Open Court Publishing Co.). The full text is given with the translation, and a sufficient apparatus of notes explains the meaning of the more crabbed passages. In some of the most poetical lines Dr. Leonard has had to encounter the rivalry of Matthew Arnold in his "Empedocles," who was hampered by no such necessity of exactness as binds the present translator. Apart from any such unfair test as that, Dr. Leonard has succeeded admirably in reproducing something of the oracular tone and *sæva indignatio* of the great poet-philosopher. The second fragment may be taken as a fair example:

For narrow through their members scattered ways
Of knowing lie. And many a vile surprise
Blunts soul and keen desire. And having viewed
Their little share of life, with briefest fates,
Like smoke they are lifted up and flit away,
Believing only what each chances on,
Hither and thither driven; yet they boast
The larger vision of the whole and all.
But thuswise never shall these things be seen,
Never be heard by men, nor seized by mind;
And thou, since hither now withdrawn apart,
Shalt learn—no more than mortal ken may span.

We congratulate the author on accomplishing well a desirable piece of work.

Prof. Edmund Goetze of Dresden has found in the Frankfurt City Library ten specimens of Hans Sachs, which had been regarded as lost. Though mentioned in old bibliographies, they were not known to be in any public library. They consist of pieces printed in Nuremberg, two occupying only two pages each, and the other eight, in booklets of eight or ten pages, illustrated with wood cuts. Goetze will publish his finds in his twenty-six-volume edition of the works of Hans Sachs.

"Zeitiges und Streitiges: Briefe eines Schulmannes an eine Mutter," by Hugo Gruber (Leipzig: Dürr), is an interesting and instructive collection of essays on pedagogical problems, dealing largely with the education of girls and women.

The eleventh volume of the *Quellenbuch*, published by Felix Dahn, under the general title, Die Könige der Germanen, has now been issued (Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel), as "Die Burgunden." The special purpose of this series is indicated by the sub-title, "Das Wesen des ältesten Königtums der germanischen Stämme und seine Geschichte bis zur Auflösung des karolingischen Reiches." One more volume, on the Lombards, is announced to complete this set.

Vol. II of the "Geschichte des Frühjahrsfeldzuges 1813 und seine Vorgeschichte" (Berlin: E. S. Mittler & Sohn), by Lieutenant-General von Caemmerer, will be found helpful to students of the events of Napoleon's campaign from the end of April to the treaty of peace. There are fifteen sketches and three maps in the work, which is founded on material in government archives.

"Aus guter alter Zeit: Berliner Bilder und Erinnerungen," by Alexander Meyer (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt), is one of those charming little volumes of gossipy reminiscence which only an old soldier can produce, and which those whose lives reach back a few decades can best appreciate. Meyer was an *echter Berliner*, and knew the city long before it became a heap of enormous tenements and flats, with elevated and underground railways. A student of the old university, he has not only seen the changes in Berlin student life which shock the young *Kandidat* coming from the provinces, but he remembers Neander well, and talks of him as if he had met him but yesterday. The volume concludes with a number of reminiscences of Bismarck in his relation to Berlin, not the least amusing of which is the story of the Iron Chancellor entering a book store and promising the proprietor immunity if he would sell a caricature of him that the police had *strengst verboten!*

The newest addition to the series Der alte Orient is Dr. Otto Weber's "Eduard Glasers Forschungen in Südarabien," in which the archæological researches of this pioneer and pathfinder in South Arabia are instructively described. A good picture of Glaser accompanies the booklet (Leipzig: Hinrichs).

J. C. B. Mohr, Tübingen, announces an important publication in the new work of Prof. Hugo Gressmann, entitled "Altorientalische Texte und Bilder zum Alten Testament." It is the author's purpose, first, to give a purely objective and scientific presentation of all the extra-Biblical material needed for the interpretation of the Old Testament; and, secondly, by means of explanatory notes, to render this material intelligible to the reader. The texts, chiefly from Assyrian, Babylonian, and Egyptian sources, are translated.

Prof. Wilamowitz-Möllendorff has decided to devote the sum of money raised in honor of his sixtieth birthday to publishing editions of Basilius and Gregory of Nyssa. The work on the text will be done by Dr. Giorgio Pasquale of Rome.

Of the large and critical life of Jerome prepared by Prof. Georg Grützmacher of the University of Heidelberg, and published by Trowitzsch & Sohn, Berlin, under the title "Hieronymus: Eine biographische Studie zur alten Kirchengeschichte," the third volume, discussing the life, times, and writings of the great Latin church father from 400 to 420 A. D., has now appeared. In chronological matters the author agrees almost throughout with the recent work of Brochet, "St. Jérôme et ses ennemis." Very interesting are Professor Grützmacher's discussions of Jerome's commentaries on Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and the Apocalypse, as also the ample use made of the results of the research of Roman Catholic scholars. At least one more volume is to follow.

"Cavalleria e Umanesimo," the twentieth volume of the complete works of Giosuè Carducci, is announced by the publishers, Zanichelli of Bologna. Its contents, wholly reprints of magazine articles and introductions to volumes now out of print, treat of society and literature in the middle ages and renaissance. Its range may be inferred from the titles of its essays: "Gli Aleramici," "Galanterie cavalleresche del secolo XII e XIII," "La Poesia e l'Italia nella quarta crociata," "Della Eccrinidi

e dl Alberto Mussato," "Cino da Pistola ed altrl rimatori del secolo XIV," "Delle Poesie toscane dl Messer Angelo Poliziano."

William Wirt Howe, an eminent lawyer of New Orleans, and twice president of the American Bar Association, died March 17, at the age of seventy-six. Judge Howe had delivered lectures on law at Yale, Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania, and elsewhere. He was the author of a "Municipal History of New Orleans" and of "Studies in the Civil Law."

The Rev. John William Jones of Richmond, Va., a chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia during the war and chaplain-general of the United Confederate Veterans since the founding of that order, has died in his seventy-second year. He wrote a number of books from his recollection of war days, including: "Personal Reminiscences," "Anecdotes and Letters of R. E. Lee," "Army of Northern Virginia Memorial Volume," "Christ in the Camp," and "Jefferson Davis Memorial Volume."

A CLAIMANT TO THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

Thomas Pownall, M.P., F.R.S.; Governor of Massachusetts Bay, Author of the Letters of Junius. With a Supplement Comparing the Colonies of Kings George III and Edward VII. By Charles A. W. Pownall. London: Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles.

It was an excellent idea to bring forward a man who played an important, but almost forgotten, part in America during the Seven Years' War and in the Parliamentary battles against Bute and Grafton and North. Pownall was born in 1722, the younger son of John Pownall, who had a good estate at Saltfleetby on the Lincolnshire coast. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1743, and then went up to London to take advantage of the patronage of his elder brother who was Secretary of the Board of Trade and Plantations. He was thus early introduced into colonial affairs, and in 1753 came over to New York as secretary to Sir Danvers Osborne, the new Governor. He quickly made himself familiar with the political and material conditions prevailing here, penetrating shrewdly into the causes of discontent with the mother country, and foreseeing the nature of the conflict then imminent with the French. In his scheme for a general plan of operations, drawn up by special command of the Duke of Cumberland, he analyzes unerringly the difference in the attitude of the Indians towards the English and French. In 1756 he was back in London consulting with Pitt on the measures necessary for stopping the maladministration of the war. The next year he was gazetted "to be Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of Massachusetts Bay in New England, in the room of William Shirley, esq." His tenure of that office for three years is a part of American history. He returned to England in 1760; was appointed in 1761 First Commissary-General to the English-Hanoverian army, then serving under Prince Ferdinand against the French on the Rhine; entered Parliament in 1767, and served in the opposition for fourteen years without due reward. The close of his life was passed in the pleasant pursuits of antiquarianism. He died in 1805.

These events are related by the present Mr. Pownall, who belongs to a collateral branch of the family, with a knowledge based on a full study of the documents and of Gov. Pownall's published works. It must be added that he shows no special skill in the art of narration, and that he swells his book to an uncomfortable size by entirely unnecessary excursions into American history. Of the political comparison of his past hero with his present hero, Mr. Chamberlain, nothing need here be said.

To most readers the heart of the work will be in the two chapters which elaborate an old argument* to prove that Pownall wrote the "Letters of Junius." It may be admitted at once that the circumstantial evidence for this theory is curiously neat. We go with the author in never having been convinced that Sir Philip Francis was the man; we even think that he has not stated the case against Francis as strongly as it might be put. There are no doubt many coincidences that point to this authorship, and there is the testimony of Mr. Chabot, an expert, to the effect that the handwriting of Junius is that of Francis disguised.† One may be more skeptical of such testimony than is Mr. Pownall, who grants the point, and even if the hand was that of Francis, he may have acted as amanuensis for another than Gov. Pownall. Against Francis must be weighed the facts that he was a comparatively poor man when Woodfall offered Junius half the profits from the sale of the collected letters, that he was notoriously grasping in money matters, and was in no respect a man to refuse such an offer in the tone of proud independence. There is further the direct statement of Lord Shelburne, in 1805, that he knew "all about the writing and production of those letters," and that the grounds of secrecy were then "removed by death." Francis was living at this date, and, notwithstanding Lord Shelburne's character for assuming a mysterious omniscience, it is hard to believe he would have made such a statement without some acquaintance with the circumstances. Another argument can be drawn from the letters themselves. Though politically they agree with the opinions of Francis, they have all the tone, especially those of early date, of having proceeded from one of high social position rather than from a needy clerk in the War Office. It is clear, moreover, that their inspiration was not primarily political, but personal, and it does not appear that Francis had any cause for such rancorous hatred of Grafton, Granby, and Bedford as forms the chief animus of the correspondence. Nor is it conceivable that a man of the exorbitant vanity known to be characteristic of Francis would have failed to rivet his name to that of Junius by some definite posthumous testimony. That must be plain to any one who has read of Francis in such memoirs of the day as the recently published Journal of Lady Holland. His blustering denial of the connection at one time, together with his attempt to intimate his authorship to his wife without committing himself to a direct avowal, would be wholly within his character if he hankered after an honor which he was afraid boldly to assume.

Possibly this last argument has lost part of its force since Junius and his identity have ceased to be a stirring question. It is necessary to go back to the writers of the day and see how tremendously Junius loomed up as a power to be hated and feared and admired —to read, for example, Wraxall's account of the effect of the letters on the Duke of Grafton, who for several days after the appearance of the avenger's name in the *Public Advertiser* would be so disturbed as to be unfit for the work of his office; or to hear Burke in the House of Commons belittle himself and his friends as vermin beside this "mighty boar of the forest," whose attack upon the King made his "blood run cold." And the letters themselves, if one will go through them afresh, still have their power upon the mind, although King and court whom they attacked are now, like Junius himself, *nominis umbra.* They do not impress one exactly as the work of a specially trained writer in the ordinary sense of the word; when they abandon their cue of hatred they often fall pretty flat. One or two tricks of rhetoric they use with monotonous but deadly effect, chiefly that of ostensibly praising while really condemning. From this they change to a direct and malignant invective, which seems to flow from a sorely wounded and brooding heart. Above all, Junius had the art of moving the imagination by the cover of anonymity. "At present," he says in a private letter to Wilkes, "there is something oracular in the delivery of my opinions. I speak from a recess which no human curiosity can penetrate, and darkness, we are told, is one source of the sublime." It is this terror

**Junius Discovered.* By Frederick Griffin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1854.

†Given in *The Handwriting of Junius,* by the Hon. Edward Twistleton, London, 1871. Charles Chabot was the expert in the great Roupall and Tichborne trials.

of the unknown that speaks in his threat upon the Duke of Bedford:

> If, from the profoundest contempt, I should ever rise into anger, he should soon find that all I have already said of him was lenity and compassion.

It is the same terror that pervades his almost inhuman claim upon the future when torturing the Duke of Grafton:

> I would pursue him through life, and try the last exertion of my abilities to preserve the perishable infamy of his name, and make it immortal.

And it is that again which added to the shuddering indignation of his enemies when he coupled the tenure of his influence with that of the Bible.

In the end, we must look to the personality of Junius to discover the man, rather than to his political views, which may be attached to a number of different names. And it is just here that the attribution of the letters to Gov. Pownall quite fails. The politics of Junius may have been those of Pownall, there may be some curious circumstantial evidence to connect the two, but the disappointment of Pownall in his career is no adequate cause of such devouring personal bitterness. Nor does the known temperament of Pownall at all fit. In Massachusetts he was rather censured for the levity of his manners, and his many acknowledged writings show no mark of this inveterate malignancy. A comparison of his style, too, is against the theory. His biographer prints two extracts side by side to support his case:

JUNIUS.	POWNALL.
But it has pleased God to give us a Ministry and a Parliament who are neither to be persuaded by argument nor instructed by experience.	This corruption sunk to ignorance, and inspired with insolence, the nation and Providence gave it leaders and governors exactly suited to lead it to its just punishment.

The parallel is deadly. The slow style of Pownall is exactly not the language of Junius.

If a conjecture on our part—not a new one—will be tolerated, it is that the mighty boar is no other than Lord George Sackville. We cannot here go into all the details that lead us to this view; they may for the most part be found collected in George Coventry's "Critical Enquiry," published in 1825; they were no doubt also in the mind of Woodfall when he admitted that Sackville was the only person he had ever suspected. Briefly, however, it may be said that the political views and affiliations of Sackville are confirmatory. Though not a professional author, he was famed for his skill with the pen; his known letters are pointed; his speeches are described by contemporaries in language suitable to the writing of Junius. In particular, we would call attention to his extraordinary speech at the opening of Parliament in January, 1770, with its insistance on the rights of the people:

> The minds of the people are alarmed, and they have high expectations from the deliberations of this house. . . .
>
> Their all is at stake; they apprehend that is in danger, and therefore they have a right ["have a right" is a favorite phrase of Junius] to demand security. The powerful influence in this House is too visible. The people see it, and dread it. But a snare is now laid to involve our Sovereign in the gulph of his corrupt administration; to draw him in as a party. . . .
>
> But the people are in agitation throughout the whole British Empire. . . .

The tone is only heightened, not changed, in the famous letter to the King printed a few days previously, and the somewhat unusual emphasis on the word people points forcibly to the same use throughout the letters and to their brave Dedication to the English Nation.

The character of Sackville, as it may be read in contemporary records, suits better than that of any other of the high-placed politicians. His reserve and vigor created about him an atmosphere of suspicion. His motives for writing were such as would forever have prevented self-revelation. Nor is it easy, on any other ground than that of remorse, to account for his strange summoning of Mansfield just before his death and for the remarkable scene recorded by Richard Cumberland. "There was a death-like character in his countenance," writes Cumberland, "that visibly affected and disturbed Lord Mansfield, in a manner that I did not quite expect, for it [Mansfield's countenance] had more of horror in it than a firm man ought to have shewn, and less, perhaps, of other feelings, than a friend [he was not a friend], invited to a meeting of that nature, must have discovered, had he not been frightened from his propriety." Sackville, we read, apologized for any wrong he had done Mansfield in the past, and the great judge departed, as if eager to be released from a painful situation.

Above all, Sackville had such a motive for personal rancor against Grafton and Granby and the court as cannot be found in any other statesmen of the day. In 1758 he was appointed lieutenant-general of the British army and sworn as member of the Privy Council. He accompanied the Duke of Marlborough to Germany, and on the death of the Duke at Munster took command of the forces. The next year he was present at the battle of Minden fought by Prince Ferdinand. For reasons not necessary to consider here, he was charged with cowardice by the prince, and by Lieut.-Col. Fitzroy, brother to the Duke of Grafton, and his command was turned over to Lord Granby. He returned to England, demanded a court-martial which he obtained with difficulty, was pronounced guilty of disobedience and unfit to serve in any military capacity, and was forbidden the court. Besides this affair, there was with the house of Bedford a family quarrel arising out of the marriage of the Dutchess of Bedford's sister with Lord John Sackville. Junius hated Mansfield for the libel suit against Woodfall, and in December, 1770, Lord George Sackville delivered a speech on a motion to inquire into the administration of criminal justice, which treats Mansfield in a vein of sarcasm that is *aut Junius aut diabolus* —or both. But the charge of cowardice with its intolerable consequences, against which all regular appeal had failed, would be the chief motive of Lord George for assuming the rôle of concealed justice. For ten years, from 1759 to 1769, the bitterness of that disgrace rankled in his breast, and then prompted the blind and crushing blow, the more bewildering because the wrath of the personal avenger was disguised in the political rage of the nation. Seeing that long-delayed and fatal stroke, we think of the words of "Mnemon," presumably no other than Junius himself, in regard to the temper of the British people:

> Their slowness to passion has also another advantage. No wise man will lightly venture to do them a real injury. Their anger is not suddenly kindled, nor easily extinguished; it is dark and gloomy; it is nourished to a gigantic size and vigor, under a silent meditation on their wrongs, until at last it arrives at such a mature and steady vehemence, as becomes terrible indeed.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Story of Thyrza. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The distinction of Alice Brown's writing has always been preëminently its simplicity; and from that stronghold she has not departed in this book, despite the complexity of type that she portrays. An almost austere restraint of style gives the work a peculiar charm, especially shown in the figure of Barton Gorse, which is of singular beauty, and drawn with the delicacy of silverpoint. The story in itself is neither new nor pleasant; the impulsive visionary girl, "too avid of earth's bliss," and the unscrupulous youth, caught together in the hand of circumstance, and the long years of repentance and expiation, in which not even for the sake of her child will Thyrza shirk her punishment, but like that other whose story her own recalls, does much to rob her Scarlet Letter of its shame by the spirit in which she bears it. The interest of plot, however, is subordinated to that of the characters and their reaction upon one another. The situations are rich in suggestion beyond what is actually developed. The conflict of will between Thyrza and her son is the concrete representation of mysticism confronting

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pragmatism; and in the few pregnant pages that describe Thyrza's last vigil beside her one true and unselfish lover, we find in the wisdom that comes to him upon the threshold of death, what is unmistakably the author's own theory of the solvent that shall reconcile the best of both doctrines—the ministering love that walks upon the "paths above the paths."

Henry of Navarre. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This "Romance of August, 1572," is confined to the brief period between the entrance of the merry Gascon into Paris to claim his bride, and the dreadful night of St. Bartholomew. Henry of Navarre and his faithful follower, De Mouhy, enter the city unknown, and not yet expected, and overhear enough in the busy streets to make the King say:

> You see, my dear De Mouhy, I was not unwise in my fancy to learn something of how the wind blew in this dear Paris, before launching myself in the teeth of a gale.

The story closes with Henry and De Mouhy saved from death, and side by side with their respective lady-loves, watching the dawn of a new day from the windows of the Louvre.

The never-failing lure of an historical romance is a good deal like that of a play where there are employed "real" horses, "real" automobiles, "real" swimming tanks. Whether this is because of the innate love of truth in the human breast, we need not inquire. But the fact remains that, be the romance good, bad, or indifferent, it acquires dignity in the public eye from dealing with "real" names. The present one is much better than bad, and yet not conspicuously good, being constructed according to a thoroughly conventional pattern. One asks in the historic novel for something less sentimental in style than the inveterate commonplaces here congregated—the perpetual soft-white hands, the lustrous black hair cascading over the shoulders, the laughing gray eyes and smiling blue ones, and the incessant Béarnais smile, bringing together hooked nose and curling chin. In fine, for all the grim and gory topic, the manner is that of pink and white fiction. But the image of the time is vivid, and when all is said, an hour, even an undistinguished hour, in the presence of a colossal event, is better than many another thousand.

Catherine's Child. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Let it be said at the outset for the sake of the apprehensive reader that Mrs. de la Pasture has here curbed her instinct to marry her heroines to men old enough to be their grandfathers. Philippa's choice is merely old enough to have married her mother—barely twice her own age, in fact. Catherine, it will be recalled, made one of the grandfather-matches; and a singularly chilly old prig of a grandfather he was. Philippa, Catherine's child, is, barring her age and sex, just like him. It is, however, Philippa, not Catherine, that the very attractive David, with the usual fatuousness of the story-book lover, aspires to. As he is very much the kind of man Catherine herself should have been allowed to marry in the first place, one feels a little indignant that her creator should bring her so near a chance of happiness, and yet pass her by. But so it is: the chit of a daughter wins the prize, and sweet Catherine (one's indignation shows how real and engaging her sweetness is) is left in her early thirties to be housekeeper and grandmother for the rest of her life:

> The belief that belongs to youth, that life must be holding some definite prize in reserve—some wonderful happening that time will presently reveal—gradually died away, and she asked herself, "Is this all?" with the wistfulness of middle age; yet realizing her destiny at last, with a submission to Fate that held more of amusement than regret.

The old Lady Sarah, who will be recalled as the chief ornament of "Catherine of Calais," is still alive, still irrepressible and shocking to the younger and more proper generation. The terrible old lady seems to be a leading figure just now in our fiction. Lady Sarah has the full piquancy of the rôle. We doubtless enjoy as novel from her reverend lips much good-natured cynicism that would sound commonplace enough in the speech of a middle-aged man of the world; yet she has a savor of her own. There is in this book, besides, a delightful and touching fragment of a child's diary, which, like Lady Sarah's tirades, reassures one that, however this novelist's humor may lapse in the conduct of her love-affairs, it undoubtedly exists.

The Passing of the Third Floor Back. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The story in this collection which first draws the attention of the reader is naturally that which gives the volume its name. Dramatized, and staged more or less successfully by Forbes Robertson during the present London season, it attracted some comment by a supposed resemblance to "The Servant in the House." The angel whom Mrs. Pennycherry entertains unawares in her third floor back, is the incarnation of the Better Self from which each person who meets his eyes finds it impossible to escape. It is a fine conception, delicately handled, but it is easy to see how its subtle charm might be lost if expanded and fitted with dramatic machinery.

Two other stories in the book deserve more than passing notice—"The Philosopher's Joke" and "The Love of Ulrich Nebendahl"—both of which are good work in a different vein from that which has hitherto been associated with Mr. Jerome's name. "The Philosopher's Joke," a plunge into the occult, tells us that, were people given a chance to repeat their lives in the full consciousness of all to which their actions would lead, the old motives would still be strong enough to sway them in the face of foreknown disaster. The comforting conclusion is that the average man meets his problems as they come, to the best of his ability, and consequently, in retracing his steps, would find it inconsistent with his ideals of conduct to choose another course, even should expediency dictate such a change. The story of Ulrich Nebendahl, unable to give his whole heart to any woman, and finding his love at last in the village for which he sacrifices his life, strikes that chord of tenderness which Mr. Jerome has shown us by snatches in "Paul Kever."

The other stories of the book are of no especial distinction, but these that we have cited will suffice to endear it to those who have wished to go deeper than laughter with this modern master of fooling.

Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology. By S. Schechter. Pp. 384. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

Those who expect to find in this volume a broad, systematic, and exhaustive study of rabbinic theology—in other words, a formal work which shall discuss its origin and development on the plan of any elaborate treatise on Christian theology—will be disappointed. As the author modestly states in his preface, he aims at "no philosophical exposition of the body of doctrine of the synagogue," but merely at a presentation of rabbinic opinion on a number of theological topics. He has been careful, too, to avoid too much interpretation or paraphrase, with its obvious dangers, and prefers wisely to let the rabbis speak their own thoughts, gathered with tireless industry and scholarly exactness from a wide domain, and duly classified and arranged. He has written, then, a kind of source-book, whose preparation required no little sober discrimination, due as much to the immense mass of evidence that was to be examined and sifted as to frequent divergency or conflict of opinion, which often leaves in doubt what was the real authoritative doctrine of Israel. The difficulty is greatly increased by the fact that the literature under treatment stretches over such varied ages and climes. At times, too, it must be confessed, a rabbinical text is a cryptogram, and the riddle is hard to read, with a different meaning according to

the interpreter's point of view. To a task of this magnitude, the author, who for a few years has been president of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York, brings broad and thorough erudition, a certain enthusiasm for his subject which, while usually held in check, gives warmth and coloring to an otherwise sterile disquisition, and a style remarkably clear, compact, and pungent. What might become in the hands of one less admirably equipped a mere bundle of fragments, an encyclopædic epitome of opinions, of value purely for reference, receives here a fulness and completeness to render it a permanent and authoritative contribution in its field, where such workers as Dr. Schechter, who came to New York fresh from his triumphs in Cambridge, England, are deplorably rare.

The successive chapters treat, among other topics, God and the World; God and Israel; the Election of Israel; the Kingdom of God, invisible, universal, material; the Law; the Joy of the Law; Holiness and Goodness; Sin as Rebellion; Forgiveness and Reconciliation with God; Repentance and Means of Reconciliation. The author cites the opinions of the rabbis on these matters as they have been transmitted in Talmud, Midrash, literature, and liturgy; and with "the least modicum of interpretation or re-interpretation," shows that "they are equal to the highest aspiration of the religious man of various modes of thought." It is thus a forceful vindication of the essential humanity of the rabbinical schools, all of whose elaborateness and pedantry could not destroy, and did not aim at supplanting, but at reinforcing, the moral and ethical beauty of psalmist and prophet who constructed the main trunk line of Jewish thought. A rigid critic might dispute whether scattered individual opinions, of the early rabbis at least, can be rightly called theology, which to-day is more of an exact science. One, too, would like to know more distinctly the extent of rabbinic indebtedness to non-Jewish sources along the lines under treatment. There is ample material for an additional volume which the author indicates his desire to write. The value of the book is enhanced by a full and exhaustive index, prepared by Miss Henrietta Szold. Both the cultivated general reader and the theologian will find the work enlightening in a surprising degree.

Die Engländer in Indien: Reiseeindrücke. Von Graf Hans von Koenigsmarck. Berlin: Allgemeiner Verein für deutsche Literatur.

From the title, perhaps, one might be led to think that Count von Koenigsmarck had given us a record of English possession and rule in India, with some reflections on the wisdom and results of the policy there. The book, however, is rather the summing up of what the author saw of English and native social life during a tour of India when he was repeatedly the guest of Englishmen in high station, and, through them, of native nobility. Criticism there is, to be sure, but it is almost always sympathetic and friendly, as when he praises the English wife, and especially the English woman long associated with Indian service, who, standing by her husband to the last, bears all the inconveniences of travel and the evil effects of climate and plague, in order to cheer and support him whom she promised to love and obey. Here and there, in an amusing anecdote or two, the German Count appears to have received a somewhat less favorable impression of a few *Amerikanerinnen*, who were clearly masters of their husbands; but, of course, these were "typical Western millionaires," flitting across India. As a true German, the Count draws a line, in his admiration of the English, at their cooking. "Pepper and Worcestershire sauce," he says, "are relied upon to make up all other deficiencies in the meal." Such a detail as this, however, is quickly forgotten in the charming atmosphere of the Anglo-Indian home, where the best of English virtues are more zealously preserved because of the vast distance between the mother country and the new domicile. One thing that impressed the German favorably was the religious freedom granted by the English to natives, and it is evident that the author regards the rule or management of India by English of the present day as, in general, on a high and liberal plane. He praises, also, English gardening and forestry and what it has done for India. In various cities, Count von Koenigsmarck came across colonies of his countrymen, doing well in their energetic pushing of German industrial projects which, "thanks to the enterprise of his Majesty, the German Emperor, have become widely and favorably known throughout India."

The most timely chapter in the book, and one that has some added significance as coming from a German, is that devoted to "young India," a "people who, whether Mohammedan, Hindu, or Parsee, have studied at English universities, mastered the languages and science of the Western world, travelled in Europe and America, take to the baths every year at Homburg or Carlsbad, and who can accomplish all that the Occident demands of them." Gone are the days when the white race may rule India at the cost of the native, or coop up the native in foul and inferior quarters: the vast change that has taken place is in no way better shown than in the occupation to-day by wealthy natives of the finest sites and best residences in Indian cities. The native enjoys the protection of the English rule, without half the care or responsibility, and in the end remains, to the core, a native, determined more and more on Home Rule. In the meantime, the Englishman, having given the best years of his life to bringing order out of chaos there, wanders home, broken in health, to die a premature death from work and worry.

By way of summary, we may say that the author is a good traveller, who sees, remembers, and reproduces, giving many interesting "snap-shots" rather than lengthy descriptions. The volume contains thirty-four engravings and a map.

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy. By Wallace Irwin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Irwin deserves the credit of returning at an opportune moment to a vehicle of satire utilized nearly two hundred years ago by Montesquieu, some years later by Goldsmith, and very recently by G. Lowes Dickinson. There is an irresistible piquancy in Oriental comment upon Occidental civilization, whether made by a Persian in Paris, a Chinese in London, or a Japanese in San Francisco. Mr. Irwin has made one important modification in this satirical genre: Montesquieu's Persian wrote excellent French, and Goldsmith's Chinese, as well as Mr. Dickinson's, wrote excellent English, while Mr. Irwin's epistolographer is capable of only an extremely sophisticated Anglo-Japanese. This innovation, natural enough in our cosmopolitan society, has had two not altogether happy effects: It has caused the author to indulge in some rather far-fetched "pigeon-Englishing" for the sake of those whose lungs are tickled o' the sere, and it has partly concealed numerous diffuse and pointless passages produced when the author's inspiration was low. In general, the schoolboy falls somewhat short of the shrewd and trenchant intelligence displayed by his compatriot, Mr. Dunne's Irish-American. In some of the later letters the Oriental point of view is quite lost sight of, and the poor Japanese becomes the medium of a mere professional jester. The series starts, however, with the recent race riots in California and British Columbia, where the schoolboy's comment is really pertinent:

> During my residence in Hospital to enjoy brick-bat wound sent there by Labouring Union, I give some large quantities of thought-attention to future life. What business would be swiftest for making success of it? Waiting on table-board of Mrs. O'Brien, honorable lady, is repulsive to proud Japanese Boy any more do. Which would be better for me: To learn to be Christian Missionary or to study for book-keeping and stenography? Both ways lead to good jobs. My cousin Nogi, who return from British Columbia leaving front teeth

with English friends there, say, "Missionary jobs are no longer needed for Japan, because our dear country already have rapid fire fleet . . . sufficient to make all Japanese Christians."

In something like this vein the comment spreads out over race questions, labor questions, sports, fashions, Polar expeditions, Presidential elections, and the rest. For rapid or intermittent reading, it is not a bad book; it will add to the wholesome laughter of the passing hour.

Science.

"Times of Sunrise and Sunset in the United States," by Prof. Robert W. Willson, is a little book published by the Harvard Coöperative Society, Cambridge. The problem of working out the times of sunrise and sunset is a fairly complex one. The almanacs usually give them for some central latitude, but their figures are quite in error when applied to places north or south of the assumed place. Furthermore, these figures are usually in local time, and, as one rarely knows the longitude of his own residence place, they are of small value to the ordinary seeker for exact information. Professor Willson has given by means of carefully computed diagrams the times of sunrise and sunset for the whole of the United States at intervals of eight days throughout the year. By a simple interpolation the reader may get in standard time, to the nearest one or two minutes, the hour of sunrise or sunset for any part of the United States and for any day of the year. The tables are convenient and practical.

"Das Pferd und seine Geschichte," by Wilhelm Böische, the second volume of his well-known "Tierbuch," traces the evolution of the horse from his wild state until subdued by the Arabians. (Berlin: Georg Sondé.)

The great interest shown by Germans in the problem of conquering the air, by one form or another of airship, is evident from the almost daily publication of book or brochure on the subject. The last work to appear is from Dr. R. Wegner von Dallwitz, "Hilfsbuch für den Luftschiff- und Flugmaschinenbau" (Rostock-i.-M.: C. J. E. Volckmann). The forty-four illustrations are designed as practical helps to those wishing to try for themselves the building of an airship.

William Henry Wahl, for more than twenty-five years secretary of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, died in that city March 23, at the age of sixty. He was born in Philadelphia, was graduated from Dickinson College, and later took the doctor's degree at Heidelberg. Returning to America, he taught science in the Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia, and later at the Central High School there. He had been editor of the Philadelphia *Polytechnic Review*, associate editor of the New York *Engineering and Mining Journal*, editor of the New York *Manufacturer and Builder*, and of the *Journal* of the Franklin Institute. Among his writings are "Galvanoplastic Manipulations" (1883), "Technochemical Receipt Book" (with W. T. Brannt, 1885), "Handbook of Assaying" (translated, with additions, from the German), Vol. V of the "Iconographic Encyclopædia" (treating the constructive arts, 1893), "Historical Sketch of the Franklin Institute" (1894), and "Report on Petroleums, as to Their Safety and Danger."

Drama.

Griselda. By Gerbert Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer.

The nineteenth play by the author of "Die versunkene Glocke" is a great advance over its predecessor, "Kaiser Karls Geisel," and is likely to meet with more popular favor than the fairy-tale, "Und Pippa tanzt." "Griselda," presenting some twenty-two persons, as contrasted with half a dozen in the "Friedens Fest," was staged simultaneously at Berlin and Vienna on March 6, and was, in general, warmly received. If in Vienna especially the audience held its breath for a while, doubting whether to applaud, the coolness was probably due to Hauptmann's boldness of speech rather than to any lameness in the early action. This extreme frankness of utterance eclipses anything found in Hauptmann before.

As in "Florian Geyer" and "Kaiser Karls Geisel," Hauptmann sometimes turns to German history and tradition, and "Griselda" is founded on the old story of Griseldis, a poor farmer's daughter, whose husband, a count, having chosen her for her exceptional beauty, puts her devotion to the test by depriving her of her children, and finally sending her back home. At last, when she has borne every trial and indignity patiently, the noble count takes her back. This material Hauptmann transforms and remodels so that but little suggestion of the traditional Griseldis is left. He brings before us Markgraf Ulrich, a roystering, untamed heir, and the buxom peasant girl, with whom Ulrich is fascinated at first sight. His decision to marry her follows the attempt of his kin to make him take to wife a lady of the court. Thus far the figures are neither of wood nor of straw, but warm-blooded, if not always warm-hearted, creatures. Griselda's sudden transformation, however, in the fourth scene, at the wedding, from a peasant girl to a court lady, is fanciful rather than possible; and Ulrich's change of mien, implying an inner regeneration, is a little too celestial. In portraying Griselda as a meek, suffering wife, looking forward to motherhood and doubting the love and fidelity of her husband, Hauptmann holds somewhat to the ancient tradition; but he changes the motive of the count in removing the baby from the mother's reach, in that Ulrich is depicted as so passionately in love with his wife that, from jealousy alone, he cannot bear to think that even the newborn child may come between him and the object of his affection. So, too, Ulrich does not drive Griselda from home, but, with soul aflame, she leaves the castle of her own accord and returns, in her peasant dress, to her parents' cottage. An impelling love for her child, however, draws her back, but only as a scrubwoman, to clean the steps of her palace. It is at this moment that her lost child comes into her arms, from a passing nurse, and in her hour of joy, Ulrich reappears, to be told by her, in answer to his question as to what he must do to atone, that he should love her, but less passionately.

In the scenes which exhibit persons in the higher walks of life, Hauptmann is less individual and forcible, but in the farmyard of the poor old Helmbrechts, the author of "Die Weber" is at his very best. Nowhere is his language more poetic. The colloquies between the aged parents of Griselda and the visit of the affectionate and bent old man to the bedroom of his daughter, to bring in some magic ointments prepared by the thoughtful Mutter Helmbrecht, show Hauptmann at his highest. The play is marked also by veins of humor.

When all has been said in its praise, however, it remains that "Griselda" is not equal to "Die versunkene Glocke," and probably not equal to "Hannele." But at least Hauptmann has not experienced the failure of "Florian Geyer" or stopped at the height attained in "Kaiser Karls Geisel."

"The Taming of a Shrew," the old play from which Shakespeare drew the plot of "The Shrew," has been reprinted several times before. The advantages of the new reprint in the Shakespeare Library (Duffield & Co.) are the neat and handy form of the book, the division of the play into acts, and the modernizing of the spelling. In other words, it is issued so as to attract the general reader as well as the special student of Elizabethan drama. The editor, F. S. Boas, furnishes a satisfactory introduction, in which he discredits the attribution of the play to Marlowe, Kyd, Greene, or (a theory revived by Prof. Courthope in his "History of English Poetry") Shakespeare. The usual appendixes follow the text, including a list of the extraordinary plagiarisms from Marlowe. The nature of these alone would disprove the Shakespearean authorship of the play, for our Stratford poet was not in the habit of spoiling what he borrowed.

Another volume in the Shakespeare Library presents a more complicated problem. "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" is one of the three plays whose plots Shakespeare seems to have invented himself; yet even here, as may be seen in Frank Sidgwick's compilation of "Sources and Analogues," the material was taken in free-handed manner. In his introductory study of the sources, Mr. Sidgwick considers separately the main or sentimental plot of the four lovers, the grotesque plot with

the interlude of "Pyramus and Thisbe," and the fairy plot. The discussion is excellent, although here and there, for example in the pages on fairy-lore, some of the material may seem too elementary for the scholar, and some of it too minute for the layman. The actual sources reprinted are Golding's translation (1575) of the story of "Pyramus and Thisbe" in Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; "Robin Good-fellow," from Collier's edition for the Percy Society in 1841; "The Romance of Thomas of Erceldoune," chiefly from the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral Library; selections from Scot's "Discovery of Witchcraft"; "Strange Farlies [marvels]," from Thomas Churchyard's "Handful of Gladsome Verses" (1592); "The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Good-fellow," from a black-letter broadside of the seventeenth century; with extracts from Ben Jonson, Drayton, and others.

Dr. Willibald Klatt is the author of a work on Molière's relation to the pastoral drama: "Molières Beziehungen zum Hirtendrama. Mit einer Vorstudie: Haupttypen der Hirtendichtung von Molière" (Berlin: Mayer & Müller).

Frank Wedekind, an aggressive and tenacious personality, has succeeded in finding a following in Germany, and has attracted the attention of French critics. After his repulsive "Musik," in which he presented with unnecessary brutality the unscrupulous licentiousness of a vocal teacher and the incredible weakness of a girl-student, he condensed into one act the tragedy of the poet and his muse, "Zensur: Theodizee." His latest play, however, "Oaha" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is a picture of life in the editorial world of a German magazine, so full of allusions to the *Simplizissimus* as to be barely comprehensible to the general reader.

There is one thing to be said about "An Englishman's Home," the play by Major Guy Du Maurier, which has been the cause of so much military hysteria in England, and which was produced in the Criterion Theatre on Monday evening, and that is, that, whatever may be thought of its motive or its logic, it is a mighty effective piece of work of its kind. Moreover, it is a veritable drama, admirably constructed in accordance with classic principles, and with a strict observance of the unities. The whole story is unfolded in action, the catastrophe is the legitimate result of the premises, and there is the closest correlation between incident and character. And, in addition to all this, the dialogue, although utterly devoid of literary pretence, and often studiously silly, is uncommonly good, because of its verity, its conciseness, its satirical significance, and its perfect appropriateness. Technically it is an astonishingly well made piece for a first effort, and incomparably superior in all dramatic essentials to the "Trilby" which made the fortune of the author's father. Regarded as a recruiting document and as a plea for the organization of a citizen soldiery for home defence—without reference to the vexed question of the likelihood or practicability of the imaginary invasion—and as a bit of fierce social satire in the mood of Kipling's muddied oafs and flannelled fools, it is a striking achievement. Of course it is flavored strongly with the professional contempt of the trained for the amateur soldier, but those who are familiar with the quality of the ordinary British volunteer in the rural districts will realize that the picture drawn of the local Essex forces, if somewhat exaggerated, is by no means destitute of truth. If it be once granted that a sudden invasion of Great Britain is possible, the picture of fussy and comical incompetence, with all its disastrous consequences, becomes plausible enough. But the real sting of the piece lies in its merciless ridicule of that section of the vast middle class of the British population, the great body of smaller commercial men, shopkeepers, clerks, mechanics, and idle youth of all kinds, having no sense of social, individual, or national responsibilities, or much interest in anything except the music hall, the football field, and prize contests in the yellow journals. There is so much bitter and wholesome truth in all of this that the play acquires a special significance wholly apart from its merely military sensations. It is not difficult, after seeing it, to understand the stir it made in London, but it by no means follows that it will attract as much attention here, where it has no local application. The American audience laughed at the exhibition of incapacity which would have made most Englishmen grind their teeth. But the piece is good entertainment, taken simply as realistic melodrama. It is pleasant to think that in the original form Major Du Maurier brought it artistically to a tragic end. The present boastful finish is not only idiotic in itself, but makes nonsense of the whole representation. In this city there is absolutely no excuse for it.

E. H. Sothern will begin his engagement at Daly's Theatre in this city, April 29, with a revival of "Richelieu." He will also be seen in "Hamlet," "Lord Dundreary," and "If I Were King."

There seems to be no doubt of the fine quality of John Galsworthy's play, "Strife," which has just been produced in London. It is a story of a fierce fight between capital and labor; of a strike in which the employers on the one hand and the men on the other are prevented from making mutual concessions by the unrelenting obstinacy of their respective leaders. Incidentally, the sufferings of the innocent wives and children of the idle workmen are set forth in a series of realistic pictures which are said to be of almost harrowing pathos. An especially strong impression was made by Norman McKinnel in the character of the rigid old capitalist, John Anthony.

Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton produced their new play, "Count Hannibal," at Bristol, England, last week. The adaptation of Stanley J. Weyman's novel has been done by Mr. Asche himself, with the assistance of Norreys Connell. Mr. Asche appeared as Count Hannibal Travannes, and Miss Brayton as the fair Huguenot, Clotilde.

A. E. W. Mason, who is better known in America as a novelist than as a playwright, has written a new comedy of modern life called "Colonel Smith," which has been accepted by George Alexander for production in London. Mr. Alexander will play the principal male part, with Miss Irene Vanbrugh as the heroine.

Beerbohm Tree will produce "The School for Scandal" in London April 10. He himself will play Sir Peter Teazle, Edward Terry will be the Crabtree, Henry Neville the Sir Oliver, Lionel Brough the Moses, Robert Loraine the Charles Surface, and Basil Gill the Joseph. For the part of Lady Sneerwell, Miss Ellis Jeffreys has been engaged, and Miss Marie Lohr will represent Lady Teazle.

F. R. Benson's company, in England, has sustained a severe loss in the death of George R. Weir, the oldest and one of the ablest members of the organization. He was born of Scotch and Welsh parents in Glasgow, and began his stage career with Barry Sullivan. For twenty-six years he undertook all the leading comic rôles in the Benson company's productions, such as Stephano in "The Tempest," Sir Toby Belch, Autolycus, the First Gravedigger, and the Fool in "King Lear."

Music.

The Peasant Songs of Great Russia. By Eugenie Lineff. London: David Nutt.

Hopi Songs. By Benjamin Ives Gilman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

In the opinion of Eugenie Lineff, the chief strength of the modern Russian music which at present plays so important a part in the concert halls of two continents, lies in this: that it reflects the life of the people collectively, the masses having helped in creating this music. In other words, the Russian composers, from Glinka, the creator of national opera, through Dargomijsky, Borodin, Seroff, and others, to Rimsky-Korsakoff and Tchaikovsky, wrote works which are full of the echoes of popular melodies. These melodies have been frequently collected and printed in a more or less—generally less—satisfactory manner, and they are frequently sung in Russian music halls and sometimes in ours. Some years ago, when Eugenie Lineff gave some "lecture-concerts" in this country, she was frequently asked whether her company sang "genuine folk-songs." She could only reply that they sang according to the best existing collections; but on her return to Russia she determined to make a thorough study of the originals, with the aid of a phonograph. She soon discovered that the collections she had followed were frequently misleading, the songs having been noted down by ear, a process particularly untrustworthy in the case of the Russian songs that are sung in two, three, or four parts. She compares the recording of a song by phonograph to the kinematographic process, and asserts that the twenty-three songs printed in her volume are the first record of Russian peasant tunes made in this manner. In transcribing them from phonograph to piano some of the exactness of the phonograph had to be sacrificed because the piano has only the "tempered" intervals; but in other respects, apart from tone color, these part songs are as sung by the people—

at times, for the singers incessantly vary them in accent and other details in accordance with the district, village, street, and the inspiration of the moment; for these performations are largely improvisations. There are also chapters on the singers of these songs and on the tonality and musical scales. The second half of the volume, containing the musical illustrations, is printed in the Russian language; but, fortunately, the Russians use the same musical notation that we do.

If the tonality, the modes, and scales of the older Russian folksongs present puzzles to our ears, far more does the American Indian music of which Mr. Gilman presents specimens in his volume on Hopi songs, which completes an inquiry into Pueblo music begun in 1891 with a study of Zuñi melodies. The records upon which these investigations are based were obtained in Arizona by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, now of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, at the time in charge of the Hemenway Southwestern Expedition. He first applied the phonograph to the preservation and study of aboriginal folklore. To the lay mind nothing seems simpler than the taking of such phonograph records, but these pages show that the securing of exactness requires the most exacting investigation and adjustment. These records show not only how Indians make music, they show music itself in the making. In his treatise on Zuñi melodies the author called them examples of a music without scale. "In this archaic stage of the art," he says, "scales are not formed, but forming." For this novel view he now has sought confirmation in the performances of Hopi singers, which, in his opinion, strengthen the belief that aboriginal American music "is a type apart, whose essential remoteness from the music of Europe and Asia may be symbolized, as it doubtless was conditioned, by the physical isolation of the Americas. . . . The hearer seems witness to a wholly strange method of musical thought and delivery."

Not only is this Indian music apparently without scale, but it is otherwise characterized by the freedom which the white race personifies in the Indian. No metes and bounds to invention manifest themselves; such exactness as the music possesses does not lie in the individual intervals, and the melodies may apparently be altered by every performer:

> The song is no fixed scheme in the singer's mind, but a composite memory of many free renditions, as a folk-tale in the mind of the narrator, minute exactness alternating with wide latitude in the recital.

Of particular interest is what Mr. Gilman has to say about "mutation" in this music; that is, a partial change in the pitch of repeated phrases. While having points of resemblance to both discord and modulation, mutation is a different means of musical effect from those upon which our music is largely based. There are several kinds of mutation (see pp. 17 and 217), and with their aid the Indian singer can produce changes of mood comparable to those we attain by passing from the gay major to the sad minor mode. One of the tunes recorded in this volume makes up "a dialogue of moods like Tennyson's 'Two Voices.'" Here is a new thought for our white composers of red music! But they had better make haste, or Debussy will hear of this and get ahead of them by writing an aboriginal American opera. It is just in his line.

When Verdi, at the age of eighty, launched a new opera, all the world marvelled at the feat. Musicians extolled the exquisite style of this "Falstaff," but after the first curiosity had been gratified the opera was neglected and all efforts to revive it and make it a regular part of the repertory have failed everywhere. In this city it was sung three times in 1894-5 and three times the following season. Then it was shelved till last Saturday, when it was revived at the Metropolitan under Mr. Toscanini and with an excellent cast. The attitude of the audience indicated that again it will not survive three performances. There is much in the score to interest musicians, but what the public wants in an opera is melody, and melody even Verdi was unable to create at the age of eighty.

Wassily Safonoff's successful activity at the head of the New York Philharmonic Society, extending over a period of six seasons, will come to an end with the concerts to be given on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week at Carnegie Hall. Out of compliment to the nationality of the conductor, a programme consisting wholly of the music of Tchaikovsky has been arranged. The "Pathétique" Symphony, "Italian Caprice," "Elegy" on string orchestra from the Serenade in C major, and "Slavic March" are the selections. It was the "Pathétique" Symphony with which Mr. Safonoff, at his first appearance with the Philharmonic Society, at once established himself a favorite with the New York public, and it has ever since remained his strongest and most impressive interpretation.

Isaac van Vleck Flagler, organist and composer, died at Auburn, N. Y., March 16, at the age of sixty-one. Among the collections of pieces he composed and edited are: "Five New Collections of Organ Music," "Organists' Treasury," "New Collection of Choir Music," "New Era of Song," and "Songs of Praise and Devotion."

Frederick H. Pease, for many years director of the music department of the State Normal College at Ypsilanti, Mich., died March 22, at the age of sixty-nine. He was born in Farmington, O., and, after study in both America and Europe, he came to Ypsilanti as teacher in 1863. He was author of a number of music books, among them "Pease's Singing Book," "Choral Instruction Course," and "Choral Song Book." He also composed a number of pieces of church music.

Art.

A SHOW OF FAIR WOMEN.

LONDON, March 10.

The International Society, having hit upon a name for a show that draws the public and still admits of interesting work, seems unwilling to give it up, and again this winter, for the second exhibition at the new gallery, has arranged a collection of Fair Women. Place has been found not only for pictures of distinction and of use to the student, but for pictures of either hopeless commonplace or of no use to anybody except the lover of the sensational. Though many contemporary portraits might have been left out to the advantage of the exhibition as a whole, they at least help to emphasize the difference between the methods of the artist who thinks only of the quality of the portrait he is painting, and the methods of the painter who is preoccupied with the effect to be produced on the walls of a gallery. When you see the affectations and poses of the men who struggle for recognition to-day, you realize the dignity and reticence of the men who were looked upon as the independents of the older generation and who were condemned as eccentric.

In point of time, the collection goes back to the eighteenth century. Reynolds and Gainsborough may not rank with the greatest masters of all, but they were far more than manufacturers, and the two pictures by which each is now represented are among their most characteristic. Reynolds painted few portraits with greater life and charm than the well-known Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire and Child; Gainsborough painted few of more subtle truth and sympathy than his Mrs. Elliott. It is a pleasure to see these again, but in the present series they are of less immediate interest than work of a later date for the simple reason that they have had little influence on the art of to-day. An occasional modern painter in England may have gone back to the eighteenth century; but Courbet, Whistler, and Manet are the artists who, of all others, have had the most vital influence on modern art. By the time that Courbet had become a force in the Paris schools and studios, the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England was on the wane; but this movement was the English outcome of the same defiance of convention and academic ideals that made of Courbet a leader. The exhibition contains, however, little more than reminders of the Brotherhood: studies in pastel for his pictures by Ford Madox Brown; water color, pencil, pen-and-ink drawings by Rossetti; Venus's Mirror by Burne-Jones, a sad and dreary picture as one sees it now. Of the Pre-Raphaelite Millais, there is nothing ex-

cept his Eve of St. Agnes, though what it is doing in a collection of Fair Women, it is hard to say. His few portraits of a later period, though of no great importance, are painted with a knowledge and a freshness that make many near canvases look muddy and fumbling, while in one, the portrait of his daughter, there is a bunch of flowers so delicate and subtle in handling that, by comparison, the more ambitious details of other painters seem vulgar and crude. For Millais was accomplished technically, if he often fell away from his own high standard. Studies by Leighton, careful but uninspired, early portraits by Watts, of Lady Holland and Ellen Terry as a girl, complete the work of any note by British artists of their generation. It has so little in common with anything else in the gallery that you might think it was there solely to prove how slight was its effect upon the art of England or the art of the world.

It is another thing with the contemporaries of these men in France, who also believed in the return to nature which the Pre-Raphaelites preached, but did not know how to practise. Courbet stood in no need of Primitives, or of anybody, to show him the way to nature. He used his own eyes and would have been the last to content himself by substituting a new convention for an old. Only one of his pictures is exhibited, Jeunes Fille cueillant des fleures, but in it you have an example of pure realism, of nature studied for herself, and you find that robust quality which only this intimate, intelligent study of nature will give. The young girl is solidly and vigorously painted, but she stands to one side as if trying to efface herself, and not distract attention from the mass—the avalanche—of flowers filling the rest of the canvas, put down in all their delicacy and fragility of form, in all their vividness and tenderness of color, but with a breadth that shames the tedious little photographic details of the Pre-Raphaelites. This is really a study of nature, not an inventory; and though the picture is not so typical of Courbet as some of his more famous canvases, it explains what "going to nature" and "realism" meant to the school of which he was the prophet.

A Whistler hangs beside the Courbet, and a second fills a centre in the same gallery. This is the Symphony in White No. III, too often seen of recent years to need description. It has artistic interest, apart from its own beauty, as the first picture he exhibited as a Symphony, and marks, therefore, his complete emancipation from Courbet. The other Whistler is The Gold Girl, the portrait of Connie Gilchrist, who, with her skipping rope, was a music-hall celebrity. I have never thought it one of Whistler's finest compositions, and it was never quite finished. The difficulties for a painter, so dependent on his model, were great, for he wanted to show the dancer in the art of skipping, and succeeded really only in rendering arrested movement. But the lines of the lithe girlish figure are of the utmost grace, the folds of the curtain behind her carry out most wonderfully the curves of the rope, while the golds of this curtain and the girl's dress, just broken by the effective little touches of red in the handles of the rope, make as beautiful a harmony as he ever created. There is, however, a heaviness in the background, which, together with the failure to suggest action in the figure, just keeps it from being the masterpiece it ought to be. But both these pictures explain the aims and achievement of the painter who was destined to be a stronger influence during the last half-century even than Courbet.

There is only one Manet, the portrait of his mother, a half-length, not exhibited, I am told, since 1867. It is an extraordinary performance, a piece of realism if there ever was one. The mother, elderly but not yet old, is sitting, her hands in her lap. She wears black, her hair is black, and is arranged in tight puffs on either side of her face in the fashion for elderly ladies of her day, and over it is the black cap the Frenchwoman of her age and class is still so likely to wear. Her face is plain, the eyes prominent, the beginning of a black moustache on the upper lip. Thus she was seen in life, thus you see her on canvas, and by the sheer strength of the realism and the vigor of the painting, she is so alive, so abounding in vitality and character, that the near portraits fade into phantoms. She has the supreme beauty of ugliness that you find in some Rembrandts—not a Fair, but a Real, Woman, whom you would not exchange for a whole gallery full of modern attempts at prettiness or eccentricity.

I dwell upon these three men because there is no question to me that they have had more effect upon art than any artists of the last century.

In the Sculpture Hall, space has been made for a fine show of Alfred Gilbert's work. The collection is representative, including some of his most distinguished portrait busts, statuettes, part of the tomb for the Duke of Clarence, jewelry, and official badges, chains, and seals. In fact, an excellent opportunity is given for the study of the work of the most distinguished English sculptor. The effort has also been made to get together a characteristic collection of the work of Charles Conder, who died shortly before the show opened. Conder had a charming decorative sense within certain limits. He could decorate a fan delightfully, his silk panels were dainty, he painted shawls, even dresses with a graceful gaiety. But his charm was chiefly in his color and in the quality he got from the silk upon which so much of his work was done. But most of the pictures now exhibited are of figure subjects and reveal his weakness as a draughtsman, especially when he attempted to draw or paint the nude.

N. N.

The Ways and Means Committee would have found it hard to explain any smaller liberality than has been displayed in revising the art tariff. Against the present virtually prohibitive tax, every hand has been turned save only that of the Philistine who believes that every expensive thing is a luxury, and therefore ought to be discouraged. Travel and wider familiarity with the great public and private collections of our own country have taught Americans the use of beautiful things and broken the older backwoods philosophy of art, which fitted so neatly into the Republican scheme of protection. We may now hope to be enriched by the wonderful treasures of the eye which Mr. Morgan and other connoisseurs have stored up in Europe. But even if the greatest American collections abroad are not brought in, tourists will increase their purchases, and art dealers' imports will increase. Only in modern works will the inflowing current continue to flow shallow, unless Congress yet sees the absurdity of taxing contemporary foreign artists in the hope of aiding home talent.

Ralph Nevill's "French Prints of the Elghteenth Century" (The Macmillan Co.) is a good elementary handbook of the subject and something better; for it is agreeably written and contains much of anecdotal interest. A plea for the work of the *école galante* is really needed in English. Lady Dilke did much to reveal the essential seriousness of this apparently frivolous art, but the average Briton, or, for that matter, American, finds it hard to overcome certain racial misgivings. It is not that the Briton objects to the occasional naughtiness of the French designers (he gladly collects far naughtier prints made in England), but he is morally perturbed before a naughtiness that presents itself with such charm and taste. As a matter of fact, the austere collector may readily enough ignore that minority of salacious subjects, and find an enjoyment both keen and innocent in the delightful invention and workmanship of the rest. To depict the society of the waning *ancien régime* the engravers provided a peculiarly appropriate technique—an engraving first fully executed in etching, and always preserving the freshness and informality of the sketch. Then the color printers devised difficult methods to reproduce the gouaches of Lavreince and others. In comparison with the French color printing, that of England is puerile. Only that of Japan surpasses it. To all these matters Mr. Nevill is a cicerone, both competent and vivacious. He provides, beside a text of a very informatory sort, a select catalogue of the more important prints, including summary notices as to states, sale prices, etc. Fifty plates add to the usefulness of the book. We could wish that more attention had been paid to the book illustrators, Gravelot, Marillier, and others. From poor or imperfect copies of eighteenth century books, prints quite as meritorious as those

in Mr. Nevill's catalogue may be rescued. But perhaps he assumes that collectors of this thrifty sort need no advice of his. It is well perhaps that we remind ourselves of the secondary character of these charming prints, taking them only for what they are. When we wish to grasp the quintessential spirit of eighteenth century France —to feel the fantastic delicacy of its gallantry, the convinced audacity of its wantonness, the serenity of a domestic life persisting nevertheless—we must go beyond the prints to the painting of Watteau. Fragonard, and Chardin. As historical documents, true records of the semblance of the times, the prints are of unique importance. No race or period has left a more vivid picture of its walk and conversation.

Of the excellent collection of works of sacred art published by the Catholic house of J. J. Kösel of Munich and Kempten, under the general title Ars Sacra: Blätter heiliger Kunst, a second set has now appeared, called "Gleichnisse des Herrn" (the first series bears the title "Vom Erlöser"). The new collection brings twenty illustrations of Parables of Christ—reproductions, the earliest going back to the catacombs of Rome, but only five antedating the year 1800. German, Dutch, and English painters are represented.

According to the reports that are already coming in from various excavators, the exploring season in Egypt promises to be as successful as heretofore. At Karnak, M. Legrain is continuing his work of restoration on the great hypostyle hall of Rameses II. It is noteworthy that in effecting this work M. Legrain has employed the same methods as the original builders, the fallen pillars having been gradually raised to their positions by inclined planes of earth. He has also discovered to the north of the temple a prehistoric cemetery, from which interesting finds are expected. Theodore M. Davis is continuing his work at the Bibân el Moluk, or Valley of the Kings, where he has discovered another tomb, presumably of a king or other royal personage. At Abydos the work for the Egyptian Exploration Fund is going on; the excavators have paid a visit to a predynastic cemetery at Mahasna, and have unearthed there more than sixty untouched burials, which have yielded a rich harvest of predynastic ivories, pottery with painted and sculptured figures of animals, stone and ivory mace-heads, and an incised figure of a lion strongly resembling the prehistoric paintings found at Brassempouy, Mas d'Azil, and elsewhere. At Abydos excavations have also been begun on the Omm el-Gaab, or Tombs of the Kings of the first dynasty. They have already yielded some seals—which form additional proof for the identification of King Den with the so-called Marneit—and have laid bare two roads bordered with pottery. Near by, Prof. John Garstang of Liverpool University has opened, on the road leading past the village of El Arabat, a series of tombs which appear to belong to the fifth or sixth dynasty, and which exhibit an interesting mode of burial. The skeleton is found lying on its back with the legs crossed, in the remains of a wooden coffin, on the middle of the lid of which was placed a large inverted shallow pot or pan of red polished ware and of beautiful workmanship. The coffin also usually contained a copper mirror, pots, and alabaster vases, and in one instance a great quantity of small copper implements. The women seem to have been buried in the same way as the men. None of the bones show any signs of mummification. No inscribed objects have as yet been found. Professor Garstang has also obtained, in the so-called "Fort" at Shuneh, many jar-sealings of King Khasekhmui, a king of the second dynasty, and has discovered a tomb with an inscribed door frame and a table of offerings, the former dating from the twelfth dynasty.

At a meeting of the British School, held at Athens in February, Mr. Wace gave an account of the excavations undertaken on the prehistoric site on the hill of Zerella, near Almyros, in Thessaly. Remains have been found there of eight successive cities, of which the first seven belong to the stone age. A chronologically complete series of pottery could be traced among the remains. The most ancient layers yielded a plentiful supply of decorated red-on-white ware; the later strata are distinguished by the superior workmanship of the axe-heads and stone implements. From the thickness of the deposits and from other indications it seems probable that the stone age in northern Greece lasted until a comparatively late period, and that the bronze age came in at a much later date than it did in the Ægean.

At the second general meeting of the Hellenic Society, in London, P. N. Ure read a report on recent excavations in the ancient cemetery, at Rhitsona, in Boeotia, a site which has been identified with Mycalessus. A large number of graves have been examined which yielded a rich harvest of vases and figurines belonging mostly to the sixth century B. C. Though other wares, such as "Proto-Corinthian," Corinthian, and Geometric, were also represented, the large majority were in the Boeotian geometric style. Of special interest was the discovery of a Naucratite vase.

The second International Archæological Congress will be opened at Cairo on April 10. There will be six sections: (1) Preclassic: The Ægean and Mycenean civilizations; (2) Classic: Greek and Roman archæology and epigraphy; (3) Papyrology: Manuscripts of classical authors, etc.; (4) Religious archæology: Greek and Roman religion; (5) Byzantine archæology; (6) Numismatology and geography. Special attention will be paid throughout to the relations of Egypt with Greece and Rome.

After the fading of Sorolla's sunlight in the Hispanic Museum, any paintings shown there could not but appear pale; and this is the first inevitable impression made by the 38 pictures by Ignacio Zuloaga, who follows his fellow-Spaniard. His work is of an entirely different order, in both theme and technique, yet powerful in its way. Almost all these canvases are of the nature of portraits, and Zuloaga keeps to the grand artistic canons of Spain in seeking his subjects on every hand—gypsies, bullfighters, actors, dwarfs, hags, peasant women, and great ladies. Everybody is paintable to him. His leaning, however, seems to be to the eccentric, or the actually repulsive. Deformity, oddity, lined and weazened visages tempt him often. This makes it possible to produce his bold strokes and strong effects, as in the wrinkled old actor, Zambilli, or the extraordinarily vigorous Sorceresses of San Millán—a masterly, but depressing canvas—but it does not yield the surest proof of his being a really great portraitist. Even his young women usually have unpleasing features, and one is left wondering if he could paint a really beautiful woman, or the soft contours and delicate coloring of a child. The nearest answer which the exhibition gives is in the Mlle. Bréval as Carmen, in which the costume and light are brilliantly handled; yet all doubt is not solved. But these pictures leave no doubt that Zuloaga deserves his fame as a remarkable artist, the inheritor and continuer of the noble tradition of El Greco, Velázquez, and Goya. Neither so extensive nor so overwhelming as the "one-man show" of Sorolla, this second collection of contemporary Spanish paintings now brought to the notice of Americans by grace of Archer M. Huntington and the trustees of the Hispanic Museum, is one proof more how far Spain is from being, where Lord Salisbury incontinently put her, among "the dying nations."

Prints by Bohemian artists of to-day will be shown at the Lenox Library till March 31. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings and etchings by Augustus Koopman, at Cottier & Co.'s, March 31; figure subjects by American painters, Macbeth's, April 1; sketches and studies, Frank Fowler, Powell's, April 3; annual exhibition of the "Ten American Painters," Montross's, April 7.

A number of pictures of the James A. Garland collection were sold at auction at the American Art Galleries in this city March 20. The more important prices were the following: Millet, A Shepherdess, $11,300; T. Rousseau, La Ferme, $1,700; Daubigny, Morning on the Marne, $14,000; Diaz, L' Ile d'Amour, $5,200; J. Dupré, Cattle and Pool, $8,000; Corot, Le Pâtre, $15,900.

Alfred Cornelius Howland, who died at Pasadena, Cal., March 17, at the age of seventy-one, was a New York artist and member of the National Academy of Design. He was born in Walpole, N. H. After graduating from the academy at Walpole, he studied art in this country and abroad, at Düsseldorf and at Paris. He became an associate of the Academy in 1872 and a member in 1882.

Charles M. Kurtz, director of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, died in that city March 21, at the age of fifty-four. He had been a member of the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and for nine years editor of the *National Academy Notes*. He was a director of the art department of the Southern Exposition in Louisville, assistant chief of the department of fine arts of the World's Fair at Chicago, assistant director of fine arts for the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition in 1900, and assistant chief of the department of art, Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Alfred-Nicolas Normand, the famous French architect, doyen of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, has died at the age of eighty-six. His most important works were the Hôtel Pompéien in the Avenue Montaigne (1865, now no longer in existence), the reconstruction of the Vendôme Column after the Commune, and the Hôpital de Saint-Germain-en-Laye.

The death is announced in his seventy-first year of the well-known contributor to the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* and *L'Illustration,* Alfred de Lostalot de Bachoué. He also wrote a number of books, including "Les Arts au bois," "La Peinture française," and "Procédés de gravure."

Finance.

LONDON'S GOLD RESERVE.

On January 14, when money was especially easy on all the principal markets of the world, the Bank of England took the seemingly paradoxical step of raising its official discount rate from 2½ per cent., at which it had stood during the eight preceding months, to 3 per cent. The reason was not that demand for money had substantially increased at London, but that the bank was losing gold from its own reserve, in larger quantities than it liked. Most of this gold had gone to Paris. Though London had sent to the French market, during the full year 1906, only $6,000,000 more gold than it had received from Paris, and though the net shipment of 1907 had been only $10,000,000, the English market's loss on French account, in 1908, was no less than $112,000,000. Moreover, the outflow had been increasing with the opening of 1909. During the four months up to the middle of January, all of the $51,000,000 gold received by London from its Transvaal mines had been at once reshipped to Paris.

The causes of this persistent movement were complex. It has been variously ascribed to the large foreign indebtedness incurred by England during the Boer war of 1899-1902; to the unfavorable influence, on a great manufacturing state, of the high price of imported raw materials; and, by some London bankers, to the fact that reduction in the Bank of England rate to 2½ per cent. in 1908, when the Bank of France maintained its former 3 per cent. level, had placed London at a disadvantage. Whatever the cause or causes, the result had been that, while the three state banks of France, Germany, and Russia had added, all told, $300,000,000 to their gold reserves in the twelve months before the middle of last January—the Bank of France alone having gained $172,000,000—the Bank of England's gold reserve, on January 14, stood $20,000,000 below that of a year before. The Bank of France, the Bank of Germany, and most of the other great banking institutions of the world, including the New York Associated Banks, held at the time the largest stock of gold in their history; the Bank of England held $90,000,000 less than in 1896.

The effect of the Bank of England's higher rate was immediate. All gold arrivals from South Africa thenceforward went automatically into the English bank; and there followed moderate shipments of gold from Paris to London. During the two months after the bank rate advance of January 14, the Bank of England gold reserve increased $31,500,000. In the four past weeks, the French bank has lost $9,000,000 gold and the English bank has gained $10,000,000.

A week ago, gold exports began from New York to London; the interesting fact about that movement being that, except for a moderate $4,000,000 shipment early in 1907, our market had sent virtually no gold at all to London since 1900, although we had sent to France, in the same period, $232,000,000 and to Germany $47,000,000. We had imported gold heavily at intervals in the same period, but most of it—notably our enormous engagements in the panic months—came from London.

With the arrival of the first consignment of our gold at London came, last week, another turn in the situation. During the three or four years past, English bankers have been busy discussing whether the gold reserve underlying the credit structure of London ought not somehow to be increased. The discussions developed varied plans. Some bankers proposed that the government itself should accumulate a stock of gold; others, that the Bank of England should no longer be allowed, as at present, to have £18,450,000 notes outstanding against government securities, but should be required to substitute gold; still others, that the joint-stock banks, which at present keep their reserves in the Bank of England, should take measures to keep reserves in their own vaults. Three weeks ago, a committee of the London Chamber of Commerce reported on the question, but guardedly and vaguely. Last week, it was learned that a large joint-stock bank, the London City and Midland, had taken into its own vaults $1,500,000 gold arrived from New York city—the first recorded instance when any home institution but the Bank of England has taken imported gold for such purposes. More of our gold is expected to be transmitted to the same institution.

It may be asked why London is worrying over its gold reserve. Chiefly for the reason already shown; that, alone among all great banks, its stock in vault is actually less to-day, with all the increasing world's production, than it was in 1896; largely because of nervous irritation over such episodes as New York's "raid" on the London gold reserve in the panic of 1907, and the constant drain to France in 1908; partly because of doubt as to what would be done in case of war. People used to talk of the "war chests" in the Banks of France and Germany. An eminent English economist once said that, if England were involved in a serious international conflict, the Bank of England would stop gold payments, and the government take possession of its gold.

The curious part of the problem is, that nobody has suggested doubts as to the wisdom of the great joint-stock banks going virtually without a reserve in their own vaults. The 40 to 50 per cent. reserve in the Bank of England, where their reserves are kept, largely explains this view of things; the conservative methods of London banking afford another explanation. Possibly, however, the joint-stock banks themselves are now looking a little further forward.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics. Book Six. Translated by L. H. G. Greenwood. Putnam.

Aristotle's Rhetoric: A Translation by Richard Claverhouse Jebb. Edited by John Edwin Sandys. Putnam.

Beethoven's Letters. A Critical Edition with Explanatory Notes by A. C. Kalischer. Translated by J. S. Shedlock. Dutton. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

Cabell, James Branch. The Cords of Vanity. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.

Child Workers of the Nation. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Coast and Geodetic Survey. Principal Facts of the Earth's Magnetism. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Cook, Stanley A. The Religion of Ancient Palestine in the Second Millennium, B. C. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Cowen, Benjamin Rush. Abraham Lincoln: An Appreciation. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. $1 net.

Cowen, Joseph. Speeches on the Near Eastern Question: Foreign and Imperial Affairs: And on the British Empire. Edited by his daughter. Longmans, Green.

Deming, Horace E. The Government of American Cities: A Program of Democracy. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Egan, Maurice Francis. The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis. Century. $1.50.

Elson, Robert. The Magnate. Brentano's. $1.50.

Encyclopédie scientifique. Le Commerce et les commerçants. Par Yves Guyot. Paris: O. Doin.

Espronceda's Blanca de Borbon. Edited by Philip H. Churchman. New York.

Forsslund, Louise. Old Lady Number 31. Century.

George Washington: Statement of Richard Parkinson. Lord Baltimore Press.

Givens, Robert T. Has It Ever Occurred to You? Givens & Bailey.

Harland, Henry. The Royal End: A Romance. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Financial.

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Hatfield, Henry Rand. Modern Accounting: Its Principles and Some of Its Problems Appleton. $1.75 net.
Jacob, Violet. Irresolute Catherine. Doubleday, Page.
Karadja, Princess. Towards the Light: A Mystic Poem. Dodd, Mead, 50 cents net.
Kenealy, Arabella. The Whips of Time. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Five Nations. Doubleday, Page.
Kirkham, Stanton Davis. Mexican Trails: A Record of Travel in Mexico, 1904-07. Putnam.
Klein, Charles. The Music Master. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Labor and Wages. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.
Lane, Elinor Macartney. Katrine. Harper. $1.50.
Lane, J. Russell. The House Between the Trees. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Lynch, Lawrence L. The Sealed Verdict, or By Whose Hand? Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.
Macdonough, Michael. Irish Life and Character. Thomas Whittaker. $1.50 net
Munro, William Bennett. The Government of European Cities. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Noot, J. Lady Dean's Daughter; or, The Confessions of a Dying Woman. Cochrane Publishing Co.
Nyst, Ray. La Caverne. London: David Nutt.
Otis, Willlam Bradley. American Verse, 1625-1807. Moffat, Yard.
Parodi, D. Traditionalisme et démocratie. Paris: Armand Colin.
Pages cholsies des grands écrlvains. Fontenelle. Paris: Armand Colin.
Peck, Ellen M. H. Travels in the Far East. Thomas Y. Crowell.
Reinach, Salomon. Orpheus: Histoire Générale des rellgions. Parls: Alclde Picard.
Sangster, Margaret E. Happy School Days. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.25.
Seton, Ernest Thompson. The Biography of a Silver-Fox, or Domino Reynard of Goldur Town. Century. $1.50.
Slack, S. B. Early Christianity. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Spanish Anecdotes. Arranged by W. F. Giese and C. D. Cool. Boston: D. C. Heath. 60 cents.
Spoth, John Charles. A Knight in Homespun. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Thomas, Rowland. The Little Gods : A Masque of the Far East. Boston: Little Brown.
Tolman, William H. Social Engineering: A Record of Things Done by American Industrialists. McGraw Publishing Co.
Vance, Louis Joseph. The Bronze Bell. Dodd, Mead, $1.50.
Völuspa: Done into English out of the Icelandic of the Elder Edda by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. London: David Nutt.
Waters, Robert. Culture by Self-Help in a Literary, an Academic or an Oratorical Career. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1909.

The Week.

President Taft, according to the reports from Washington, is opposed to tariff duties on the "necessaries of life"; and with good reason for the taxes on necessaries are what make tariff bills odious. But the question as to what are the necessaries is not easy to determine. Tea and coffee may fairly be classed under that head. The case for stockings and gloves is not quite so clear; indeed, the argument that high-priced stockings and gloves are luxuries is not without force. The members from the rural districts can dwell with much unction on the virtues of the simple, strong, and perhaps homely materials worn by the hard-working wife of the hard-working farmer. Why should the daughter of a Wall Street millionaire not pay a heavy tax if she insists on the finest glove instead of the far warmer and more substantial buckskin mitten? A number of members are urging that the internal revenue tax on beer shall be doubled. Within a year both England and Germany have undertaken to derive more revenue from this source, but have discovered a general feeling that beer is a necessary. In this country, we are confident, the tax on alcoholic drinks would meet with less opposition. Probably the people as a whole would not object to seeing the tax as heavy as the traffic will bear.

For a party so seemingly habituated to anarchy and dissension, the Democrats at Washington are taking their latest split rather bitterly. Regulars and insurgents, when they meet, snarl at each other. Several fist-fights have been narrowly averted. Old friendships have been broken. Irate Congressmen bid one another go to places where the tariff on wool is not an issue of primary interest. The gods that hate traitors, quitters, and mugwumps are being assiduously invoked. The question is, how much of this righteous indignation is sincere, how much is put on for the purpose of giving the people at home shattering proof of the indignant member's own regularity? There are diplomatic enmities, just as there are diplomatic friendships. Have there not been statesmen who have hewn and stabbed lustily and then written letters saying, "My dear Jones, when can you come up here to lunch with me?"

In Gov. Hughes's speech at Buffalo, explaining and urging his primary bill, the arguments are admirably marshalled and the presentation of details is lucid and cogent. The proposed law, like all such measures, is so long and complex that few voters will read through the draft of the act itself; but the Governor's six reasons for believing in direct nominations are statements of principles which every one may grasp:

First—Because the party voters constitute the party and are entitled to select its candidates.

Second—Because it makes much more difficult the selfish control of party machinery.

Third—Because in this way, the sentiment of the party is directly expressed and is not left to be interpreted by those who will ignore it, so far as they dare, in order to achieve their own personal ends.

Fourth—Because the candidate will owe his nomination directly to the party voters and will feel a corresponding responsibility and enjoy a corresponding independence.

Fifth—Because elected officers will have an opportunity to appeal directly to their constituents and will not be forced, as is too frequently the case, to go contrary to their conscience in order to save their political future.

Sixth—Because it will block up some of the avenues by which special interests find their way to administrative favor and governmental control.

Learning from the experience of other States, Gov. Hughes would have the regulations for registration so safeguarded that it will be impossible for the voters of one party to raid the primaries of another. The sections regarding the use of money and the filing of reports of expenditure are also stringent. The placing of the nominee of the party committee at the head of the ballot has provoked criticism. For ourselves, we should prefer an alphabetical arrangement of names. But that is a small matter. It is obviously desirable to make the party leaders more responsive to the wishes of their constituents, and we are willing to try any reasonable experiment that may bring about such an important result.

The bill establishing a State farm colony has been favorably reported to the Assembly, and is now under consideration by the Senate Committee on Codes. In its amended form, it is a measure of modest beginnings, but of considerable promise. It would attack the problem of dealing with vagrancy in a new way. Under the operation of such a law, tramps would not only be taken off the streets and roads, but set to work usefully, and in a fashion which might teach them an occupation. The sponsors of the bill have met various honest objections by freeing their plan of certain features which were too ambitious, for the present, or which seemed to come into collision with some other reformatory institutions. As now urged, it provides for the establishment of but a single labor farm for vagrants. We hope for speedy and favorable action by the Legislature.

The action by the United Mine Workers makes a strike in the anthracite region very improbable. The men are to keep at work after April 1, and whatever differences they have with the mine owners will be taken up locally by district boards. This is a practical retreat by the miners, but it was inevitable in the present state of business. If the men do not have to face a period of idleness made necessary by the slack demand for coal, and the large supplies on hand, they will be lucky. It is probable, in any case, that the usual shutdown of the mines will be longer this year than usual. These facts are so well known that it was impossible in the miners' convention at Scranton to work up any real sentiment in favor of a strike. The old leaven of politics showed itself in the resolution calling upon President Taft to appoint a commission to arbitrate the differences between the men and their employers. It is not to be supposed that the President will do anything of the kind. Conditions are radically different from those of 1902—and there is a different President.

The hysterical pursuit by a California mob of the young woman who desired to marry a Japanese is but another example of the extraordinary misapprehension on the Pacific Coast in regard to the subjects of the Mikado, and of our general intolerance in matters of

race. Californians of the baser sort naturally cannot get it into their heads that Japan, as Senator Root expressed it at the banquet in his honor on February 26, is a "great nation of gentlemen, of soldiers, of scholars and scientists, of statesmen, a nation worthy of challenging and receiving the respect, the honor, and the homage of mankind." This latest California outcry is but another illustration of the "bad manners, arrogant and provincial assertion of superiority," of which, as Mr. Root said, we have been far from guiltless. But assuming for the sake of argument that the Japanese in question is not a man of such high social standing as to meet the fastidious taste of the California mob, and that in any event the young woman might have done better by choosing a person of European descent, every American, man or woman, is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. There is nothing immoral in the marriage of Japanese and other races. Many Japanese men have German and French wives, and Americans have Japanese wives. One of the leading Japanese statesmen has as his wife a member of the highest German aristocracy. The marriage of Chinese officers and scholars to European women excites no comment.

The news that in the German Reichstag the "bloc," comprising the Liberals, Conservatives, and Radicals, has apparently dissolved, cannot be said to come as a surprise. When the Reichstag was elected, after the government broke with the Clericals, it did not seem possible that the coalition formed by the Chancellor to give the government a majority could last as long as it has. The bait held out to the Liberals was some minor reforms; for this mess of pottage they were to become political bedfellows of their life-long enemies, the Agrarians, the Protectionists, and the most ardent defenders of the special privileges of the wealthy. This mistaken policy has cost the Radicals and Liberals dear, not only because they have been drawn into support of the obnoxious anti-Polish legislation, but because their following has rapidly split up. Had the Chancellor been a man of vigorous initiative and leadership, able to draw up a comprehensive programme of reform, and push it in a masterful manner, his coalition might have continued indefinitely. But his one idea has been to keep his "bloc" in hand by concessions and compromises. He had managed to steer safely even through the troubles created by the Kaiser's indiscreet utterances last autumn. But now the difficulty is irreconcilable differences of opinion regarding the reorganization of Germany's finances. The Conservatives have not been willing to place new burdens upon the rich by means of inheritance and property taxes, while the Liberals are determined that no further favors shall be shown to those classes which are already specially favored. As a result, one scheme after another has been proposed, only to fall flat; with the result that anything like a clear-cut, far-reaching scheme seems out of the question.

The Berlin *Tageblatt* bewails, too, the want of able leadership in the individual parties and the prominence of what it terms "district-club politicians" in the debates of a subject the importance of which to the nation Von Bülow has by no means exaggerated. There is, for instance, the Reichstag Committee on Rules. To it was entrusted the patriotic duty of advising the Reichstag how best to profit by the affair with the Kaiser, how to strengthen the constitutional guarantees of the independence of Ministry and Reichstag from the interference of the Crown in foreign affairs. The committee had a magnificent opportunity to increase the prestige of the Reichstag and to win for it the right to be consulted in the appointment of the leading Federal officials. The committee might even have begun the fight for a responsible Ministry. But after four months of discussion, the committee has brought forward not a single recommendation worthy of notice.

Writing in the *Deutsche Wirtschafts-Zeitung*, Dr. Theodor Barth urges an international alliance of free-traders to give aid and strength to all fighting for the cause. To help free the markets of all the world is the best way, he contends, of furthering free trade in one's own land. The free-trade movement, he rightly regards as one of the best means of promoting international peace. He also points out that the free trade arguments from one country's experiments ought to be readily available and better understood abroad. With all his suggestions we heartily concur. It has always been a puzzle why the defenders of free trade in Great Britain who now find themselves in so dangerous a position, have not drawn more upon the experience of the United States as a horrible example. The corruption of our political life, the dictation of our tariffs by selfish interests, the growth of the trusts, the offspring of protection—all these things afford a very arsenal of arguments for free-traders elsewhere. This Dr. Barth perceives, for he makes clever use of Andrew Carnegie's testimony before the Ways and Means Committee. He knows well how insatiable is the appetite of protectionists. In 1879, he fought, as a member of the Bundesrath, the proposal to put a tariff of 50 pfennigs (12½ cents) on rye, because it was a precedent. Bismarck sent word to him that he did not dream of increasing this tax; but it is now, thirty years later, 50 marks, or $12.50 a ton.

The final results of the Italian Parliamentary elections have been taken as heralding the approach of a Ministry composed of Radicals and Socialists. This view is exaggerated. The second ballotings, it is true, reduced the Government's apparent majority. From 350 Deputies in the last Parliament, the Giolitti "bloc" has declined to a little over 300; but that would still give the Government a clear majority of 100 in a Chamber of 508 members. All the small parties did well at the polls, including the Catholics, whose first showing was not at all indicative of their real strength. From seven Deputies, the Catholics have risen to 24. The Socialists have gone up from 26 to 42, the extreme Radicals from 32 to 42, and the Republicans from 19 to 24. The parties of the Extreme Left have thus risen from 77 to 108. The Moderate Liberals, or Constitutional Opposition, as they call themselves, have declined most. They now number between 60 and 70. Now, appreciable as the increase may be from 77 votes to 108 for the Extreme Left, that gain does not mean a sudden growth of Socialism, Republicanism, and Radicalism. In the Parliament that was dissolved in 1904 these three parties had 106 seats. In that year's

elections, they sank to 91, and gradual attrition during five years further reduced them to 77. Thus their 108 votes in the present Parliament places them just about where they were five years ago.

The resignation of William O'Brien, who has been one of the most prominent Irish members of Parliament during the last twenty-five years, is indicative of the firm hold which the Nationalist party under John Redmond continues to maintain on Irish affairs. As editor of *United Ireland* and as a founder of the United Irish League, O'Brien has a notably radical history to look back to. About 1903, however, he broke with Redmond and the militant Nationalists and put forward a policy of "conciliation" which, owing to his personal popularity in the southeastern part of the island, and especially in Cork, succeeded in winning over a handful of supporters in Parliament. The *Irish People*, which he founded in 1898, and stopped publishing in 1903, was re-established in 1905, now to be once more, and permanently, suspended. For some time conservative opinion in England was inclined to look upon O'Brien's policy of moderation as showing the way to a solution of the Irish question. Possibly, however, this was simply a way of playing off O'Brien's faction against the Nationalists.

MR. TAFT'S MOVE FOR ECONOMY.

Mr. Taft's establishment of a "budget committee" to supervise all department estimates before they are submitted to Congress may prove to be the beginning of a great reform. True, the new committee, of which the Secretary of the Treasury is to be the chairman, lacks the sanction of law, and, unless established by Congress, may be disbanded by any future President. But no President could, we think, object to so rational a plan of systematizing the crude methods by which our national funds are appropriated and expended. Moreover, in this country, as in England, some of the most important customs of government owe their origin to just such executive action; and by the lapse of years have become as fixed and unchangeable as though embodied in our fundamental law.

Whether this will be the case with the new budget committee, or not, there could be no better illustration of the quiet efficiency to be expected from Mr. Taft's administration. There has been no ringing of bells, no blowing of trumpets, no heralding of an important change. Mr. Taft's unusual experience as the head of the Philippine government and the War Department now stands him in good stead. In the Philippines he was compelled to cut his coat according to his cloth; there was no great surplus to fall back upon should expenditures exceed the estimates. Mr. Taft, too, is not impatient of detail; and he is aware that the financial problem is fundamental and underlies all the rest. To ignore it and devote one's energies to something more spectacular than studying the budget, is more exciting and often more profitable politically, but sooner or later somebody has to sit down to the reckoning and endeavor to make both ends meet.

This is precisely the hour for such an undertaking. The revision of the tariff, Mr. Taft's conception of it as a revenue measure, and the alarming deficit all suggest an attempt to bring appropriations and disbursements into some sort of coördination. Our folly of legislating without regard to probable income, has been the wonder of foreign ministers of finance, whose carefully worked out budgets, showing the sources from which the necessary funds may be drawn, must first run the gantlet of Parliamentary criticism. With us, a Cabinet head sends in his estimates without the slightest reference to what his brother Cabinet officer across the hall may be doing. The only unvarying principle is to ask for as much as you dare, on the theory that Congress is certain to cut the loaf down. Perhaps three-quarters of what is requested will be granted, perhaps even more than is requested. For, after the head of a department has made his plea, a member of a committee may suddenly insist, from purely personal reasons, that an appropriation be inserted or another increased.

No less an authority than Speaker Cannon has solemnly protested against this whole procedure. In a speech on March 4, 1897, he declared that the appropriations just made were in excess of all legitimate demands, not because of any party action, but because of "conditions accruing out of the rules of the House and out of the rules, practice, and so-called courtesies of the Senate, together with the irresponsible manner in which the Executive submits to Congress estimates to meet expenditures for the conduct of government." If, he asked, the appropriations were extravagant, how much more so must be the estimates, for in not a single instance in many years had Congress granted the amounts desired by the Executive. He continued:

> It is said . . . that ours is the only government in the civilized world, wherein the administrative branch apparently assumes no degree of responsibility to the taxpayers for its demands for the expenditure of public money, and that ours is the only government wherein the legislative branch alone exercises the function or duty of check upon public expenditures without any considerable degree of coöperation on the part of the executive.

But Mr. Cannon made no practical suggestions, save to recommend a reduction from fourteen to ten in the number of appropriation bills and to express the hope that "the incoming President, with his long experience as a distinguished member of the legislative branch of this government, will exact of his Cabinet councillors some degree of wholesome effort in the direction of intelligent recommendation of public expenditures, to the end that Congress may not have to strive unaided and alone toward bringing our public expenditures within the sum of our public revenue." But Mr. McKinley's plunge into war afforded no opportunity for any such undertaking, even had he been interested in it. It has remained for Mr. Taft, after twelve years, to point the way to reform.

Congress has shown that it is willing to coöperate by providing in the last sundry civil appropriation bill that if the estimates are in excess of the probable income, the Secretary of the Treasury shall report the results of his addition and subtraction to the President, who may advise Congress what appropriations to cut and what new taxes to levy or loans to make. The Senate, too, has created a standing committee on expenditures of executive departments. Since Mr. Taft is reported to be bent on economical administration, there is hope that his term will be rendered notable by the establishment of the principle that every dollar of government money shall bring its full return to the taxpayer. The new "budget committee" alone cannot, of course, accomplish this,

nor can the wasteful methods of a century be ended in four years. More radical changes will be needed to accomplish the result. But Mr. Taft will render great and lasting service to his country if he devotes himself to this task.

CANADA AND THE PAYNE BILL.

Two conditional offers to Canada in the Payne bill will cause the Laurier government much embarrassment. There was a time when Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright would eagerly have welcomed both the minimum schedules of the Payne bill and the offer of reciprocity in coal. It was such trade openings as these that Sir Richard Cartwright, the present Minister of Trade and Commerce, had in mind when he made his famous speech at the National Liberal Convention, at Ottawa, in 1893:

> It would be well that the people of Canada should bear in mind that Canada is by necessity of its position an integral part of this continent of North America, and that we have to all intents and purposes no other neighbor than the United States.

From the early seventies until 1896 this was the spirit in which Canadian Liberals regarded the United States. They realized that the currents of trade ran north and south, and must cross and recross the international line to the mutual advantage of both countries; and in those years it was ostensibly the aim of Canadian Liberals of the school of Laurier and Cartwright to bring about trade relations with the United States similar to those which prevailed from 1854 to 1866, when the Elgin-Marcy treaty was in operation. But this neighborly attitude was abandoned after the Liberals had adopted the policy of Sir John Macdonald in 1897; for with their going over to protection came their affiliation with the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and with the coal and iron interests of Nova Scotia. These will cause Laurier and Fielding trouble, now that Washington proposes minimum schedules for Canada and reciprocity in coal.

For nearly two years Canada has been negotiating with France for trade concessions. The Dominion is also weary of the miserable tariff war with Germany, which has been persisted in since 1903. France can have the intermediate tariff as soon as the French Senate will accept the commercial treaty that is now pending; and consumers in Canada will welcome the day when the intermediate tariff is also applied to textiles, hardware, and chemicals from Germany. But then the worries of the government in regard to the Payne bill will begin, for since the intermediate tariff was enacted in November, 1906, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has been in a continual state of apprehension lest the intermediate rates, which are about 10 per cent. below the general tariff, should be applied to imports from the United States. Under the Payne tariff, if the Canadian intermediate tariff is conceded to either France or Germany, the same concession must be made to the United States, or the maximum rates of the Payne bill will go into operation against imports from Canada.

Politicians at Ottawa had expected that if any concessions were made to Canada, or if Washington made offers of reciprocity, they would be conditioned on granting to the United States the same tariff concessions as Canada makes to England. They have depended upon a demand like this as a ground for refusing any proposals of the kind. This ground is now cut from under them by the provision in the Payne bill that no British colony shall be denied the minimum rates, because of any preference it may make in its tariff to England or to any of its sister colonies. Thus the offer of minimum rates and also the offer of reciprocity in coal come in a shape never contemplated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Ottawa politicians. The Laurier government will have to decide between the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the coal operators of Cape Breton, on the one hand, and, on the other, the general body of consumers in Canada. There has long been an understanding between the manufacturers of Ontario and Quebec and the coal interests of Cape Breton for mutual protection and support. Before the Canadian Tariff Commission of 1905-6, manufacturers were asked concerning the duty of fifty-three cents a ton on coal. Almost invariably their answer was that they had nothing to say on this aspect of the protective tariff. Canadians have paid the duty since 1879 solely for the advantage of three or four mining companies, operating in Cape Breton or on the mainland of Nova Scotia.

Originally, the purpose of the duty was to force Cape Breton coal into use in all the vast territory that lies between the Atlantic and Lake Superior; and with this object in view, from 1879 to 1887, the duty was imposed on anthracite, as well as on bituminous coal. Failure overtook this plan. Nova Scotia coal never came into use far beyond Montreal, although Nova Scotia coal companies do now control the coal trade of the Maritime Provinces and of Quebec. It costs Ontario and Manitoba about three and a half million dollars a year to give the Nova Scotia companies this measure of control of the coal trade of the Dominion; and because the coal operators are convinced they would lose the trade of Quebec, the Nova Scotia members of the House of Commons are already pressing the Laurier government for a declaration that it will not accept the offer of reciprocity in coal made in the Payne bill. Both political parties at Ottawa since 1897 have been out-and-out protectionists—the Conservatives as a matter of policy and tradition; the Liberals as a matter of political tactics.

Judging from past experience, the Laurier government will allow no interference with the coal or the iron and steel industry of Cape Breton. These industries, through the tariff and through bounties, cost the Dominion seven or eight million dollars a year; and interests which have been sufficiently powerful at Ottawa to secure such favors are likely to be strong enough to compel the government to ignore the offer from Washington. A few Ontario and Manitoba supporters of the government may be inclined to protest. But there is not a corporal's guard of independent Liberal members in the House of Commons.

DEFENCES THAT DESTROY.

At this moment four of the leading nations—France, England, Germany, and the United States—are moving heaven and earth to lay new taxes. Germany must find $100,000,000 a year more, or make herself again the servant of the lender. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer is preparing a budget in which the taxing power is stretched to the utmost in order to make income level with outgo. Our own straits are reflected in the re-

ports from Washington of new schemes every day to raise the revenue. The protectionist tariff bill has to be converted, perforce, into one for revenue. In France, the new income tax, which has passed the Chamber and is now before the Senate, and which would levy a charge in some cases as high as 20 per cent. of the annual income, is striking evidence of the way in which mounting public expenditures have driven governments to their wits' end. It is a world-disease.

We are now so accustomed to the thought of burdensome taxes that we do not often stop to think what they really mean. They actually represent a sapping of the comfort and resources of every taxpayer. If we could visualize the government in its work of collecting taxes, we should be able better to understand the nature of the process. We should then see an official stepping into a middle-class home, and saying: "No, you shall not give your children the clothes or the schooling you intended, for I demand a part of the money which you had set apart for that purpose. Nor shall you be able to care for them in sickness as you would wish, for I cut down your surplus for emergencies. Your savings for old age must be transferred in part to me. I am the one who cripples you in your daily expenses and your yearly estimates." Indisputably, to exact a tax so comprehended is an act of the grossest tyranny and oppression unless the public necessity be imperative. Sums extracted under the *kurbash* or by torture could be no more cruelly wrung from the subject than are all taxes the justification for which is not as clear as noonday.

This, of course, is formally admitted by the tithing-men. They picture the crushing taxes which they are devising as a sacrifice which the individual citizen is called upon to make for the common weal. And as they are forced to confess that it is huge outlay for military purposes, in time of peace, that eats up most of the widow's portion, and cabins and confines the lives of workingmen, it is upon the supreme need of providing adequate national defence that they expend their main arguments. This is the story that is now being poured into the ears of agitated people in England. Their island empire is endangered, and they must take the last penny out of their purse, if necessary, in order to fill the seas with Dreadnoughts. It is a patriotic duty to lay oppressive taxes, and a patriotic duty also to pay them without a murmur. That is also the theme of Washington statesmen, with their appropriations for army and navy increasing two and three-fold, and no limit in sight. It is a fundamental question, they assert, of national defence.

In such extreme forms, however, that kind of defence destroys its professed object. It would deliver us from war, but lays upon us in peace burdens almost as great as those of war. Modern wars are soon over; but modern preparations to avert war impose their crushing demands upon the citizen continuously and increasingly through long years. Furthermore, the apprehension of war is only heightened by this kind of attempt to remove all fear of it. Consider the present plight of England. But a few years ago her navy lords were rejoicing in their latest triumph of construction—a battleship 50 per cent. bigger and more powerful than any before built. As England could launch Dreadnoughts faster than any other nation, her supremacy and safety were forever established, and war had been put out of the question by these terrible engines of war. Yet, in a short time, this jubilation was turned into panic. The very advance in English shipbuilding had made the rest of her great fleet antiquated. It was now a case of Dreadnoughts against Dreadnoughts, and Germany was able to put them into the water as fast as England. The result was that extraordinary debate in Parliament the other day, when Mr. Balfour vied with the Prime Minister in depicting the acutely critical situation which the country was facing. It appears now that both disputants were wrong about their facts. They had been misinformed about the German naval programme. That is now confessed, and the excitement is subsiding. But the incident shows how boasted national defences are all the while breaking down, our trust in the latest ships and guns shown to be misplaced, and the financial burdens bound upon the backs of the people made ever more and more grievous.

In these very excesses lies a practical hope. Armaments designed to overwhelm others are ruining ourselves. At the present rate, the money-pinch will soon make powerfully for international peace, and for some means of guaranteeing it less costly and less futile than armor plate and high explosives. The moral and Christian arguments for disarming are reinforced to-day as never before by economic reasons. Taxes may do what texts cannot. It will soon become impossible for a Finance Minister to propose new ways of taking the substance of the taxpayer, without having first sought earnestly to bring about an agreement among the nations to limit armaments. The German reply to Campbell-Bannerman's advances was that "no formula" for disarming could be found. Events are bringing a formula to view. Sir Edward Grey, speaking in Parliament for the Foreign Office on Monday, gave one phrasing of it:

> The vastness of the expenditure on armaments has become a satire and a reflection on the civilization of the world. If it goes on, it must sooner or later in Europe lead to national bankruptcy.

That is, whether expressed in pounds or marks or dollars, the limit to the power of the peoples to pay taxes compels the finding of a limit to great armaments.

PAUPERISM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

A Royal Commission, appointed in 1905 to study the working of the Poor Laws and other forms of public relief in Great Britain, has just presented its report. The commission finds that the system of poor-law administration is a failure. But more tragic than the bankruptcy of a system is the unchecked growth of the evil with which that system was intended to cope. Most of us know that poverty in England is chronic. Few of us know that poverty has steadily increased during a half-century that saw the total national wealth of England go up by leaps and bounds. There were 24,000 more paupers in the years 1896-1906 than in 1888-96, and 7,000 more than in 1880-88. If we compare the period 1896-1906 with 1871-80, we find a decrease of 3.9 per cent. in the total number of paupers. But that is because there has been a decrease of 18 per cent. in the number of dependent children, and 2 per cent. in the number of women. Adult male paupers have increased by no less than 18 per cent. In other words, the old charge that the almshouses were filled as a result of reckless breeding

among the very poor, has lost most of its force. The ranks of English destitution are now recruited from among the adults. The increase in pauperism, says our report, is greater during the working years of life than among the very old or very young. For the whole of England and Wales the number of able-bodied persons in receipt of relief in the period 1896-1906 showed an increase of probably more than 35 per cent. over 1871-80.

The English conscience, we take it, has grown habituated to pauperism. But the English conscience has not grown used as yet to the non-professional and non-hereditary pauper, to that class which sinks into pauperism not because it won't work, but because it can't. To the problem of the unemployed, the Royal Commission gave earnest consideration. We are no longer in the simple times of 1834, when a commission last wrestled with the Poor Laws:

> Whilst the moral causes contributing to pauperism and unemployment remain much the same as before, the material influences regulating unemployment and industry have changed both in their character and their scope. Forces have come into operation affecting employment, its regularity, its cessation, and expansion, which are quite beyond local control. There are modifications and developments in our industrial system which cannot be ignored; and their products and wreckage when either out of employment or in distress require a treatment more elastic and varied than the simple method which eighty years ago was sufficient to cope with able-bodied pauperism in agricultural districts.

Upon these modern complications we need merely touch. They are numerous and well-known. There is the evil of casual labor. The stress of machinery and competition calls for skilled men, and uses them up quickly. The workers who have not the necessary skill and those who have been squeezed dry by the modern industrial system constitute the "stagnant pools of casual labor which are getting larger and still more casual." It is the boast of modern industry that it has found the way to utilize the labor of the untrained man and the child. But it is the curse of the modern industrial system that it uses the untrained man and the child to their own ultimate disadvantage:

> In modern industry the middle-aged are senile, and the senile are not employed. Skilled men in their prime are at a premium, but many of our boys reach their prime unskilled, and others, degenerates, never reach any prime at all.

The man of forty-five who is too old to be kept profitably at the work he could once do well, and the boy who starts as a messenger boy or in some other "blind-alley" occupation, meet as recruits in the army of the casually employed. It is they who, in times of exceptional distress, swamp the relief works instituted for the men of steadier occupation. The casual laborer gets from 55 to 75 per cent. of all aid doled out on such occasions.

And the remedies? The commission recognizes how complicated is the problem. Yet it holds, not too optimistically, that much can be done. It suggests measures preventive rather than strictly remedial, designed "not so much for the distressed unemployed" as for the purpose of "preventing persons from becoming distressed unemployed." The commission urges technical and special education and a raising of the age of required attendance at school, in order to keep boys from being sent into the "blind alleys." It lays great stress on the usefulness of public labor exchanges, or employment bureaus, in increasing the mobility of labor; Germany, it is pointed out, has 700 such bureaus, and they find work for 150,000 persons every month. It urges upon employers the duty of regularizing their seasons of production so as to reduce to a minimum the large reserve of unemployed labor which modern industry seemingly demands. It discusses the possibilities of insurance against unemployment, of labor colonies, of emigration. We have here, in fact, what has been described as a series of economic essays on the entire subject of unemployment.

The problem is immensely difficult. But the question is whether England hitherto has tried to do what can be done towards a solution, what has been seriously attempted in other countries, even where the needs are not so pressing. Technical education—Germany is trying that. Labor exchanges—again Germany is the model. Insurance—they have been experimenting with that on a vast scale in the Kaiser's realm. Has it ever occurred to English statesmen that Germany is threatening British supremacy in other ways than by Dreadnought-building? In England elementary education is still chiefly concerned with the struggle between Nonconformist and Anglican ideals. In England the universities are only beginning to reach down to the strata below the "gentleman." But how long can a nation in the present age of democracy hold its own while clinging to a system involving vast human ignorance and human wastage? Can a growing list of battleships permanently make up for a growing multitude of paupers?

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Over in the town of Woodbridge, where the sluggish waters of Suffolk crawl to the sea, they are celebrating this week the centenary of a poet and sage and lover of books. One hopes and believes that there will be nothing garish in the ceremony, that no boastful eulogium will be spoken over the rose-bush, brought from the far-away tomb of his Omar, that grows by his resting-place. Let him quiet consummation have. We feel a personal interest in his memory, and as time goes on he, who was once so loved of Tennyson and Carlyle and Thackeray as Old Fitz (always "old"), grows to be almost the dearest of the Victorian names. Not for what he accomplished, not for his "Rubáiyát," which, if truth be told, has been a little cheapened by overmuch quotation and imitation; but for his life and the record of that life in the inimitable letters. If the locked door of the past were opened for one moment, how many of us out of all the privileges of those years would choose an hour's walk with FitzGerald—in Regent Street on that early day, perhaps, when with Tennyson he stopped before two figures of Dante and Goethe, in a shop window, and asked the poet: "What is there in old Dante's face that is missing in Goethe's?" And Tennyson (whose profile then, according to FitzGerald, had a remarkable likeness to Dante's) said: "The Divine." If we had been there we should have heard FitzGerald's reply, which he omits in the letter written long afterwards to Professor Norton. Or perhaps we would choose rather one of those nights when, in indescribable attire and with his great plaid shawl wrapped about his head, he used to walk alone over the flat meadows about Woodbridge, muttering to himself who knows what strange fancies suggested by the opaque shadows of the moon and by the windmills that reminded him of his hero, Don Quixote.

It is for his odd ways and quaint in-

discretions largely that we love the man, but beneath this feeling lies an admiration no less real, if harder to analyze. Many critics have tried to reconcile the paucity of his achievements with his undoubted intellectual powers, and have given reasons for his long isolation from the world. They are wont to build their theories on some supposed weakness of the will or taint of modern indecision. They may be right, but for our part we prefer to regard him simply as a philosopher, and to place him in the great company of sages and saints who have deliberately turned their eyes away from what seemed to them the world's folly. It may be a wrong ideal, at least it is one which the world cannot afford to encourage; yet amid all our bustle and noise there is a certain wholesome check in the thought of such men as Newman in his Oratory, contemplating the mysteries of religion, or FitzGerald, shutting himself off from his famous friends to smile at their anxious ambitions.

These men, in one way or another, were caught in the net of the present, in the *Strom der Welt*—Carlyle thundering against its iniquities, Thackeray dallying with its conceits, Tennyson laboring to build in rhyme a meeting-place for the old faith and the new scientific inquisitiveness. What if they had seen and felt that a few passing years would sweep away all these things, merely to bring in other iniquities, and conceits, and compromises? Would not their hands have been palsied, and would not they have sunk into that philosophic silence which Carlyle so noisily proclaimed? Action, such a life as FitzGerald's seems to say, is based on the fallacy of the present:

> Death seems to rise like a Wall against one whichever way one looks. When I read Boswell and other Memoirs now, what presses on me most is—All these people who talked and acted so busily are gone. It is said that when Talma advanced upon the Stage, his Thought on facing the Audience was, that they were all soon to be Nothing.

The sense of the present as a fleeting point of time without meaning, rather than any failure of will, was what drove FitzGerald from the crowded activities of London and made him a solitary recluse. Such a philosophy carries with it, no doubt, its own penalty; and, fleeing from the world, he could not altogether escape the hounds of *ennui:*

> For all which idle ease I think I must be damned. I begin to have dreadful suspicions that this fruitless way of life is not looked upon with satisfaction by the open eyes above. One really ought to dip for a little misery; perhaps, however, all this ease is only intended to turn sour by-and-by.

But for all that, it is not fair to say that his life or his mind was morbid. Against such a view the wholesomeness of his reading alone is sufficient evidence. There yet remains to be written a thorough-going treatise on the likes and dislikes of one who pretended "to no genius but to taste." Why did he think "Pendennis" "very stupid"? Why did he set Richardson far above Fielding? Why could he find no interest in "Gil Blas"? These are questions not easy to answer in accord with his other tastes; but in general it is clear that he clung to the writers who give a broad, fluid picture of life; with Tennyson, he loved "those large, still books." It was a part of his abstinence from the present that he could not abide writing harassed with problems; and his distaste is well-known for the poems of Tennyson's own middle period, which dealt with questions of evolution and religion and social disease. It was his pleasure to have Montaigne "drop in to chat with and comfort" him. Scott he heartily enjoyed. He reads "The Pirate," and exclaims:

> With all its faults of detail, often mere carelessness, what a broad Shakespearean daylight over it all, with no effort . . . They won't beat Sir Walter in a hurry.

It was the *sprezzatura*, as Castiglione called it, that tickled him, the manner of a gentleman in letters who wrote for pleasure and disdained the tricks and toil of professionalism. And so "Don Quixote" was of all books his perennial delight, both for its ease and largeness, and for its philosophy of disillusion. Sophocles, too, he read much, especially when at sea with his great skipper, "Posh." Mme. de Sévigné never tired him, and the human realism of Crabbe appealed to him more than all the airy visions of a romantic like Shelley.

No, he was not morbid, and there was no taint in his will. Of all the great men of that age, he was distinctly the philosopher. And we, in our busy days, love him for his flight from business. We take his wisdom and his relish of disillusion, with no fear that his bankruptcy of idlness will be ours.

THE NEW ENGLISH REQUIREMENTS FOR COLLEGE.

The report of the National Conference on Uniform Entrance Requirements in English, which met in this city February 22, has now been published. The prescriptions for reading for the years 1913, 1914, and 1915 show a considerable improvement over those now in force; and, if we look back through a period of ten or fifteen years, the progress may even be called striking.

It is easy to criticise our whole scheme of the study of English as artificial and therefore ineffective. The true way to acquire the habit of reading good books is to begin very early in your father's large and well-chosen library. Your habits of speech should, obviously, be formed by imitation of your cultivated parents and schoolmates. In such a happy environment the art of clear writing is easily mastered; it may almost be said to come by nature. But these ideal conditions are exactly what do not exist in America. To-day teachers of English are engaged in a desperate struggle against what seems a rising tide of sheer illiteracy. Boys of all nationalities, from every stratum of society, handicapped by all kinds of disadvantages in home-training, are dumped on our schools and colleges. It is with the aim of imparting a faint tinge of literacy to this raw, unhomogeneous, and intractable material that our programmes in English are planned. Those who rail most bitterly at the folly of teaching English have yet to suggest any other practicable method of conveying to the children of alien—or, for that matter, native—parentage, a few hints as to the value and richness of their step-mother tongue. When we remember that, according to a recent investigation, only 45 per cent. of the pupils in the public high schools of New York city are of American parentage, and that in the grammar schools the proportion is probably smaller still, we may wonder, not that the results of the instruction in English are often grotesque, but that they are, on the whole, so satisfactory.

We are glad to see that the new requirement lays somewhat more stress on formal grammar: "English grammar should ordinarily be reviewed in the secondary school; and correct spelling and grammatical accuracy should be

rigorously exacted in connection with all written work." Further, the examination "may include . . . questions upon grammar." The extension of the kindergarten methods to the upper grades threatened at one time to drive formal grammar from the schools. That admirable discipline was condemned as too dry and unentertaining for high-spirited children who must be amused at all costs. That folly, however, we are apparently outgrowing. The National Conference also urges that the English teachers should not bear the whole burden of instruction in English, and that their work should not be, as it often is, undone by the other teachers:

> Special instruction in language and composition should be accompanied by concerted effort of teachers in all branches to cultivate in the student the habit of using good English in his recitations and various exercises, whether oral or written.

It is, however, in the list of books to be read with the notion of getting actual pleasure out of them that the greatest changes have been made. The chief narrative parts of the Old Testament appear for the first time, not as an absolute requirement, but as an alternative. This is one way of contending against the appalling ignorance of the Bible concerning which we hear such loud complaints. The conference shows, further, a praiseworthy tendency to abandon books which—however important their place in the history of literature, and however interesting, therefore, to professors of literature—bore the young. Such, for example, are Chaucer's "Prologue," Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and Pope's "Rape of the Lock." De Quincey's "Joan of Arc" and "English Mail Coach," Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," Emerson's "Essays," and Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies"—all of them food only for the exceptionally intelligent child—also go. In their place we have Macaulay's "Clive" and "Hastings," Thackeray's "English Humorists," selections from Lincoln, Parkman's "Oregon Trail," Thoreau's "Walden," Huxley's "Autobiography" and selections from his "Lay Sermons," and Stevenson's "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey." Two capital books are added to the roll of fiction, "Robinson Crusoe" and Stevenson's "Treasure Island." The problem of cultivating a taste for good reading is not, be it noted, so easy as it was even two decades ago. Now books must compete, not only with the yellow journals, but with the scores of yellow magazines that shriek their attractions from every news-stand. The conference is likewise to be commended for clinging to the sound notion that not all reading is to be for mere recreation. There is still a requirement for study, "intended as a natural and logical continuation of the student's earlier reading, with greater stress laid upon form and style, the exact meaning of words and phrases and the understanding of allusions. For this close reading are provided a play, a group of poems, an oration, and an essay." It may be a pity to make any piece of literature a *corpus vile* for dissection, but there seems no other way of accomplishing a result which seems most desirable.

And finally the conference urges the plan of writing compositions based on the student's "personal experience, general knowledge, and studies other than English." A few years ago the subjects for composition in the admission examinations were drawn almost wholly from the required reading. The themes thus produced were cut-and-dried, stilted, and generally vague bits of pseudo-criticism, which encourage pupils in the habit of slipshod thinking and hazy expression. The failure of that method has already forced the colleges to allow or require for entrance a composition, say, a description or a narrative, that shall show power of reporting direct observation. The preparatory schools will therefore spend less time and effort in futile little essays on "George Eliot's Skill in Characterization as Displayed in 'Silas Marner'"; we shall have fewer infant pedants and more boys who can give a plain statement of what they see, hear, or think.

OUR DEMOCRATIC AMERICAN COLLEGES.

When Edwin E. Slosson started on his tour of American universities, to collect material for the current series of articles in the *Independent*, he placed at the head of the list of questions that he purposed to ask, "Does the spirit of democracy prevail in this university?" He soon dropped the question as useless, because it was answered everywhere before he asked it, and always in the same way. The faculty, students, and alumni of each university agreed on the purity of its democracy. James Bryce recently praised this spirit of democracy, and referred to the United States as the nation having the largest proportion of its young men in colleges. That a nation devoted, at least theoretically, to democratic ideals and popular education should rejoice in all this is natural. It is equally natural that those whose main business in life reveals the shortcomings of the American college should ask whether this democratic spirit in higher education is altogether praiseworthy. Let us see what kind of institution we have built in devotion to democratic ideals. If we are not willing to accept, unchallenged, Prof. Barrett Wendell's conclusion that "college education is to-day chiefly notable for its ineffectiveness"; if we resent the sweeping arraignments by Clarence F. Birdseye and by Abraham Flexner, yet there are innumerable other critics whose charges we must meet. Condemnation of the college is the order of the day. Within two months the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Educational Review*, the *Dial*, the *Independent*, the *New England Magazine*, the *Columbia University Quarterly*, the *University Magazine*, and *Science* have published articles which tend to the conclusion that "the college is the least satisfactory part of our educational system and has urgent need to justify itself."

I.

To what is due this "weakening of intellectual stamina observed among undergraduates"? Is it not in part our democratic indulgence toward incompetency which clears the track of annoying obstructions in the race for numbers and tuition fees? To what inconsistencies it leads our college faculties! "Such and such subjects *must* be presented for admission," or "fourteen of these points are *required* of all candidates," our current catalogues declare, withholding as a rule the information most eagerly sought by the prevailing type of preparatory schoolboy, namely, how many subjects or points a boy may fail to present and yet be admitted. These boys are ingenious; they are sure to find out how many of the "required" points are required; for their interest is not so much in the profession of the catalogue as in the performance of the college. Thus it happens that to a majority of candidates our colleges virtually say: "According to our professed standards, you are not prepared to undertake college work. Although the secondary school opportunities are greater than ever before, although the wider range of admission subjects makes failure every year less excusable, yet you have failed to present our minimum requirements. Nevertheless, we admit you, allow you to try to do college work in the same classes with those who are prepared, and, in addition, we require you to make up your deficiencies in secondary school work." This is substantially what Harvard Col-

lege said this year to 58 per cent. of the 607 freshmen. At Yale, 57 per cent. of the incoming class, and at Columbia about the same proportion, were admitted with less than the "required" points. Nineteen of the freshmen admitted to the college department of Columbia University were deficient in a full year of preparatory school work. At Princeton, 201 out of 360 were thus admitted with "conditions." And there is no reason to suppose that our strongest institutions are in this respect the greatest sinners among us. There is only too much concrete evidence to the contrary.

Furthermore, if this overlooking of inequalities is not sufficient to satisfy the most democratic of candidates, he always has left the opening for "special students." If he will step in through this back door, he will find himself in the same classes with those who enter by the front door. He will be called a "special student," or a "freshman on trial," or a "provisional candidate for a degree," or a "student on probation"; but he does not care He is confident that an institution so devoted to democratic ideals as to make his entrance easy will not make his continued residence difficult. Maturity and earnestness of purpose, it is true, should admit some candidates who, for good reasons, have not trod the beaten path to the college gates. But there is reason to believe that a majority of the 4,073 "special students," enrolled last year in the institutions included in the latest report of the Carnegie Foundation, slipped in through the back door merely because they were not qualified to enter the front door, and should have been barred out altogether.

As true Americans we are proud of the principle that the higher education should be open to every boy who is prepared for it, and who is ready to make the sacrifices it involves. But was it in devotion to this ideal that one New England college admitted this year, without examination, a boy whose school declined to certify him in a single subject? Was it in devotion to this ideal that another New England college admitted a star half-back with but half a school course to his credit? that another New England college employed on a famous football team three men who had failed in their academy course? that another New England college accepted two candidates in violation of its agreement with the Certificate Board? that another New England college welcomed, as captain of its baseball team, a boy under discipline by a rival college? that another New England college credited with advanced Latin a full-back who had failed in the second year Latin of his academy?

II.

Now the immediate effect on the schools of this democratic leniency toward the unfit, which, as President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation says, easily falls into indiscriminate charity, is to hamper the work of all those teachers who are honestly striving to promote genuine sustained intellectual effort; and, at the same time, such leniency makes it easier for lazy and weak-backed teachers to tolerate slip-shod work. The college is further hampered by the extra burdens placed on the unfit. Unless our devices for determining preparation for college are useless, those students most heavily "conditioned" must be, as a class, least fit for college work. Yet on precisely this class we lay the heaviest load. Then, when some students are allowed to take six courses, while many are taking only four, it stands to reason that the amount of work required in each course must be diminished, to the detriment of college standards, unless those students taking six courses are conspicuously fit to carry 50 per cent. more work than other students. Quite the contrary is often the case, since those who take extra courses do so to make up entrance conditions or deficiencies in college work. According to all logic, students should be allowed to take more than the required number of courses in one year, only on the evidence of extraordinary ability.

The authorities of some of our State universities, politicians as they are, or partly dependent on politicians, incline to the idea that has long clogged our public high schools—that a period of residence of any sober and faithful child of a taxpayer entitles him to graduation. Nor are the ideals of all our privately endowed colleges illumined by a much brighter light. Jealous of the rapid growth of State institutions (they have grown twice as rapidly as all others in the past twenty years), our private colleges incline toward the patently absurd theory that nearly every boy should go to college and stay there. Our public grammar schools, which are obliged to take and to keep all sorts of raw material, have some excuse for the pernicious lock-step, through which bright boys form vicious habits of idling, while dull boys in the same classes are being dragged along. But private endowed colleges, free from the most harassing drawbacks of public schools, have no excuse for allowing the mediocre to set the pace for the rest.

III.

If I were to define democracy in American college life, I would borrow a phrase from Dean Beutley—"our ill-advised belief in the universal efficacy of college education to make a good piece of furniture out of a poor stick of wood." Accepting this definition, we are safe in declaring that the present wide distribution of scholarships in American colleges—made with an eye to enrolment figures—is truly democratic. Certainly we are not using these trust funds, as best we may, to further Ruskin's aim of education, "to raise the fittest into positions of influence, and to give to every scale of intellect its natural sphere." Every secondary school teacher has been repeatedly surprised, I doubt not, to learn that boys whom he regarded as hardly fit for college have had no difficulty in securing scholarships. This must have been at the expense of those better fitted. The best youth the country affords are given half a chance in order that some of the weakest may have an equal chance. As long as scholarships are used as a means of attracting numbers, there will be insufficient aid for the few students of conspicuous worth. Then, to atone for this thin spreading of its funds, our democracy errs still further in favoring self-supporting students at the expense of intellectual standards. Many faculties, through sympathy for indigent men who are ambitious to secure a liberal education, allow them to remain in college under conditions which render a liberal education impossible. The rest of the students suffer, because the college work must be tempered to those well-intending, but not necessarily clever, boys who are obliged to spend a large part of their time and effort in extraneous occupations.

IV.

A good deal of nonsense is heard about the superiority of the small college over the large, and the superiority of the city college over the country college. Size and location are relatively insignificant matters, compared with the calibre of the faculty and the standard of work. Large colleges as a class are superior to small colleges as a class, partly because their administrators and faculties as a body are men of greater insight and courage. Yet it is easy to name a score of small colleges that surpass a score of large universities, and there is an ever-increasing number of parents who stake their sons and daughters on the belief that there are to-day small colleges superior to the best of university colleges. Such a belief seems to many as yet unwarranted. But the conviction is growing that a small college with the requisite insight and courage to become "a Johns Hopkins for undergraduates," the Balliol of America, would soon take first rank among us, and find its degree the most highly prized in America. Though it were located in the frontier forests of Aroostook County, there would be, every autumn, a beaten path to and from its gateway.

Nor need such a college suffer any loss in real democracy. Harvard and Princeton are regarded by some people as too aristocratic, but surely nobody ascribes this alleged defect to the fact

that Harvard has rejected hundreds of deficient candidates who have been promptly accepted by other colleges, or to the fact that Harvard this year records a loss of forty-eight "special students." Nor has any one condemned Princeton as too aristocratic because, within the past six years, Princeton has dropped 680 incompetent students. The fact that Harvard and Princeton, alone among the universities and colleges of the East, exhibit a "loss" in enrolment for the past six years may well be connected causally rather with their recognized gains in efficiency than with their supposed loss in democratic spirit. President Tucker of Dartmouth said, a few years ago, "I do not understand how a college under the natural laws of growth can be reduced, except in violation of some one of the principles of democracy." If this be the only way to reduce a college, let us then violate that principle of democracy—if such it may be called—that refuses to discriminate between the fit and the unfit. Let us then violate that principle of democracy which in practice often seems to declare that every man is born free to enter college and equal to its opportunities.

WILLIAM T. FOSTER.

Brunswick, Me.

FRENCH BOOKS ON HISTORY.

PARIS, March 12.

"Les Origines de la réforme," by Pierre Imbart de la Tour, professor at the University of Bordeaux, after a first volume on the political state of the time, treats, in this second volume, of the Church and the crisis of the renaissance (Hachette). The anarchy prevailing in the Church in France, with a secular spirit; the new ideas due to the revelation of classic and Christian antiquity; Leo X and the awakening under influences so equivocal as Lefèvre d'Étampes and Erasmus, form the matter of this volume. The author's technical training, shown in his early works on the elections of French bishops and on rural parishes, together with his Catholic faith, gives him serious advantages in dealing with an age whose ideas, as well as forms of speech, differ so strikingly from those of most historians of the present day. The book is not only new in matter, but well written in form.

"Villeroy," by J. Nouaillac, is a study of that hereditary Secretary of State to Charles IX, Henry III, and Henry IV, from his birth in 1543 to the death of the latter king in 1610 (Champion). During this time Villeroy negotiated the first peace with the Protestants; but, after abandoning the League, he still showed himself favorable to Spain. The restless activity of the man under Marie de Médicis is not included in this volume. "Trois Familiers du Grand Condé," by Jean Lemoine and André Lichtenberger, tells pleasantly how the warrior's last years, passed in royal disfavor, were amused and edified by a Jesuit, an Oratorian, and an abbé—all perfect *originaux* (Champion). "Les Assemblées du clergé et le Jansénisme," by Abbé J. Bourlon, is a Catholic account of official ecclesiastical proceedings, in which weakness of technical knowledge rendered Sainte-Beuve incompetent (Bloud).

"Mémoires de la cour de Louis XIV," by the Italian fortune-teller, Primi Visconti, who won and held the favor of the Grand Monarque in spite of diplomatic intrigues and the Affair of Poisons, is a distinct addition to historical literature (Calmann-Levy). It has been translated from the Italian manuscript and duly provided with introduction, appendix, and notes by Jean Lemoine, librarian of the War Office. It fully bears out what Saint-Simon led us to expect. We see the court through the eyes of one whose success in trade depended on seeing from the inside. "Crépuscule d'Ancien Régime," by the Vicomte de Guichen (Perrin), describes separately various activities of France under the monarchy tottering slowly to its fall, from the bombardment of Genoa and the Doge at Versailles (1684-5), Paris society manners and morals under the Regent (1715-1723), and the end of the Seven Years War, to the dawning of a troubled day with the advent of Franklin (1776). "Le Secret du Régent et la politique de l'abbé Dubois," by Émile Bourgeois, the well-known professor of diplomatic history, deals with the Triple and Quadruple Alliances (1716-1718)—the beginnings of the secret diplomacy of the eighteenth century (A. Colin). It seems to be the first of a series following up the same subject and made possible by the opening of state archives to investigation. "Mlle. Sallé (1707-1756)," by Émile Dacier, is the life-story of a *danseuse* of the Opéra under Louis XV, which is also not without importance to complete history, and is written from unpublished documents. The Collection historique illustrée (Louis Michaud) has for its new volume "La Vie aux galères," by A. Savine, from the archives and memoirs. After the Bastille, the galleys were the chief terror of the old régime.

"Lettres de Belle de Zuylen (Madame de Charrière) à Constant d'Hermanches (1760-1775)," edited by the Neuchâtel professor, Philippe Godet, brings us into the intimacy of a person whose sole, but sure, claim to mention in history is her persistent friendships with an important set of historical characters (Plon). They centre in the remarkable career of Benjamin Constant, the Swiss Protestant of English teaching, who did more than any other to indoctrinate the earliest French Liberals. "La Jeunesse de Benjamin Constant (1767-1794)," by Gustave Rudler, a doctor of letters who has specialized in the matter, handles from numerous unpublished documents this disciple of the eighteenth century, his utilitarianism and pessimism, and his relations with Madame Charrière, his first Egeria. The same author gives us an aid to historical research in a companion small volume, "Bibliographie critique des œuvres de Benjamin Constant," with many hitherto unpublished documents (A. Colin). As to Madame de Charrière, she is situated for the general reader in Henry Bordeaux's latest work, "Portraits de femmes et enfants"; among the other portraits are Mlle. de Lespinasse (original of "Lady Rose's Daughter" of Mrs. Humphry Ward), and the vivacious Comtesse de Boigne, who tells so many tales of Benjamin Constant's political time (Plon). As nothing is negligible where history becomes personal, the love letters of Benjamin Constant (chosen for their literary perfection in the *genre*) appear in "Les plus jolies Lettres d'amour," collected by Annie de Pène, along with those of Madame Récamier, to whose set he belonged for a time, of Chateaubriand, Diderot, Balzac, and Gambetta.

"Claude Fauchet (1744-1794)" is the carefully studied life, in two volumes, of the court preacher who led the attack on the Bastille, sabre in hand, who became a bishop under the civil constitution of the clergy, and then, when he had been elected a Deputy to the Convention, found he had a conscience forbidding him to go further in the way of revolution. Naturally, he was accused of favoring Charlotte Corday, and, like her, his head was chopped off. The same special publisher of historical works (Champion) has brought out from the same period "Lettres inèdites de J. S. Rovère," who was a member of the Conseil des Anciens. The letters were written to his brother, Siméon-Stylite, who was constitutional bishop of Vaucluse, but resigned, and became comfortably mad after the Terror, leaving these letters behind him at his death in 1820. Their writer, in spite of the assistance he gave in tumbling down Robespierre, was packed off to Guiana, where he died in 1798. Dr. Victorin Laval of Vaucluse adds an appropriate introduction, epilogue, and notes. "Un Séjour en France de 1792 à 1795" is a new edition of the translation made by Taine of letters of a witness of the Revolutionary Terror (Hachette). "Journal d'une femme de cinquante ans (1778-1815)" is the second volume of writings left by the Marquise de La Tour du Pin and now published by her great-grandson (Chapelot). Her father-in-law was the minister of Louis XVI, who returned from exile to testify in favor of his king and queen, for which

he was guillotined; and her husband was the companion of Lafayette in America, to which he returned during the Terror in France; but later he refused to follow his old leader in allegiance to the modified Revolution of Louis Philippe. "Deux Jurés du Tribunal Révolutionnaire," by Alphonse Dunoyer, tells the authentic story of Vilate "le petit-maître" and Trinchard "l'homme de la Nature"—two of the men who have left Revolutionary justice a hissing and an abomination to all future generations (Perrin). "La Juridiction consulaire de Paris pendant la Révolution," by Georges Leclerc, judge of the Tribunal de Commerce, which has taken the place of the old-time "juges-consuls," takes us into the business litigations which went on calmly and with multitudinous *dossiers* while the Terror was cutting off its heads outside.

"Napoléon Ier, Empereur des Français," by Louis Lumet, gives 348 reproductions of pictures and engravings of the time, with appropriate text (10 francs, Nillson). "Souvenirs du Chevalier de Cussy," published by Count Marc de Germiny, is a considerable first volume of notes left by a "garde du corps," diplomat and consul-général, from 1795 to 1866 (Plon). His life-work came after Napoleon. "Les Rostopchine" is a fairly sensational family chronicle by the present Countess Lydia of that name (Juven). "She fears not to lift the veil from the personages, characters, and intrigues of a famous family—her own. In particular, she reveals to us in her grandmother, the great Catherine Rostopchine, a woman of fatality whose influence extended over grave events in the history of Russia, such, for example, as the burning of Moscow, whose causes had remained somewhat mysterious!" The book is in direct contradiction to her grandfather's defence of himself; but it shows what the world was like during the Napoleonic *épopée*. Rostopchine himself wrote significantly (for the whole history of Russia), "I was like an Asiatic drunk with opium!" Stories of less heroic persons, and more deliberately selfish, may be found in "Marie Louise et la cour d'Autriche entre les deux abdications (1814-1815)" by Baron de Méneval (Plon). "Le Dernier Effort de la Vendée (1832)," by Vicomte A. de Courson, from unpublished documents, plunges us back into violent, useless heroism for the Duchesse de Berry, wild mother of that tame last heir of the Bourbons, the Comte de Chambord, whom his followers dreamed of as Henry V of France down to these late years.

The sixth and last volume of "Les Indiscrétions de l'histoire," by Docteur Cabanès, ranges all through this France, which the Republic and the automobile have left forever in the past, from Louis XI explained by medicine to such questions as—Rousseau, did he commit suicide? Napoleon, was he sick at Waterloo? and that subject of ineffable French laughter—Louis XVIII and women. Really valuable is the index to the six volumes (A. Michel). The collection of Énigmes de l'histoire, edited by M. Vitrac, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, tries to give the finish to two legends in its new volume "La Fin de deux légendes," by Gustave Bord. They are the Affaire Léonard (Marie Antoinette's coiffeur) and the Baron de Batz, dear to Dumas. Another book dipping into many centuries is Ernest Dimnet's "Figures de moines"—English Benedictine monks of Douai, where they stuck after the Reformation until the Third Republic expelled them with the rest this other year; monks of La Trappe, whose founder looked askance at admiring friends of Port-Royal and outlived them in spiritual progeny, since his rule has monasteries in the United States, though also barred from France; an abbey in the eighteenth century; Shakespeare's monks; and some real letters from real monks (Perrin).

The new order breathes strongly in "P. J. Proudhon (1809-1865)," by Édouard Droz, professor of the university faculty of Besançon (Pages Libres). This doctrinaire, who is slowly coming into his own as a world-moving philosopher, was the direct inspirer of the Revolution of 1848 (George Sand is the witness); and he has been adopted as the father of that anarchist movement, which is destined to blight every success of theoretical Socialism. In this, he was only like Herbert Spencer: both refused to see that their teachings tended whither lawless disciples have led the way. "Le Principe d'équilibre et le Concert Européen," by Prof. Charles Dupuis shows how the old order has progressed from the Peace of Westphalia to Algeciras. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The third volume of Thomas Lindsley Bradford's "Bibliographers' Manual of American History," M to Q, 1,423 numbers, has just been published by Stan. V. Henkels & Co. of Philadelphia. Our notices of the two preceding volumes have not been very complimentary, and we are sorry not to be able to speak any more warmly of the third. It describes the historical works of Cotton and Increase Mather, and anonymous and general books relating to Massachusetts, New England, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and other States. Some of the latter items will hardly be sought for under the headings where they are inserted; but the index which will form Vol. V will probably make them more accessible. The heading Missouri is particularly full, and the compiler and publisher make acknowledgements to William Clark Breckenridge for most of the Missouri titles. More recent auction records might have been supplied on some titles, for example the copy of the rare "Relation of Maryland" (1635), which brought £400 on March 15, 1907, is not entered; nor is the Earl of Sheffield's copy of "News from New England" (1676), which brought £118 on November 4, 1907. Some books are entered twice even in this volume. The last of the five tracts in folio on King Philip's war, "The War in New England visibly ended" (1677), is entered under "More, Caleb," and again under "New England." Beauchamp Plantagenet's "Description of New Albion" (1648) is entered under the author's name, but the reprint is entered under New England.

Part V of the Henry W. Poor library will be sold by the Anderson Auction Co. in this city on April 5, 6, and 7. The most remarkable section of this part is the collection of French books formed by Valentine A. Blacque, seventy-two titles, mostly in fine bindings and some with added water-color drawings by famous artists. After Mr. Poor purchased the collection, he printed a few copies of a catalogue of it. Perhaps the most remarkable book of the lot is the first edition of "Les Sauvages de l'Europe" (1760) by Le Suire and Louvel, presented by the latter to Mme. de Pompadour. Another notable item is the manuscript "Office de la Vierge Marie" by Nicholas Jarry, calligrapher of Louis XIII and Louis XIV. This manuscript was executed for Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII. It is in a mosaic binding by Trautz-Bauzonnet, and signed three times by him. Another important book is a large paper copy of Dorat's "Les Baisers" (1770), with illustrations by Eisen and other artists, generally considered the masterpiece of French illustration of the eighteenth century. Among the early English books are "The Whole Works of Samuel Daniel" (1623), with the dedication, lacking in most copies of this edition; the first edition of John Cleveland's "Character of a London Diurnall" (1644); Gower's "Confessio Amantis" (1554), and Willymat's "Prince's Looking Glass" (1603). In the eighteenth century are first editions of Sheridan's "The Rivals" (1775), Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" (1776), and "The Deserted Village" (1770). There are also first editions of Edward FitzGerald's "Euphranor" (1851), "Six Dramas of Calderon" (1853), "Salâmân and Absâl" (1857), "Agamemnon" (1876); the first edition of Keats's "Endymion" (1818); a presentation copy of George Meredith's "Poems" (1851), first edition; Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Sister Helen" (1857); Ruskin's "Poems (1850), of which fifty copies only were printed; the first edition of Shelley's "St. Irvyne" (1811), "Queen Mab" (1813), "The Cenci" (1819), "Rosalind and Helen" (1819), Prometheus Unbound" (1820), "Hellas" (1822), and "Posthumous Poems" (1824); Swinburne's first book "The Queen-Mother and Rosamond" (1860), with the earliest form of title-page; first editions of Tennyson, John Addington Symonds, Andrew Lang, Robert Louis Stevenson, and other nineteenth-century English authors; a practically complete set of the publications of the Hakluyt Society, 152 volumes; and 127 volumes in various languages on the rose, uniformly bound in half rose morocco. Among manuscripts is a document signed by Ferdinand and Isa-

bella of Spain, Madrid, 1495, and a collection of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, lacking only four, those of Gwinnett, Hewes, Middleton, and Taylor. As usual there are many book-club publications and books from special presses, some in handsome bindings.

On April 7 and 8, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city will offer a collection chiefly remarkable for the long series (nearly 250 lots) on Ireland.

At a recent auction by C. G. Börner, in Leipzig, when a library said to have been collected in America was disposed of, the following prices were paid for first editions: Goethe's "Faust," 1,110 marks; "Götz," 705 marks; "Leiden des jungen Werthers," 445 marks; and "Die Räuber" (a soiled copy), 880 marks. A silhouette of Goethe as a youth, believed to be one of the earliest portraits extant, brought 385 marks; and a portrait of Schiller, by Romberg, showing the poet as a man, 445 marks.

Correspondence.

"THE HISTORY OF CARDENIO BY MR. FLETCHER AND SHAKESPEARE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to me that hardly enough attention has been paid to "Double Falsehood," the play which in 1727 Lewis Theobald produced both on the stage and in print, asserting that it was a revision of a manuscript play of Shakespeare. Some critics have treated the piece as pure forgery by Theobald. Others—the majority—have recognized an old Elizabethan foundation, but too much worked over to be attributed with certainty to any special author. "Double Falsehood" is a very close dramatization of the story of Cardenio in "Don Quixote." Now, in 1613 a play was acted by the King's men, entitled "Cardenno" or "Cardenna," and in 1653 there was entered in the Stationers' Register for Humphrey Moseley a play called "The History of Cardenio" by "Mr. Fletcher and Shakespeare." The question arises whether this play could have formed the basis of Theobald's revision.

External evidence is lacking, since Theobald's manuscripts have disappeared, possibly in the holocaust perpetrated by Warburton's cook. There are, however, some interesting points of internal evidence. In the first two acts of "Double Falsehood" and in Act iii, scenes 1 and 2, there are evident traces of an Elizabethan hand protruding through masses of Theobald; but what Elizabethan hand it is impossible to say. Beginning with iii, 3, however, there are many lines and passages, likewise half buried under Theobald, which no one intimately familiar with the Elizabethan drama should mistake; for they are clearly stamped with the peculiar, the most characteristic mannerisms of Fletcher. It is not merely the feminine ending, though that is conspicuously present. It is the feminine ending composed of two words, especially with a redundant "now," or "too," or "yet." It is the constantly recurring alliteration, the trick of repeating words, leaving them, and returning to them in a way hardly usual even with Fletcher's later imitators. Two passages, taken from many, will illustrate most of these points.

Violante—*How* his Eyes shake Fire,
And measure ev'ry Piece of Youth about me!
The Ewes want Water, Sir: Shall I go drive 'em
Down to the Cisterns? Shall I make haste, Sir?
Would I were five Miles from him—*How* he gripes me!
Master—Come, come, all this is not sufficient, Child,
To make a Fool of me.—This is *a fine Hand, A delicate fine Hand,*—Never change Colour;
You understand me,—and *a Woman's Hand.*—iv. 1.

Julio—Since she is not Leonora, she is heav'nly.
When she speaks next, listen as seriously,
As Women do that have their Loves at Sea,
What Wind blows ev'ry Morning.—
Violante—I cannot get this false Man's Memory
Out of my Mind. You Maidens, that shall live
To hear my mournful Tale, when I am Ashes,
Be wise; and to an Oath no more give Credit,
To Tears, to Vows, (false Both!) or any Thing
A Man shall promise, than to Clouds, that now
Bear such a pleasing Shape, and now are nothing.
For they will cozen, (if They may be cozen'd,)
The very Gods they worship.—iv, 2.

The cloud figure in the last passage is curiously similar to one in Ordella's fine speech in "Thierry and Theodoret" (iv, 1). And many other resemblances of diction between "Double Falsehood" and Fletcher's acknowledged plays could be pointed out.

Now these traces of Fletcher occur constantly in certain distinct portions of "Double Falsehood." In other portions they do not occur at all. If then it is urged that Theobald forged the play, it must be admitted that he did it with a knowledge of the tradition of the Shakespeare-Fletcher authorship and the definite intention of imitating Fletcher. But it is almost certain on external grounds that he could have had no knowledge of that tradition, and in his preface he expressly deprecates the suggestion of some critics that there were traces of Fletcher in the play. It seems probable, therefore, considering the subject and the presence of Fletcher, that the play on which "Double Falsehood" was founded was the old "History of Cardenio."

That Shakespeare had any hand in the original play can, of course, hardly be proved. Moseley's attribution to him in 1653 is not very reliable; nor is Theobald's story about his manuscripts. That "Cardenno" or "Cardenna" was originally produced by the King's men in 1613 brings it at least into the period when, if ever, Shakespeare and Fletcher would have been working together. Passages in the portion of the play not Fletcher's have to my ear a turn or resonance more resembling Shakespeare than either Beaumont or Massinger, the writers most likely to have collaborated with Fletcher.

You deal unkindly; mishecomingly,
I'm loth to say: For All that waits on you,
Is graced and graces.—i, 2;

Such a Villany
A Writer could not put down in his Scene,
Without Taxation of his Auditory
For Fiction most enormous.—iii, 1.

Finally, the action of "Double Falsehood" is much on the familiar lines of the Beaumont and Fletcher and Shakespeare romances. Especially noticeable is it that in the three plays of Shakespeare's last period and in "Pericles" the romantic theme of the restoration of lost children to their parents plays an important part, and in "Cymbeline" it forms the main element of the effective series of climaxes which closes the play. Now in "Double Falsehood," Act v, we have the same theme also elaborately worked up in telling climaxes and, curiously enough, almost the only extensive deviation from the Cervantic original is introduced to bring about this result.

I shall have, before long, a much fuller discussion of this matter in *Modern Language Notes,* and I hope later to reprint "Double Falsehood" in a way to make it more available for study than it is at present.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

SOME PARALLELS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Last month there issued from the press of an American publishing house a book entitled "The Rhetoric of Oratory." In his preface the author says (p. vii): "There is no modern text-book, so far as the author is aware, which covers the same ground as the present volume." Yet a comparison of the book with another entitled "Modern American Oratory," copyrighted some eleven years ago by another publisher, reveals a similarity rather alarming. There is submitted herewith a list—by no means exhaustive—of parallel passages from the two books. It would appear that the later writer has a standard of originality peculiarly his own. This conclusion seems further justified by a comparison of portions of a book by the same author, entitled "Extempore Speaking" (issued by Ginn & Co. last year), with a well-known little book by Prof. Brander Matthews, "Notes on Speech-Making."

Ernest M. Halliday.

Urbana, Ill., February 16.

"Modern American Oratory," by Ralph Curtis Ringwalt. Henry Holt & Co., 1898.	"The Rhetoric of Oratory," by Edwin Du Bois Shurter. The Macmillan Co., 1909.
. . . Aristotle says that oratory (or rhetoric, as the whole science of written and spoken discourse was denominated by the Greeks) is "the faculty of finding all the means of persuasion on any subject." Cicero, who is followed by Dr. Blair, defines it as the "art of persuasion"; while Quintilian and John Quincy Adams agree in calling it the "art of speaking well." . . . That of Aristotle, since it has to do with but one branch of the subject, what the rhetoricians called invention, . . . may be rejected at once.—P. 3.	. . . Aristotle says that oratory (rhetoric) is "the faculty of finding all the means of persuasion on any subject." Quintilian and John Quincy Adams define it as "the art of speaking well," while Cicero and Dr. Blair agree in calling it "the art of persuasion." But Aristotle's definition, since it relates primarily to a single branch of rhetoric, that of Invention, is to-day obviously inadequate.—P. 2.
. . . The much-quoted remark of Charles James Fox, when he was told that a speech read well, "Then it must have been a bad speech," is as far from the truth as the popular estimate which ranks Edmund Burke among the world's great orators.—P. 6.	. . . The importance of the manner of delivery gave rise to Fox's dictum that a good speech never reads well. There may be some truth in this, but the statement is no doubt too sweeping. True, there are some noted orators, such as Burke, whose speeches are more effective as literature than they were when first delivered.—P. 6.
. . . We can now advance a step, and turn to the broad divisions into which orations have been	The broad divisions into which oratory has been classified have been variously named by dif-

classified. Although variously named by different writers, these divisions—a single addition excepted—have always been intrinsically the same: they have been based on one of two points of view, either upon the attitude of an audience toward a speech, or upon the purpose of the speaker, and usually upon the former. For example, Aristotle . . . finds three attitudes in an audience, and upon these he bases his divisions of oratory. He says that audiences are either judges of things lying in the past, as are members of assemblies and deliberative bodies; or critics, as are those who estimate only the ability of a speaker or the power and charm of a speech. Then, from this analysis, he draws the conclusion that there can be but three kinds of speeches — judicial, deliberative, and epideictic, the oration of display. To this division, the birth of Christianity, and the part played in the spreading of its doctrine by spoken discourse, has added a new, a fourth type of oratory; but with this exception, Aristotle's classification is as valuable to-day as it was two thousand years ago. We may therefore adopt it, . . . changing a little, although somewhat arbitrarily, the nomenclature. . . . We shall then have four great divisions of oratory, as follows: (1) deliberative, the oratory of the assembly; (2) forensic, the oratory of the bar; (3) demonstrative (also called occasional), the oratory of display; and (4) pulpit, the oratory of the Christian Church.—P. 7, 8, 9.

Although deliberative oratory has been defined as the oratory of the assembly, the inference must not be drawn that it is restricted in scope to speeches before legislative assemblies; . . . Any speech before a number of people who listen as judges, where the object of the speaker is to induce his hearers to accept or reject a given policy for the future, may be called a deliberative speech. Thus to this class belong not only most congressional efforts, but speeches in conventions, those on the hustings, those in public meetings of many sorts, as well as those before synods and conferences.—P. 9.

. . . Sedulous inquirers point to the harangues in the Bible, and to the stormy councils which enliven many pages of Homer as the first examples of deliberative speech. . . . In our own country different writers since the days of Aristotle, yet these divisions (with one exception) are intrinsically the same; they have been based upon the viewpoint of either the audience or the speaker, and usually the former. Thus Aristotle bases his division upon three points of view an audience may have. He says that audiences are judges either of things lying in the future, as are members of deliberative bodies; or of thing (sic) lying in the past, as are members of judicial tribunals; or of things of the present, as are critics of the presentation of some topic of the moment. He then deduces this classification: (1) Deliberative, (2) Judicial, and (3) Epidictic oratory (to show forth, or display). —P. 15.

. . . Since the time of Aristotle the rise of Christianity has added another kind of oratory, that of the pulpit. . . . However, for the purpose of separate consideration, and changing—somewhat arbitrarily — Aristotle's nomenclature, we may classify oratory into the following four divisions: (1) Deliberative, the oratory of the assembly, (2) Forensic, the oratory of the bar, (3) Pulpit, the oratory of the Church, and (4) Demonstrative, the oratory of the special occasion.—P. 16.

While deliberative oratory is usually associated with speeches before legislative assemblies, its scope is not confined to such bodies. Any speech addressed to hearers with the object of inducing them to accept or reject a given policy for the future may be called a deliberative speech. Hence this kind of oratory includes not only congressional and parliamentary speeches, but also addresses before conventions, synods, conferences, and public meetings of various sorts.—P. 17.

. . . Some writers point to the harangues in the Old Testament and to the stormy councils described by Homer as the first examples of deliberative speech. . . . It lighted the fires which burned into the Reformation and the French Revolution. . . . And its history is inextricably interwoven with the history of our own country—the Revolution, the adoption of the Constitution, . . . and the great governmental and social problems of the last half century. —P. 17.

. . . Its preëminence arises from three causes: the comprehensiveness of its purpose, the subjects with which it deals, and the character of the audiences addressed. —P. 18.

. . . The great oration in the English Parliament or in the American Congress is now an unusual episode. . . . Further, some influence may be attributed to the character of the questions dealt with at present. These are, as a rule, no longer the larger problems of national policy, but details of administration, the currency, tariff schedules, . . . —questions that obviously do not lend themselves to emotional speaking.—P. 19, 20.

Arguments and appeals were employed which to-day would be regarded as extraneous and wholly irrelevant. . . . As some one has said, Cicero's argument was that "Archias was a Roman citizen because he was a Greek poet."—P. 23.

The general structure of a forensic oration, whether ancient or modern, whether delivered to the court or to the jury, consists of these three essential parts: (1) a statement of the facts of the case, (2) a statement, deduced from these facts, of the points at issue, and (3) the proof of these issues.—P. 27, 28.

It must be confessed that the term "demonstrative," when used to designate a division of oratory, conveys but little meaning.—P. 35.

. . . The subjects for eulogy, however, were not restricted to men, as they usually are to-day, but gods, cities, and even inanimate objects or abstract virtues might be made the themes of praise.—P. 37.

. . . A man may be a successful lawyer without being an advocate, or a statesman without being a deliberative orator, but he cannot well be a minister without being a preacher.—P. 28.

. . . Since the time of Aristotle the rise of Christianity has added another kind of oratory, that of the pulpit. . . . However, for the purpose of separate consideration, and changing—somewhat arbitrarily — Aristotle's nomenclature, we may classify oratory into the following four divisions: (1) Deliberative, the oratory of the assembly, (2) Forensic, the oratory of the bar, (3) Pulpit, the oratory of the Church, and (4) Demonstrative, the oratory of the special occasion.—P. 16.

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The term demonstrative, it must be confessed, when applied to oratory conveys but very little meaning.—P. 24.

. . . The subjects of eulogy were not, however, so restricted then as they are now; gods and cities, as well as men, could appropriately be made the themes of praise.—P. 27.

. . . A man may become a statesman without being an orator, a lawyer without being an advocate; but he cannot well be a successful minister without being a preacher.—P. 45.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Halliday takes exception to the statement in the preface of my book, "The Rhetoric of Oratory," to the effect that "there is no modern text-book, so far as the author is aware, which covers the same ground as the present volume." But the statement is true—so far as the author is aware—and it was for this very reason that the preparation of the book was first undertaken, some ten years ago. Much would depend, it is true, upon what is meant by "covering the same ground." Every teacher of oratory is, of course, well aware of Mr. Ringwalt's excellent essay, "The Theory of Oratory," contained in his volume, "Modern American Oratory." But his book is not primarily a text on oratory, but a collection of orations for critical study. The sub-title is: "Seven Representative Orations, Edited with Notes, and an Essay on the Theory of Oratory." This essay, or text proper, is contained in 90 of the 329 pages of the whole book. "The Rhetoric of Oratory" is primarily a text-book, the text proper being 217 of the 305 pages; and approximately two-thirds of the latter book treats of topics not dealt with in the former. So, when it is said that the two books do not cover the same ground, this is meant in the sense that a man who goes 90 miles over a given course does not cover the same ground as one who goes 217 miles, or, in the sense that one who cultivates one acre of ground does not cover the same ground as he who cultivates three acres.

Another statement in the preface to "The Rhetoric of Oratory" answers, at least in part, the *prima facie* case presented in several of the foregoing parallelisms. The statement referred to reads:

> The author would not underrate his indebtedness to some of the modern treatises (cited in the text), but for the most part the present treatise simply aims to adapt ancient precepts to present-day conditions. . . .

No writer could seriously pretend to any originality as to the principles and theories relative to the science and art of oratory, so elaborately worked out by Aristotle and the other ancient writers, or as to the application of these theories to present-day conditions. The case before us, then, can raise questions only of form, not of matter; and it is impossible adequately to deal with questions of form without quoting in full what is given above as either a part of a sentence, or as a segregated sentence out of a paragraph, and this method neither time nor space will permit. But, if we take, for example, the first parallel passages above given, it would not appear to me alarming if, in mere statements of facts and theories, similarity in form of statement were to be found in several other modern books that might readily be cited. So of the second instance: the quotation of Fox's familiar remark, and the well-recognized estimate of Burke as to matter vs. delivery—these matters have been commented upon by numberless writers, with a similarity in form of statement not necessarily alarming. So of the third set of parallel passages, relative to the divisions of oratory; any one interested may find parallel passages in Dr. Blair's "Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," John Quincy Adams's "Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory," and in numerous later books—and all going back at last to Aristotle's analysis.

Now, I have no desire to beg the question. I owe much to Mr. Ringwalt's essay, and Mr. Halliday has succeeded in convincing me that I owe more to it than I probably realized when writing those chapters of my book which deal with topics treated of in both books. I am convinced, for example, that in the matter of the differentiation of oratory from other forms of

public speaking (parallel passages in the treatment of which, by the way, might well be added to Mr. Halliday's list), I am indebted very largely to, and have followed closely, Mr. Ringwalt's analysis. Although his book is cited in a foot-note reference (p. 25), doubtless more specific acknowledgment of the help derived from his essay should have been given. This omission I exceedingly regret, and shall at once take steps to correct. The oversight, however, may be explained by the fact that I used Mr. Ringwalt's book some three or four years with my classes; then, wishing to develop the subject along other lines, I used notes, including quotations and paraphrases from this and other works, ancient and modern, as the basis of informal lectures. These notes were the primary source for reference in the process of composition, while writing my book, and it is quite possible that segregated passages may be the result of unconscious memorizing, or of carelessness in transcribing what should have been either specifically acknowledged or given as quoted matter. The same remark applies to the other book mentioned by Mr. Halliday—although in the latter instance special acknowledgment is made in the preface of the help derived from Professor Matthews's little book.

But, all in all, if the two books in question be compared and judged *as a whole*—sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, and chapter by chapter—on such a basis of judgment as this the author of "The Rhetoric of Oratory" is content to rest his case. EDWIN DUBOIS SHURTER.

University of Texas, February 28.

SENTIMENT VERSUS HISTORY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some occurrences during the recent session of the North Carolina Legislature throw an amusing side light on the power of sentiment and of family pride to perpetuate historical error when it has been once established, and show the powerlessness of historical truth when confronted by popular tradition.

As is well known, many North Carolinians have long claimed, because of the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, a priority over the national Declaration of July 4, 1776. In 1819 the report was first published that on May 20, 1775, Mecklenburg County, N. C., declared absolute Independence of Great Britain. The claim was based on the statement of John McKnitt Alexander, who had been secretary of the meeting. His account of the proceedings on that day was written from memory twenty-five years after the event occurred, but was at that time believed to have been copied from the original records. The claim of Mecklenburg County was at once disputed, and in 1830 the State Legislature set gravely to work to establish by law the disputed facts. The survivors of the Mecklenburg meeting of May, 1775, were sought out; the statements of the secretary made from memory in 1800 were shown them, and they were asked if these statements accorded with their own memory of the events. Their answers, in the absence of more definite knowledge, tended to confirm the story of the secretary, and the whole was published with the sanction of the Legislature as the official version of the affair.

It is to be observed that there was then no particular question as to the date or the exact language of the document. But in 1847 Dr. Joseph Johnson found the full set of twenty resolutions since known as the Mecklenburg Resolves of May 31, 1775, which differ widely from the Declaration of May 20. From the discovery of the Resolves of May 31, which are undoubtedly genuine, until the present time, there has been war between the advocates of the Declaration of the 20th and the Resolves of the 31st. Students outside of North Carolina who are not influenced by local feeling have been uniformly against the Declaration of the 20th. In fact, so far as I recall, no recognized historical student of the present generation has undertaken their defence. They have looked for their defence to the descendants of the signers and to an aggressive and overbearing public sentiment in Mecklenburg, which has to an extent permeated the State and given tone to the work of local historians. These have either accepted the 20th with its contradictions, or have neatly straddled. Within the last week there has appeared in the leading newspaper of the State a communication from one of the descendants, which calls for a suppression of "heresy" in regard to the 20th, and an intimation that if the teachers in the State schools cannot support that date they should resign.

But the light of history is dawning, even in North Carolina. In his recent work on the history of North Carolina through the colonial and revolutionary periods, Capt. S. A. Ashe treats this subject in the course of his narrative. To satisfy local public sentiment he gives all the documents on which the advocates of the 20th rely for their defence. Then, after discussing the whole subject with much detail, he cuts loose from tradition, defies public sentiment, and arrives at the inevitable conclusion that there was but one public meeting in Charlotte in May, 1775, and that the Resolves of May 31 are the published expression of that meeting.

Now for the sequel. A bill was introduced at the recent session of the North Carolina Legislature to give the county boards of education authority to purchase this history of North Carolina by Capt. Ashe for the rural school libraries, if they saw fit. The bill, at best, was a mere enabling act. It passed the Senate. It was referred to the House Committee on Education. There, the Speaker of the House, who happens to be a Descendant, appeared against it, and was beaten. When it came up on its passage it was opposed by the Speaker, who left his gavel to lobby, and by the Representatives from Mecklenburg. The merits of the book were not discussed. The fitness of Capt. Ashe for his task was not considered. The need of a State history was not thought of. These things availed nothing when placed in the balance against his rejection of this hoary myth. The opponents of the bill did not think argument necessary. Their speeches were directed to showing what would follow in the wake of this bill: The date, May 20, is on the State flag and on the State seal; a monument has been erected in Charlotte to commemorate this event; the children have been taught this date, and, as one member put it, its authenticity "has been established by the Legislature already as thoroughly as the Legislature can establish anything." Then why not leave good enough alone without questioning its correctness? This impassioned appeal to sustain the 20th, regardless of the historical arguments against it, swept the members off their feet, and the bill was defeated by 56 to 39. Verily in the North Carolina historical world "the sun do move." STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

Greenboro, N. C., March 23.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. A. W. Anthony, in your issue of March 18, asks, "Why perpetuate longer the foreign method if it does not give the student acquaintance with a spoken language?" The anecdote which so interestingly describes the inability of Mr. Anthony and a German student to converse in Latin simply goes to prove the necessity of adopting a uniform standard throughout the world. If anecdotes be argument, I know a certain Harvard man who was able pleasantly to spend a long afternoon in an Italian train talking Latin with a native priest. They had no other language in common, and the vast disparity of their native dialects did not prevent the one from comprehending the other, thanks to the American's training in the Roman pronunciation.

Professor Anthony complains further that the Roman pronunciation increases the difficulty of learning the language. It would be otiose here to repeat all the arguments in favor of the Roman pronunciation; one is decisive—that on any other plan we cannot form the faintest idea of the melody and the power of Latin and Greek prose, of the beauty of the poetry of Homer, Sophocles, Catullus, Virgil. Why is it that so many forget that the letters of our alphabets, ancient or modern, do in all sincerity stand for sounds, are but symbols of the reality and not the reality itself, which is oral? It would be just as absurd for us to attempt to superimpose our sounds upon the symbols of Virgil as it would be for a German, untrained in English speech, to judge the music of Swinburne by his own mangled and guttural travesty of it. The increased ease that Mr. Anthony asserts would follow in the case of a return to the old "English" system would in reality be that ancient enemy of human progress, the ease consequent upon low ideals and still lower attainments.

But logic deserves our respect, wherever we find it, and I would be the last to deny that there are both logic and courage in Mr. Anthony's position, in spite of the fact that his premises and his conclusions are equally untenable. His logic and his courage are both proved by his writing such a delicious *reductio ad absurdum* of the methods which we employ for the ancient languages in the majority of our American schools. R. K. HACK.

Williams College, March 22.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I confess my surprise that your correspondent of March 9 speaks of the now

generally adopted pronunciation of Latin as "having naught but a worn-out theory to commend it." It has always seemed to me that our evidence upon this matter, descending from antiquity itself, is remarkably full and convincing, so much so that there is here comparatively little difference of opinion among scholars, which is more than can be said of their views on some other branches of classical philology.

I could tell your correspondent another story, as a counter-blast to his, of an acquaintance of mine, who was able successfully to communicate in spoken Latin with the authorities of the Vatican Library, thanks to his having been trained in the Roman method of pronunciation; but I wish to pass to something more important. Your correspondent appears to argue that, because a student pronounces "vidi" as "wee-dee," he will not be likely to recognize its connection with such a word as "evident." My observation, however, is this, that where the English method of pronunciation is nominally employed, no attempt is ever made to *read Latin* at all (as, indeed, why should there be?), and consequently a student's ideas of derivation come to him visually, not vocally. Now, if he employs the Roman method, he gets his derivation visually just as under the other system, and by reading aloud—a process upon which classical teachers are laying increasing stress—he gets at least a fair approximation to Latin as it sounded in its imperial days, gets some real impression of the sonorous Ciceronian eloquence as it rang in a Roman's ears, some idea of the "stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man." In short, he gets all that the student under the other system gets, and a great deal more. As one who was brought up under the English method and did not employ the Roman till in his twenties, I desire to record the fact that the classics never meant half as much to me when I merely *translated* them as they have since I have *read* them.

May I be permitted to call John Milton in his capacity as schoolmaster into court:

> For their Studies, First they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better: and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashion'd to a distinct and clear pronuntiation, as near as may be to the *Italian*, especially in the Vowels. For we Englishmen, being far Northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue; but are observ'd by all other Nations to speak exceeding close and inward: So that to smatter Latine with an English mouth, is as ill a hearing as Law-French.

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.

University of Alberta, Strathcona, Canada, March 25.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For one in the curious state of mind evinced by the writer of a communication in the *Nation* of March 18 ("The Pronunciation of the Classics") there may be food for reflection in an entertaining passage in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Fortunes of Nigel" (Chapter ix), where young Nigel is presented to King James I, who, after some conversation with him in Latin, addresses his courtiers as follows:

> Ye see, my lords, no bad specimen of our Scottish Latinity, with which language we would all our subjects of England were as well embued as this and other youths of honourable birth, in our auld kingdom; also, we keep the genuine and Roman pronunciation, like other learned nations on the continent, sae that we hold communing with any scholar in the universe, who can but speak the Latin tongue; whereas ye, our learned subjects of England, have introduced into your universities, otherwise most learned, a fashion of pronouncing like unto the "nippit foot and clippit foot" of the bride in the fairy tale, whilk manner of speech (take it not amiss that I be round with you) can be understood by no nation on earth saving yourselves; whereby Latin, *quoad Anglos*, ceaseth to be *communis lingua*, the general dragoman, or interpreter, between all the wise men of the earth.

It is needless to say that our English cousins, after these centuries of insular absurdity, are now engaged in the process of wholesale reform in the pronunciation of the classical languages and are fast conforming to the usage of the rest of the world.

H. H. YEAMES.

Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., March 22.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted, as a teacher of Latin to long-suffering youth, a word of protest against Prof. A. W. Anthony's new statement, in your issue of March 18, of what to many of us is an old heresy?

The thing seems plausible enough on the surface: Why teach the Latin pronunciaiton, or, for that matter, any pronunciation at all? Latin is a *dead* language (*absit omen!*); you can't converse in it; even if you could, few would be so lacking in means of entertainment as to listen. Latin cannot even make out as good a case for itself as Greek, which Professor Anthony admits is a spoken and *living* language, forgetting perhaps that modern Greek resembles more nearly the familiar conversation of the ladies of Abdul Hamid's seraglio than the honey-sweet words we so meticulously translate. But all this were as nothing, and little to our purpose, except for three of Professor Anthony's capital charges against the teaching of an approximately historical pronunciation, those, namely, of *Uselessness* in relation to any other study, *Etymological Hindrance*, and *Needless Difficulty*.

Let me employ a *hysteron proteron*, and do away with this last idea. In my own school days, I think it took us about two weeks to master with a certain completeness the chapter on pronunciation, and its application. I have this year in process of instruction boys from twelve to fifteen years of age, who have taken Latin since last September; I tested to-day the least capable pupils in the class, and although I found them something uncertain as to accentuation, they sounded every vowel admirably. Such a condition is not exceptional.

Any task, of course, is a difficulty; but a difficulty such as the present seems to me far from useless. Let us suppose we teach the Roman system of pronunciation. Now, if the boys we teach were French or Germans, the Latin syllable might indeed differ so slightly from its equivalent in the pupil's mother tongue as to call the wisdom of a whole new pronunciation scheme seriously into question. But English-speaking boys are accustomed to a far different sounding of letters, especially of vowels; the soft *a* is infrequent, the *e* as in *ego* does not exist at all, and the *i* as in *sine* occurs only in words of foreign derivation. Now what is more, these boys, if they are to learn any foreign language at all, must first have grasped these rudimentary differences of pronunciation; must find them thoroughly familiar. Why throw on the German class a burden the Latin class has always found so light?

Professor Anthony further insists that an historical pronunciation tends to obscure etymological derivatives and cognates. Admitted, to a certain extent. But how can we show the much more fundamental relation of certain words, as for instance, *vadum* and *wade*, if we pronounce the *v* with Anglo-Saxon insularity? And as for the funny sounds, the boys soon forget all that.

There remains, however, a stronger reason than any of Professor Anthony's for the English pronunciation, namely, the æsthetic. We all despise our new theories just a little, and we confess to a desire for the linguistic fleshpots of days gone by. I remember hearing Prof. Barrett Wendell read in Latin St. Matthew's account of the Nativity, commenting as he did so on the absurdity of reading one's Latin in any other way except "as Shakespeare read his." Need I point out that Shakespeare must have pronounced words in *-tion* much more nearly the classical way than the modern? And how are we to rhyme *heath* with *Macbeth*, unless we broaden it out to the Irishman's *hayth*, which is, by the way, a pronunciation historically more true, if less elegant, than our own?

C. H. DICKERMAN.

Fishkill-on-Hudson, March 19.

ANIMALS ON THE GALLOWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to Dr. Furness's interesting letter (*Nation*, March 4, p. 217) concerning the English custom of hanging wolves on gallows, allow me to draw the attention of antiquarians to a most singular Greek bronze recently described and published by M. Staïs, "Marbres et bronzes du Musée d'Athènes," 1907, p. 266. It represents, according to M. Staïs, a fox hanged on the stem of a tree, somewhat in the attitude which Greek art gives to Marsyas hanged by order of Apollo. The *provenance*, stated with a query, is "Arcadie, au sanctuaire de Pan." Now, a wolf-god is well known to have been honored in Arcadia, and what M. Staïs calls a fox may—as far as we can judge from the paltry half-tone engraving—be a wolf. No folklorist need be surprised at finding the image of a slain wolf in the sanctuary of a wolf-god. But I will abstain from any hypothesis; the first thing to do, before even discussing the question, would be to procure a good and large photograph of that queer bronze. Fox or wolf, the animal represented is hanging on gallows, and may thus serve as an illustration to the passages adduced by Dr. Furness.

SALOMON REINACH.

Saint Germain, March 16.

THE WORK OF THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would be difficult at this moment to specify all the causes that go to make up the present demand for better education in the country districts, to which

you refer in your editorial of March 18; but at least two causes stand forth in plain sight. One is the demand on the part of the farming community for better education, and the other is the larger supply of available candidates for the position of country teacher.

The growing complexity and specialization of modern life has reached even the farmer; he sees about him the beneficial results of intelligence, training, and industry applied scientifically to farming. Undoubtedly he has seen this for many years, but during the last decade or so he has become prosperous, and is now in a position to make effective such desires. He has subdued the wild forces of nature, he has erected his barns, he has stocked his place with valuable animals, he has bought improved machinery, and he is now studying the problem of better education for his children. Hence the widespread call for better country schools.

On the other hand, the old days have passed forever in this country when there were abundant opportunities lying open for any young man of energy, but without previous training, to make a comfortable fortune in a few years. The once abundant possibilities of rapid advancement from section hand to president, from errand boy to the head of the firm are now mere reminiscences. There has set in a sort of reaction, and occupations once scorned as slow and ill-paid are now carefully considered by young men starting in life. Schoolmastering, which fifty years ago was merely a stepping stone for the ambitious and courageous, is at the present time showing signs of being at least a respectable trade in which any physically healthy and mentally well-balanced man may gain a decent livelihood. But the teacher had to wait till the barns were all built, the Herefords and Percherons purchased, and the reaper and sulky plough installed. His turn for consideration has now come.

Probably the agricultural schools and experiment stations have contributed largely to this happy result. The farmer who held the plough or wielded the scythe in midsummer for more hours than the sun shone, begrudged every dollar paid to his hired man whose chief asset, after all, was brute strength and endurance; the less strength and endurance, the less valuable. This farmer was loath to pay money to any man who did not work with his two hands in the fields. Naturally religious, he starved the preacher; naturally fond of his children, he sought the cheapest teacher possible; a physically incapacitated man or an immature girl would do. But along came the graduate of the agricultural college or the expert from the experiment station, and showed the farmer how to make a field, which he was unable to utilize, blossom with profitable crops; how to get cream from a good Brown Swiss cow, or what prices a good Clydesdale horse would fetch. Half a mile down the road was a young fellow who had been to school and had been trained for agricultural business. The land was of the same quality, but acre for acre, cow for cow, hog for hog, sheep for sheep, the young fellow, trained in the schools, secured bigger prices; lived in better style, and stood higher in the community. All this was the result of training and education. The farmer began to respect the man that taught his successful competitor; the profession of school teaching began to look up.

It remains to be seen what direction this new movement will take; it may prove a curse and it may turn out a blessing. If the aim of every good school is to fit the young for life work, the country school should devote its energies chiefly towards natural, scientific, and agricultural subjects. Up to the present, the chief fault of the American schools has been that they have turned out young men and women who instinctively, as the result of such training, sought clerical jobs in large cities. It would be a great blessing if country children were systematically taught to despise such occupations; and it would be money well spent if the State would pay the expenses of a committee of mothers from every farming community who should visit large cities and see how young women exist who hold jobs in department and similar stores, and have to live on perhaps three dollars a week.

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, March 28.

THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We do not study the South enough by leisurely visits off the beaten track, away from the "Florida Special" and the tourist routes, from which nothing of much value can ever be learned. Our war prejudices, the old distortion and blindness, are still overwhelming us, although we boast sometimes that we have shaken them off. Of what avail is it to have conquered the South if we enter not into possession of that charming people and their beautiful country?

I say this to myself every winter as, returning from the quail and snipe regions, I add new experiences of appreciation. I stopped over this time at Union Springs in Alabama, merely a cotton town far removed from tourist lines. It is situated, with wide, well-shaded streets, on a good-sized hill, or ridge, with extensive views over a very curious region, a sort of mottled country of pine forests and red-soiled cotton fields—a paradise for sportsmen and followers of the cunning quail, with high-bred dogs wandering about the streets. I sat on the steps of the courthouse with my own dog, and talked with one of the judges.

The field sports and their broadening genial influence are perhaps the best equipment for the serious task of these Southern judges, the most serious task that perhaps has ever been given to their race. Union Springs is in the midst of the black belt, and the negroes outnumber the whites ten to one. The white men seemed to me like a band of brothers, united, disciplined, trained through generations, like jovial soldiers, to hold down the black race. Their Southern qualities, that extreme and ready sociability, that frank directness, seemed the more intensified because they were so desperately united to protect Anglo-Saxon decency and order from being overwhelmed by Africa.

The blacks, judging from those I saw, may have been descended from the last slaves imported just before the trade was stopped. They seemed very close to Africa. One of the young men I went to see is a college graduate, and a magistrate, who seems to spend a large part of his time trying negroes for all sorts of misdemeanors. I watched another young man in an office adjoining the court house, with negro after negro, male and female, coming before him; they were waiting in groups before the door, and he seemed to be lecturing and explaining to them much of the time. These negroes are not the selected ones that we know, but the great mass of the 10,000,000; the 9,900,000 of the 10,000,000. It will take a long time to lecture and explain Anglo-Saxon ideas into the black mass. It will never be done in any time that can be estimated; and yet the Southerner goes on with it day after day, with the greatest patience and good temper; he has been going on with it in that way for generations, and he will go on with it to the end of time, while we theorize and talk about it in the North.

I wonder where it will all end. Will the Southerner continue to hold down with one delicately moulded, but iron hand, while he explains and explains and shows great kindness with the other hand; and meantime the years and decades pass, and in fifty years the present ten millions of negroes have grown to twenty millions, and in another fifty years to forty millions, and so on until at last there is a small white population, a desperately united, high-strung band of brothers, holding down an enormous black mass just as in India about one hundred thousand Englishmen hold down three hundred millions of brown Asiatics. If that day ever comes I feel as if there should be painted somewhere in the universe the scene I saw in the court house; the slim young Southerner of race-horse build, all nerve and sensation, the Anglo-Saxon type of the Southern sun, explaining to black man after black man; and he kept on explaining and explaining through the ages until the black man overwhelmed him with numbers.

Sydney G. Fisher.

Philadelphia, March 10.

LINCOLN AND THE NEGRO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A correspondent in your issue of March 18 thinks that I have done "both Lincoln and the *Nation*" an injustice in my comments on Lincoln's attitude toward the negro. Now as to your correspondent's assumption that Lincoln's views might "have undergone a change" in the light of subsequent developments, it may be replied that in 1862, four years later than the time when he expressed the opinion of my former quotation, Lincoln in an address to a deputation of colored men, said:

> Even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with the white race. . . . The aspiration of men is to enjoy equality with the best when free, but on this broad continent not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours. Go where you are treated the best, and the ban is still upon you. I do not propose to discuss this, but to present it as a fact with which we have to deal.

If, in the four intervening years, Lincoln's views had materially changed, could he have had a more fitting opportunity to say so than this? On the contrary, he refuses to discuss the question.

The "notion of negro citizenship" had dawned upon Lincoln in 1864 when he wrote to Governor Hahn:

Now you are about to have a convention, which, among other things, will probably define the elective franchise. I barely suggest for your private consideration, whether some of the colored people may not be let in—as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks.

If Lincoln had lived through the years of Reconstruction, not as he would have made it, but as it really was, can we suppose that that pitiful spectacle would have led him to bestow the franchise, not, as he says, on the "very intelligent" negroes, but, as the extremists would almost seem to require, on every colored man because of his color and despite his unfitness?

The negro problem is not as your correspondent would have it:

Shall a man physically, intellectually, and morally the equal of other men be denied equal treatment because his skin is black, or because his ancestors had been oppressed?

On the contrary, Lincoln's expressed opinion, and the opinion which seems constantly gaining adherents through all parts of our country, is that the man whose skin is black—as a race—is not physically, intellectually, or morally the equal of the man whose skin is white.

L. M. Passano.

Boston, March 20.

THE CONCENTRATED ESSENCE OF PROTECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I draw your attention to the fine of $200 imposed upon Mrs. E. J. Lord of Honolulu by the Federal government, for the unthinkable misdemeanor of having travelled from Honolulu to San Francisco on a foreign steamer, the Tenyo Maru, arriving in port February 16, 1909. The trivial explanation offered by the culprit for this misdeed was that the foreign steamer was better than the government-protected American boat, sailing on the same day. The attention of American citizens everywhere should be called to this last crowning triumph of that narrow-minded, tariff-protected, graft-infected, political régime, under which the American consumer has groaned these last twelve years.

E. J. Roberts.

Burlingame, Cal., March 14.

WHO WAS CARDELIUS?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a New York office hangs an excellent bit of printing, which reads as follows:

THIS OUR NOBLE ART.

And this our noble art of Printing is the very Foster Mother of all Learning; for though the few had Books before Gutenberg gave us our Art, not until Printing came could Learning, yes and Wisdom also, knock at every man's door.

From the Latin of Cardelius, 1546.

Who was Cardelius? B.

Summit, N. J., March 30.

Notes.

Under the title "Morals in Modern Business," the Yale University Press has about ready a collection of six papers written by Edward D. Page, George W. Alger, Henry Holt, A. Barton Hepburn, Edward W. Bemis, and James McKeen. The aim of the book is to inquire candidly into the conduct of modern business on what may be termed the moral side. In it, many of the questions of right and wrong, which have arisen as a result of the great changes in the commercial world, are considered and answered by men of experience.

The "Memoirs of Mademoiselle George," edited by Paul Cheramy, are to be published in this country next month by the John McBride Co. Mlle. George, who was born in 1787, writes piquantly of Napoleon and the other notables of her day. From the same house is to come "The Revelation to the Monk of Evesham Abbey," rendered into modern English, by Valerian Paget. Its quaint picture of purgatory and paradise has hitherto remained in the obsolete English of 700 years ago.

Gen. Kuropatkin's "Military Memoirs," translated by Capt. A. B. Lindsay, will be brought out almost immediately by E. P. Dutton & Co.

"A Vindication of Warren Hastings," by G. W. Hastings, is to be published by Henry Frowde. The author's object is to prove that "Warren Hastings, the man who made our Indian Empire and preserved it for the Crown, was wholly innocent of the crimes so often and so grievously laid to his charge."

The Clarendon Press is about to issue the first volume of "Scripta Minoa: the Written Documents of Minoan Crete," by Arthur J. Evans. This volume deals specially with the earlier pictographic and hieroglyphic script, but with an introduction giving a general view of the progress of the discoveries, the successive types of script and their relation to one another.

T. N. Foulis of Edinburgh, announces a complete and authorized translation of Nietzsche's works in eighteen volumes under the editorial supervision of Dr. Oscar Levy. "Thoughts Out of Season," "The Birth of Tragedy," "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "Beyond Good and Evil," and "The Future of Our Educational Institutions" will be ready this spring.

In the new series of the Publications of the Modern Language Association No. 1 of Vol. XVII, just issued, contains six contributions. J. P. Wickersham Crawford presents the text of a Spanish farce of the sixteenth century from a manuscript of the Biblioteca Nacional of Madrid; Alfred E. Richards discusses "The English Wagner Book of 1594"; William Guild Howard, "Ut Pictura Poesis," noticed in the *Nation* of March 25; Robert K. Root, "Chaucer's Legend of Medea"; John W. Cunliffe, "Browning and the Marathon Race"; and Percy W. Long, "The Purport of Lyly's 'Endimion'." Mr. Long concludes that the idea of a personal allegory in "Endimion" is "an assumption made without evidence."

Part 1 of Volume II of *Orkney and Shetland Miscellany*, January, 1909, offers among other things a study in the "Township and Surnames" of the isles by J. Storer Clouston. Mr. Clouston finds that, while many township names have given rise to family names, a larger number of family names have not thus originated, and that few of the large townships are associated with names. On the other hand, the small townships, being little more than single farms, frequently gave surnames to men who were merely tenants. Thus, John Ismond's son, who became a tenant at Winksetter in Harray, adopted the name John Winksetter in the following century. The author suggests the problem: whether the origin of the townships is as Norse as their names, or whether they were once Pictish settlements. It may be noted that there are in this country five Orkney and Shetland societies, one in Boston, one in Buffalo, two in Chicago, and one in Portland, Ore.

"Naval Warfare," by Baron Curt von Maltzahn, retired vice-admiral in the German Navy, is a well printed translation from the original German (Longmans, Green & Co.). The author was for some years professor of strategy and tactics at the Naval Academy in Kiel, and later became its head. He is therefore especially competent to treat naval warfare from the German point of view, and what he says is of interest, in presenting the case of those who urge a great navy as necessary to a nation which is largely engaged in commerce. As might have been expected, he attributes England's industrial supremacy to her sea power, and urges that Germany should aim at equality, if not preponderance, upon the ocean:

The economic dependence of the Continent on England which existed at the beginning of the last century exists no longer today; it has become transformed into a military dependency. This is because the Continental States are more vulnerable than they were, since they have more to fear from naval warfare, which is the chief weapon in England's hands. As England's rivals, therefore, they must provide themselves with such a fleet equipment as will correspond with their share in maritime commerce.

The motives underlying our Navy Bill characterize such a defensive fleet in these words: "Germany must have a war fleet of such strength that any war in which she were to be engaged would be so dangerous to her adversary—even were that adversary the strongest of all at sea—that his position as a great Power would be called in question."

We can only regard this universal battleship mania as a disease which bids fair to wreck more than one people before it shall have run its course. For the individual who is a prey to hallucinations the trained expert is at hand to minister, but nations in the grip of these terrors are without a much needed international mental alienist, and are deaf to all who strive to calm their fears. When these war scares and bugaboos become recognized as figments of the imagination and treated as maladies, this little book will find its true place, for it is a symptom rather than a treatise.

"New Light on Ancient Egypt" (D. Appleton & Co.) is the title of a translation of a series of essays by Gaston Maspero, director-general of the Service des Antiquités and director of the Museum in Cairo. The essays are the result of some fifteen years of work in popularizing the

results of Egyptological studies hy the author and others. The arrangement of the material seems to he rather haphazard, and no plan of sequence is discernihle. Each new chapter takes the reader into a new field, quite without reference to that which precedes or follows. Some of the essays are comparatively recent, while others were penned as much as ten years ago, possihly earlier. In the interval the progress of excavation has changed the appearance of things, hut corresponding changes have not heen made in the descriptive text. One would never know, for instance, that the temple of Denderah had heen dug out and much improved for the purposes of the tourist. There is also another point upon which criticism may be offered, in spite of the note which the author has prepared on the suhject—the method of transliterating native names. The usage of English scholars is too well fixed to he superseded hy the French, particularly when there is so great a difference in the value of the symhols in the two alphahets. In an English translation it would seem wiser to abandon the French and adhere to the English forms, particularly when the French presents such monstrosities as Hatshopsouitou, Maiherpiriou, Montouhikhopshouf, Ouaouaitou, and Toutanonkhamanou. Ahout the value of the hook for the fuller appreciation and comprehension of many phases of Egyptian archæology, history, art, literature, religion, and magic, there cannot he two opinions. If there is a more capahle or versatile writer on these suhjects it would be hard to name him. The richness of the contents cannot he catalogued here: the interested reader must he referred to the hook itself. The translation from the French hy Elizaheth Lee has been made exceedingly well, and one is scarcely conscious of reading a version from another language except in the case of words unnecessarily near to the original: "hypogeum" is no hetter than "tomh"; "syringe" is mistakenly used for "syrinx"; "timbrel" for "sistrum"; "tar" for "bitumen"; "pharmacy" for "pharmacopœia," "kohol" for "kohl." But these are slight defects which do not really detract seriously from the value of a hook that deserves a place on the shelves of those who are interested in things Egyptian and who desire to extend the field and content of their knowledge.

H. Stuart Jones's brief volume, "The Roman Empire," in the Story of the Nations Series (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a sound and sensible summary of Imperial history from Augustus to Romulus Augustulus. Hitherto, those who have wanted a single volume on this period have heen obliged to content themselves with the mediocre and antiquated manual of Dean Merivale, and the contrast hetween the two hooks makes plain the progress of historical scholarship in the course of a generation. Instead of the traditional paraphrase of the ancient historians, essentially external in character, and dealing mainly with military exploits and palace intrigues, we now have an account which looks at the empire as a whole, and seeks to understand it in the light of the new evidence derived from inscriptions and papyri, and a broader knowledge of ancient literature and art. Matters dynastic and military still occupy a good deal of space, prohably more than they will retain a generation hence, hut emphasis is placed rather upon such topics as the development of the Imperial hureaucracy, the growth of cosmopolitanism, and the rise and spread of new religions. The conventional characterizations of the Emperors are also revised. The "only man of genius" among them was Hadrian; the administration of Marcus Aurelius "shows little positive achievement"; and the Claudian Cæsars, in accordance with the tendency of recent historians, are viewed more favorably than in the pages of Tacitus, whom Mr. Jones rightly regards as "a great artist and a great psychologist," hut "not amongst the greatest of historians." The volume has a numher of excellent illustrations, mostly from photographs of monuments.

Paul Maria Baumgarten's inquiry into the method and merit of "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings" (New York: J. F. Wagner) will prove a disappointment to those who would welcome a comprehensive and dispassionate criticism of Mr. Lea's books from a competent Catholic scholar. Monsignor Baumgarten has estahlished his standing as an historical investigator by important studies in ecclesiastical institutions, and is ahle to print unpuhlished documents from the Vatican archives in support of certain of his statements, hut he lacks the judicial spirit and has not the enormous and varied learning necessary to one who would meet the American historian on his own ground. It is true that he recognizes his opponent's industry, "endurance, and undisputed results"; and a Catholic is entirely within his rights in attacking the point of view from which Mr. Lea approaches the mediæval Church, but one who possesses Monsignor Baumgarten's familiarity with the fiscal methods of the Popes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries should he the last to sneer at "Lea's hahit, due to long commercial occupation, to regard everything in the light of dollars and cents." It is entirely proper to point out errors of fact and interpretation and to use the new materials hrought to light by such Catholic scholars as Finke and Göller, hut no one is justified in making charges of falsification without giving full and specific evidence. Like most apologists for the Spanish Inquisition, Monsignor Baumgarten seeks to make the issue one of race rather than of religion, and he tries to strengthen his case by some hitter pages on racial discrimination and lynch law in the United States. An impartial critic of Mr. Lea as an historian would also have tested his work in the less controversial field of his "Superstition and Force," instead of dismissing that remarkable hook in a single sentence as "loosely connected gleanings." Monsignor Baumgarten's brochure was put together from a series of badly composed articles in the *Theologische Revue;* and the translator's imperfect knowledge of English makes the English version harder reading than the original.

The Rev. J. C. Morrice's "Manual of Welsh Literature" (Bangor, Great Britain: Jarvis & Foster) is intended to meet the wants of those who desire acquaintance with the subject, but lack time and opportunity to study it in detail. In the space of some two hundred pages he discusses the chief bards and prose writers of Wales from the sixth to the eighteenth century. It is fair to say that in some respects he does not satisfy us. His treatment of the early period is sketchy, even in a work of this size, and the bards of the twelfth century, a particularly interesting group, might well have received more notice. We should have expected him to write of, *e. g.,* the poems of Llywarch Hên in a more critical spirit, and he would certainly have done hetter to omit such derivations as that of Aneurin from Honorinus. Even so we have no hesitation in recommending his hook. It contains much valuahle information, and its style is picturesque enough to hold the attention of its readers, and to stimulate them to further research.

A new quarterly devoted to German literature, *Deutsches Schrifttum,* has been hegun hy Prof. Adolph Bartels of Weimar.

The *Germanisch-romanische Monatsschrift,* a philological monthly, recently hegun under the editorship of Dr. Heinrich Schröder of Kiel, in conjunction with Profs. F. Holthausen, W. Meyer-Lübke, V. Michels, and W. Streitherg (Heidelberg: C. Winters Buchhandlung), is intended to meet the wants of advanced students of Germanics, English, and the Romance languages and literatures. Not so much detail of research as critical and instructive discussion of linguistics, poetry, metre, phonetics, dialects, drama, art, ethnology, palæography, etc., is to be presented hy the leading scholars in the field.

A new series, Neue Märchenbücher (Berlin: Wedekind & Co.), begins auspiciously with the "Märchenfäden" of Hildegard Neuffer-Slavenhagen, an interesting collection, written by a mother for her children. The work is finely illustrated by Oskar Herrfurth.

The "Literarischer Ratgeher 1909," edlted hy Ferdinand Avenarius, attempts to pass on the latest products of the literary market, entirely independently of the interests of the book trade. It is the joint product of some fifty specialists, all coöperating under the auspices of the Dürerbund, an association representing ahout one hundred and fifty societies, with a total membership of more than two hundred thousand (Munich: G. D. W. Callwey).

"Reise eines jungen Deutschen in Frankreich und England im Jahre 1815" (Leipzig: Georg Wigand), edited hy Georg Brand, is a description of the journey of a young Saxon representing the textile interests of his country, which had attained to a remarkahly flourishing condition in consequence of the exclusion of British goods from the Continent by Napoleon. The journey is made to the manufacturing districts of southern France, and after the return of Napoleon from Elba, to England. The traveller, August Brückner, a young man of eighteen from Mylau, is a keen observer and business man, whose vivid account treats more of the industrial matters of his times than of the political.

The sketch of Theodor Mommsen published shortly after his death hy his pupil and close friend, Ludo Moritz Hartmann, appears now as a complete hiography (Gotha: F. A. Perthes). The original outline sketch came out in "Bettelheims Biographisches Jahrbuch." Hartmann depicts Mommsen not only as a scholar, hut also as a prominent figure in the public affairs of Germany. The volume includes, among other

things, a number of Mommsen's political essays.

Critical appreciations of Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, acknowledged the greatest woman poet of Germany, never fail to refer to her indebtedness to English poetry, and especially to Byron. The gifted woman has been made the subject of a new study by Dr. Bertha Badt, entitled "Annette von Droste-Hülshoff: Ihre dichterische Entwicklung und ihr Verhältniss zur englischen Literatur." It forms the seventh volume in the new series of the Breslauer Beiträge zur Literaturgeschichte, edited by Prof. Dr. Max Koch and Gregor Sarrazin (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer).

J. C. B. Mohr of Tübingen announces as forthcoming a "Handbuch der Kirchengeschichte" in two volumes, edited by Prof. Gustav Krüger of the University of Giessen. The purpose is chiefly to furnish students a thoroughly modern and up-to-date work of reference. The editor will himself write the general introduction and the chronological and statistical tables; Dr. Edwin Preuschen, in conjunction with Professor Krüger, treats the early period; Prof. Gerhard Ficker of Kiel, the middle ages; Dr. Heinrich Hermelink of Leipzig, the Reformation and Counter-Reformation; and Dr. Horst Stephan of Marburg, the modern period. The first volume is promised for the current year.

The fourth part of the "Quellen und Darstellungen aus der Geschichte der Reformation," edited by Dr. Georg Berbig (Leipzig: Heinsius Nachfolger), has appeared with the special title "Leben und Wirken des Tendenzdramatikers der Reformationszeit Thomas Naogeorgus," by Dr. Leonard Theobald. This work deals only with the second part of the career of this strange genius; the first, in shorter form, appeared as a doctoral dissertation some months ago. This learned humanist and neo-Latin tragedy writer, whose original name was Kirchmeyer, is best known through his polemical "Regnum Papisticum" of 1553.

Leading critical problems in connection with the last days of Jesus are made the subject of a close investigation by Johannes Frey, in "Die Probleme der Leidensgeschichte Jesu: Beiträge zur Kritik der Evangelien," Teil I (Leipzig: Deichert Nachfolger). This part deals with the concluding chapter of Mark, the decree of the Sanhedrin to put Jesus to death, the readings of the Slavic text of Josephus, the betrayal by Judas, and the anointing in Bethany. The Slavic Josephus text contains unique readings on the Pilate story. The author is objective, and nowhere shows any prejudice in favor of gospel harmony or apologetics. He openly recognizes difficulties and contradictions wherever they are found.

It is no exaggeration to say that Dr. Valfrid Palmgren's "Bibliotek och folkuppfostran" (Stockholm: Norstedt & Söner) is the most complete account of the work of the public libraries of America that exists to-day. The author, who is assistant in the Royal Library in Stockholm, and the only woman in the library service of Sweden, was sent to this country by the Swedish government to study and report on the American public libraries. After a general introduction, and an account of library buildings, in which she touches on the most salient points in library development, the author turns to what is the main purpose of the book, a detailed description of the activities of public libraries. The regulations for lending, catalogues, and open shelves, children's departments, coöperation between the library and the schools, home and travelling libraries, State commissions, and library training, are described in a lively, lucid style, with due emphasis always on the important things.

Several valuable contributions to the study of the foreign factor in the American population have recently appeared. In the February, 1909, issue of *Nordmands forbundet* (Federation of Norsemen), the Rev. O. Olafsen of Ullensvang, Norway, traces the emigration to America from the province of Hardanger, Norway, from the beginning of the movement there in 1836, when eighteen persons left, down to the present time. From the records of three parishes he gives the total number for each year, and for the earlier period the names, ages, and destinations in America of the immigrants. The article forms a significant chapter in our pioneer history. Similar investigations for other provinces in the Scandinavian North and for other European countries would be of historical value. A contribution to the study of the Norwegian element in the State of Wisconsin has recently been issued by H. L. Skavlem of Janesville, Wis., under the title: "Scandinavians in the Early Days of Rock County." It gives an account of the settling of that county by Norweglans in 1838-1840, with biographical sketches of the earliest settlers.

Vol. XIX of the *Revista delle Biblioteche* (Guido Biagi of the Laurentian Library, Florence, editor) contains the first of a series of bibliographical bulletins intended as guides in the selection of new books for the Italian sections of foreign libraries. This list consists of 123 entries of titles of books of fiction and of reading books for children, each followed by a short note in English on its character and contents.

The Conference for Education in the South will be held at Atlanta April 14-16.

In Chicago on February 10 a joint session was held of the Department of Universities and Colleges, Department of Theological Seminaries, and Department of Churches and Pastors of the Religious Education Association, with the Interdenominational Conference of Church and Guild Workers in State Universities. The following resolution was adopted:

That a Commission of Twelve be appointed, representing endowed institutions of advanced education as well as State universities, for the purpose of formulating an ideal or suggestive course of collegiate study preparatory to a course in a theological seminary.

The commission, which was appointed last week, is constituted as follows: Dean Shailer Mathews, University of Chicago, chairman; Prof. George A. Coe, Northwestern; President Ozora Davis, Chicago Theological Seminary; President R. A. Falconer, University of Toronto; President W. H. P. Faunce, Brown; President Emory W. Hunt, Denison; President Edmund J. James, University of Illinois; Prof. Francis W. Kelsey, University of Michigan; President Henry C. King, Oberlin; President William Douglas Mackenzie, Hartford Theological Seminary; President George B. Stewart, Auburn Theological Seminary; Chancellor Frank Strong, University of Kansas. It is also announced that the papers presented at Chicago will be published.

Prof. Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has been appointed Hyde lecturer at the University of Paris for the academic year 1909-10. Professor Perry will discuss American institutions, but the exact nature of his subject is not yet announced.

James Hulme Canfield, librarian of Columbia University, died in this city March 29, at the age of sixty-two. He was born in Delaware, Ohio, was graduated from Williams, and after practising law for a few years, became professor of history in the State University of Kansas. He was then successively chancellor of the University of Nebraska, president of Ohio State University, and (since 1899) librarian of Columbia. He had also been president of the Kansas State Teachers' Association, the Nebraska State Teachers' Association, and the National Educational Association. His books are "Taxation" (1883), "A History of Kansas" (1884), "Local Government in Kansas" (1889), and "The College Student and His Problems" (1902).

Charles Burlingame Waite, territorial judge in Utah during the turbulent times with the Mormons, and an author and linguist, died in Chicago March 26, at the age of eighty-five. He was the author of "A History of the Christian Religion to the Year A. D. 200," which has been translated into French, German, and Norwegian. Among other books written by him are "A Conspiracy Against the Republic," "Herbert Spencer and His Critics," and "The Comparative Study of Ten Languages."

The Rev. James Eleazer Gilbert, a Methodist Episcopal minister and secretary of the American Society for Religious Education, died at Washington March 26, at the age of sixty-nine. He had been on the staff of the Buffalo *Christian Advocate* and the *Sunday School Standard*, and he edited the *Journal of Religious Education*. His books are: "Biblical Interpretation," "Bihlical History," "Life of Christ," "Sacred Pedagogy," "Man's Spiritual Nature," "Methods of Bible Study," "Preparation for Church Membership," "Religious Experience," "The Spiritual Life," "Biblical Doctrine," and "American Methodism."

The Rev. John Crowell died at East Orange, N. J., March 29, in his ninety-fifth year. He was born in Philadelphia, was graduated from Princeton in the class of 1834, studied at Princeton Theological Seminary, and for nearly fifty years was active in the ministry. He contributed about four hundred articles to the predecessor of the present "International Encyclopædia," and published also "Republics—Popular Government an Appointment of God" (1871), and "Christ in All the Scriptures."

The death of Gustaf af Geijerstam at the comparatively early age of fifty-one removes a figure conspicuous in Swedish letters for more than a quarter of a century. During the eighties he was one of the leaders of the realistic movement, and wrote some works that have retained their hold on the reading public ever since, notably two or three volumes treating of the life of farmers, fishermen, and city laborers. About the middle of the nineties he turned

to more psychological problems, and produced two books of a decidedly mystical character. In the years preceding his death he turned to the family novel, which he handled with much success. He was also a dramatic writer of no mean capacity.

LIGHT ON AMERICAN HISTORY.

Wisconsin: The Americanization of a French Settlement. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. [American Commonwealth Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

When Sir Charles Lyell took back, bit by bit, in successive editions of his "Principles of Geology," statements he had originally made, until his latest work was in sharp contrast with his first, he was commended for his courage and candor. To Dr. Thwaites may be given like praise, in the field of history: he admits that some of his earlier conclusions in regard to the European occupation of the West were not well-based, and careless of a reputation for consistency, tears down what he once laboriously built. Whether he retains or rejects, Dr. Thwaites is likely in his field to go unchallenged; for he is a veteran quite too practical and well-equipped to be lightly encountered.

Dr. Thwaites takes for his second title "The Americanization of a French Settlement." The hold of the French upon Wisconsin was long-continued. Beginning in the last third of the seventeenth century, it endured nearly until the beginning of the nineteenth, for our author esteems as negligible the influence of the British during the brief time they were nominally dominant. The French made the region solely a hunting-ground. Scattered in handfuls along the valleys of the Fox and Wisconsin from Green Bay to Prairie du Chien, the great waterway from the St. Lawrence Valley to the Mississippi, they drove the fur trade, neglecting agriculture; indeed, they looked askance upon the farmer, for this vast wilderness they wished to preserve and not reclaim. Our author notes the injury done through this policy to the Indians. Whereas they were to some extent cultivators, skilful in basketry, weaving, pottery, and other simple arts, they found it easier to buy from the white traders what they had once manufactured, and thus became exclusively hunters—a step backward from civilization. Our author's tenderness for the Indian is shown in his picture of Black Hawk, who, in 1832, made the last stand for his tribe. Eleazer Williams, the once famous hero of the romance "Have We a Bourbon among us?" is regarded by Dr. Thwaites as a self-seeking impostor. Perhaps this is the last word, but we incline to a kinder judgment. The stately quarter-breed, with his fine Bourbon profile, made a deep impression upon the writer of this notice when a boy in his father's house. Recalling this, we surmise that to a large extent Williams was under an illusion, and not altogether dishonest in the belief that in his veins was the blood of the kings of France. Dr. Thwaites omits to mention that Eleazer was probably a descendant of the Rev. John Williams of Deerfield, Mass., "The Redeemed Captive," carried to Canada in 1704, with his family; his child, or grandchild, married an Indian and was the adventurer's parent.

The French having passed, the Anglo-Saxon came, destined, however, to exercise only a transient and restrained influence; for Americanization meant for Wisconsin not so much a coming in of New Yorkers and New Englanders, as immigrants from beyond sea, German and Scandinavian. Coeval with the establishment of statehood in Wisconsin was the revolution of 1848 and its sequels, during which unrest north and central Europe poured out most abundantly their discontented children. For some years Wisconsin was their goal, its area so filling that at one time no other State contained so large or so varied a foreign element, an influx in no way detrimental. During the civil war the service rendered by Wisconsin soldiers was prompt, constant, and brilliant, an efficiency due in part to the many officers and men who were trained in European fields. Dr. Thwaites quotes Sherman as saying that a Wisconsin regiment was as good as a brigade of other troops. The excellence of the population is conspicuous in the field of education. A particular interest is felt in public libraries; schools, primary and secondary, are well-organized and sustained; while the university, which crowns the system, is a beacon-light throughout the country. In general, among our commonwealths perhaps we can find nowhere better than in Wisconsin the assimilation of widely varying stocks into a noble composite under beneficent, overruling American conditions.

Calendar of the Papers of Benjamin Franklin in the Library of the American Philosophical Society. Edited by I. Minis Hays. 5 vols. Philadelphia: Printed for the Society.

These handsome volumes, issued in connection with the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franklin, constitute a very fit and notable memorial. They open to the student a unique collection of manuscripts. No American of that day had so long a residence in Europe in such responsible positions. Franklin knew Paris and London almost as well as he knew Philadelphia; and his business and official relations on both sides of the water made him conversant with the true centres of action in Colonial Assembly, the French court, and in the British Parliament. His own writings gave one phase of these affairs, and we have now a full and adequate summary of his written sources of information. Dr. Hays has wisely included the Franklin papers in the Library of the University of Pennsylvania; the Library of Congress has issued a calendar of Stevens's Franklin manuscripts. It is hardly possible that any further matter of importance will be found, so that the record is now fairly complete.

Less than one-third of the first volume of the calendar is occupied with the letters of an earlier date than the American Revolution. It is known that the papers of Franklin left in Philadelphia at the beginning of the war were scattered and largely destroyed; what remains was but a small part of the original mass. Yet for some reasons these few relics are of the greatest significance, for they mark the wide reputation of the man and the high connections he had formed. His catholic sympathies brought him into touch with all kinds of persons, from the widow anxious to place her son well in America, to princes wishing to know him and witness his experiments. At home his correspondence ranged from Boston to Savannah, and even to the West Indies; in Europe hardly a country was unrepresented.

His correspondence in the Revolution treats of other matters. It is doubtful if there is any type of adventurer that is not represented many times. What pertained to the legitimate business of his mission, or to the personal and official relations formed in Paris, constituted but a small part of his task. Inventions of all descriptions, war-like and other, were offered, from a diving apparatus, a recipe for making gunpowder explosive or non-explosive at will, to a rapid-firing arm or a system of tactics. Many men were willing to enter the Continental service, but their demands for rank and pay were extravagant. Priests, bakers, farmers, and writers were only too anxious to have their passage paid and to receive a gift of land, while guardians wished to unload their wards. Emigrants of a good quality, officers of a bad, spies seeking access to the American Minister, and released prisoners who deserved some recompense for sufferings endured, all appeared. Every conceivable manufacture, from Bibles to stockings, was tendered. Amid all these appeals and demands, Franklin remained calm and judicious, offering assurance that he was the very man for meeting such an emergency.

After the Revolution he resumed many of his English connections, and remained the centre of attraction for those seeking fortunes in America or asking endorsement for their writings or inventions. His health and his habits of indolence prevented his contin-

uing such experiments as had gained him reputation, but his interest in science remained, and it is difficult to decide whether in these later years he is more of a politician than a scientist. If he replied to every letter received—and he has often sketched a reply on the letter itself—much of his best correspondence has been lost.

In so extensive a catalogue of unusual names it would be too much to look for perfection; but the compiler has erred in the name of Francis Dana, making it F. M. Dana, and in Derford, which he prints Perford. Some minor slips occur, but none misleading. Dr. Hays is to be congratulated upon the completion of this important work, which is made still more useful by a full index.

CURRENT FICTION.

Araminta. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The change from the gloom of "Broke of Covenden" to the cream-bun simplicity of this idyllic bit of fooling suggests that the severest of Olympians must occasionally unbend his brows and don the motley, even as Mr. Hichens did in "The Londoners." Mr. Snaith's predilection for the large family of daughters as a reservoir of romantic possibility is once more evidenced by the Rev. Aloysius Perry's well-filled quiver. The eldest shaft, a six-foot human reproduction of a Gainsborough portrait, is discharged in majestic beauty at London society, and goes to its heart with her first introduction of herself: "My name is Araminta, but they call me Goose because I am *rather* a Sil-lay." Her suitors are three—George, Duke of Brancaster, Lord Cheriton, and Jim Lascelles, an impecunious painter, who has known her from infancy and who scruples not to bribe her with pastry to give him sittings, and to enforce silence in regard to the matter before her guardian by a timely kick on the shin. These elemental methods are as successful as they always are—in fiction—and Araminta's simple and loyal heart passes wholly into the keeping of Jim. After many serio-comic vicissitudes, the heart is followed by the young lady's beautiful but substantial person; and we leave them happy in the Red House at Widdiford, with a comfortable conviction that after she has reared a dozen daughters on strawberries and cream, Goose will still be rather a silly, and at heart the most childish of them all.

The Spell. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is unfortunate that the theme of this well-written story is so limited in its appeal. The potent fascination of the history and literature of the Italian renaissance can hardly move those who have not themselves felt the Spell. The story is of a young scholar deeply interested in the art of the humanists, who goes to Florence with his beautiful bride, and there is dominated by the touch of the Past. His companion in research is the intimate friend of his wife, a woman sharing his intellectual interests and as sensitive as himself to the peculiar spell that gives the book its title. The wife, a healthy and normal being, not unnaturally fails to comprehend the entirely mental character of the bond between her husband and her friend, and feels constrained to leave him that her place may be filled by the one with whom he has so much in common. The husband has most salutary difficulty in convincing her that, although Inez is very well as a fellow-worker, he wants no other wife than herself; finally, however, he succeeds, and we leave him humbled in spirit and content to adore the humanities in Helen's very charming person. The descriptions, especially of the Laurentian Library, are redolent of actuality, but the psychology of the principal characters is at times tangled to the point of tedium.

The Kiss of Helen. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Co.

At a crisis in the concerns of Mr. Marriott's hero, Paul Trecarell, he becomes "aware of a subtle change in the atmosphere of public affairs," in London:

> It was not merely that certain old questions—such as female suffrage and municipal enterprise—had suddenly become acute, but there was the curious feeling that the race was entering upon a new stage of consciousness. It was a feeling difficult to express in words, and it seemed to indicate not so much new movements as a larger synthesis of people and ideas—as if the term "animal kingdom" had been widened to include unicorns and hippogriffs. The unlikeliest people were to be found hobnobbing together, and it was beginning to be admitted by quite sober calculators that two and two sometimes made five. . . . These signs, infinitesimal in themselves, pointed in the mass to a readjustment of values; . . . as if it were at last recognized that men and women were more important than institutions.

A feeling not unlike Paul's takes possession of the reader of this clever, inordinately clever, novel. A new envisagement of some of the most serious relations of life is proclaimed, the relation, more particularly, of woman to man and to the world. In the view of Evan Rees, artist, the "genius of womanhood" was something rarer than wifehood or motherhood:

> Protestantism tried to capture it in the idea of marriage, but the genius of womanhood escapes marriage altogether, or dies—you "kill the thing you love" so to speak.

Colonel Pixell's view was a foil to this. With him "hearth and home" formed the only thinkable expression of the idea of woman—an idea which the artist found "too useful." But, curiously enough, one opinion is shared by all the characters in the book, by hero, artist, colonel, affianced bride, elderly spinster. One and all, they agreed in taking the lightest possible view of what they call "an episode" in the life of Joan, the heroine. This episode consisted in her having lived for three years with a man whose wife was in a lunatic asylum. By those others, it was regarded severally as "a blunder that she had come through," something "that no rational person would think twice about," "a dreadful mistake" that "nobody with a spark of feeling would bring up against her now." The lady herself, when it is a question of marrying the hero, whom she professes to love, angrily exclaims "Haven't you any use for us but to marry us or tread us into the gutter?" And marry him she will not. But not, one may be sure, from any scruples as to episodes.

A shining feature of the book is the exceeding freshness and lustre of the conversations. In them, as in narration and in comment, banality has no tiniest part. The writing is a marvel of easy compactness, no tightness, no squandering, not a line that does not carry the tale forward. The characterization is brightly vivid. The figures that do but cross the stage are as strong in personality as the chief players—all of an absolute individuality, most of them, moreover, very humanly likable.

Aline of the Grand Woods. By Nevil G. Henshaw. New York: Outing Publishing Co.

This book is written with a gentle naïveté that would perhaps charm in a short story, but palls during the course of 491 pages that contain nothing either startling or impressive except the glossary's translation of *Comment ça va?* by "How are you going?" The old devices of melodrama are used to galvanize the stock characters into activity, even to the outbreak of yellow fever, without which no orthodox portrayal of Louisiana life is complete; and so careful of the type the author seems that we hardly need the publisher's thoughtful attention of describing the leading characters on the cover with Shavian comprehensiveness and yet a fine delicacy and restraint that is content thus to indicate the villain: "General trouble-maker. He has strong predilections for alcohol and wild life." The writer in his last sentence has very happily voiced the feelings of the reader who has persevered so far—"Come, let us go back to the woods, you and I." One is indeed left wondering why one should waste spring days on pages like these

when the literature of the running brooks is to be obtained so easily.

The Web of the Golden Spider. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

This book gives the reader a lively hour; from the time when the penniless hero and heroine take refuge together from the combined severity of the elements and the police, they lead the strenuous life without respite till they are left embracing on the last page, with their emotions, consistently enough, setting "the world about them in a mad riot." The story—a combination of Richard Harding Davis and Rider Haggard, somewhat inferior in style to the originals, dealing with revolution and treasure-seeking in a chimerical South American country—will probably find a welcome with readers of mercurial taste whose ultimatum in book-buying is the newness of the imprint.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. III: Renascence and Reformation. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The third volume of this work shows an even greater improvement on the second than the second showed on the first. The frequent repetitions and contradictions which disfigured the first volume especially have entirely disappeared and the general execution now promises to fulfil the very high expectations which were raised when the plan was first announced. The present volume begins with the English humanists, Linacre and Grocyn, in the closing years of the fifteenth century, and ends with Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," the first books of which appeared in 1594. It does not include, however, the plays which fall within the limits of these dates, since the whole subject of the English drama, from its beginnings down to the closing of the theatres in 1642, is reserved for continuous treatment in the fourth and fifth volumes. The major part of the century which the volume thus covers is distinguished by the names of few great writers; but as a period of preparation for the Elizabethan age, and indeed for all modern English literature, even the earlier part of the sixteenth century has, of course, high importance, and is consequently by no means deficient in interest.

It is, moreover, an advantage of the coöperative method that each contributor brings to his particular task a freshness and energy which it would be difficult, to say the least, for a single author to preserve throughout. This is, of course, more noticeable in the treatment of those branches of literature which are least attractive in themselves—for example, in the present volume, the jest-books, pamphlets, and theological writings of the time, which receive scant attention in the ordinary histories of literature. Indeed, it is a remarkable proof of the virtue of style that no chapters in this volume are superior in interest to two which deal with subjects of a most unpromising kind—namely, Charles Whibley's on the Elizabethan Chroniclers and Antiquaries and J. Dover Wilson's on the Marprelate Controversy. The former is, perhaps, the best-written chapter in the whole volume. Admirable also, in point of style, as in other respects, is the chapter on the Reformation and Renascence in Scotland by P. Hume Brown, who has, however, the advantage of a great subject. Worthy of especial mention, still further, are the chapters on the "Mirror for Magistrates," by Prof. J. W. Cunliffe of Wisconsin, who summarizes clearly the intricate subject of the various editions of that work; on the Elizabethan Sonnet, by Sidney Lee; and on the Elizabethan Prose Fiction, by Prof. J. W. H. Atkins of Aberystwyth, who here, as in his earlier contributions to this work, exhibits a thorough familiarity with the critical literature of his subject. The whole volume, however, maintains a high level of excellence. With regard to W. J. Courthope's discussion of Spenser, one may remark that there is no use of beating about the bush as to why the "Faerie Queene" is harder reading than the "Orlando Furioso." Apart from his brilliant imagination Ariosto had gifts of humor, suppleness, and vivacity which enabled him to leave "our sage and serious Spenser" far behind in the matter of narrative interest. In his finest passages of description the English poet easily "overgoes," as he hoped he would, the Italian, but it is safe to say that no narrative poet of the very highest order would ever have chosen the Spenserian stanza as his metrical vehicle. As regards the facts of Spenser's life, Mr. Courthope does not seem acquainted with the recent discovery that in 1578 Spenser was in the service of Dr. Young, Bishop of Rochester, who had been the head of his college at Cambridge.

This volume, like the previous ones, contains a full and excellent bibliography. We note some *lacunæ* in the section devoted to Spenser—for example, the articles of J. B. Fletcher and J. R. MacArthur on the relations of the "Faerie Queene" to "Huon of Burdeux." Such publications as R. E. N. Dodge's edition of the "Poetical Works" (Cambridge Poets)—the best that has appeared—and L. E. Kastner's discussion in the *Modern Language Review* of Spenser's debt in his "Amoretti" to Desportes may have come out too late to be recorded in the bibliographical list.

Letters to Cassite Kings from the Temple Archives of Nippur. Edited by Hugo Radau. [Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Series A. Cuneiform Texts, edited by H. V. Hilprecht, Vol. XVII, Part 1.] 4to, 154 pages, 68 plates, and 12 photographic reproductions. Philadelphia; University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Radau's volume, which, although bearing the serial number XVII, is acually the ninth of the series, contains 103 letters—mostly fragmentary—of the Cassite period (about 1750 to 1210 B. C.), dealing with the business and other official affairs of the chief temple at Nippur. This collection forms a supplement to the two volumes, also on the business affairs of the Nippur temple during the Cassite period, which have been so admirably published by Professor Clay of the University of Pennsylvania. The copies are carefully executed, although Dr. Radau unnecessarily complicates the task of the student by frequent overshading and by the superfluous endeavor to reproduce every scribal peculiarity, instead of contenting himself, as do the editors of the British Museum series, with adopting as a basis the forms characteristic of each period. To these copies Dr. Radau has added a valuable concordance of proper names, including those of deities, places, rivers, gates, etc. In an elaborate introduction of over 150 pages he discusses such problems as the time of the letters and their general contents; he touches incidentally upon the chronological problems and furnishes also specimen translations with detailed comments.

Dr. Radau's style is discursive and there are numerous repetitions—one text being discussed in no less than three places—so that the whole introduction might with some care have been considerably compressed. Moreover, large portions might have been omitted without serious loss, such as the long notes about the supposed "trinitarianism" in the Babylonian religion, and the attempt to find an analogy between these letters and the official correspondence in the royal library unearthed by Layard and Rassam at Nineveh. Inasmuch as in another publication, "Bel, the Christ of Ancient Times" (1908), Dr. Radau has in detail set forth his various hypotheses regarding the theological speculations of the ancient Babylonian priests, it was hardly necessary to bring them forward again. It is, however, perhaps worth while to notice that, while in his monograph it is Bel-Marduk whom he regards as the precursor of the founder of Christianity, in the introduction of the work before us it is Ninib, the son of Enlil, who is thought to be the "Saviour" and the prototype of "Christ in the Christian Trinity." Needless to say that such speculations rest upon very insecure supports—

doubtful interpretations of obscure passages in half-understood texts. Nor is he any happier in what he has to say about the "Lushtamar" tablet which played a prominent part in the recent "Nippur Controversy" (*requiescat in pace!*). The evidence is so overwhelming that the tablet was bought by Mr. Noorian (now of New York), together with sixteen others, on the date appearing on the label attached to it, that it is a waste of time to discuss the matter. Equally conclusive is the evidence that the tablet was written at Sippar, and that, being unopened, it never left the place in which it was written, but was kept there probably as a copy.

In the introduction, Dr. Radau also attempts to show that these letters form a parallel to those in the "Nineveh library." The letters found at Nineveh are concerned with the administration of the country, with the personal affairs of the kings, and in some cases also with religious affairs. They have nothing in common with the letters in Radau's volume which (properly characterized in the title as "from the Temple Archives") relate exclusively to the business affairs of a temple, and a particular temple at that. For this reason, alone, it is a priori improbable that they are addressed to Cassite kings, as Dr. Radau would have us believe. No less than thirty pages of the introduction are devoted to prove this thesis, and although not a single Cassite king is mentioned as the recipient, Dr. Radau expends much ingenuity in the endeavor to show that the title "bêli" (my lord), which appears in fifty of the letters, refers to the king. Since, however, the letters treat of temple affairs and not of political matters, the title is evidently that of a high temple official—probably the highest, the importance of whose post would justify the writers in using such a title. The usage is in accord with other evidence. Moreover, in one of the letters, a "king" is referred to, and in a manner clearly to distinguish him from the "bêli."

Altogether the introduction, though giving evidence of much study and showing the ingenuity and learning of the author, is marked by hazardous hypotheses that will not endure a critical test; and it would have been far better if Dr. Radau had confined himself to a summary of the actual data to be gleaned from these letters.

From Ruwenzori to the Congo: A Naturalist's journey across Africa. By A. F. R. Wollaston. Pp. xxv+315, illustrations, maps. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

This is the entertaining account of a journey across Africa by a member of the British Museum expedition sent out in 1905 to make collections of the peculiarly rich fauna and flora of the Ruwenzori region. The book has not a scientific aim, however, but is simply a record of the impressions made by Africa's hot and hilly roads, winding waterways and cloud-girt mountain-sides. There are no thrilling adventures, and much is narrated that is trivial and uninteresting, yet there are many descriptions of scenes of enchanting beauty and graphic accounts of the natives and occasionally of the big game of the forests. The most interesting part is the account of the uncommonly successful work of the naturalists on the eastern slopes of the range. Of the fauna alone, they collected 6,000 specimens, of which 110 proved to be new species. Their success was apparently largely due to the natives:

> Hyraxes, gigantic rats, bats, mice, worms, beetles, chameleons, and snakes came pouring into Bihunga, when once it was found that there were people mad enough to pay for such follies. The care with which they secured the captive beasts, and the air of mystery and importance with which they produced them, were always a source of amusement.

An attempt to make collections on the western slopes in the Free State territory, completely failed from the hostility of the natives to their white rulers. The Belgian in command of the district compelled the party against their wishes to take an armed escort, and several instances are given of unprovoked and inexcusable maltreatment of the natives which sufficiently account for the conditions.

On reaching British territory, three of the expedition returned home by the Congo; and it is a striking illustration of the progress in Africa in recent years that a journey from ocean to ocean can now be made in less than eighty days. Mr. Wollaston's home route was through the almost unknown region lying directly to the South of Ruwenzori in which are the Mfumbiro volcanoes. The year before, an eruption had taken place which had continued at intervals for several months, causing frightful desolation; immense streams of lava covered the plains. At Lake Tanganyika, he turned west and on reaching navigable waters in the Congo Basin, made the remainder of the journey by canoe and steamboat to the mouth of the river. The impression left by the narrative of his experiences as far as Stanley Falls is of a country being impoverished through misgovernment. As an illustration, he says that the men building a railway from the river to the lake, through a region of extraordinary natural richness, are fed "on preserved beef from America and dried fish from Norway!" In the closing chapter, the author indicates briefly the character of the problems which the Belgians have to solve in ruling an immense population in the lowest stages of barbarism. That much good has already been accomplished must be recognized by all unprejudiced observers.

Several appendices contain among other things notes on the sleeping sickness and hints for African travellers. Two excellent maps enable the reader to follow Mr. Wollaston in his wanderings, and there are fifty-nine remarkably beautiful pictures, mostly of scenery.

The Characters of Theophrastus: An English translation accompanying a revised text, with introduction and notes by R. C. Jebb, 1870; a new edition, edited by J. E. Sandys. Pp. xvi +229. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This new edition, with Greek and English on opposite pages and notes below, is especially welcome both because the original edition is out of print and because Dr. Sandys has added valuable new material. His feeling of *pietas*, however, has perhaps caused him to follow Jebb too closely. For example, many scholars would feel that, in a book intended for adults, fidelity to the author demands that any expurgations should be indicated and the Greek printed either in the text (as is the case in No. xxi) or below. Jebb's original contention that the Greek text is only incidental is hardly in place in an elaborate edition like the present, which, from the reputation of both of its editors, is assured of a place in all libraries. References in the old edition should have been verified; *e. g.*, on p. 91, notes: "Lucian's *Symp*, c. 2, *Hermot*, c. 2," should be in each case *c.* 11. (Incidentally, a further reference to Lucian *Symp*, c. 38, would materially modify Jebb's statement.) There is a misprint on p. 62, note 6: for "brought back slaves" read "brought *black* slaves."

Dr. Sandys has added many references to works made accessible since 1870. Considering the close connection of Theophrastus and Menander, the fragments, old and new, of the latter might have been cited even more frequently, *e. g.*, on pp. 48 and 49, line 5, a reference to the new "Epitrepontes" seems called for, and on p. 43, notes col. 2, the account of "private arbitrators" might have been expanded (or modified) by a reference to the same play. Again, p. 113, note 18, on women "who answer the hall-door themselves" or who run out into the streets and act like shameless dogs, cf. Menander *Fragm*, 238 (Meineke):

> You're over-stepping, wife, a married woman's bounds,
> The front door passing; for to ladies of good birth
> The house-door is the limit by convention set.
> This chasing and this running out into the street
> Your billingsgate still snapping, Rhode, is for dogs!

The new indices are a great addition.

The English index, however, might have been even fuller to include other names and matters of interest in the notes.

Although Jebb's name still stands alone upon the cover, Dr. Sandys has again, in addition to his previous contributions to classical scholarship, performed a real service in making accessible in such a worthy way an author who is one of the most valuable interpreters of Greek life and thought.

Science.

THE SOUTH POLAR RECORD.

Lieut. E. H. Shackleton's extraordinary success in approaching to within 111 miles of the South Pole, in spite of great hardships and suffering, will take a prominent place in the history of polar exploration. This, not only because he has been farthest south, but because he seems to have added substantially to the world's knowledge of the *terra incognita* in which he has spent so arduous a year. The journey across the ice of 1,708 miles, occupying 126 days, without any accident or fatality, is in itself a remarkable exploit. It was not a march over level, if broken, ice-fields such as Peary has repeatedly made in his dashes toward the North Pole, but it involved the ascent of a glacier forty miles wide and rising to an Alpine height of 10,500 feet. To the perils of polar exploration were thus added those of mountain-climbing. The rarefied air, combined with a temperature of 72 degrees of frost, made it almost a miracle that the party could progress at all. Yet with this cruel experience behind them, the men were compelled to turn back with an apparently unbroken and inviting plain stretching to the southward as far as they could see. The perfect health of the ship's company speaks volumes for the experience gained by Lieut. Shackleton, who suffered tortures from scurvy on his first Antarctic trip with Capt. Scott in the Discovery. Curiously enough, his vessel, the Nimrod, carried practically no vegetables, although these have heretofore been deemed necessary as an anti-scorbutic. Instead, the greatest care was taken in packing the meats in cans of triple thickness and doubly painted. Lieut. Shackleton stated before sailing that the food question had been "worked out to the final analysis," and the result has justified his confidence. Indeed, the extraordinarily rich outcome of the whole venture argues strongly not only for the courage of its leader, but for his foresight and the care with which the programme was elaborated in advance.

Part of the credit may also be ascribed to the Siberian ponies, which were useful both as a means of locomotion and as sustenance. To the general public, indeed, the experiment with the ponies and the motor-sledge is of particular interest. That the motor would be of slight value was to be foreseen. On flat ice-surfaces it was of use in establishing depots of provisions; elsewhere it had to be discarded. Four of the ponies died before the sledge expeditions were undertaken; the others seem to have done remarkably well, despite the necessity of carrying fodder. But, just as in so many previous cases where dependence has been placed on dogs, the explorers returned dragging heavy weights themselves. Man, somehow or other, outlasts his beasts of burden in the Arctic even when they are not used for food.

As to the scientific results, in which Lieut. Shackleton has from the first been more interested than in the mere recording of a farthest south, this intrepid explorer brings back a valuable geological collection, including limestone with traces of coal, and a complete meteorological record. Eight distinct mountain ranges and more than a hundred mountains were discovered, and many glaciers surveyed and photographed. In addition, the magnetic pole was located, Mount Erebus was ascended, the active crater measured and the old one explored, while important observations of microscopic life and atmospheric electricity will interest scientists for years to come. This is as it should be; a mere venturesome dash toward a pole has little or nothing to commend it. It makes excellent newspaper copy and reads well when described in a book, but has nothing of lasting value to compensate for the risks taken and the money expended. Of course, some time will be needed to "work up" the results of the Shackleton expedition. The construction of an accurate map, alone, must be done slowly and with infinite care. It is only by an elaborate comparison of new records with the old that it is possible to comprehend exactly the climatic conditions and the movements of sea currents.

The news from Lieut. Shackleton will quicken interest in the reports to come from Dr. Charcot, the French explorer, who started from Punta Arenas on December 17 last, with provisions for two years. Whereas Lieut. Shackleton left his vessel at Erebus Island, where Capt. Scott landed in 1902, Dr. Charcot's objective is Alexander Island, directly south of Terra del Fuego. He thus approaches the pole from another and less known side, with a considerably longer sledge-journey before him. This is Dr. Charcot's second voyage to the Antarctic, his first having occupied the years 1903-05, of which he spent the winter of 1904 on the ice. Indeed, Antarctic expeditions have followed thick and fast upon one another's heels since the opening of the twentieth century. There was a long period when the search for the South Pole enlisted few recruits. Under the leadership of Capt. James Cook human beings first crossed the Antarctic Circle on January 17, 1773. For the next twelve decades only three expeditions were set on foot. But in the last ten years Borchegrevink, Scott, Drygalski,, Nordenskjold, Bruce, and Charcot have carried forward the work, practically without cessation. There has not, however, been a uniform plan of action. H. R. Mill, author of the "Siege of the South Pole," urges with much force a "consultative international committee," which should raise funds, divide the field, and keep in service the vessels now in use, instead of securing a new ship with new equipment for each expedition. Several wintering parties could thus be maintained. "The price of one battleship would conquer all the secrets of the south," says Mr. Mill. There can be no doubt that it would add much to the sum of human knowledge.

Details of the new Krupp antidotes for airships and aeroplanes have now been published. Of course, airships are supposed to be the best defences against other airships, but next to them artillery is relied upon to bring a flying-machine crashing to earth before its occupants are near enough to any large body of troops to drop dynamite upon them. The problem before the Krupps was to devise mobile and immobile guns which can shoot straight up into the air, and which can be shifted readily from side to side for sighting. This they have done with remarkable skill. The gun devised for use in heavy automobiles or on trains is a marvellous improvement upon the old-fashioned mortar. It can be elevated to any extent desired, sighted by means of mirrors, and swung on an axis permitting a complete revolution, while the recoil is well cared for. Even more interesting is an adaptation of the present field gun of the German army, which can be raised on a spring, so as to be in the position of a mortar. The whole invention is so simple that the wonder is that it was not long ago brought out for high-angle firing ashore and afloat. Curiously enough, the anti-balloon gun carries with it a return to smoking powder. As an aid to the artillerist, it is intended to fire shells which shall leave a light trail of smoke as they ascend, so that their course may be clearly seen and the next shot directed thereby. On the other hand, his own shots, on their return to earth, may kill his own comrades or innocent bystanders. The return of the shell has caused an animated professional discussion as to the kind of projectile to be used, whether an exploding shell or a solid shot. Small projectiles, it is agreed, are all that are necessary, and shrapnel has been most effective against captive balloons. But beyond this the experts are at sea for lack of experiments. Balloons are too costly to be shot at, whether captive or free.

An abundance of new material on popular cures and superstitions in the medical creeds of the world is being made accessible in the new "Vergleichende Volksmedizin," of which the first *Lieferung* has just

appeared, by O. von Hovorka and A. Kronfeld (Stuttgart: Strecker & Schröder). At least two dozen more parts, accompanied by more than 500 illustrations, will follow. The special character of the work is indicated by the sub-title, "Eine Darstellung volksmedizinischer Gebräuche, Anschauungen und Heilsfaktoren des Aberglaubens und der Zaubermedizin." Medicine, anthropology, ethnology, philology, are all enriched by this collection of details and data. As far as possible only first-class sources are employed, and the illustrations are particularly well selected.

A mass of scientific data regarding earthquakes in Italy, and especially regarding Messina, is intelligently presented in Dr. Albert Zacher's "Im Lande des Erdbebens" (Stuttgart: Julius Hoffmann). Dr. Zacher has made several tours through Italy on foot, a-wheel, and by automobile, since 1905, always giving his attention to volcanic and other disturbances. He now presents vivid accounts of the disasters in Calabria, 1905, the eruption of Vesuvius in 1906, and the recent earthquakes at Messina and Reggio.

Drama.

A new comedy, "Sham," by Geraldine Bonner and Elmer Harris, which was produced in Wallack's Theatre, the other evening, is brightly written in spots; has some point, if not much originality, as a social satire; is sound in moral and wholesome in atmosphere; but so weak and slovenly in construction that it assuredly would have collapsed if a less accomplished and vivacious actress than Miss Henrietta Crosman had been entrusted with the leading character, Katherine Van Riper. All the other personages and most of the incidents are conventional, but this young woman is vital. Reared in extravagant habits and overtaken by poverty, she continues to live luxuriously, largely by means of her wits and the ill-placed confidence of her tradesmen. Desperately in debt, her one hope of salvation lies in a rich, but loveless, marriage, which she has almost effected when she meets with a breezy Westerner, who captures her heart and opens her eyes to the essential dishonesty of the life she has been leading. Finally, after proving the sincerity of her conversion to a healthier state of mind, she deserts the false fashionable world for love in a cottage and true happiness. The tale, not being well told, would excite but little interest if it were not for the captivating picture drawn by Miss Crosman of the high-spirited, reckless, spendthrift girl. By her brilliant interpretation of the complex emotions of the third act, in which she had the stage largely to herself, she converted what threatened to be a failure into something like a triumph. Hovering constantly on the border line between laughter and tears, in which little touches of semi-humorous pathos were emphasized by occasional explosions of comic wrath, she kept the audience in high glee and dismissed them in a mood of smiling content. The embodiment was a notable bit of good comic acting—buoyant, spontaneous, varied, and natural—admirable alike in its ideal and the vigor and neatness of its technical finish. Miss Crosman is a veritable actress. Beside her the light of most other feminine stars shows very dimly.

E. H. Sothern is so industrious and conscientious an actor, and is possessed by so worthy an ambition, that each new step in his career compels a certain respectful interest. Moreover, he is the only comparatively young actor of any promise on this side of the Atlantic who is devoting himself to the literary, poetic, and romantic drama. But it is impossible to be very enthusiastic over his impersonation of Richelieu, which was seen for the first time here in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening. Modelled closely upon traditional lines, and fairly accurate in its recognition of familiar points, it was an absolutely uninspired performance, rarely rising above the level of mediocrity. Imitative and artificial, it exhibited understanding without power of execution. It lacked imagination, subtlety, intellect, and authority, and, although by no means lacking in vigor, but rather overabundant in sound and fury, failed to stir the pulses or create illusion. From a purely theatrical point of view it was not ineffective, but it was essentially tricky in its abrupt contrasts, its studied humor, and its all too conscious pathos. In utterance it was monotonous and dreary, the actor's declamation often assuming the character of a chant. The formal phrasing of the piece was a stumbling block, indeed, to all the actors with the exception of the De Mauprat of Frederick Lewis, and the general representation was sadly deficient in almost all the needful romantic attributes of graceful and spirited action, eloquent speech, and picturesque color. "Richelieu," with all its faults, is so good an acting play that even the poorest actors can scarcely fail in it completely, but its actual theatrical possibilities were but dimly suggested on the present occasion.

George Bernard Shaw has written for the London Afternoon Theatre what he describes as "a short dramatic sermon of an exclusively theological character."

The City Council of Vienna, which holds in trust all the literary remains of Grillparzer, has decided to issue a complete and thoroughly critical edition of his works, diaries, and letters. Prof. August Sauer of Prague has been selected to edit the twenty-five volumes, which will make up this set.

Johann Wiegand, one of the younger German dramatists, whose work is free from the repulsive features of much that is called "modern" in German letters, has been known to a small circle of New York playgoers by his one-act play, "The Last Trip"; his drama, "The Victor," in which Catherine of Russia is the central figure; and that powerful plea for universal peace, "The Wages of War," in which he collaborated with Wilhelm Scharrelmann. Wiegand's latest work, "Thalea Bronkema" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is a tragedy with a semi-historical background, the scene being Friesland at the time when the body of Henry IV was awaiting its burial. The book was enthusiastically received by Ernst Heilborn, former editor of the defunct Berlin *Nation*, and the initial performance of the play in Strassburg was decidedly successful.

Music.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.

The concert at Carnegie Hall on Saturday night marked the end of the last regular season of the Philharmonic Society as it has been known for sixty-seven years. When this society was formed, there were not many orchestral players in New York, and the demand for them was not keen. Their concerts were given on a coöperative basis, the profits—if any—being shared by the players. Since the death of Anton Seidl, under whose régime the receipts reached high-water mark, other factors have come into the reckoning. For several years the society imported famous European conductors, and finally engaged for three years Wassily Safonoff, who had attracted the largest audiences. He demanded, however, a salary six times as great as that paid to Theodore Thomas and Anton Seidl. The expense of the orchestra was further increased by the competition of the opera. As long as there was only one opera house, and the season short, it was possible for some of the players, and for Mr. Seidl, too, to serve both the Philharmonic and the Metropolitan. But when an orchestra was engaged for the Manhattan, and then the Metropolitan secured two orchestras, in order to play in two cities on the same evening, first-class players were tempted away from the Philharmonic. Their places were filled as well as possible, and good results have been achieved with the new material.

But many music-lovers have long desired that New York should have an association equal in proficiency to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under one of the greatest European conductors; and the present crisis has seemed an opportune time to secure it. With the exception of the recitals of a few favorite singers and players, all concerts in this city have suffered grievously since the two opera houses began to bid for popular support, and apparently the venerable Philharmonic can be saved only by becoming a permanent organization of first-class players, giving such carefully rehearsed and finished concerts that even the opera would fail to lure patrons away. Such an orchestra costs money until it has been put on a paying basis—a single horn-player asked $5,000 for his services!—but, fortunately, the funds have been provided, and the New Philharmonic will be launched next autumn—a band of about one hundred carefully selected musicians, who will play under only one man. This man, Gustav Mahler, is one of the most inspiring orchestral leaders of our generation. Heretofore Americans have had hardly any opportunity to estimate his powers except as an operatic leader.

His interpretations of Wagner have aroused warm enthusiasm, and his readings of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and Smetana are acknowledged on two continents to be the most finished on record. In Vienna, where he presided for ten years over the Imperial Opera, his activity as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts was quite as successful as his labors at the opera. He is also one of the leading composers of the time. The Philharmonic will for the first time have a conductor of whom this can be said.

Fortunately, it is not New York alone which will benefit by this new arrangement. The subscribers to the Philharmonic will have their regular groups of eight afternoon and eight evening concerts; but in addition to these there will be Sunday afternoon concerts, historic and Beethoven cycles, and virtuoso concerts. Brooklyn and other neighboring cities will be visited, and occasionally a longer flight will be attempted.

Mme. Nordica will sing with the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra when it makes its American début at Carnegie Hall Saturday evening, April 10. The other soloists are Mme. Langendorff, mezzo-soprano; David Bispham, baritone; Albert Spalding, violinist; and Germaine Schnitzer, pianist.

Art.

A Short History of Engraving and Etchings. By A. M. Hind. Pp. 473; 111 illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5 net.

This useful handbook by a junior curator of the British Museum differs from its many predecessors in the abundance of its illustrations and extent of its encyclopædic features. Besides the usual technical introduction, there is a running history of the art, a list of engravers and etchers classified chronologically by nations and schools, and an alphabetical index of names, comprising dates, which includes more than twenty-five hundred entries. Bibliographical notes accompany the text, and there is as well a very full bibliography at the end. Naturally, a manual of this compass cannot give all the material information that the collector will need when he comes upon an unfamiliar print; but it will enable him to find promptly whatever has been written on the subject. Furthermore, Mr. Hind has contrived to write interestingly what is often perforce an enumeration of names and titles, so that the book will not fail to appeal to intelligent readers who are neither collectors nor professed students. Only prolonged use can test the accuracy of such a work. It endures very well the casual control of dates that your reviewer has been able to give.

For his caution in statement and impartiality of judgment Mr. Hind deserves all praise. Every writer of a manual is under temptation, the stronger, the more scholarly he is, to play the umpire on disputed points. It is so much more pleasant to settle them than to state frankly the difficulty. To this pernicious tendency Mr. Hind never yields. The reader is not robbed of the mystery that affects many of the greatest names of etching and engraving. Possibly, the space given to British artists is out of proportion to the general scale, but this, considering the public to which the manual is primarily addressed, was inevitable. Of insular prejudices Mr. Hind is refreshingly free. It is a pleasure to find the over-popular mezzotinters classed merely as capable artisans. A similar catholicity and fineness of judgment pervade the book. The author adores none of the ruling idols of the marketplace.

Here and there a critical reader will differ from Mr. Hind's rapidly sketched positions. Whether Goya is one of the greatest "virtuosi" of aquatint (p. 253) is fairly open to question. Many will feel with Hamerton that in this medium Goya suffers from a heavy-handedness which we never find in his painting. Such critics will dwell rather on the inventive than on the technical merits of the master. It seems to us also that Daubigny, as etcher, is treated too cavalierly. His too few fine plates surely stand above those of Jacque and beside those of Rousseau as normative in etched landscape. The American section and lists are inadequate. The late William Sartain was best known as a stipple engraver; Frank Duveneck had a "startling power of assimilation" (p. 332), not of Whistler's manner, but of Venetian subjects. As a matter of fact, Duveneck's vigorous plates, which were on one occasion very stupidly fathered upon Whistler, were completed before the famous Venetian Set of Whistler was begun. The merits of C. A. Platt's few prints—he has forsaken etching for a more rewarding art—should have given him a place in the historical text. In the lists might well have appeared the amateur, the late LeRoy Yale, George Senseney for his delicate work in color, and the names at least of Lewis, Sloan, White, Roth, and Washburne—young etchers who are productive and of much promise. These, of course, are trifling blemishes in a work that is readable, orderly, and packed with information. We have seen nothing quite so useful for the average person who is concerned with prints.

We can notice only in brief Ludwig Justi's elaborate study of Giorgione (Berlin: Julius Bard). It consists of two large and handsomely printed volumes—one of text, the other of documents and plates. The author differs from his many predecessors in entertaining a greater respect for traditional attributions, and in scrutinizing more closely the surface of the extant pictures. Opposite each cut in the second volume is a complete account of restorations and damage—an obvious convenience, though in the present state of our knowledge such observations are often merely subjective impressions. In general, Herr Justi takes the latitudinarian view of Herbert Cook, believing that Giorgione was a prolific and uneven artist. The Justi list of authentic pictures passes forty. He admits all works of the type of the Glasgow Adulteress and the Beaumont Nativity, here agreeing with Mr. Cook. On such a matter who shall dogmatically play the umpire? Yet as a suggestion it is so difficult to place the great dramatic pictures apart from Giorgione—they surpass the capacity of Cariani or Sebastiano del Piombo—that acceptance will seem to many the easier alternative. Herr Justi's theory that these works were begun by Giorgione, but mostly executed by Sebastiano, has much to commend it. Considerable additions are made to the already long list of Giorgionesque pictures. The most interesting of his finds is the original (or a copy?) of the picture from which Hollar engraved the self portrait of Giorgione in Armor. The canvas, in a ruined state, is now in the Brunswick Gallery. On the subject of the Pitti Concert, Herr Justi is a traditionalist. It seems to us that he hardly does justice to the reasoning of those who see in this masterpiece a highly Giorgionesque Titian. The actual painting is, in the central head at least, quite un-Giorgionesque. We should be inclined to seek a compromise by assuming an invention of Giorgione, finished—as we know the Dresden Venus was—by Titian. For a penetrating analysis of the æsthetic qualities of Giorgione Herr Justi deserves gratitude, even from those who, like the present writer, dissent from many of his conclusions. The collection of documents and plates is most useful, and more complete than anything that has previously appeared. Especially welcome are cuts of Zanetti's engravings after the crumbling frescoes of the Fondaca de' Tedeschi. Herr Justi has overlooked the Rubens sketch, represented only by a contemporary etching, of a sleeping Venus ascribed to Giorgione. The print is exhibited in the Antwerp Museum, and the reference to it may be found in Max Rooses's Rubens.

The first volume of "Aus dem Frankfurter Goethemuseum," edited by O. Heuer (Frankfurt-am-M.: Kunstverlag Hermann Knoekel), consists of a collection of fourteen sheets in imperial folio, containing ten portraits, three pictures, and two sketches by Goethe. It is the purpose of the publisher to reproduce the best things in the Goethe Museum.

The *Giornale d'Italia* prints a report by Dr. Duncan MacKenzie, read before the British School of Archæology at Rome, which gives the results of his latest explorations in Sardinia. He was accompanied by the director of the school, Dr. Thomas Ashby. Among the more important discoveries were several dolmens; one similar to that at Birori, hitherto regarded as the only well-preserved dolmen in Sardinia; another near the village of Austis, with a peculiar prolongation at the back, forming a transition

between the true dolmen and the "tomb of the giants"; and two other more highly developed types, one covered with a slab measuring more than thirteen by seventeen feet, and the other partly cut in a cliff and partly built of stone, yet having the horizontal stone slab characteristic of the dolmen. New types of the "tomb of the giants," also, were found, shorter than the ordinary form, and having a curving front, built of several orders of stone blocks. In some cases, the cell was hollowed in a cliff and the characteristic great frontal stone and the front of the tomb itself were cut in the vertical face of the cliff.

The rearrangement and enlargement of the Vatican picture gallery has now been completed. For this purpose a corridor was chosen, formerly a carriage storehouse, on the ground floor of the west part of the Vatican, under the library. The galleries are lighted by windows opening on the Court of the Belvedere, so that only one wall is available for pictures—a convenience to the observer. The hanging is a uniform dark sage green stuff, of a slightly watered texture, excellent for the Primitives with their gold backgrounds and bright enamels, but rather too cold for the Raphaels and the later eclectics. The four halls contain respectively Primitive Tuscan painting, fifteenth century painting of Tuscany and the Marches, Primitive painting of Umbria and the Marches, and masterpieces of Perugino, Raphael, and the School. This adherence to logical association brings out the qualities of each group in a way that could scarcely be guessed from the old arrangement; and the collection has been much strengthened by adding to it the pictures hitherto half hidden in the Christian Museum of the Lateran as well as the Primitive panels, shown to great disadvantage under glass cases in the Vatican Library. The gallery is now one of the most attractive in Europe.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by Emil Carlsen, at Bauer-Folsom's, till April 10; old naval prints, K. O'Brien & Co.'s April 24.

News of the death of Prof. August Mau on March 6 has just been received here by friends of the scientist. Born at Kiel, Germany, in 1840, Dr. Mau spent most of his life in Italy, where, as member of the German Archæological Institute in Rome, he was able to carry on important work in connection with the restoration of Pompeii and other ancient cities. On the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, a number of his friends on this side of the Atlantic sent him a gift of several thousand dollars. Professor Mau used the money for defraying the expense of having copies made of paintings found on the walls of Pompeian ruins, and these copies were sent to American universities and other institutions. Among his best-known contributions to archæology are "Geschichte der decorativen Wandmalerei in Pompeii," "Pompeii in Leben und Kunst," "Führer durch Pompeii," and "Pompeianische Beiträge." He also compiled the catalogue of the German Archæological Institute; at the time of his death he was at work on the third volume.

From Munich, comes the report of the death, in his seventy-first year, of Dr. Alwin Schultz, at one time professor of the history of art in the University of Prague. He wrote largely on his subject, publishing among other books the following: "Höfisches Leben zur Zeit der Minnesänger," "Kunst und Kunstgeschichte," "Allgemeine Geschichte der bildenden Künste," "Häusliches Leben im Mittelalter bis in die zweite Hälfte des 18ten Jahrhunderts."

The death is announced of Prof. Alfred Messel, a distinguished architect of Berlin. He was born in Darmstadt in 1853, and studied his art under Strack at the Berliner Bauakademie. In 1883 he made the first of the trips to foreign countries which so strongly influenced him. Later he became a specialist in the style of the German early Renaissance and the Italian Renaissance. A volume has been printed describing thirty-six of his Berlin edifices.

Finance.

The Book of Wheat. By Peter Tracy Dondlinger. New York: Orange Judd Co. $2 net.

Mr. Dondlinger describes his book as "an economic history and practical manual of the wheat industry," and the scope of treatment warrants the comprehensive title. Nearly two-thirds of the work is occupied with practical questions such as the nature and chemistry of wheat cultivation; the different varieties of the grain in different countries, and their relative economy, from producer's and consumer's point of view; the cost of production, in this country and elsewhere; the manner and possibility of improvement through fertilization, irrigation, and crop rotation, and the diseases and insect pests to which the plant is exposed. These are by no means questions in which the farmer alone is interested. They concern the great financial and commercial markets vitally, as may be seen from the constant discussions, even on the Stock Exchange, of the progress and prospects of a crop. There are times when Wall Street will be more keenly concerned over rumors of "black rust in the Red River Valley" than over a demonstration by Servia against Austria. Such discussions are likely to be conducted with rather dense ignorance of the underlying principles. Like the cotton speculator who "went long" on news that the boll weevil had attacked the plantations, and then button-holed all his friends to ascertain whether the boll weevil was a disease or an animal, the grain market frequently judges of such matters at second hand. It would not be the worse off for the information which Mr. Dondlinger's book contains—information which is clearly and accurately put, and strikingly devoid of confusing technicalities.

The last third of the book treats of the production, marketing, and distribution of wheat crops the world over, and of the history of wheat harvests and wheat prices. It need not be said that these are topics full of interest, not only to men of affairs whose plans are affected by agricultural prosperity or adversity, but to students of economics. Few people who have not given special study to the subject are aware how essential a part these problems of harvests and prices have played, even in the great events of history. Taine has clearly shown the important influence of the agricultural blight in France of 1789, in precipitating the French Revolution in the particular form which it assumed. It was English and Irish crop failure which made free trade inevitable for Great Britain; Professor Thorold Rogers has hinted at crop failure in the British Islands as one influence which brought to a head the uprising of 1642. That a "bumper" wheat crop in the United States, along with European harvest failure, was an essential factor in achieving the success of specie resumption in 1879, was admitted even by John Sherman.

What part the similar conditions of 1897 had, in starting the ball of American prosperity rolling after the long depression, is within the memory of every one. It may indeed be said that the problems of agriculture are at the present moment among the foremost economic and financial considerations of the day. It was certainly this country's agricultural prosperity which averted the worst consequences of the panic of 1907, and saved our Wall Street promoters and manipulators from the full penalty which their excesses had invited. The election of 1908 was the first in our history in which the administration party won in the vote next succeeding a great financial crisis. Had the country's agricultural fortunes turned out in 1908 as they did in 1894 or 1881, it is possible that the result might have been different from what it was.

The thirty-three pages devoted by Mr. Dondlinger to the bibliography of wheat deserve special notice; for the inquiring reader; they provide access to a rich and extremely interesting branch of literature.

The deep cut in the price of steel structural material which has accompanied the "open market," called forth, last month, the largest volume of orders ever known in that branch of the trade. This is a perfectly logical result of the policy of low prices, adopted by the great steel corporations after a year of unnecessary and unwise delay. It is also conclusive refutation of the singular theory of economics set forth by Judge Gary last April, and his statement that the fact that the demand is less than the supply does not furnish an argument for lowering the price, and that neither through such lowering nor through an ad-

vance in price when demand exceeds supply, "would the quantity bought and sold be more or less." The obvious fact, after the panic of 1907, in the steel trade as in other industries, was that capacity to consume was impaired, that credit was restricted, and that the usual buyers not only were able to postpone such orders as they may have planned, but were bound as a matter of common sense to do so, as long as concessions in price were refused. The whole history of modern trade goes to prove that, at junctures of the sort, the wise producer will find his market again by such immediate and radical revision of prices as will overcome doubt and hesitation on the part of the consumer. The dry goods trade, one of the few that is not dominated by a Trust, acted promptly on such lines a year ago; it took more time to teach the new industrial Trusts that they, too, were subject to the old laws. That they have apparently learned the lesson is a happy augury for both producer and consumer. It ought to be possible, now, for these great aggregations of capital to perform their normal economic function of preventing such extreme and prolonged fluctuation of prices, whether up or down, as would demoralize trade. That the United States Steel Corporation in great measure fulfilled this useful requirement, by preventing, in the boom of 1906, such extortionate prices as prevailed in the similar periods of 1882 and 1899, is admitted by every one. It should have used its influence a year ago in favor of a normal cut in prices, instead of foolishly obstructing reasonable readjustment.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allison, Young E. The Delicious Vice. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.

Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. LXI, Part ii; Vol. LXVIII, Parts i and iii. Cambridge. Published by the Observatory.

Arnold, Matthew. Selected Poems. Henry Frowde.

Arreguine, Victor Tardes de Estio. Buenos Aires.

Bagwell, Richard. Ireland Under the Stuarts. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $10.50.

Bailey, L. H. Cyclopedia of American Agriculture. Vol. IV. Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Barr, Amelia E. The Hands of Compulsion. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Barton, George. Adventures of the World's Greatest Detectives. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

Berry, John B. N. Some Assurances of Immortality. R. F. Fenno & Co.

Beveridge, W. H. Unemployment: A Problem of Industry. Longmans, Green & Co.

Bowen, Edwin H. Questions at Issue in Our English Speech. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Butler, H. E. Post-Augustan Poetry: From Seneca to Juvenal. Henry Frowde.

Calvert, Albert F. Madrid. John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Campbell, F. W. Groves. Apollonius of Tyana. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

Carpenter, George Rice. Walt Whitman. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

Chambers, Robert W. Special Messenger. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Chapin, Robert Coit. The Standard of Living Among Workingmen's Families in New York City. Russell Sage Foundation. Charities Publication Committee. $2.

Cholmondeley, Mary. The Hand on the Latch. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Collier, Price. England and the English from an American Point of View. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Connolly, James. Socialism Made Easy. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr.

Craig, R. S. The Making of Carlyle. J. Lane Co. $4 net.

Dale, Alan. The Great Wet Way. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

Dante Alighieri. La Divina Commedia. Edited by C. H. Grandgent. Vol. I. Boston: D. C. Heath. $1.25.

Delany, Selden P. The Ideal of Christian Worship. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company. 40 cents net.

Dryden's Poetical Works, edited by G. R. Noyes. Cambridge edition. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.00.

Forbes, S. A., and R. E. Richardson. The Fishes of Illinois. Urbana: Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History.

Fort, Charles. The Outcast Manufactures. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.

Frazer, J. G. Psyche's Task. Macmillan. 80 cents net.

Galten, Francis. Memories of My Life. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Griggs, Sutton E. The Race Question in a New Light. Nashville: Orion Pub. Co.

Hall, Charles Cuthbert. The Silver Cup. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Haywood, Kate Harper. Torchbearers on the King's Highway. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company.

Hisperica Famina. Edited by Francis John Henry Jenkinson. Putnam.

Hugo, Victor. Works: Dramatic Works, 3 vols.; Poems, 2 vols.; History of a Crime, 2 vols.; Napoleon the Little. Boston: Little, Brown. $8 net.

Huneker, James. Egoists. A Book of Supermen. C. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Irish Texts Society: Two Irish Arthurian Romances. Edited and translated by R. A. Stewart Macalister. London: David Nutt.

James, Henry. Works. Vols. XV and XVI. The Lesson of the Master, etc. The Author of Beltraffio, etc. Scribner.

Johnson, Charles F. Shakespeare and His Critics. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Kinder, Thomas S. A Rube's Twenty Years' Adventures. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

Kipling, Rudyard. Under the Deodars, The Phantom 'Rickshaw, Wee Willie Winkie. Doubleday, Page.

Knowlton, Frank H. Birds of the World: A Popular Account. Edited by Robert Ridgway. Henry Holt.

Mackail, J. W. The Springs of Helicon. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

Maeterlinck, Maurice. The Blue Bird. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

Manual of American Literature. Stanton, Theodore (editor). Putnam.

Marks, Jeannette. Through Welsh Doorways. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.10 net.

Marquand, Allan. Greek Architecture. Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

Merwin, Bannister. The Girl and the Bill. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Meyers Grosses Konversations-Lexikon, Vol. XVIII. Lemcke & Buechner.

Mills, Enos A. Wild Life on the Rockies. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

Miller, Francis T., ed. The Journal of American History. The Associated Publishers of American Records. 75c.

Morse, Margaret. On the Road to Arden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

Muir, John. Stickeen, the Story of a Dog. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 60c. net.

North, Lawrence. Syrinx. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

Pennsylvania History Club: A Contribution to Pennsylvania Historical Bibliography. Vol. I. Philadelphia.

Pope's Rape of the Lock. Henry Frowde.

Ramsay, Sir William. Essays, Biographical and Chemical. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Sannia, Enrico. Il Comico, l' Umorismo e la Satira nella Divina Commedia. 2 vols. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

Schevill, Ferdinand. Siena: The story of a Mediæval Commune. C. Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Simon, Helene. William und Mary Wollstonecraft. München: C. H. Beck.

Smith, William Walter. Religious Education. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company. $2 net.

Sturge, M. Carta. The Truth and Error of Christian Science. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Upward, Allen. The East End of Europe. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Von Hutten, Bettina. Kingsmead. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Webb, Sidney and Beatrice. The Break-up of the Poor Law. The Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. Parts I and II. Longmans, Green & Co.

Wenley, R. M. Modern Thought and the Crisis in Belief. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

White, Fred M. A Crime on Canvas. R. F. Fenno. $1.50.

Witmer, Lightner. Mental Healing and the Emmanuel Movement. Philadelphia: The Psychological Clinic Press. 25c.

Woodberry, George E. The Life of Edgar Allan Poe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. $5 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1909.

The Week.

Amid the rather dreary round of tariff oratory in the House last week, one speech stands out with a kind of pathetic distinction. It is the protest made by the resident commissioner of the Philippines, Mr. De Leon, against those features of the Payne bill which deal with Philippine trade. The restrictions upon the right of free entry in this country, proposed in the case of Philippine sugar and tobacco, are a marked falling off from the terms which Mr. Taft long insisted upon. To have assented to so much in the way of a compromise must have been exceedingly distasteful to the President; and now he has the further mortification of hearing the official representative of the Filipinos in this country declare the whole plan unjust, and point out that it is unanimously opposed by the people of the islands. Mr. De Leon spoke with great restraint and dignity, yet made it clear that he and his countrymen regard the action of the United States in fixing tariffs for the Philippines without consulting the interests and sentiments of the people as sheer exploitation and oppression. And he closed his speech with that same plea for independence which always comes out in the end of any discussion of the Philippines, no matter from what premises one starts.

French exporters are badly frightened by Mr. Payne's revised schedules. France is preëminently the country that supplies the rest of the world with its luxuries. Increase your tax on frills, flounces, and furbelows, and there's sure to be a tremendous fluttering in the dove-cotes of Paris. Gloves, feathers, perfumery, and fine plate-glass are already menaced, and as the outcry continues against taxing our necessary coffee, tea, beer, and cigarettes, who knows but Mr. Payne will lay a heavy hand on French champagnes? The Parisians, therefore, are quite right in being anxious. But they are wrong when, relying on the statement of Hugues Le Roux, they attribute our heavy tariff on French products to any particular feeling of hostility for France. M. Le Roux has recently been in this country and carried away a vast stock of misinformation on which the French customs authorities would have been wise in clapping a prohibitory duty, specific and not ad valorem. In the first place, the millions of Irish and Germans among us are not, as M. Le Roux believes, responsible for our dislike of the French people, for the simple reason that we do not dislike France; far from it. And, in the second place, even if we did dislike the French, our protection philosophy is not swayed by sentimental likes and dislikes. The protection Minotaur knows neither friend nor foe. The proof is that he feeds less on the foreigner than on his fellow-citizen. First and always, the standpatter is for himself, first in war, first in peace, and first in the pockets of his countrymen.

Representative Murdock's resolution, that Congress call on the several States to return the $28,000,000 "deposited" with them by the national government in 1837, is not likely to result in anything save a dip into political history by inquiring readers. It is quite true that the money was not an outright gift. When the Congress of 1836, confronted with the unmanageable surplus revenue of "boom times," and willing to play a popular card, decided on such distribution of the accumulated surplus in excess of $5,000,000, it described the operation as a "temporary deposit"—subject, therefore, to recall at the will of Congress. But nobody entertained any illusions about the nature of the transaction. The words "temporary" and "deposit" were inserted to allay the scruples of that strict constructionist, President Jackson, and induce him to sign the bill. Most of the States which received this Federal largess—$28,000,000, as it happened, distributed in the ratio of representation of the several beneficiaries in Congress—proceeded at once to spend it; and even in the face of the collapsing Federal revenue and heavy Federal indebtedness, which came with the panic of the ensuing year, Congress passed a resolution intimating that, while it could not pay over the fourth and last instalment of the "distribution," it would not trouble the States for what they had got already. In other words, the episode was closed something more than seventy years ago, and will scarcely be reopened at this time.

But the incident is part of a chapter of events which, taken as a whole, has some bearing on present-day affairs. The period 1835-1836 closely resembled the period 1905-1906. It was an era of expansion, of reckless speculation, when everybody was making money on paper and nobody believed that the "boom" would ever end. The national Treasury shared in this delusion. Between 1834 and 1836, under the influence of the increasing home consumption and import of foreign goods, annual customs revenue expanded nearly 50 per cent., and public land sales, in response to the wild speculation in the Western States, rose from $4,800,000 to $24,000,000. As a consequence, appropriations committees unloosed the purse-strings. The moderate public debt having been by 1836 extinguished, ordinary expenditures were increased from $17,500,000 in 1835 to $37,200,000 in 1837; the "distribution to the States" was voted, and just then the panic of 1837 swept over the country. In 1836 the surplus revenue was $20,000,000; in 1837, customs revenue was cut to the lowest figure in twenty years, public land sales almost stopped, but appropriation bills continued to run, with the result of a $12,000,000 deficit and a $15,000,000 public debt at the end of the year. We wish we might hope for the reproduction, in the present instance, of the further sequel of seventy years ago—which was such reduction in annual public expenditure that it was ten years before the figure of 1837 was again approached.

We took the liberty to question, in our issue of March 25, the rather cocksure statement from Washington in respect to one feature of the Declaration of London regarding the laws of maritime war. It was confidently asserted that England had retreated from the ground she took when she demanded the surrender of Mason and Slidell. The implication was that the search of a neutral vessel, and the forcible removal of civilian commissioners, such as Mason and Slidell, were hereafter to be recognized by the laws of naval warfare.

But examination of the text of the Declaration, now at hand, shows that this, as we suspected, is an entire misapprehension. Article 47 provides, indeed, that individuals may be made prisoners of war when found on a neutral merchant vessel, even when there is no ground for capture of the ship, but such individuals must be "embodied in the armed forces of the enemy." Mason and Slidell were not. Thus the myth that the British had abandoned ground which they maintained against us in the civil war, and which our best international lawyers at the time and since admitted to be soundly taken, should at once be withdrawn from circulation.

A decision by Justice O'Gorman in the State Supreme Court, upholds the constitutionality of the law restricting to $150,000,000 life insurance written by any company in any one year. The law had been contested on the ground of arbitrary and unequal application of the restrictive provision—chiefly because "industrial" insurance was excepted from it. The court ruled that the Legislature had the right to classify insurance and to make different provision for such different classes, always assuming the classification to be reasonable. That the separation of industrial insurance from ordinary life policies was reasonable, Justice O'Gorman decides; the two businesses he describes as "quite distinct," and accordingly refuses to set aside the law. To insurance men and the general public alike, it will appear that the case was really based and decided on a technicality. To both the exception of industrial insurance is a matter of relative indifference, save as a ground for taking exception to the law's constitutionality. The real objective point of the suit was to overthrow the $150,000,000 limitation in itself, of which the large companies have complained ever since the new insurance law of 1906 went upon the statute-books.

When the legislative committee was framing its bill, it was confronted by the fact that such limitless accumulation of capital, under the hands of a single group of men, was itself a serious problem. The committee reported that the business of certain companies had "grown beyond reasonable limits," and that, "notwithstanding they have long since passed the point where further enlargement can benefit their policyholders, they have resorted to every effort to obtain new business, regardless of the expense which is reflected in diminishing dividends." That this was regarded as an evil by the companies themselves had been shown by a tentative resolution of the Mutual Life trustees, as long ago as 1892, to limit annual new business to $100,000,000. President McCall of the New York Life thus testified before the Armstrong committee:

> Q. Is there no time when an insurance company should say it is better, all things considered, to call a halt? A. I think there is a limit to human capacity.
>
> Q. And to capacity of human supervision? A. Yes.
>
> Q. And to capacity to handle such gigantic accumulations? A. Undoubtedly.
>
> Q. Have you thought about it enough to reach in your mind as to what that limit should be? A. No. I think it is a very serious question. I think this committee could do a great deal of very good work in that respect, Mr. Hughes.

The elections in Michigan on Monday exhibited the Anti-Saloon League's strength, but no less clearly the foolish tactics of its opponents. Only a wonderfully organized and well-supported campaign could drive the saloon out of nineteen or twenty counties where, but a few years ago, scarcely any sentiment against liquor was visible. Yet not even shrewdness and money could have accomplished so much, if the enemy had been moderately clever. Nothing could be more puerile, though, than the liquor dealers' campaign tricks. They choose as their prize stump-speaker the author of "Peck's Bad Boy," who gave humorous talks. Then, too, the State was flooded with huge postal cards explaining that the Anti-Saloon League is controlled by Rockefeller, who hopes to use it as a cat's paw to seize the Federal Government. Such wild tales insult the voter's intelligence and make him believe that the saloonkeeper has not a leg to stand on.

The regular semi-annual crisis in our relations with Central America seems to be coming to a head. It follows on the regular bi-monthly internal crisis in Central America. This time the quarrel is with Nicaragua, and, of course, on the immemorial subject of an American citizen's property vs. government confiscation. Concerning our rights in the matter there can scarcely be any question. The Emery claim is not a claim at all, in the sense that it waits for adjudication. Nicaragua agreed to arbitrate our government's demands, and, displeased by the outcome, insists that the arbitration be rearbitrated. The ordinary rules of political consistency or logic scarcely run in Central America, and this country would be at fault if it forgot that infinite patience is necessary in dealing with these weak-willed peoples of the tropics. Yet there is a point where compliance must stop. It is bad for the Central Americans themselves. Zelaya, having defied the United States successfully, finds it quite natural to start playing the little Napoleon within Central America. Fortunately, this country is now in a position where it may speak out firmly without giving those restless republics ground for serious recrimination. Our understanding with Mexico wards off the charge of selfish motives. To our good offices and Mexico's the Central Americans have appealed before this.

Admiral Cervera will long remain in naval history as a striking example of devotion to duty on the part of a man in chief command, without a single illusion about the possibility of success. From the moment he sailed from Spain till the final catastrophe at Santiago, there was no time when Cervera did not look forward to fated defeat. His letters and dispatches to the Spanish government made it clear all along that he understood perfectly the deficiencies of his ships, and the certainty that he would be crushed by superior forces. In fact, so cogent was his exposition of the matter that the dilatory officials at Madrid were finally impressed to the point of cabling to him at Martinique that he might return to Spain, if he thought it wise; and only the failure to deliver this message left Cervera to go on his way under his original instructions. For a man thus feeling himself dedicated to disaster, he displayed a serenity and greatness of soul which even his enemies could not but admire. It must have been harder for him to endure captivity in this country, than it had been to go through the blaze and roar of his hopeless naval battle; but here, too, he bore himself with exquisite nobility. His was truly a rare character, formed in large moulds.

The Socialists in the Belgian Parliament are conducting an energetic campaign against evil conditions in the Congo. M. Vandervelde's speech of last week, in condemnation of the system of forced labor, continues the attack begun some time ago against the government's action in the case of the Upper Congo and Great Lakes Railway Company. This company was organized in 1902 and received a concession of some 4,000,000 hectares of land and forest for ninety-nine years. The government shares in the profits were derived from exploitation of the land concession. On that ground, a royal order was issued last January, declaring that the railway was a public utility which justified the "recruitment" of 2,575 men during the current year. The negroes are recruited by raiding expeditions which destroy the villages and bring the men back in chains. In that condition they are set to work on the railway, finding probable solace for their sufferings in the thought that the government speaks of them as *travailleurs salariés*, "salaried laborers." Their "contracts" run for five years. The nominal pay is 21 centimes (four cents) a day. The Socialists have maintained that the railway is not a "public utility" in the sense that it should be made to justify a system of practical slavery. M. Vandervelde asked what had become of a number of natives sent to work in certain mines in 1905. "They are not all dead," said the Colonial Minister. The situation is deplorable. Yet there is this important gain: that Congo misrule is no longer hidden from the world by Leopold's agents, but is criticised openly in the Parliament of a civilized people.

Paris now has a scare of its own. It may not be so big as England's naval scare, or the general Balkan panic recently deceased, but domestic insurrection is bad enough. That France is in such imminent danger of a proletarian insurrection as part of the Parisian press would have it, is open to strong doubt. From mere expediency, the workers are bound to keep the peace. The recent vote in the Chambers showed an enormous majority in support of the government's refusal to grant state employees the right to strike. The leaders of the proletariat are not fools. They must recognize how united the country would be in the face of any move against domestic order. The leaders of the workingmen are not even exceptionally hot-headed. Hot-tongued they are, in part, but not much more so than the conservative press, which has fallen into the habit of describing every petty strike, a waiters' strike or the strike of five hundred electricians, as the prelude to social revolution. If it be true that the state employees are affiliating themselves with the General Confederation of Labor, the situation may be serious. But we have yet to learn whether that report is true. Until very recently these two elements stood in no friendly relations. It seems very doubtful whether the state's employees will rise against the bourgeois, for the simple reason that they are themselves, in great part, bourgeois.

THE TARIFF'S FIRST STAGE.

It now seems certain that the Payne bill will pass the House this week. Under the special rule adopted on Monday there is opportunity for amendments which the Ways and Means Committee may offer, and separate votes on a few schedules are to be permitted; the rest of the bill is to be put through, as all tariff bills are put through the House, under closure. Thus the first step will have been taken, although, in tariffs, it is not usually the first step that costs. The next and more costly step will be taken by the Senate; then will come the struggle in conference between the two houses. After that, the President may have something to say. The final verdict will lie with the people.

When Lord North saw the India Bill of his day, he described it as "a good receipt to knock up an Administration." In the Payne bill as it stands to-day, there are several vicious features which ought to be enough to knock up the party or the Administration that would father or deliberately retain them. All tariffs have their pet abominations. The McKinley bill outrages were numerous, and we know what a political revolt they provoked. There would probably have been as marked a revolt against the Dingley bill, had not Bryan been there to prevent any Democratic movement in opposition to any Republican policy from being effective. Of the Payne bill, two schedules have been singled out for special reprobation. These are the duties on gloves and on stockings. Other items in the bill may be as bad, or worse. We ourselves think the woollen schedules far more pernicious. But the women of the country, particularly in the West, have risen in protest against greatly increased taxes that are threatened upon articles of which they are the main consumers. In Chicago, over 300,000 women have signed a forcible remonstrance against the higher duties on gloves and hosiery. The movement is spreading from city to city, and invading the rural districts as well. It will be noted that the Iowa Republicans in the House refused to assent to the rule, on the express ground that it did not permit a separate vote on the glove and hosiery schedules. These country Representatives, far from the influence or terrorism of importers, evidently fear that political vengeance will be taken on them unless they come to the relief of the aroused women.

That these particular taxes, as they now stand in the Payne bill, are wholly indefensible, we think that no one who looks disinterestedly into the facts can question. In these two cases, the Ways and Means Committee apparently fell into the hapless old fashion of allowing manufacturers to make their own unstifted statements about the conditions of the trade, and write their own clauses in the tariff bill. For example, the National Association of Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturers appeared at the tariff hearings with a request for increased duties. Several affidavits were submitted on the subject of labor cost. all of them asserting that "there is no material difference between the wages paid for the same kind of work in the different sections of the United States." How much this is worth may be guessed when we find two manufacturers from the same city swearing, one that he pays 65 cents as labor cost of a dozen pairs of stockings, and the other $1.02 for the same article. Yet with such discrepancies and improbabilities glaring at them, the members of the Committee allowed these affiants to make solemn oath regarding the labor cost of stockings in Germany, giving figures which have since been officially declared to be false and misleading. And the increase in duties was credulously granted: on the lowest grade, from 68 per cent. to 89; on the second, from 58 to 76; on the next, from 51 to 66; and on the highest

grade, from 59 to 70. This in a revision which was to be "downwards"!

The question of increased duties on women's gloves is ably discussed in a letter by Senator Culberson in the Washington *Post*. He shows how the Ways and Means Committee almost literally complied with every demand made by ex-Congressman Littauer. Littauer was the interested party, yet all his statements were taken as gospel truth, wide of the fact though many of them are easily shown to be. Senator Culberson demonstrates from census bulletins that the assertions of Littauer respecting wages paid were grossly inaccurate. Yet this manufacturer and influential politician was practically allowed to write the glove schedules to put money into his own pocket, the duties being advanced on the average not far from 100 per cent. And the dispatches report Mr. Littauer as being uncommonly active last Monday in the Speaker's room and elsewhere, to prevent a separate vote in the House on his precious gloves.

No one supposes that the President, representing the national interest, can be satisfied to see these most offensive remains of protection in the Payne bill. Doubtless he hopes that they will be stricken out, either in the Senate or in conference. But Mr. Taft should have it distinctly in mind that it may be necessary for him to speak out against the extreme forms of selfishness and shamelessness in the Payne bill, if he really desires to see those curses removed.

OFFICE-HOLDERS IN POLITICS.

The report of a special committee of the National Civil Service Reform League, on the activity of Federal office-holders in politics, has been taken by some as a whitewashing of the last administration. It is not that, in either intention or effect. The committee, it is true, paid a good deal of attention to the use of government employees in the last Presidential campaign, and it is also the fact that it exonerates President Roosevelt from the charge of having technically violated the civil-service rules. These relate, formally, to the political activities of men in the classified service. It was, however, the unclassified officials—the men holding the higher Federal offices, postmasters, collectors, marshals, and the like—about whose pernicious activity in politics there was scandal last year. On that particular question, the committee has gathered precise evidence bearing out common knowledge; and the chief aim of its report is to show both how great the mischief is and the urgent need of its removal.

A comparison of the roll of the Chicago Convention with the government Blue Book, establishes the fact that at least one delegate in ten was a Federal office-holder. In the Southern delegations, the proportion was much higher: every third man was a government employee. Out of the 22 delegates from Alabama, 16 were office-holders; of the 10 from Florida, 7 were on the Federal salary list. It is easy to say that all this is no novelty; that the Republican party in the South being what it has been for many years, such a lining up of the animals at the crib, to vote at the orders of the master of the crib, is inevitable. Whatever the explanation, the thing is an outrage and a danger. The committee is well within bounds in saying:

> Any one made familiar with these facts cannot fail to see the menace to free elections and popular nominations in this great office-holding machine, controlling under ordinary circumstances the balance of power in a national convention and subject to possible dictation by the President as the chief executive. Not to so use it implies strength of will to resist great temptation.

The abuse goes much deeper than this, however, and the committee of the Civil Service Reform League follows the evil further. It is not simply with a partisan offence that we are dealing, but an attack upon the efficiency of government. The unchecked activity in politics of the higher officials robs the people of the services for which they are paid. An official who has to spend so much of his time in looking after the party organization, and in rounding up voters for primaries and "getting the delegates" at any cost, cannot give himself intelligently to the work of administration. In fact, the majority do not. It is the deliberate assertion of this committee, after due inquiry:

> Except in the departments at Washington and a few other places, the larger offices in the unclassified service might be left vacant, and the service would be as efficiently performed as now.

That is, the real work is done by the classified subordinates. Take that collector of internal revenue in Kentucky who has been holding his commission for four years, but during three of those years has been away from his office—though faithfully drawing his salary—and it is plain that not he but somebody else is seeing to it that the revenue laws are enforced. So it is with the average Presidential postmaster, the surveyors, collectors, and marshals: they habitually neglect their government work to attend to their political jobs. To employ them and pay them out of public money is, therefore, a gross case of waste and extravagance. The viciousness of the procedure could be no more evident if an old suggestion of ours were adopted, and two men appointed to every Federal office—one to attend strictly to its business, and the other to have the party glory and to do the party dirty work.

Remedies urged by the committee require both legislation and executive action. The law of 1883 ought so to be amended that the offices which can be filled only with "the advice and consent" of the Senate, may also be placed in the classified service, in which political activity is forbidden. Of course, a resolute President could make such officers keep their hands off the machine, even as it is. Mr. Roosevelt did so in theory; in practice, the results are what the committee sets forth—Federal officers running the party, in many States, and swarming in conventions. It is natural, then, that the committee should call for "a clearer definition and strengthening of the provision of the executive order governing political activity in the unclassified service." It ought to be made, instead of a dead letter, a living determination. In addition, the committee demands better methods of appointment, especially by promotion from within the service, instead of putting at the head of important offices protégés of Representatives and Senators, entirely unfamiliar with the duties of the position, and often wholly unfitted for their discharge.

It may not have occurred to the members of this committee that they are furnishing a powerful argument for direct primaries. Yet no one can glance at their picture of the way in which conventions are run, stuffed with dummy delegates dishonestly elected, without seeing how great a gain would come from legally guarded primaries, in which the voters could declare directly

for the men and measures of their choice. If such a system were established and put honestly into operation, much of the political occupation of our office-holding Othellos would be gone. Primary reform would thus supplement and aid civil-service reform.

THE PRAISE OF ECONOMY.

The air is filled just now with talk of economy—strictly theoretical. Every man is willing that every other man should economize. Government officials are setting their faces against extravagance, and railroad men like Mr. Harriman are calling for as great an economy in the administration of public affairs as is insisted upon by railway managers. The story goes that the new Secretary of the Treasury is appalled at the evidences of lavish and needless expense which confront him in Washington, and has said: "It ought to be possible to run one respectable government on what is wasted here." Whether this be true or not, the era of praise of economy has plainly set in. The nation's sentiments on that subject are correct and laudable, whatever its practice may be. No Congressional orator gets more applause to-day than the man who denounces a governmental spendthrift policy, and calls for rigid economy. Yet he does this, knowing in his heart that what the old parliamentarian said is true: "If you want to get a cheer in the House of Commons, make a speech in praise of economy; if you want to rouse opposition and encounter certain defeat, move to effect any particular economy."

Chairman Tawney, of the House Committee on Appropriations, admits the alarming increase in public expenditure, but asserts with much truth that "the two primary causes have been, first, the popular and executive demands; and, second, the abnormal and unnecessary war expenditures in time of peace." The first cause is as much a national obsession as the last. It is undoubtedly true that a mighty appeal comes up to Congress from the people every year to spend more money. Take the mere matter of pensions. The nation is paying about $160,000,000 a year for that purpose, yet for every worthy veteran who dies, two suspicious or fraudulent claimants solicit Congressmen to get them on the roll. Look at the rising flood of private pension bills, and the method of passing them by wholesale, which has been devised. These measures are all for the benefit of men and women who are not pensionable under the general laws, and whose cases are, therefore, likely to be without desert, when not tainted by fraud. Here would seem to be a splendid place for messieurs the economizers to begin. But nothing of the kind is seen. These wasteful drains on the Treasury are popular. Able-bodied men in the backwoods of Maine will speak complacently of the amount they "draw" from Washington. "Abner, he draws $17 a month, and they dew say that Senator Hale has promised to shove him up to $23." With this spirit abroad in the land, one sees how much real popular backing there is for public economy. It is praised in the abstract, but in the concrete nobody wants it.

The unhappy significance of the phrase, "forced to economize," is proof enough of the unpopularity of the process. Gay young squanderers may alternate miserliness with high living, and regard it, with Thackeray's Philip, as a kind of joke to live for a time on a few sous a day. But for the father of a family, a man of affairs, to be compelled to cut down expenses is always irksome. He hides the fact, if he can, as he is ashamed to let it be known that he has been living beyond his means. That spirit of the citizens is bound to make itself felt in the government. The bigger the panic, the bigger the appropriations: such appears to have been the motto of Congress. And President Roosevelt hit off perfectly the general taste and standards when he said in his last annual message that the country had, during his Administration, never had to deny itself anything that it wanted. There is about that a smack of contentment with wealth which is very general. As a nation, we feel that we have much goods laid up for many years, and have need of nothing—of economy, least of all.

We speak of this public tendency in order to show how great are the difficulties in the way of frugal national finance. The statesman who sets out to establish such a policy goes against the tide, and too often will have to say with the poet that for a long time he strove against the stream, but strove in vain. Success is not possible unless it be remembered that it is policy which makes expenditure. Minor savings can be effected here and there in routine matters of administration: useless offices can be abolished, and idle clerks cumbering the departments can be weeded out: but no great and satisfactory reductions can be made in governmental outlay except by a change in governmental policy. If we were, for example, to alter our military policy, we could easily save $100,000,000 a year. If any one will assure us that such an altered policy is probable, we will tell him whether economies are probable.

One other change in the posture of government may make for economy. We mean a divided party control. The historic example is the Democratic House, in 1875-79, with a Republican Senate and President. Under the lead of Samuel J. Randall, the House put the knife so deep into the budget that savings of from $50,000,000 to $80,000,000 a year were made. The total of the appropriations actually sank, instead of showing that steady and ominous rise with which we are painfully familiar. A political motive entered, no doubt, into this economizing. Democrats wanted to prove the truth of their charge that the Republicans were spendthrifts. But political motives always affect political expenditures. If we were to have a Democratic House after next year, there can be no doubt that it would set about cutting down the appropriations. The object would be partly to show that the Democrats were more economical than their opponents, and partly to keep Republicans in the government service from having so much money to spend. This shows us the reverse side of party responsibility. We are accustomed to say that it is well to have one party in charge of all branches of the government, and then demand an accounting of its stewardship. But while that may make for a consistent policy, it does not make for economy. Under undisputed Republican supremacy for the past twelve years, public expenditure has gone up much more rapidly than would have been the case had we seen an occasional Democratic House to hold the purse-strings.

END OF THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

Austria has declared herself satisfied with Servia's note of humble submission. The final balance has been struck in a complicated account which began when the Sultan's power went down

before the Young Turks last summer. The critical period may be reckoned from the beginning of last October, when almost simultaneously Bulgaria proclaimed her independence and Austria announced the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. During these six months Europe has been almost weekly on the verge either of a great war or peaceful solution. But the remarkable feature has been that the most serious danger arose from a phase of the matter which, at the beginning, would have been pronounced the least threatening of all. If hostilities had broken out between Turkey and Bulgaria over the question of suzerainty or indemnity, the reason would apparently have been valid. If Turkey had fallen afoul even of Austria, the same reason would have held, namely, that the new régime in Turkey could better afford to wage an unsuccessful war than to meet the charge that it was sanctioning the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Yet Turkey's quarrels with Bulgaria and with Austria were settled, involving though they did the surrender of legal rights. After all, Austria had held Bosnia for thirty years, and it was pretty well understood that she was to keep it permanently. That she would surrender the province to any one but Turkey was absurd. The real menace, it turned out, consisted in what the outsider would regard as Servia's rather vague national aspirations.

The danger came because the quarrel between Austria and Servia tended to take on a far broader character. For Austria read Austria and Germany. For Servia read Russia, with her old ally, France, and her new friend, Great Britain. The supposedly historic conflict between Teuton and Slav for the open road to Constantinople was regarded as entering on a new stage. When Servia threatened war, was she really bent on a heroic feat of hara-kiri, or was she counting on the sure assistance of Russia? When Austria made preparations for mobilizing a half-million troops, was she really panic-stricken by the chance of an attack from Servia, or was she making ready against Russia? While winter made campaigning impossible, diplomacy had a free field. Then Servia might be aggressive, Russia might be warm in support of her, and France and England might play the anxious intermediaries. The alternations of hope and despair were just the thing to make three or four months pass. Insults and provocations might be exchanged without great danger. But when spring came, a season that seems to have an exceptionally stirring effect on the Balkan fighting blood, Austria had it in her power to bring the matter to a sharp conclusion. Having a good deal to gain by persistence, and all her prestige to lose by backing down, she might speak war and mean it. Then it would be for the anti-Austrian Powers, and especially for Russia, to decide whether Servia's claims were worth the risk of war. Report has it that the question was put sharply to Russia, and that St. Petersburg decided no.

The outcome has been a victory for Austrian and German influence, and a diplomatic defeat for the Western Powers and Russia. France and Great Britain were undoubtedly sincere in working for peace in the Balkans. Yet great Powers do not work without the hope of ultimate advantage to themselves. To check Austrian aspirations, if even in part, would be to add another victory to those Great Britain and France have been winning recently over German diplomacy. But the Western Powers found Russia but a reed to lean upon. France especially must be discomfited to have her ally won away from her. This is the second time the French have vainly counted on the Russian alliance. In 1905 Russia was so helplessly crippled that the Kaiser might with impunity dictate terms to France in the matter of Delcassé and Morocco. In 1909, Russia is still too weak to be useful if it came to extremes. Frenchmen must now be asking themselves what this Russian alliance to which they have been clinging as a rock of safety is really worth. André Tardieu, in his recent lectures in this country (collected in a volume entitled "France and the Alliances"), tried to show how vital to France's safety was her understanding with Russia. He argues that the security which the Republic has enjoyed for the last fifteen years is based on that chiefly. But the value of an alliance that breaks down in crises may be questioned. The only fact that cannot be questioned is that Russia has profited by the alliance to the extent, Mr. Tardieu estimates, of $2,500,000,000 in French money.

When the conference to revise the Treaty of Berlin meets, if it does meet, it will find little else to do but to ratify what the Powers have settled upon by direct negotiation. Yet it would be an error to adopt the cynical view that the Balkan crisis has proved that treaties and peace have their only sanction in armies and battleships. It must be repeated that Austria's title to Bosnia-Herzegovina was far better than Servia's, and good as territorial titles go. England rules Egypt under no better claim. That the matter should have been settled without recourse to arms is an unmistakable tribute to the world's growing dread of war.

THE BIBLE AS LITERARY MODEL.

An English periodical, *Sunday at Home*, recently sought the opinion of leading scholars and writers concerning "the most magnificent passage in the Bible." Naturally, the prophets, especially Isaiah, ranked highest in the lists. The 40th chapter of Isaiah was a favorite with many: Canon Driver coupled it with the 38th and 39th chapters of Job. William Watson, too, voted for Isaiah, though he thought David's lament for Jonathan "the most perfect elegy in all literature," and the song of Deborah and Barak "the most superb expression of the intoxication of triumph." Indeed, Mr. Watson is a strong admirer of the Bible on its literary side, going so far as to say that "every kind of literary magnificence is supremely exemplified in the Bible." Such tributes to the Bible as literature have long been common. Macaulay's praise of the passage in Romans, beginning, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" is typical. It may be difficult for the critic to clear his judgment of inbred or remembered emotion, in passing upon the style of the Bible. How much of the response which he finds himself making to the appeal of certain Biblical passages is due to a calm estimate, and how much to the awe and mystery which were associated with the sacred words in childhood, and still cling to them indissolubly? But making every allowance, there can be no question of the sincerity of those expert in English —authors and teachers and amateurs— who are enthusiastic over the literary glories of the English Bible. Yet these may be admitted and held to the heart without conceding all that is often urg-

ed, even by college teachers, in behalf of the Bible as a model of style.

For winged words, for verbal felicity, for phrases that have passed into the life-blood of English literature, we must, of course, go on sending our youth to the Bible. It is doubtless a great quickener of the imagination. As an introducer of young minds to majesty of thought and expression, to the sense of mystery, to grandeur of soul, all that is asserted for it by enthusiastic teachers may be readily granted. But when we talk of literary models, we do not mean only those for poets and prophets. We do not expect all our young men and women to learn to write in the grand style. It is the simpler qualities of good composition of which they are most in need, and for those it is a mistake to commend the Bible so highly and universally as some college authorities do. If, for example, we were asked in what kinds of writing it is most desirable that the generation now coming upon the stage should acquire skill, we should say in orderly exposition of complex matters, in close and sound reasoning, in accurate description. Yet in none of these things does the Bible excel.

It is to put no slight upon the genius of the Hebrews who wrote the Bible to say that their talents did not lie in the directions we have just mentioned. Their work was other and higher, but not that. Yet what can be more important, to-day, than for a young lawyer or newspaper man, to be able to take a vast and intricate subject, having to do with public business, and tear the heart out of it? What other form of mastery is more necessary than that of condensed and clear explanation of tangled masses of fact? One has but to recall Gov. Hughes's extraordinary powers of that sort in order to see what they signify. Yet the man who took the Bible alone for his literary guide, would get little aid in meeting this most indispensable need of a modern writer. That kind of thing simply is not to be encountered in the Scriptures. To find examples of this ability to marshal facts and compel figures to yield up their meaning, we must go to one of the Indian orations of Burke, or a budget-speech by Gladstone, or the legal argument of a man like the new Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson, before the Alaska arbitration court.

We spoke above of convincing argumentation, and minutely correct description, as objects which the instructor in writing should constantly have in mind. Here, too, but small help will come to him from the hills of the Bible. Its forte is not powerful reasoning of the kind that appeals to the modern intellect. The Epistle to the Romans has been said to be logic set on fire with emotion, but, to judge by the number and variety of commentaries, the fire burned up many of the links of the logic. Nor is close observation and accurate picturing of either man or nature congenial to the spirit of the Biblical writers. They are vague, suggestive, leaving dim outlines to be filled up; they do not have that intense gaze at the fact, and that photographic fidelity in reproducing it in language, which add so much to the best writing to-day.

The case is still clearer if we press on to questions of literary structure. There are, of course, splendid passages in the Bible, built up with something better than fine artistry; but, in general, the style—we are not speaking of the words or the thought—is the unskilled writing of untrained men. The message may be all-important but its outward form is not carefully wrought—not a style, in a word, which anybody should be set to imitate. This is perfectly natural, and as it should be. It is really no more startling than the fact, so long a scandal to some good souls, that the Greek of the New Testament is not up to Attic standards. The translation of the language of fishermen and artisans, into however glorious an English verbal dress, could not be, if faithful to the original structure, distinguished for literary workmanship. Consider what long tracts in the New Testament consist of verse after verse, and sentence after sentence, beginning with "and." It is a style perfectly fitting the simple men who first used it; it is not a style which any man seeking literary distinction would dream of sedulously aping. In many such respects, we think, they are on the wrong track who prescribe the Bible as a complete literary model.

GREAT ART AND SMALL SUBJECTS.

Italy's recent catastrophe has thus far failed to inspire the poet or the painter. A solitary sonnet in one of the magazines is all the literary tribute America has brought to one of the most tremendous events in history; and in that sonnet the element of inspiration is not conspicuous. When San Francisco was destroyed three years ago, it seemed that California's poets, many in number and in spirit aspiring, had the subject and the stimulus for the production of an ambitious piece of imaginative art. But San Francisco has been left to the newspaper man and the magazine writer; and her young poets, instead of attempting epics of destruction and rebirth, have emigrated to New York, where they write about the traditional birds, flowers, love, and human brotherhood. We are, to be sure, too near the event. Art, for all its pretensions to reality, is dwarfed when it comes too close to the reality it would commemorate or portray. We should wait a half-century at least after San Francisco and Messina, before we pronounce them barren of artistic result. Yet the chances are against us, even after fifty years. Lisbon earthquake has left us only a poem by Voltaire, which is remembered chiefly as a poem that would have been forgotten but for its subject. Pliny's account of Vesuvius is, after all, only an account of Vesuvius. Review earth's great catastrophes—earthquake, fire, flood, invasion, and plague—and see what comparatively slight impress these convulsions have left upon literature and art.

We turn to the opposite case. An undistinguished young gentleman named Edward King dies, and the fruit of his death is "Lycidas." Another young Englishman named Arthur Hallam dies, and the result is "In Memoriam." The dead Duke of Wellington is the subject of a fine ode, but a young and unappreciated poet named Keats is the subject of a much greater poem. Not the battle of Hastings, or Marston Moor, or Trafalgar, has wakened the poet's fancy as the obscure fight between two bands of border ruffians at Chevy Chase. Westminster Abbey has evoked no such permanent tribute as the neglected tombstones of Gray's old country churchyard. Men have faced death and gone away uninspired, but a journeyman tinker is thrown into a commonplace jail and he writes the "Pilgrim's Progress." What is regarded as the greatest of biographies was composed by Boswell, about a highly distinguished literary figure but by no means one of the world's greatest men. Two of the world's nature classics were written neither on

the wrath of the Atlantic storm nor on the glory of the Himalayas, but in a small English garden at Selborne and by an enthusiastic fisherman named Izaak Walton.

Let us suppose that, two or three hundred years from now, a European poet sets himself to writing a series of tragedies drawn from the history of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Would he choose the fall of Napoleon? Or the crimes and vicissitudes of the Court of St. Petersburg? Or the misfortunes of the Hapsburgs? If he is a mediocre poet, the chances are that he will; for the mediocre poets at all times have been fond of imposing topics. But if he is a poet who feels within him the power to give greatness to things of comparatively small importance, he might go to none of Europe's ancient imperial houses, but to insignificant and little-known Servia. The struggle that has been going on in that tiny kingdom for nearly a hundred years between the rival houses of Obrenovitch and Karageorgevitch, the long succession of royal crownings and depositions, of intrigue, and treachery and murder, would supply him with the elements of a tragedy that it would depend only on his own power to raise to the height of universal art. There is a strong likeness between modern Belgrade and ancient Mycenæ. The sanguinary struggle between the descendants of Kara George and of Milosh, the swineherd, has scarcely less inherent dignity than the blood-guilt and madness that raged in the house of Pelops. Yet what a golden literature has gathered about the history of Agamemnon and his children, a small chieftain and his family in an obscure corner of the world, at a time when great empires flourished on the Euphrates, on the Nile, and in the Mediterranean.

Scarcely more important than Agamemnon was the Scandinavian monarch who ruled at Elsinore. Scarcely more important was the Scottish chieftain who was not content to be thane of Glamis and Cawdor. Surely, these two, Hamlet's kingdom and Macbeth's, were far below the empire that Julius Cæsar ruled. Yet the respective prominence of these three royal persons scarcely measures the respective merit of Shakespeare's three tragedies.

A MODERN RADICAL.

I.

The recent publication of G. Lowes Dickinson's "Justice and Liberty"* confirms the opinion of those who have read his earlier works that here is a radical thinker to be reckoned with—a man of penetrating mind and a style that is wonderfully flexible, persuasive, and at times eloquent.

He is son of the artist, Lowes Dickinson, who died last year at an advanced age. His education was obtained at Charterhouse and King's College, Cambridge, from which he received the bachelor's degree in 1884. The list of his books is still short: "From King to King: The Tragedy of the Puritan Revolution" (1891), "Revolution and Reaction in Modern France" (1892), "The Development of Parliament During the Nineteenth Century" (1895), "The Greek View of Life" (1896), "The Meaning of Good: A Dialogue" (1901), "Letters from a Chinese Official: Being an Eastern View of Western Civilization" (1901), "Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast" (1905), "A Modern Symposium" (1905), and "Justice and Liberty." "Is Immortality Desirable," announced for this spring, is presumably in substance the Ingersoll Lecture which he delivers at Harvard this month.

I need not discuss at length Mr. Dickinson as a stylist, for the qualities of his writing, show sufficiently in the citations to be made later. His first book, it may be worth noting, is partly in blank verse. Here Mr. Dickinson exhibits his powers no less than his boldness in putting into the mouth of Milton nearly two pages which must be judged as a not unsuccessful effort to shoot with the bow of Ulysses. Quite as daring is the form of three of Mr. Dickinson's books, "The Meaning of Good," "A Modern Symposium," and "Justice and Liberty," which are nothing less than Platonic dialogues. There have been countless attempts in all modern European languages to cast discussion into this difficult mould, but the successes may almost be numbered on one's fingers. In this small list of those who have steered through this strait of Scylla and Charybdis we must place—for present-day readers at least—Mr. Dickinson.

The Platonic dialogue seems a peculiarly happy medium for Mr. Dickinson; for his themes, as the titles of these books indicate, are those which engaged Plato. Indeed, Mr. Dickinson has given us not merely "A Modern Symposium," but "A Modern Republic." In current terms and under twentieth-century conventions, he analyzes the age-old problems that are fundamental to the conduct of individuals and of states. The conceptions involved in the word "good," the relations of man to man, religion, the church, marriage, the rights of property, castes and classes, aristocracy and democracy—these are the subjects of his searching criticism. Nor is it by accident that so keen a thinker has been so interested in the Greek view of life and has drawn his inspiration so largely from Greece. In this place and hour of the triumph of utilitarian studies, we are prone to reckon only that knowledge as fruitful which may quickly be translated into bread and butter. We talk glibly of discarding classical culture because it is of no help in running our foundries and building aeroplanes. But then comes a writer like Mr. Dickinson to remind us that man shall not live by foundries alone; that in spite of the visible bulk and apparent efficiency of our machinery the force that drives the human race forward is not steam or electricity, but ideas; and that to get ideas we must go back to one of the great perennial fountains.

In his mental attitude, as well as in the topics which he discusses, Mr. Dickinson may also be called a Platonist; that is, he aims at what Matthew Arnold terms "a free play of the mind" on our stock notions and prejudices. He is not afraid to be called a destructive critic; for he perceives that the distinction between destructive and constructive criticism is not real, but verbal; that the first step toward erecting a firm structure on the desired site is to raze the flimsy one. "A sound intellectual foundation," he tells us, cannot be reached "except through criticism, and all criticism implies and engenders doubt":

> A man who has never experienced, nay, I will say who is not constantly reiterating, the process of criticism, is a man who has no right to his enthusiasm. For he has won it at the cost of drugging his mind with passion; and that I maintain is a bad and wrong thing. I maintain it to be bad and wrong in itself, and quite apart from any consequences it may produce; for it is a primary duty to seek what is true and eschew what is false ("A Modern Symposium," p. 63).

One need not accept all of Mr. Dickinson's doctrines; but, accepted or not, they set one to thinking. They help one to see some of the mal-adjustments and inequalities in this best possible of worlds. They reveal glimpses of profound principles of government. It is, in short, with the fine spirit of the philosopher that Mr. Dickinson approaches his inquiry as to the welfare of the state—the philosopher whom Plato describes as "a believer in the idea" and "a lover of the vision of truth."

II.

Mr. Dickinson's religious theories may be found in *obiter dicta* here and there, but summed up most clearly in the little volume "Religion." In his

**Justice and Liberty*: A Political Dialogue. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1908.

early work, "The Greek View of Life," he drops one or two pregnant phrases which bring us close to the core of his doctrine: "that passion to transcend the limitations of human existence which is at the bottom of the mystic element in all religions" (p. 31); and "this fundamental dualism . . . is the perpetual tragedy of man's existence— . . . the conception of life as a struggle between two opposing principles, and the promise of an ultimate redemption by the help of the divine power" (pp. 31, 32).

Mr. Dickinson's formal discussion is divided into four chapters: "Ecclesiasticism," "Revelation," "Religion," and "Faith." By ecclesiasticism he means "religion as embodied in a church"; and by a church, "an organization which claims to be the depository of a truth otherwise inaccessible to the human reason." An ecclesiastical religion is the kind "that people commonly intend when they assert that religion is essential to society." But the "fatal flaw" of ecclesiasticism is this:

> Just so far as it is calculated to support an existing order, just so far is it compelled to perpetuate abuses; for every conviction that repudiates reason repudiates also criticism, and therefore reformation (pp. 12-15).

That is, ecclesiasticism prevents that free play of the mind, which in Mr. Dickinson's view is the one vital thing.

Since ecclesiasticism rests on revelation, the question arises, "What kind of truth it is that is supposed to be communicable by revelation and not communicable by other methods?" Taking first what appear to be historical facts, Mr. Dickinson asks whether there is "a short-cut to those particular pieces of information, such as would certainly be repudiated in the case of any other historical events." Intelligent men, he answers, hold that "the truth of the story of the life and death of Christ must stand or fall by the ordinary criteria of evidence, then that the whole question is removed from the sphere of revelation to that of history." But when questions of historical fact are handed over to science, there remain still "the most important truths of religion: the existence and nature of God and His relation to the world." Here the difficulty arises that there have been many revealed religions, and many persons have enjoyed what they are convinced are revelations. "So far as the element of subjective certainty is concerned, a religious revelation cannot be distinguished from what would be admitted to be the hallucinations of disease"; and we must therefore "find our criterion of truth and falsehood somewhere else than in subjective certainty." Furthermore:

> Once it is admitted that religious truth is attainable, if at all, only by the method of science, it must be conceded also that the notion of a church with a revelation of divine truth is as absurd as the notion of a mathematical society with a revelation of mathematical truth. Truth, of whatever kind it be, may originate anywhere and be communicable anywhere (p. viii).

But still Mr. Dickinson believes that there is a place and work for religion—"a reaction of the highest imagination of the best men upon life and the world." There are several attitudes which Mr. Dickinson would characterize as religious. For example, a person may "pursue, wherever it flees, the perishing image of Good, imprisoning it in a rule or a policy, impressing it on a fugitive act, . . . always from the consciousness of frustration drawing new vigor for the chase, snatching defiance from the sense of defeat, . . . from the very indifference of the universe gathering the inspiration to contend with it, and, though at last he be broken, perishing unsubdued." Again:

> Religion is an attitude of the imagination and the will, not of the intellect. But from the intellect it receives its light; and its discipline will be the more arduous, its insight the more profound, the more candidly it accepts all that the intellect can communicate (p. 57).

The phrase "imagination and the will" brings us to Mr. Dickinson's conception of faith. As to the ultimate meaning and purpose of the world and "the place of our ideals in the structure of the universe . . . the intellect has as yet been unable with certainty to determine anything." But Mr. Dickinson maintains that "in the midst of ignorance" we may legitimately lay hold "of a possibility that may be true," and direct "our feelings and our conduct in accordance with it." Thus "faith involves a volitional assumption that things, whatever appearances may suggest, are really 'worth while.'" If we had positive knowledge there would be no room for faith. On the other hand, we must never allow this faith, this volitional assumption, to pervert the pursuit of truth by "a predetermination that certain beliefs shall not be assailed":

> Faith, in a word, can only be legitimate so long as it occupies a region not yet conquered by knowledge, and so long as it holds itself ready in a moment to yield its place so soon as knowledge arrives. Faith should stand always with the dagger of science pointed at its breast (p. 82).

It is because there is the unknown that there is faith:

> For the impulse to pursue truth is itself a form of faith. We hope that truth is obtainable; we desire and will to attain it; we dream its attainment as we go in quest of it. And, but for that dream and that hope and that will we should never start at all. Faith is the sense and call of the open horizon. . . . The frailest thing we know, it is also the least perishable, for it is a tongue of the central fire that burns at the heart of the world (p. 84).

III.

The religious man, in a passage quoted above, is said to pursue "the perishing image of Good." It is to the elucidation of this ethical ideal that Mr. Dickinson devotes his volume "The Meaning of Good." His aim is rather "to set forth the various points of view than finally to repudiate or endorse them"; and his conclusions are stated, not as a demonstration, but as the hypothesis which he thinks the most tenable. The argument is "that men who reflect do, whatever may be their theoretical opinion, imply, in their actual conduct, a belief in their ideas about Good; but that there seems to be no certainty that such ideas are true." The speakers then debate the propositions that "the criterion of Good is a simple infallible instinct"; that "the criterion is the course of Nature," "the end to which Nature is tending"; that the criterion is current convention; and finally that it is pleasure. It is unnecessary to summarize here the more or less familiar answers to these several contentions and the steps by which the idea is developed that "experience is, or may be made, a progressive discovery of Good." The speakers next examine the various activities of life from the point of view of Good. They attempt to analyze the Good we seek in art and in knowledge. The final suggestion is "that in our relation to other persons, where the relation takes the form of love [not, of course, in any narrow, physical sense] we may perhaps find something that comes nearer than any other of our experiences to being absolutely good"; that is, "the best love we know comes nearer than anything else to what we might conceive to be absolutely good."

But since love, so conceived, seems rarely, perhaps never, attainable in this life, this conception of Good, if it is to be realized, involves the idea of personal immortality:

> The last judgment of age, for those who believe that death is the end, will be a doubt, and perhaps more than a doubt, even in the case of those most favored by fortune, whether after all a life has been worth the trouble of living which has unfolded such infinite promise only to bury it fruitless in the grave (p. 201).

And here comes again, though in less fully developed form than in "Religion," Mr. Dickinson's appeal to faith. The speaker who represents science rules out immortality as "illegitimate," but the reply to this is that, though there is no scientific proof of immortality, there is also no proof that it is impossible; and one may accept it as a "postulate of the will." The book closes, like Plato's Republic, with an apologue of the life that lies beyond these earth-

ly senses. And the lesson of the Vision of Eternity is this:

> It is in this intricate commerce of souls that we come nearest to apprehending what perhaps we shall never wholly apprehend, but the quest of which alone, as I believe, gives any significance to life, and makes it a thing which a wise and brave man will be able to persuade himself it is right to endure (p. 224).

IV.

"This intricate commerce of souls," a phrase which occurs on the last page of "The Meaning of Good," may be taken as a sort of clue to Mr. Dickinson's discussion of political and social questions. It is in that commerce that we may seek the Good, which lends significance and value to life. Thus it is that when he sees our political and social relationships a source not of affection, but of dissension and hatred, he casts about for such reorganization of society as shall

> render law
> A mere superfluous form, and poverty
> An idle hieroglyph whose sense is perished.

But just as in his criticism of our religion and our ethical standards he finds it easier to detect flaws than to form a coherent scheme of reconstruction, so in this field also he is more successful in attacking the existing order than in presenting a convincing outline for a new heaven and a new earth.

"The Greek View of Life" contains the germs of many of the ideas which are worked out in detail in "Letters from a Chinese Official," "A Modern Symposium," and "Justice and Liberty." He saw in Greece, as he sees in our states to-day, "an ordered inequality, political as well as social." Again:

> It was the underlying question of property that infused so strong a rancor into the party struggles of Greece. From the very earliest period, in fact, we find it to have been the case that political revolution was prompted by economic causes (p. 87).
>
> Such conditions . . . must have irresistibly suggested the criticism, which always dogs the idea of the state, and against which its only defence is in a perpetual perfection of itself—the criticism that law after all is only the rule of the strong, and justice the name under which they gloze their usurpation (p. 118).
>
> To provide for the excellence of a privileged class at the expense of the rest of the community is becoming to us increasingly impossible in fact and intolerable in idea (p. 185).

The perfection toward which the state must perpetually struggle is to be attained by adjusting the rights of property, by making law an embodiment of equity, justice a reality instead of a name, by abolishing privilege, and thus allaying that rancor which has made history "one long and lamentable tale of antagonism, tumult, carnage, and confusion," and which forbids the attainment of Good.

In "A Modern Symposium" and "Justice and Liberty" one cannot always tell which views are Mr. Dickinson's own. But from the way in which the conservative dogs get the worst of it, we may infer that in both books Henry Martin, the professor, "a perplexed inquirer socialistically inclined," fairly represents him. To his first point all intelligent men will assent—that no one can believe in the finality of the present order. "The history of man has been nothing but a process of transformation." Even "property and the family" cannot be regarded as "sacred and ultimate facts." The present laws of property are comparatively recent; they are altering before our very eyes. Nor are the regulations as to marriage fixed; they are constantly being amended. Mr. Dickinson would press for such changes in all our institutions as would shatter the power of the oligarchy of wealth which, he maintains, now rules the civilized world.

His picture of modern society, however true to conditions in England, is too highly colored for America, though the substratum of fact, even for the United States, is firmer than most of our glowing optimists will admit:

> Modern Society, as I see it, from top to bottom, is a descending hierarchy of oligarchic groups, each with its own peculiar privileges, for which it fights and in and by which it lives. Imagine society as a pyramid, . . . on each step, crowded together, a fighting, trampling mob of desperate men, bent, every one, above all, on enlarging his own space and making room for his children ("Justice and Liberty," pp. 29, 30).

Starting from this view of competition, the next conclusion is short and easy: "The law of inheritance and bequest, in the way in which it practically operates, is the great and indeed the only source of our permanent inequalities." Mr. Dickinson also attacks rent as "wealth not earned by the man who receives it"; and he would alter our whole theory of wages:

> As things are now, all the occupations that are most interesting, stimulating, and delightful, that employ the highest faculties, and are the most worth doing for their own sake, are, broadly speaking, the best paid; while those that are sordid, dreary, mechanical, dehumanising, hardly receive a living wage. . . . But in a society regulated by our principle, is it not clear that exactly the opposite will be the case? (p. 116).
>
> And with an equalization of the standards of life would go an equalization of manners. Anybody, whatever his occupation, would associate with anybody according to propinquity or personal attraction or whatever it might be. The dock-laborer would come home, put on dress clothes, and sit down to dinner to discuss the latest play or novel with the financier's wife (p. 187).

On the steps by which this ideal is to be reached I need not dwell; in essentials they are the same as those presented by other advocates of the collectivist state. It is, however, only fair to Mr. Dickinson to say that he does not attempt to convince the reader by elaborating, in the manner of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," a programme of impossible details. He relies on the compelling attractiveness of his general ideal to persuade men to embrace it and slowly to realize it in a reorganized society; and he points to the progress of the past as prophecy of what may come. At first man was not "industrious, peaceful, intelligent, kindly, helpful," but "a hairy, biped brute, ignorant, cruel, superstitious, split into a thousand tribes and hordes, instinctively at feud." And yet this animal, within whom "the tiger and the wolf" still work so fiercely that "the nations heave and crack in the tension of the class conflict," is also "the child of a celestial father," sown into the womb of Nature "a spiritual seed":

> And history, on one side the record of man's entanglement in matter, on the other is the epic of his self-deliverance. All the facts, the dreadful facts, at which we have timidly hinted . . . are true. . . . But true also is the contest of which they are the symbol; . . . real of all things reallest, the ideal! Do not conceive it as an idea in somebody's head. No; ideas are traces it leaves, shadows, images, words; itself is the light, the fire, the tongue of which these are creatures. Poetry, philosophy, art, religion, what you will, are but its expressions; they are not It. Thought is a key to unlock its prison, words are a vessel to carry its seed. But it is Reality of Realities, fact of facts, force of forces. It refutes demonstration; it unsettles finality; it defies experience. While all men are crying "impossible," it has sped and done. Even in those who deny it, it lies a latent spark; let them beware the conflagration when the wind of the spirit blows (pp. 226, 227).

V.

"Justice and Liberty," then, and "A Modern Symposium" are a plea for the ideals of the spirit, and as such they are welcome, whether one believes in Socialism or not. Nothing can be more wholesome than to startle the dulled consciences of those who are much at ease in the Zion of this world. The most unbridled optimists must confess that the machinery of society "works roughly":

> It jerks and jams and sticks, it breaks threads and tears material; and every shock, every rupture, every retardation or acceleration operates in the substance of human lives. The groans and screams of that engine, as it jars on its ruthless course, come from the tortured lips of men and women (p. 164).

It is the agony of the disinherited to which Mr. Dickinson would open our minds—the wounds of those who are defeated in this long and bloody strife which we call the march of civilization. For gross and palpable as the fallacies of Socialism may appear to us, we must

admit that, as Mr. Dickinson presents it, it is a spiritual movement, an appeal for the ending of this long warfare, for the establishment of brotherhood between nations, of brotherhood between classes, of brotherhood between men. The Socialists strike our cool rationalists as impracticable dreamers, but, at least, they dream of heaven.

The pity of it is that their splendid aspirations seem always to dash into fragments upon the ineradicable individuality of men. The argument against Mr. Dickinson's plan is as old as Aristotle's comment on Plato's Republic. I would not say that society has not made long advances and that the future has not even larger good in store. The overthrow of so venerable and stoutly defended an institution as slavery affords ground of faith for almost any reform that earnest and able men may unite in urging. We may look, indeed, for an era of experimentation in politics and for the growth of a public sentiment (expressed in a code of laws) which shall steadily tend to equalize opportunity. Nevertheless, within any period that our minds can grasp, we may still stop far short of the collectivist state. And if we ever attain it, it will not be the paradise that is fondly pictured. The French Revolution, despite all the glowing predictions of the radicals of that day, did not usher in the millennium. The rapid introduction of machinery in the last century, and the free competition and free trade which Cobden preached have not brought it. We are now in the very chill of reaction from those high and delirious fevers. We begin to understand that ingenious mechanical contrivances do not liberate the intellect and purify the heart. Under any system or organization of society, some men will be mean, sordid, grovelling, and essentially slaves, while others will burst their own shackles and assume the rights of leadership. Laws and customs, however, beneficent, will still fail to touch the profoundest springs of our action; it "is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." And so I cannot but regard as illusory the beautiful hope that new laws for the production and distribution of wealth, the abolition of rent and interest, and a new wage-scale will pluck out by the roots the evils that afflict mankind. The eloquence of the prophets of the new dispensation and the efforts of humanitarians may do much to alleviate in general the lot of the race, but the wheels of society will continue to break and tear the fragile material, and the groans and screams of a wretched humanity will beat upon our ears; for wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, with their inescapable effects—all the contending forces of good and ill, now triumphant and now defeated, will, as ever, find their arena in the individual soul. L.

FRENCH BOOKS ON RELIGION

Paris, March 25.

"Orpheus"—a single volume on the "general history of religions" from totems to Modernism, by Salomon Reinach (A. Picard)—has not escaped criticism in France, in spite of, perhaps because of, the author's erudition. It tabulates successive religions as so many natural phenomena. In temper it is distinctly Israelite, but without the lofty resentment of Christian persecution shown by James Darmesteter; and it is wanting in the philosophical learning which, with Munk, Adolphe Franck, Isidore Weil, and their school, lent so much lustre to Jewish letters in France. The book, particularly in its disproportionate Modernist part, seems intended to meet a narrowly specialized tendency of passing French thought. The treatment of St. Francis of Assisi, who, until proof of the contrary, should be considered a Roman Catholic, vacillates between that of Voltaire and that of the Protestant clergyman Paul Sabatier. In the present century Monseigneur d'Hulst, local administrator of a theological school, and the Abbé de Broglie, a popular expositor of religion, should not be taken as authorities, scarcely even as signs, of universal Catholic thought, to which they were little known. To confound religious practice in general with mysticism leads to error by neglecting the classic, well-defined, and logical distinctions: natural ethics; the ordinary Christian life, in which the will obeys teaching deliberately assented to by the intellect as revealed—*auctoritate Dei revelantis*—and ascetics, or the further active "exercise of Christian perfection"; whereas mystics pursue extraordinary and supernatural ways strange to ordinary Christians, in which they are supposed to be passive under the Divine .illapse—*patiuntur divina.* The bibliography and index are valuable, but they answer to the point of view of a volume which begins with a dedication "to the memory of all the martyrs" and concludes with the ex-Abbé Loisy.

"La Méthode comparative dans l'histoire des religions" (A. Picard) is a small book by Georges Foucart, the unsuccessful competitor of M. Loisy for the professorship at the Collège de France. M. Foucart's personal defeat has nothing to do with the grievance of Catholics in the matter. The professorship itself was founded for Albert Réville, a Protestant clergyman who taught comparative religion after the methods of twenty-five years since; he was followed by his son, Jean Réville, whose death opened the chair to the recent election. Two candidates had already been debarred as Catholics from similar professorships: Brunetière in favor of the Protestant Abel Lefranc, who is now going to Harvard; and the Dominican Assyriologist Scheil for an unknown pupil. In each case Berthelot, although he had had his refutation of Brunetière's "bankruptcy of science," published from the Freemason Grand Orient, protested in the interests of science against this religious and political discrimination in the choice of professors for a national and historic institution of higher learning.

"Les Modernistes," by the Dominican Père Maumus, should be read with the Protestant Paul Sabatier's work criticising Pius X for refusing to allow Modernist changes in the faith by which Roman Catholics have so far lived and died. The friar has a reputation for liberalism, earned perhaps by Waldeck-Rousseau's late friendship; he treats the fundamental differences between Modernism and the Church in the compass of 276 pages (Beauchesne). Another Roman Catholic book of handy use is the first volume of the "Traité de philosophie scholastique," by E. Blanc, of the Catholic Faculty of Lyons (Vitte). It contains a much-needed vocabulary of scholastic and contemporary philosophy; the rest of the volume (logic and metaphysics) may be compared with the Stonyhurst series. Georges Michelet, professor at the Institut Catholique of Toulouse, publishes a considerable volume on "Dieu et l'agnosticisme contemporain" (Bibliothèque théologique). M. Jugie, an Assumptionist priest, in 150 pages explains a little-known subject—"Histoire du canon de l'Ancien Testament dans l'Église Grecque et l'Église Russe" (Beauchesne). "Histoire du dogme de la Papauté des origines à la fin du IVe siècle," by Abbé Joseph Turmel, appears in the Bibliothèque d'histoire religieuse (Picard et Fils).

From a purely legal point of view, Pierre Galichet, in a thesis for the doctorate of laws, treats "L'Église Anglicane et l'état" (Giard); it is an advantage that the subject should be handled by methods foreign to English thought and lined up with French legislative principles concerning the relations of the state and churches, before and after separation.

The Vicomtesse d'Adhémar, in "Une Religieuse réformatrice (1895-1901)," narrates the life and work of the late Mère Marie du Sacré Cœur, who tried in vain to develop the convent education of girls in France in the direction of the social needs of the day (Bloud). The suppression of French convent schools has since then turned aside the question to Catholic schools in general; the book has value at a time when the remedy of past defects is likely to involve the disappearance of the excellencies of the past.

"Traditionalisme et démocratie," by D. Parodi, judges the more or less Catholic movements which are agitating deeply the younger intellects of France: traditionalism and morality, with Brune-

tière; and positivism (more properly Taine-ism), with Paul Bourget; and individualism (regionalism and nationalism), with Maurice Barrès (A. Colin).

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The second volume of Thomas J. Wise's admirable "Bibliography of the Writings of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," printed for private circulation, one hundred copies only, has just been issued, including Parts iii, iv, v, and vi. The first item described in Part iii, pirated or unauthorized issues, is that curious volume, "Poems MDCCCXXX-MDCCCXXXIII," 1862; and extracts are given by Mr. Wise from Tennyson's bill of complaint, filed in Chancery to restrain John Camden Hotten from selling any copies. It has been a disputed question where this book was printed. Hotten's original statement, in a catalogue in which he offered a copy for sale, was that the poems had been "collected with considerable care and labour by a gentleman of great literary taste in western Canada," and that the book was printed "at the Backwoods' Press." In his bill of complaint Tennyson or his attorneys said:

The book so sold by the Defendant has no printer's name upon it. It was, no doubt, printed in this country, and not, as suggested in the Defendant's catalogue, at the Backwoods' Press, or in Canada.

Mr. Wise has previously stated that the little volume was "compiled, edited, and privately printed, by the late Mr. J. Dykes Campbell, then resident in the Island of Mauritius." He has, however, now returned to the older opinion, and in his "Bibliography" says:

This interesting little volume was compiled and edited by the late Mr. J. Dykes Campbell. From April, 1860, to the summer of 1862, Mr. Campbell resided in Canada as the representative of Messrs. Cochrane & Co., of Glasgow. During his stay in Toronto he caused the book to be privately printed at his own cost.

Of the eleven other pirated editions described, all but two are little pamphlets which were issued from 1867 to 1876 by the late Richard Herne Shepherd. Aside from Dykes Campbell's collection, Mr. Wise makes no account of American or foreign editions, but notices only English printed books. Part iv is devoted to collective editions printed in England from 1870 to 1908; Part v describes one hundred and eleven complete volumes of biography and criticism; Part vi is an alphabetical list of all Tennyson's published and privately printed poems, showing in each case its first appearance, (a) in print, (b) in a volume of Tennyson's poems, (c) in a collective edition. As frontispiece the volume contains a portrait of Tennyson (nearly full length, seated), reproduced from a hitherto unpublished photograph taken in April, 1861.

On April 12 and 13, the Anderson Auction Co. will sell the library of Dr. G. H. Wynkoop of New York city. Among the important lots are first editions of several of Dickens's novels in parts; the first edition of Charlotte Brontë's "Villette" (1853); a presentation copy from Hawthorne of "Transformation" (London, 1860), under which title "The Marble Faun" was issued in England; and several of William Loring Andrews's books. In the same sale are 56 lots relating to Christian Science, including several early editions of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health." On the evening of April 13, the same firm will offer a collection including several publications of the Bibliophile Society, among them André's "Journal"; a copy of Dickens's "Master Humphrey's Clock" (1840-41), in the 88 weekly parts; and an imperfect Fourth Folio Shakespeare (1685). On April 14 and 15, the same firm will sell a collection of duplicates from the New York Public Library. Jonathan Mitchell's "Nehemiah on the Wall in Troublesome Times," an election sermon printed in Cambridge, Mass., 1671, is the rarest book in the collection. Other important titles are: "Historiæ Canadiensis" (Paris, 1664), by Franciscus Creuxius; "Joyfull Newes out of the Newfound World" (London, 1580), by Dr. Monardes; "A True and Impartial State of the Province of Pennsylvania" (Philadelphia, 1759); Robert Rogers's "A Concise Account of North America" (1765), and "Journals" (1765); and an uncut copy of Poe's "The Raven and Other Poems" (1845). A copy of Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles," with the first issue title, dated 1624, lacking one map, is described as "pp. 97 to 104 missing." These pages, however, are lacking in all copies.

On April 13 and 14, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city will offer the library of Mrs. A. S. Apgar. Included are the first New York edition of Burns's Poems (1788), first editions of Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, books relating to Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, and several early American Masonic items.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes that James Boswell's early work, "Dorando: a Spanish Tale," long sought by bookhunters, has been found in the Sir William Hamilton Collection in the University Library, Glasgow, bound with other pamphlets in a duodecimo volume entitled "Morality." The story is a skit on the famous Douglas Cause.

Correspondence.

HAWTHORNE, CILLEY, AND "FANCY'S SHOW-BOX."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In February, 1838, Nathaniel Hawthorne's classmate, Jonathan Cilley, who, to use his own words, had in those old days been to him "almost as an elder brother," and who at that very time was working to secure him a government position, was challenged to a duel by a fellow Congressman, Mr. Graves of Kentucky. According to Julian Hawthorne, in his "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife":

He hesitated some time before accepting this challenge, the subject in dispute being unimportant, and his position with regard to it being such that the "code of honor" did not necessitate a meeting. At length, however, some one said, "If Hawthorne was so ready to fight a duel without stopping to ask questions, you certainly need not hesitate"; for Hawthorne was uniformly quoted by his friends as the trustworthy model of all that becomes a man in matters of honorable and manly behavior. This argument, at all events, put an end to Cilley's doubts; he accepted the challenge, the antagonists met, and Cilley was killed.

Naturally, under these circumstances,

When Hawthorne was told of this, he felt as if he were almost as much responsible for his friend's death as was the man who shot him. He said little, but the remorse that came upon him was heavy, and did not pass away. . . . "Had I not aimed at my friend's life," was the burden of his meditation, "this other friend might have been still alive." . . . He had touched hands with crime; and all the rest was but a question of degrees.

Julian Hawthorne continues with these paragraphs:

In the first volume of "Twice-Told Tales" there is a short story, or "morality," as the author styles it, which, if read in the light of the foregoing narrative, will be found to have a peculiar interest. In it the question is discussed, whether the soul may contract the stains of guilt, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which may have been plotted and resolved upon, but which physically have never had an existence. The conclusion is reached that "it is not until the crime is accomplished, that guilt clinches its gripe upon the guilty heart and claims it for its own. . . . There is no such thing, in man's nature, as a settled and full resolve, either for good or evil, except at the very moment of execution." Nevertheless, "man must not disclaim his brotherhood with the guiltiest, since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the fleeting phantoms of iniquity. He must feel that, when he shall knock at the gate of Heaven, no semblance of an unspotted life can entitle him to entrance there. Penitence must kneel, and Mercy come from the footstool of the throne, or that golden gate will never open!"

Those who wish to obtain more than a superficial glimpse into Hawthorne's heart cannot do better than to ponder every part of this little story, which is comprised within scarcely more than a half-dozen pages. It was written about the time of Cilley's unhappy death, and contains more than its due proportion of "sad and awful truths."

A careful reading of this will show that it does not directly state that it was meditation over his connection with his friend's death that led Hawthorne to consider the whole general subject of man's relation to crimes conceived and intended, but not committed, and to embody the results of his consideration in a short story; but that certainly is the implication, and that is what this passage has usually been taken to mean. Elsewhere, in "Hawthorne and his Circle," the son writes:

I am wedded to dates and cannot be divorced from them. It must be set down precisely when the events took place. . . . I can no more dispense with dates than I can talk without consonants.

Unfortunately, in this passage he certainly *is* divorced from dates. Had he desired in this instance to be thus commendably accurate, he should have introduced the two paragraphs quoted with some such sentence as the following: "In the first volume of 'Twice-Told Tales,' which appeared in March, 1837, there is a short story, 'Fancy's Show-box: A Morality,' reprinted from the volume of 'The Token' that appeared in September, 1836, which, if read in the light of the foregoing narrative, will be found to have a peculiar interest, as a remarkable anticipation of what Hawthorne's feelings must have been after the death of Cilley over a year and a half later, *i. e.*, on February 24, 1838." Instead, Julian Hawthorne leaves the reader to get the date of the publication of "Twice-Told Tales" from references to it in letters by Goodrich, Russell, and Bridge,

printed twenty-five pages earlier in his narrative; fails to give the name of the story to which he refers; omits it entirely from the "list of most of Hawthorne's contributions to various periodicals from 1832 to 1838; inclusive," that immediately follows his comments on it; and says that it was written "about the time" that Cilley was killed.

Naturally, those who have accepted his assumption of accuracy at its face value have been misled by Julian Hawthorne's statements and their implication. Mrs. Fields, for instance, writes in her "Nathaniel Hawthorne":

Hawthorne was crushed by the idea that his bad example had misled his friend; and, in the brief tale called "Fancy's Showbox: A Morality," he embodies something of the suffering that was really his.

M. Dhaleine, in his "N. Hawthorne, sa vie et son œuvre," says:

Hawthorne se reprocha longtemps d'avoir été, bien qu'indirectement, cause de la mort de son ami, et de l'avoir encouragé, sans le savoir, à ce duel fatal, par sa démarche imprudente. C'est à ces remords, qui le torturèrent longtemps, qu'il faut attribuer certains passages caractéristiques.

Then follows, as an example, an extract from "Fancy's Show-box"; and then M. Dhaleine, using the clue Julian Hawthorne had given him, finds in "The Christmas Banquet," which was first published in 1844, an indication that "la pensée de la mort de Cilley semble avoir encore préoccupé Hawthorne." But there is no likeness between the case of Hawthorne, assuming his son's statement of his relation to Cilley's determination to accept a challenge to be correct, and that of the "man of nice conscience, who bore a blood-stain in his heart," because he had killed a fellow-creature, "with such a peculiarity of circumstances that he could not absolutely determine whether his will had entered into the deed or not." Hawthorne was tortured by no such doubt.

Moncure D. Conway goes even further astray. In his "Life of Hawthorne," he states:

Hawthorne was not like Goethe, whose mother said that he could get rid of any grief by putting it into a poem. When he had embodied his mournful memories in such pieces as "The Haunted Mind," and "Fancy's Show-box," they all the more took up their abode with him. There is a great pain in some of his casual sentences, as where he exclaims: "Would that I had a folio to write, instead of an article of a dozen pages! Then might I exemplify how an influence, beyond our control, lays its strong hand on every deed which we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity."

When Hawthorne wrote the words just quoted (from "Wakefield"), the ghost of Cilley seemed finally laid, so far as his life was concerned, however it might still haunt his mind.

As both the additional stories he cites were published some three years before Cilley's death ("Wakefield" in the *New England Magazine* for May, 1835, and "The Haunted Mind" in "The Token" for the same year), Mr. Conway adds to the original error two blunders of his own.

The remark that Julian Hawthorne makes anent his father's relation to the Cilley-Graves duel, "How small a part of the consequences of a man's deeds can be monopolized by the man himself," is thus seen to be as true in literature as in life.

But as no corroborative evidence is given to show that Cilley had ever heard that Nathaniel Hawthorne had challenged a friend, the statement that it was the citing of Hawthorne's example that led him to engage in a duel is at present a mere *obiter dictum* by Julian Hawthorne. And as he has been shown to be at least careless and inaccurate in the very next paragraphs, it may fairly be doubted whether the only error in his statement is his attributing to Mr. Wise of Virginia the sending of the challenge to Cilley; a blunder from which he would have been saved by a careful reading of his father's account of the affair.

Intimate though Hawthorne and Cilley were in college, they did not keep up their friendship after graduation. A letter that the latter wrote on November 17, 1836, shows that he had heard little or nothing from or of the former during the eleven years that had elapsed since they parted. The following summer Hawthorne spent a few weeks in Maine, and on July 28, 1837, he met his old classmate for the first time since 1825. That he found much to criticise in his "former friend" is shown by the character-sketch of him in the "American Note-Books." Cilley was shot less than seven months later, and nothing has been published to show that he and Hawthorne met in the interval or to any extent renewed their intimacy. Under these circumstances, it is difficult to see when or from whom Cilley could have learned a story so little to Hawthorne's credit as that he had been tricked into sending to an unoffending friend a challenge to mortal combat "without pausing to make proper investigations." Hawthorne, whose *amour propre* was deeply wounded on finding that he had been the duped tool of a heartless, mischief-making coquette, would naturally have used every effort to confine the knowledge of his misplaced confidence and rash act to "the few of his friends who knew anything about it"; and of these Cilley was not in a position to be one. Horatio Bridge, who seems to have been Hawthorne's most, if not his only, confidential friend in 1836-1838, who brought about the correspondence between Cilley and Hawthorne in 1836, and whom Hawthorne went to Maine to visit when he met Cilley in 1837, comes to mind as the one person who might have told Cilley of Hawthorne's melodramatic experience. But he is precisely the one survivor from those early days who, after the publication of "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," in 1885, denied that the citing of Hawthorne's example led Cilley to accept Graves's challenge. As Prof. G. E. Woodberry says, "he should have known."

Be that as it may, neither in the sketch of Cilley's life that he contributed to the *Democratic Review* for September, 1838, nor anywhere else in his published works, is there one word to show that Nathaniel Hawthorne felt any personal responsibility for his friend's death. The question that he asks towards the end of his sketch, "Why, as he was true to the Northern character in all things else, did he swerve from his Northern principles in this final scene?" seems to have found no answer in his own heart; and the sketch closes:

So like destiny did it appear that he should achieve everything at which he aimed, that even now my fancy will not dwell upon his grave, but pictures him still amid the struggles and triumphs of the present and the future.

Wm. Dallam Armes.

University of California, March 30.

JOHN COTTON AND SIR HENRY VANE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the inscription prepared for the recumbent marble statue of John Cotton in the First Church in Boston, he is described as the "Preceptor and Friend of Vane." Edwin D. Mead, in a paper read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, at its June meeting in 1907, and published in "Proceedings, 1907, 1908," referring to one of Cotton's publications ("Way of the Churches of Christ in New England"), speaks of the "influence of its cardinal views upon Vane, who during his stay in Boston lived for a time under Cotton's roof." It should be stated that Dr. Charles Borgeaud, to whose "Rise of Modern Democracy in England and New England" Mr. Mead refers for authority for this statement, makes no allusion whatever to any influence, real or supposed, which Cotton had on Vane.

We know Vane and his views of religious liberty at the time when he was Cotton's guest, which not only led him to befriend and plead for the rights of Mrs. Hutchinson, but found expression in his dispute with Gov. Winthrop, and his earnest protests against all laws of exclusion or persecution because of religious differences, as well as in his whole subsequent career; and we know Cotton and his views, which found expression in his numerous publications, as well as in his well-known conduct. Though Cotton was twenty-seven years older than his guest, Vane far outstripped his host in his clearly defined principles of the rights of conscience, and was able to give lessons to the teacher of the Boston Church. This he undoubtedly did, though the Puritan teacher was unwilling or too old to learn them.

It was Cotton who boldly affirmed that "toleration made the world anti-Christian," and should therefore be religiously avoided and prohibited, who approved the banishment of Roger Williams, saying afterwards with a heartless facetiousness that "it was not banishment, but enlargement"; who carried on the famous published controversy with Williams, in which he showed that he had never learned the alphabet of religious liberty, much less been a preceptor in that branch of knowledge; and who inhumanly justified the persecution of the Rhode Island worthies, Clarke and Holmes, in the famous reply which he and Wilson sent to Saltonstall. Moreover, his conception of democracy appears in the following language:

Democracy I do not conceyve that ever God did ordeyne as a fitt government eyther for church or commonwealth. . . . As for monarchy and aristocracy, they are both of them clearly approved, and directed in Scripture, yet so as God referreth the sovereigntie to himself, and setteth up Theocracy in both, as the best form of government.

It should be added that after Vane returned to England, Cotton, who had stood with him in the defence of Mrs. Hutchinson, went back on himself, publicly professed his penitence with many tears, declared that he had been made "her stalking horse," and not only abandoned the poor woman to

her enemies, but zealously engaged in confuting her "heresies," and himself delivered the verdict of the church, and "pronounced the sentence of admonition with great solemnity, and with much zeal and detestation of her errors and pride of spirit." John S. Barry ("History of Massachusetts. First Period," p. 259) says:

This was the unkindest cut of all! This blow staggered her! And the unhappy woman, baited and worried by her clerical tormentors, "pumped and sifted to get something against her," stigmatized as "the American Jezebel," cast out of the church, spit upon, and defied as it were, scarce knew what she said; and failing to give satisfaction to those whom nothing probably would now have made lenient, was excommunicated in due form.

Brooks Adams, commenting on this distressing affair ("The Emancipation of Massachusetts," p. 60), says:

Vane sailed early in August, and his departure cleared the last barrier from the way of vengeance. . . . Cotton hastened to make his peace by a submission, which Rev. Mr. Hubbard of Ipswich describes with unconscious cynicism: "If he were not convinced, yet he was persuaded to an amicable compliance with the other ministers; . . . . for although it was thought he did still retain his own sense and enjoy his own apprehension in all or most of the things then controverted (as is manifest by some expressions of his since that time published) yet by that means did that reverend and worthy minister of the gospel recover his former splendour throughout New England."

It looks very much as if Cotton's momentary liberalism in joining hands with Vane in the defence of Mrs. Hutchinson was the effect of the young Governor's presence and influence upon him, and that after Vane had departed he fell back in a most humiliating manner, and with ostentatious penitence, which must be regretted by every one, into his former narrowness and an intenser opposition to the principle of religious liberty. The facts do not appear to justify the claim that Cotton was in any sense the preceptor of Vane. In those days, and in that community, the younger man, who was of noble family and was generally welcomed with enthusiasm by the Massachusetts colonists on his arrival, and in a few short months was elected Governor of the colony, who heid advanced views, and possessed withal a striking personality, would inevitably be listened to with respect, and would easily be exaited, in spite of difference in age, to the preceptor's chair.

HENRY M. KING.

Providence, March 29.

IDEALS OF STUDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has occurred to me to add a few suggestions to the admirable letter from "X" entitled "Maintaining Ideals of Study," in the *Nation* for March 25. A residence of well-nigh twenty years somewhat within the atmosphere of a great university has given me material for thought in regard to ways and means by which the excellent work which is done there might be strengthened and increased. There are two crying evils of the present system which "X" has failed to note. One of these is the fact that the man who has enough money to pay for tutoring can neglect his work, cut a very large proportion of his courses, and yet, at the finals, outrank another man who has attended the courses faithfully and taken copious notes. By a certain diabolic legerdemain the accomplished tutor (who is a mind reader as well as a "crammer") usually succeeds in forecasting the matter of the examination so far that he can guarantee with a few hours of tutoring to produce effects in the examination which could be obtained in the ordinary way only by months of hard work. Every effort is often used to get hold of syllabuses and digests intended only for the use of the instructors, and thus give the student a short cut to the desired passmark. It is really difficult to overstate the astonishing results of skilled tutoring brought to bear on a moderately intelligent man in preparation for a small number of examinations. But the invariable testimony of instructors and students alike is to the effect that knowledge crammed under high pressure disappears with alarming rapidity as soon as the examinations are over. It does not seem to leave even the path of low resistance for further knowledge of the same kind that is left by attainments reached in a leisurely manner, even if they become apparently forgotten during the lapse of months and years. Apparently the only means of obviating the evil of tutoring as a "cram" consists in setting a high value, in the adjustment of the student's standing, on his daily work and on hour examinations of which no notice is given beforehand.

The other difficulty which I have in mind is far more deeply rooted and serious. It depends upon the fact that students of all grades, from the grammar school to the graduate school of the university, are allowed by the instructor to think of the subjects studied mainly as so many stepping-stones, first, to the examination and then to graduation. The inherent value of the subjects, in and of themselves, is often not insisted upon by the teacher or professor and therefore not recognized by the student. The obnoxious course system which "X" so effectively denounces bas aggravated this evil and with the introduction of free election of studies, now rapidly descending through the high schools and toward the grammar schools, it has become an important part of the occupation of every pupil to figure out the easiest path that may lead to a diploma. It is increasingly difficult to meet this condition of mind, and to eradicate it in higher institutions of learning, but something can be done in and below the high school by vigorous attacks on the practice of making the examination, and not that for which the examination stands, the real goal of the student. I have known of an instructor who always counted it a misdemeanor for a student to inquire in class whether such and such kinds of problems would be likely to be set in the final examination, and this refusal to recognize the legitimacy of questions of the sort, if carried through all grades of instruction, would do something to destroy the spirit which leads to the asking of such questions. Incidentally, something can also be done to encourage study for the sake of the subject itself by allowing it to be understood that all indications of a desire to reach out beyond the absolute reading or laboratory requirements in the given subject will, as far as possible, be weighed by the instructor in estimating the year's work. It is not impossible in literary courses on the one hand, and biological or physical science courses on the other, to credit the student with work done somewhat under his own direction and wholly at his own initiative.

Y.

Cambridge, Mass., April 1.

"THE NEW HOPE IN INDIA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to an article which appears in your issue of March 4 under the above heading, and in which you quote certain astonishing statements made by the Society for the Advancement of India, and, I quite admit, controvert a good many of them. It is a hopeless task to follow up every misleading statement made about the Indian administration, and I will not take up your space with more than one which seems to me to be particularly glaring, viz., the complaint of "crushing taxes and insufficient irrigation works." Now, what are the facts? The actual area cropped in British India in 1906-07 was 214,026,319 acres, of which 32,391,158 acres carried more than one crop, so that it is not unfair to say that 246,417.477 acres represent actually the area under one crop, and of this 36,654,558 acres were artificially irrigated. That is, nearly one-fifth of the total area cultivated, whereas when the late Queen took over the government of the country the area under irrigation was about two and a half million acres. Now, the land revenue of the whole of India at the same time was something under twenty millions sterling, so that the average assessment on each acre of crop actually cultivated is something under 1s. 8d., and it is quite impossible, I think, to estimate the gross produce of the country at less than £1 an acre, so that the "crushing land tax" cannot be more than one-twelfth of the produce, or 8½ per cent.

J. S. PENNINGTON,
I. C. S. (retired).

East India Association, London, March 25.

THE COMFORTING POWER OF NATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I trust the writer of the article on Thomas Traherne (see the *Nation*, Feb. 18) will permit an interested and not ungrateful reader to demur to his conclusion. Surely it is "when the tedium of life rolls in upon us, when the ambition for which we have striven fails, and we are taught the deceitfulness of hope, or is achieved and we find to our dismay that we have no more capacity of enjoyment than before," it is then that "the restorative beauty of Nature" is most precious in its healing effects. Nay, even "when a great loss by death or evil alienation"—I have a case in mind—"darkens our ways," Nature does not wholly lose her power to calm and soothe.

I am far from saying that the mysticism of Vaughan and Traherne and Wordsworth affords a complete philosophy of human life; "the still sad music of humanity" cannot be ignored; but I would venture to affirm that it does contribute to such a philosophy an element at once necessary, vital, and permanent—most truly a *doctrina cœlestis*. For if we do not find God in Nature, where are we to seek Him? Is Nature alien to God, or independent of Him? To say that He (or It) is *not there* is atheism. And it is

not a question of the reality of the external world, but of its value and significance in relation to our mental experience. In the words of Herbert Spencer, "The Power manifested throughout the universe distinguished as material, is the same power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness." What "greater realities" are there than these? To many serious thinkers it is not "the fabric of the world," but the fabricated systems of the theologians, which may be compared to the sand castles of children, even now being swept away by the universal tides. G. H. T.

Naples, Italy, March 20.

Notes.

The Forest Press of this city announces for immediate publication "A Book of Hours," by the late Miss Ellen Thompson of Boston. The volume includes "Edward FitzGerald and His Friends in East Anglia," and other literary papers.

The centenary of the birth of Horatius Bonar (December 19, 1908) has been celebrated by the issue of an inexpensive little volume of his hymns, selected and arranged by his son, H. N. Bonar (Henry Frowde). There is a portrait of Dr. Bonar, a sketch of his life, and a brief account of some of the hymns. With the exception of two or three minor alterations, this edition is a reprint of that issued in 1904.

To the series known as the Cambridge English Classics (G. P. Putnam's Sons) there has been added "The Authorised Version of the English Bible, 1611," in five volumes, edited by William Aldis Wright. The first volume contains as a frontispiece a facsimile of the original title-page. Mr. Wright adds a table of seventeen pages showing the variations between the two issues of 1611. The pages are not in the double-column form which makes most Bibles so offensive to the eye, but with the lines running entirely across, as in ordinary books. For the benefit of scholars and others who may wish to get the Authorised Version in *puris naturalibus*, the old spelling is retained. Of course, there are already on the market plenty of copies in modernized orthography.

The American Unitarian Association of Boston is engaged in the preparation of a Centenary Edition of the works of Theodore Parker. The series will comprise fifteen volumes, all of which will be published before the Parker Centenary in 1910. Three volumes have already been noted in these columns. These are now supplemented by three others, "Sermons of Religion," "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," and "Historic Americans." The latter volume includes Parker's lectures on Franklin, Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, and Webster. These addresses exhibit Parker at his best as an orator, and at his worst as a partisan. The lecture on Webster, delivered while Boston was still in mourning for the great statesman, is one of the most striking examples of prejudice in the judgment of a contemporary. The liberal notes at the end of the volume point out Parker's errors in a scholarly and unbiassed manner. On the other hand the "Sermons of Religion" are full of elevated utterance on spiritual themes, adapted to helpful ministry to aspiring souls of all ages. The references to pages in the notes in "Transient and Permanent in Christianity" contain many errors. The volumes are clearly and serviceably printed and reasonable in price. They will help to worthy appreciation of Parker on the centenary of his birth.

Two more volumes have been issued in the New York Edition (Charles Scribner's Sons) of "The Novels and Tales" of Henry James. Vol. XV contains "The Lesson of the Master," "The Death of the Lion," "The Next Time," "The Figure in the Carpet," and "The Coxon Fund"; Vol. XVI, "The Author of Beltraffio," "The Middle Years," "Greville Fane," "Broken Wings," "The Tree of Knowledge," "The Abasement of the Northmores," "The Great Good Place," "Four Meetings," "Paste," "Europe," "Miss Gunton of Poughkeepsie," and "Fordham Castle." The prefaces to these volumes, in Mr. James's most prolix and cryptic style, seem rather pumped. Taking himself with great seriousness, he tells the sources of these various tales—where he got the idea from which the story grew. "The Death of the Lion" was written for the *Yellow Book:*

> I was invited, and all urgently, to contribute to the first number, and was regaled with the golden truth that my composition might absolutely assume, might shamelessly parade in, its own organic form. It was disclosed to me, wonderfully, that—so golden the air pervading the enterprise—any projected contribution might conform, not only unchallenged, but by this circumstance itself the more esteemed, to its true intelligible nature. For any idea I might wish to express I might have space, in other words, elegantly to express it—an offered license that, on the spot, opened up the millennium to the "short story."

The pieces in Vol. XV "have this in common, that they deal all with the literary life, gathering their motive, in each case, from some noted adventure, some felt embarrassment, some extreme predicament, of the artist enamoured of perfection, ridden by the idea on paying for his sincerity." In "The Coxon Fund" he treats of "the S. T. Coleridge type." In Vol. XVI "Paste" is a transposition of the terms of Guy de Maupassant's "La Parure," the story of the young woman who borrows a pearl necklace and loses it. Supposing it to be genuine, she and her husband ruin their lives in endeavoring to earn money to replace it. Mr. James makes it "a matter not of a false treasure supposed to be true and precious, but of a real treasure supposed to be false and hollow."

"The Book of the Duke of True Lovers," now first translated into English from the Middle French of Christine de Pisan, is an interesting addition to the New Medieval Library (Duffield & Co.). The narrative verse of the original is rendered into prose by Alice Kemp-Welch; the interspersed ballads are happily translated into the original metres by Laurence Binyon and Eric R. D. Maclagan. The translator's preface gives some account of the author, and the history of the manuscripts, but neglects to mention that the French text is readily accessible in the works of Christine de Pisan, edited by Maurice Roy for the Société des Anciens Textes. Composed at about the end of the century in which Dante's book of love was written, this narrative of romantic passion is told, like the "Vita Nuova," in the first person, and appears to be an unusually intimate record of a heart-searching experience. But to the young French prince earthly love was not, as it was to the Florentine poet, the mystical means of union with *L'Amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle.* It was rather an exigent yet joyous discipline preparing the lover for all the fair and brave uses of the world. Abiding in a relationship always perilously near the illicit, it demanded sleepless vigilance, swift obedience, secrecy, and unfaltering self-restraint. Recognized as the crowning reward of knightly conduct, it inspired the courtly and soldierly virtues—gay and easy demeanor, spirited bearing, excellence in manly sports, and dauntless valor in war. "And for that I heard it maintained," begins the Duke of True Lovers, "that a lover is courteous above other folk, and better esteemed amongst men, I desired to be one." To the theory that the story is a genuine human document and not primarily a work of art color is lent by the fact that it has come down to us in only two manuscripts long preserved in the private collections of the French nobility, that it ends inartistically with the issues still unsettled, and that Christine de Pisan represents herself, in her brief introduction, as merely the literary secretary, for the time being, of some nobleman, not to be divulged, who wishes his memoirs written.

"The Chatelaine of Vergi," now published in the New Mediæval Library (Duffield & Co.) has flitted down through the ages like the old lover's ghost with whom John Donne longed to talk. Written toward the close of the thirteenth century, this story of the unhappy loves of the Lady of Vergi and her faithful Burgundian knight, perhaps embodying some half-forgotten passion of real life, has been preserved from generation to generation by the piety of the faithful, and has exercised a considerable influence in romantic art and literature. That interesting connoisseur of the profane and sacred loves, Marguerite of Navarre, translated it into prose; Bandello rendered her version into Italian; thence it returned to France in the "Histoires tragiques" of Belleforest, a plunder house of the Elizabethan dramatists; in the eighteenth century it quickened French fiction again; now it appears in a form which will appeal to bibliophiles, translated into English prose by Alice Kemp-Welch, presented also in the original old French from Raynaud's edition, and supplied with a brief introduction by Dr. Brandin. The impression produced by the archaic and almost dreamy English rendering is very different from that produced by the quick canter of the light French verse; but the keynote of the style will seem right to those who know the romance material mainly through the great redaction of Malory. The charm of the volume is much enhanced by the quaint, crude illustrations of the story, taken from an ivory casket of the fourteenth century, now in the British Museum. And, however one may feel in general about the modern-antique, it is a crusty stickler who will not cry bravo to these brown pigskin covers with their delicate stamped designs and their brass clasps already delightfully green!

Prof. William Cleaver Wilkinson's "Some New Literary Valuations" (Funk & Wag-

nalls Co.) exhibits a keen perception of the obvious, a stringent regard for exact and literal expression, a belief in orthodox Christianity, and an almost overmastering passion for grammar. Himself a son of the Muses, as he is at some pains to keep us reminded—indeed, a writer of epics—he sits in the seat of judgment as a poet-critic of the Malherbe family, jealously guarding his own. Of the six writers whom he passes in review only the writers of prose fiction, Howells and Tolstoy, get off with any semblance of whole coats; the poets and critics, Arnold, Stedman, Tennyson, and Morley depart in tatters. Howells, of course, has no fine ear for verse, and he certainly was not born a critic; for does he not admit in "My Literary Passions" that as a boy he passed through a "paroxysm of Alexander Smith"? No born critic would, even as a boy, have passed through a paroxysm of Smith; if the reader has any doubt, let him turn to the appendix, where he will find a critique on the aforesaid Alexander Smith written by Professor Wilkinson in *his* youthful days. Still, though Mr. Howells's diction is not always flawless, he has humor so rare and so abundant that his critic knows of nothing superior "in the world of literature, ancient or modern, domestic or foreign." It may be said, merely in passing, that Professor Wilkinson confesses an "incurable congenital incapacity for enjoying anything literary that is cast in the dramatic form," and that he has never "read any play, not even one of Shakespeare's, with pleasure." To Matthew Arnold two papers are devoted: one proves that he is an entirely peevish and whimsical critic and a vicious model in prose; the other shows that his poetry is full of nonsensical figures and of grammatical solecisms that would disgrace a schoolboy. As an example of the exigent temper of this critical Rhadamanthus consider the following: Arnold says, "It is impossible to put down a book like the history of the French Academy . . . without being led to reflect. . . ." Professor Wilkinson comments thus. "Just why the 'putting down' of a book should exert such a compelling influence is not immediately clear. 'Being led' has no subject," etc. Stedman as a critic generally lacked precision and austerity; as a poet he was rather so-so. The professor confronts a specimen of Stedman's early verse with a specimen of his own verse and exclaims with delicious oracular ambiguity: "The difference between them!" Lord Morley is an atheist and his books on Voltaire and Diderot are no more than special pleading for atheists, and in very wretched style at that. Tennyson was the greatest artist in lyric verse in the world; but he had a serious tendency toward "violence" in his use of the language. For instance, he wrote of the "chalice of the grapes of God" where a man of sense would certainly have written "wine." Perhaps Professor Wilkinson is at his happiest where he is tearing to shreds a first rough draft of one of the laureate's poems which by some mischance has got into the hands of the public; if not there, then in the two pages in which he takes Lowell to task for expressing in private his admiration of Dante by an ejaculated "damn," and Howells to task for countenancing and enjoying that expression.

With the best intention in the world one cannot find much in R. S. Craig's "Making of Carlyle" (John Lane Co.) to justify the spinning of this account of his early years through 500 pages. The repetition is incessant, and the moralizing often flat, even at its first appearance. By far the best part of the book is that which dilates on the strength of the clannish spirit among the Carlyles, and shows how much of the style and ideas of the writer came to him with his Calvinistic inheritance. This is a matter which has never, we believe, been fully exploited, nor does Mr. Craig do more than deal with it in general terms. The chief aim of the book is to defend Carlyle in his matrimonial tragedy (if such it was) at the expense of his wife. It is quite true that many deductions must be made from the story of that marriage as derived by Froude and his followers from Mrs. Carlyle's letters and conversations, but the insistence of Mr. Craig on Mrs. Carlyle's social ambitions is altogether overdone, and in the end wearisome. And, after all, to rewrite the life of Carlyle with this point of his marriage perpetually in view is to mistake lamentably what the real admirers of the sage want to hear. We must account Mr. Craig's volume as among the *haud desiderata.*

"My Cranford," by Arthur Gilman (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is a slender, dainty volume of ruminations, chiefly upon the present and past of an old-fashioned New England village. It is pleasant to think that there remains even one little town unprofaned by railroad or factory, yet still enjoying a comfortable degree of prosperity, as well as a numerous progeny, a public library *not* given by Mr. Carnegie, and, most wonderful of all, a single, universal church. If tragedy, or sin, or even vulgarity, ever invades this Arcadia, Mr. Gilman does not see them; his picture is all of pleasantness and peace.

Under the title "Psyche's Task" Prof. J. G. Frazer has published (The Macmillan Co.) an expanded version of an evening discourse delivered by him at the Royal Institution. His theme is the soul of good in things superstitious and he declares that the folk-lorist, like Psyche, has to separate the nourishing grain out of the rubbish heaps of savage custom. He accordingly shows how the divinity that doth hedge a king in primitive culture has helped to bring about stable government, how the taboo surrounding property left by the owner has given rise to the concept of private property, how the ban on sexual intercourse between certain classes and at certain times has led on to the modern idea of marriage, and how the fear of ghosts has caused men to acquire a respect for human life. These theses are illustrated with that wealth of example with which Dr. Frazer's readers are familiar; and the whole essay is as interesting reading as it is instructive and consolatory doctrine.

The Carnegie Institution, under the direction of Prof. J. Franklin Jameson, employed Prof. Charles M. Andrews and Miss Frances G. Davenport to prepare a list of manuscripts in English depositories bearing upon the history of America before 1783. One part of this list now appears in a portly volume, and includes all collections of importance outside of the Public Records Office. Not only are the British Museum and Bodleian Library covered, but such institutions as the Guild Hall, House of Lords, Lambeth and Fulham Palaces, the Royal Society, and the archives of important religious bodies. For the first time this wealth of historical material is opened and the means of obtaining access to it displayed. The compilers note in many cases where the manuscript has been printed (this portion of the undertaking is necessarily imperfect), and have even noted corrections to be made in the printed text, as in a Clarendon manuscript, where "presented" is corrected to "presum'd." As an illustration of painstaking accuracy this instance is interesting, and it may be added that a careful examination of titles shows remarkable freedom from errors in date or name. The list was extended to include material on the West Indies, but the practice of the two compilers in this particular was not uniform. As it is, the volume is an invaluable aid to the investigator, and full proof of the utility of the series planned by Mr. Jameson and entrusted to such capable experts. The volumes on the Public Record Office will be published at some future time, being held for the new numbering of the manuscripts in London. The Library of Congress is systematically obtaining transcripts of this American material, and the list of what is already accessible in Washington, printed in this volume, shows that good advance has already been made. The use of expert service in the Carnegie Institution to point out what the library should obtain offers a happy illustration of economy and efficiency.

In "The District in the XVIIIth Century," A. J. Morrison of Middletown, Va., reprints the descriptions of the proposed Federal district by four English and one French visitor, prior to the actual removal of the government. To create a city of magnificent proportions, out of a country region having little to recommend it, was no small task, and these travellers speak of the plans and not of the accomplishment. Apart from the two or three public buildings, a hotel was the first need. Weld saw the nearly finished building in 1795, and thought it "anything but beautiful." Private houses were largely built on speculation, and the city was composed of avenues leading through deep woods. Nearby was the "handsome" town of Georgetown, and at some distance were seen the "towering steeples" of Alexandria. While the visiting Englishmen dwell upon the possible commercial future of the city, central in location, and on a waterway capable of such improvement as to tap the Western trade, the Frenchman, La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, was more impressed by the speculations of Morris, Law, and Greenleaf in city lots, the jealousies of the different sections, and the prospects of gaining wealth. He, too, thought Alexandria among the finest towns in the United States. The extract from Davis includes, without correction, his absurd account of the first inauguration of Jefferson. In a second pamphlet Mr. Morrison gives Parkinson's visit to this country to see the Mount Vernon estate. Though the editor questions the judgment of the trained English farmer on the quality of the land, this judgment was not different from that of Washington—not to speak of

the hopelessness of obtaining a profitable employment of slave labor by English farm methods.

Jesse Lynch Williams's "Mr. Cleveland, a Personal Impression," is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., in a small, attractive volume. It gives a pleasant and intimate portrait of the ex-President in his Princeton retirement.

Sir Arthur Clay has done a good work well in abridging and translating Paul Leroy Beaulieu's "Collectivism" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). That book has been regarded as the acutest and most searching analysis of the various communistic and socialistic schemes, and in particular, while allowing the waste inevitable under any exaggerated system of competition, it shows with remorseless logic the inability of collectivism to meet the laws of supply and demand in domestic exchange, and still more emphatically in foreign trade. Most Socialists, we take it, are such, not because they have any clear understanding of the economic questions at issue, but because they are led by personal envy or humanitarian revolt against the world's injustice to attach themselves to the party that avows discontent and professes a constructive remedy. To those who talk loosely of Socialism as at least a tendency in the right direction and as the necessary step of progress or evolution, the clear thinking and wide knowledge of Leroy Beaulieu's treatise may be strongly recommended. Such doubting minds will here meet with facts.

Victor Hugo comes to us in two forms, very different in bulk and purpose. One is a single volume in the charming green and gold Classiques français published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It contains a selection of the lyrical poems in the original, with a critical introduction by L. Aguettant. The other is eight volumes ("Napoleon the Little," "The History of a Crime," "Poems," "Dramatic Works"), completing the Handy Library edition of the works of Victor Hugo, published by Little, Brown & Co., in twenty-two volumes. The translations are by different hands and naturally vary in merit. But the books are excellent in typography and form, and the price, $1 a volume, brings at least a selection of the more important novels within easy reach.

W. J. Rolfe's "Satchel Guide to Europe" has come from Houghton Mifflin Co. in its revised form for 1909. It is an excellently practical little book, as the travellers of many successive years have found.

"A British Officer in the Balkans: The Account of a Journey Through Dalmatia, Montenegro, Turkey in Austria, Magyarland, Bosnia, and Herzegovina," by Major Percy E. Henderson (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is the careful story of a long trip. At this time, when so many newspaper readers are wondering what is summed up in those two odd names, Bosnia and Herzegovina, the narrative of these wanderings in the region of quaint Austro-Turkish towns and ancient Italian republics, has peculiar interest. Major Henderson made it his business to see everything there was to be seen, and he has set everything down with an accuracy that is sometimes almost painful. He has missed no smallest detail; the pattern of a woman's dress, the way the workers in the Austrian government tobacco factories roll cigarettes, the relative values of hotels—all these items are marshalled for the information of the reader. It is a sort of revision of Baedeker, indispensable for any one contemplating a trip to the picturesque country which has been the storm-centre of Europe during the past winter. Starting at Fiume, the author progressed down the beautiful Dalmatian coast, stopping at the former free city of Ragusa and at Spalato, where Diocletian built his fairy palace. Then he paid a flying visit to Montenegro, by way of the "Montenegrin Ladder," which zig-zags up the mountain-flank above Cattaro. One cannot resist a feeling of resentment that Major Henderson should have dismissed the historic mountain principality and its interesting people and masses of legendary lore, with a bare chapter. The remainder of the volume is devoted to travels in the annexed provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina and a brief excursion into Hungary. There are numerous illustrations from photographs depicting both life and scenery.

G. C. Sansoni of Florence is publishing a little book of the "Rime Disperse di Francesco Petrarca," including all the poems not included in the "Canzoniere," but attributed to Petrarch by some manuscript or rare publication. The laborious task of collecting and editing was undertaken by Prof. Angelo Solerti, but after his death was completed by Vittorio Cian. The proceeds from the sale of the book will go to the family of Professor Solerti.

A list of 1,000 Italian books, published in cheap editions and intended as a model for people's libraries in small Italian towns, has been compiled by Prof. Ettore Fabietti and A. Locatelli of Milan, and issued as an appendix to Fabietti's "Manuale per le Biblioteche Popolari" (published by the Consorzio delle Biblioteche Popolari, Milan). A selection of 300 volumes adapted to small rural communities is indicated by asterisks. This list is divided into four sections: books for adults; for young people; books on science, agriculture, industry, and art; and reference books for library use. As the entries include the size, date, publisher, and net cost and an occasional bibliographical note, this model catalogue, like the list of the *Revista delle Biblioteche* (see the *Nation,* April 1, p. 335), would be suggestive to American librarians in supplying the needs of Italian readers.

Hermann Essweln, one of the earliest and warmest adherents of August Strindberg, whose sixtieth birthday has given rise to a number of retrospective articles, is the author of a comprehensive study of the life and the work of this most interesting though not always sympathetic Swede. "August Strindberg im Lichte seines Lebens und seiner Werke" is a volume of 212 pages, with 27 illustrations. The publisher is Georg Müller, Munich, who also issues the complete works of Strindberg translated into German by Emil Schering.

"Gründe und Abgründe: Präludien zu einer Philosophie des Lebens," by Oscar Ewald (Berlin: Ernst Hofmann & Co.), consists of two solid volumes of ethics, based on empirical psychology. The first of Volume I treats of "Das Wesen des Willens" and "Erotik und Geschlechtlichkeit"; Volume II, "Aus dem Leben des Glaubens," "Künstler und Denker," and "Individuum und Universum." The work aims to discuss all the leading psychological and ethical problems now in the forefront of debate.

"Emanuel Geibels Jugendbriefe" (Berlin: Karl Curtius) adds considerably to our knowledge of this gifted poet and amiable friend of Freiligrath and Chamisso, especially since none of these letters has been published before. They cover his life from the time when he was a student at Bonn, 1835, to his return from Greece, in 1840. They are full of autobiographical interest. With but one or two exceptions all these letters are addressed to Geibel's mother, and this recalls Geibel's characterization of his father as "rich in the matter of friendship, but no writer of letters." Very interesting are the references to Freiligrath, just then becoming known. Two portraits of the poet are given, made in 1834 and 1838.

Theodor Kappstein, as editor, has begun the publication of a series, Die deutschen Hochschulen: Illustrierte Monographien (Berlin: Wedekind & Co.), of which two volumes have appeared, each of about two hundred pages. The first is by Fritz Baumgarten, "Freiburg im Breisgau"; and the second by Adolf Stier, "Jena." The history of the different universities will be given largely in the form of biographies of their great teachers. Thus the book of Stier supplements from the personal side such excellent volumes as that of Borkowsky, brought out on the occasion of the recent centennial anniversary of Jena.

The reforms of Joseph the Second of Austria possess never-ending interest for the investigator of modern church history; and the recent work of a Catholic scholar, Hermann Franz, "Studien zur kirchlichen Reform Josephs II" (Freiburg-im-B.: Herder), has made accessible new data from archives, and has contributed materially to an objective presentation of the subject.

Another interesting contribution to the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Calvin, which falls on July 10, is Dr. Peter Paulssen's "Johannes Calvin: Ein Lebens- und Zeitbild aus dem Reformationsjahrhundert" (Stuttgart: Belser). The author has aimed to draw from primary sources, to use these in accordance with the recognized canons of modern historiography, and to depict Calvin in the light of the complete historical background of his activity. The book is one of the most scholarly productions called forth by the anniversary.

The Deutsche Texte des Mittelalters (Berlin: Weidmann), published under the auspices of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences, has now reached its tenth volume, containing a characteristic collection of sermons, entitled "Der sogenannte St. Georgener Prediger," so-called because the oldest manuscript of these anonymous discourses, written about 1300 A. D., is found in the St. George Convent, in the Black Forest. In its day this collection was exceedingly popular, being used for many decades in the Benedictine, Dominican, and Carthusian cloisters, as model discourses. The present edition is based also on a Carlsruhe and a Freiburg manuscript.

Th. H. Pantenius, a native of the German provinces of Russia, and author of a number of works of fiction that treat of Russian life, has recently published a popular "Geschichte Russlands von der Ent-

stehung des russischen Reiches bis zur Gegenwart" (Leipzig: Voightländer). The volume (less than five hundred pages), while not evincing special scholarship or research, is based largely on native sources. Unfortunately, only eighty-six pages are devoted to the nineteenth century.

The third volume of Alfred Jensen's "Rysk kulturhistoria" (Stockholm: Aktiebolaget Ljus) covers the nineteenth century; Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostojevski, Tolstoy, Gorki, Mereshkovski, and others are passed in review, with emphasis on their significance for the social and political development of the Russian people. The various literary movements are discussed. Most interesting are perhaps the studies of Dostojevski and Tolstoy.

Lovers of Tegnér will be interested in Prof. Evert Wrangel's volume, entitled "Den blåögda (Stockholm: Wahlström & Widstrand), in which he gives an account of the poet's friendship with Hilda Wijk, wife of a prominent merchant and member of the Diet for Gothenburg. The friendship for this noble woman seemed to have helped the already aged poet to conquer another, more earthly passion that darkened his later life. The volume contains many hitherto unpublished letters of Tegnér, for the most part of a purely personal character.

At the twelfth annual conference for education in the South, to be held at Atlanta April 14 to 16, the programme will include the following speakers: Gov. Hoke Smith of Georgia; Robert C. Ogden, New York, president of the conference; Gifford Pinchot of the Forest Service, Washington, D. C.; Clarence Ousley, editor of the Fort Worth *Record*; Charles L. Coon, superintendent of schools, Wilson, N. C.; Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education; Mrs. B. B. Munford, Richmond, Va.; Dr. John Lee Coulter, University of Minnesota; Dr. Lillian W. Johnson, Memphis, Tenn.; Dean Lida Shaw King, Woman's College, Brown University; Dr. A. Caswell Ellis, University of Texas; C. S. Barrett, president of the Farmers' Union, Union City, Ga.; President Edwin A. Alderman, University of Virginia; and President Charles R. Van Hise, University of Wisconsin. Among the special meetings will be conferences of State superintendents of education for the Southern States, of supervisors of the school improvement work in the Southern States, and of the Southern Association of College Women.

Two new members have been elected to the Académie Française: in place of François Coppée enters Jean Aicard, poet and novelist, and in place of Gaston Boissier the well-known critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* René Doumic.

William Henry Edwards a naturalist, died at Coalburg, W. Va., April 3. He was born at Hunter, N. Y., in 1822, and twenty years later was graduated from Williams College. Although he was admitted to the bar, he became more interested in the study of butterflies than of law, and in 1846 made a trip up the Amazon. His books are: "Voyage Up the Amazon" (1847), "The Butterflies of North America" (three series, 1879, 1884, 1897). He has also contributed 160 separate papers on lepidoptera to the *Canadian Entomologist*, and entomological papers to various other journals.

From Manila has come the news of the murder of Dr. William Jones by the Ilongots at Dumbato, Dr. Jones had been sent out to the Philippines two years ago by the Field Museum of Chicago, and was prosecuting his anthropological studies at the time of the reported murder. He was one-quarter Indian blood, and had been born among the Sauk and Fox Indians in Oklahoma some thirty years ago. He was educated at Hampton, Va., Andover, Mass., and Harvard. He had already accomplished valuable work for the Field Museum.

A veteran in philosophy, Dr. James Hutchinson Stirling of Edinburgh, has died at the age of eighty-eight. Among the long list of his books two have been specially popular, his "Secret of Hegel" (1865) and his translation of Schwegler's "History of Philosophy," the latter of which reached its twelfth edition in 1893. More literary in character are his "Jerrold, Tennyson, Macaulay, with Other Critical Essays" (1868), "Burns in Drama" (1878), "Philosophy in the Poets" (1885), and "Thomas Carlyle's Counsels" (1886).

The death is announced, in his seventy-sixth year, of Dr. Herbert Mortimer Luckock, Dean of Lichfield, a biblical scholar of Anglican-Catholic beliefs. He wrote a number of religious books, among them: "After Death, State of the Faithful Dead," "Studies in the History of the Prayer Book," "The Bishops in the Tower," "The Intermediate State," "History of the Church of Scotland," and "The History of Marriage."

Another biblical scholar who has died is Dr. Charles Henry Hamilton Wright, born at Dublin in 1836. His specialty was Hebrew, and at different times he was examiner in that subject at Oxford, University of London, and elsewhere. He published a number of books on the Hebrew Testament, as well as on such themes as "The Intermediate State and Prayers for the Dead," and "General Writings of St. Patrick."

Report comes of the death of Dr. Richard Mahrenholtz, who was born in Etgersleben in 1849. He wrote chiefly on French topics, and among his books are "Geschichte der französeschen Revolution," "Rousseau," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Fénelon," etc.

Dr. Rudolf Gottschall, a prolific and popular writer of verse, fiction, and history, has died at Leipzig, in his eighty-sixth year. His first book of verse, "Lieder der Gegenwart," was published before he was twenty, and, for its liberal tendencies, led to his expulsion from the University of Breslau. He completed his studies at Berlin and Königsberg, and then devoted himself to literature.

Another German author whose death must be recorded is Frieda, Baroness von Bülow, at Jena, in her fifty-second year. She had travelled much in the East and in Africa, and was the first German writer to exploit colonial life in fiction. Her novels include: "Margarete und Ludwig," "Tropenkoler," "Im Lande der Verheissung," "Allein ich will," "Einsame Frauen," and "Wir von heute."

FLORIO'S MONTAIGNE.

The Essayes of Michael Lord of Montaigne. Done into English by John Florio; with an Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. 3 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $10 net.

Whatever may be said of Florio's occasional inaccuracies, his translation of Montaigne has two undeniable merits. It was accepted at once (the first edition is dated 1603) as an integral part of English literature, preparing the way for a succession of essayists, from Bacon to Lamb, who have no parallel in any other country; and it succeeded admirably in preserving the spirit of the original. The very form of the sentences and the quaintness of the vocabulary seem to be Montaigne writing in English. Except for those who have a complete mastery of old French, Florio is the book. We could wish that this new and handsomely printed edition had been more generously, or at least differently, planned. It is hard to see any profit in retaining the spelling and, more especially, the eccentric punctuation of the original edition. Montaigne might be speaking for his translator also when he said he meddled neither with orthography nor with curious pointing. "Where they altogether break the sense," he says, "I little trouble myself therewith; for at least they discharge me. But where they will wrest-in and substitute a false sense (as often they do) and wire-draw me to their conceits, then they spoil me." Certain it is that the punctuation of Florio, as he was printed, too often wrests-in and obscures the meaning. Montaigne, we take it, is an author to be read; the flavor of the old speech, whether French or English, should be preserved, but, to quote Florio's turning of a quotation:

> A pedant knowledge, I
> Detest out of all cry.

Some notes also should have been provided, no elaborate apparatus, but an indication here and there of the right translation where Florio has gone too far astray, and a little help now and then for the more difficult allusions. However, the main thing is that this great book is again made accessible at a price not unreasonable for the excellence of the paper and presswork.

The publication is opportune. With the *édition municipale* of Montaigne appearing at Bordeaux under the able supervision of F. Strowski, and with Pierre Villey's learned treatise on the library of Montaigne and the epochs of his thought (see the *Nation*, July 2, 1908, p. 14), France is making almost a rediscovery of the man whom Sainte-Beuve admired as "le français le plus sage qui ait jamais existé"; and no doubt we shall catch some echo of all this stirring in our barbarous lands beyond the sea. Those who desire to read the latest presentation of the matter

will find a thoroughly sensible discussion of "Les Époques de la pensée de Montaigne," by Victor Giraud, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of February 1.

Perhaps some emphasis should be laid on the word "sensible," for in this search after the learned and the new certain other scholars have not entirely escaped the danger of forgetting the evident and the right. Thus, M. Strowski, led astray, it has seemed to us, by his research into the Stoic revival of the sixteenth century, went altogether too far, in his recent work on "Pascal," in throwing into relief the stoical elements of Montaigne's philosophy. Pascal was right in treating him as a thoroughgoing Epicurean in his attitude toward life; and Sainte-Beuve was right by the same token. M. Strowski seems to have been misled by the same industry when he called the "Apologie de Raymond Sebond" "l'expression complète d'une âme vraiment religieuse et sincère." Again, Pascal was right in taking that essay as the very quintessence of skepticism, and by the same token Sainte-Beuve.

Brunetière, with his exaggerated faith in evolutionary methods, looked to these studies of dates to bring about wonderful changes in our view of Montaigne. The plain fact is, that, with all respect for the heart-breaking toil of these scholars, we cannot see that they have advanced us much in real comprehension of his genius. Knowledge, as Montaigne says, "must be enfeoffed in us and made our own"; it is too often the case that those "whose sufficiency is placed in their sumptuous libraries" miss the learning that springs from an understanding of human nature. Sainte-Beuve's chapter in the "Port-Royal" is still the truest characterization. And, indeed, the essential chronology of Montaigne needs no documentary research. By comparing the earlier essays with those of the third book added to the edition of 1588, the direction of his development is made perfectly clear. Read the typical chapters of the first book, for example, "That to Philosophie is to Learn How to Die" and "Of the Inequality that is Between Us"; the inspiration and purpose of the writer will be quite evident. The model was given by such books as the "Adagia" and the "Apophthegmata" of Erasmus. From 1531 to 1573 the second of these works went through no less than eighty-three editions, forty-nine of which were printed at Paris and Lyons, not to mention French translations. Some such concentration of the wisdom of the ancient world Montaigne had in his mind; and his earlier essays are often merely a collection of quotations out of Horace, Lucretius, and a few other Latin writers, with illustrations from history and a running commentary in the vernacular. Of Montaigne himself there is comparatively little. The success of his first publication and the greater assurance of practice led him to fill the later essays with his own reflections on life and with garrulous confessions of his tastes. It is in the third book we get such a chapter as that "Upon Some Verses of Virgil," which is really a disquisition on the art of love, with extraordinarily frank professions of the writer's own practice. "I believe," he avows, "that which Plato says to be true, that man was made by the gods for them to toy and play withal"; and, further: "Our life consisteth partly in folly and partly in wisdom." And, if any definite theory can be got from the essay, it is that which runs all through the book: Indulge in folly, but do not forget wisdom; and let both folly and wisdom contribute to the pleasure of life. Certainly that is the lesson also of the last essay, "Of Experience," which seems to have been meant as a summing up of what Montaigne himself had learnt from the world's school, wherein, as he says, human ignorance is the surest part.

There is no change of sentiment here from the essays of the earlier period, but merely change of method. What was first presented as the commonplace of the past, is now recast as the writer's own lesson of experience. Horace and Lucretius were his favorite authors—M. Villey estimates that he quotes each of them about one hundred and fifty times—and evidently contained for him the final wisdom of antiquity. The impression of the essays, as a whole, cannot be conveyed better than by calling them the Epistles of Horace translated into modern modes and writ large. A good deal is lost in the transfusion, especially that feeling of finality which goes with brevity, with the saying a thing and stopping; something is added also in exaggerating the fluctuant and epicurean side of Horace; but to those who cannot read the original Latin with ease, and who need to have their pleasure diluted, these essays are to modern civilization what the Epistles of Horace were to Paganism as concentrated and consummated in Rome—the pure wisdom of the man of the world that scarcely changes with the passing of the centuries.

In shameless self-exhibition, they no doubt go far beyond their model. Readers will differ in their appetite for the kind of personal details that fill the later essays. "Il faisait trop d'histoires, parlait trop de soi," says Pascal, and exclaims against "le sot projet qu'il a de se peindre." "Their egotism in no wise disgusts me," says Thackeray, speaking of Montaigne and Howell; "they talk about themselves forever, and don't weary me." But even if one sides with Pascal and thinks it scarcely worth while that an author should send his "dearest friends to a stationer's shop" to learn that he eats so greedily as sometimes to bite his finger ends, yet it must not be forgotten that the indiscretions of Montaigne are still of the pagan and Horatian type and not of the romantic and Rousselian. With the latter sort of egotist, the one aim is to make himself out different from the rest of mankind, a being set apart in morbid isolation. Montaigne, on the contrary, shows rather the universal human nature in himself the individual. "I am," he says, "but a man of the common stamp."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Chippendales. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Judge Grant has here produced another of his careful, somewhat laborious studies of American life. He has no brilliancy or adroitness of style. His effectiveness is due rather to the working of a quiet and steady intelligence. He knows what he is driving at, and arrives, as it were, by force of sheer assiduity. There is hardly a dramatic or quotable passage in the six hundred pages of "The Chippendales"; nor is the leisurely course of the story enlivened by such humorous diversions as Mr. De Morgan beguiles us with. The writer's manner is awkward and prolix; it has no speaking quality, no natural flow of idiom. In choosing to celebrate here the Boston of the eighties and nineties, he has arrived, it may seem, the day after the fair—or rather between fairs. The period is hardly remote enough to stand in picturesque perspective, hardly near enough to supply the best material for the social satirist. It was a time of marked change in the social and moral aspects of the city—whether of decadence or of transition, seems to be the question which chiefly interests Judge Grant.

It is edifying to find Boston taken so seriously, chronicled with such elaboration in this day when many Bostonians, even, are apologetic or silent in general company. There is a fine ardor in this celebrant's minute fidelity to the topographical fact. When we read that "Sumner proceeded along Dartmouth Street, and, crossing Huntington Avenue and Boylston Streets, hastened toward his home," or that Mr. Chippendale "started to walk down-town, by way of Commonwealth Avenue, the Public Garden, and Beacon Street," we are left in no doubt of our bearings. The Common is the fetish of the Chippendales: the fertility of its English sparrows, the obsolescence of its gray squirrels, the incursion of the subway, are all burning questions to that Brahmin race. It is in his demure insistence upon these foibles of place that Judge Grant's humor chiefly makes itself felt. The Chippendales live either upon the water-side of Beacon Street or upon the sunny side of Commonwealth Avenue—the latter element being regarded rather as backsliders. Against the Chippen-

dales' solid front of principle and prejudice, their "New England conscience," their sense of caste, have long dashed in vain the forces of vulgar progress. Yet insensibly the conditions of Boston life change. Great fortunes begin to be made, bringing with them new standards of material welfare. The Chippendales find their prestige less and less important in the life of the city. The arch-adversary comes, in the late eighties, to be one Hugh Blaisdell, a person who, borne in Maine and educated in a "fresh-water college," arrives in Boston in perfect ignorance of and indifference to the traditions which rule in the shadow of the State House, and the aura of Harvard. In New York, he would have found himself merely one of many cheerful, clever, unscrupulous apostles of progress as embodied in dollars and cents. He is not without his theories, or rather, perhaps, his patter. He proposes himself as one of the generals of a new industrial army, and we leave him still in the act of swallowing, after having taken into his maw the Chippendales among other minor reptiles. One invincible champion they have, however, in Henry Chippendale Sumner. Financially inconsiderable, he stands for all that is best and much that is most absurd in Boston Brahminism. It is he who secures the expulsion of the Bacchante from the courtyard of the Public Library—by no means on fanatical grounds. He stands for whatever is sound in taste or morals according to his somewhat austere code. In the end he wins the woman whom the victorious Blaisdell would have married. Perhaps the most amusing incident in the course of the narrative is the visit of Henry and his mother to the Art Museum to see a new Rembrandt (presented by Blaisdell). They gaze for some time in silence at the "full-faced Dutch burgher" in question. At last: "Artistically it is satisfying," says Mrs. Sumner, "but ethically I feel a lack. Compare a face like that with Emerson's, for instance. It is deficient in soul. I ask the question—I admit that it is debatable—can any work of art be considered great—satisfying in the highest sense—into which the spiritual quality does not enter?" "Ah, mother, mother, I was trying to stifle the same thought!"

One or two contradictions of detail may be noted. On page 81 it is said that Harrison Chippendale "had no office," while on page 155 we find: "He still maintained a small office where he employed a single clerk." Hugh Blaisdell is said on page 1 to have been born in Maine, but on page 261: "He was certainly a person to be reckoned with in his native city"—meaning Boston.

One Immortality. By H. Fielding Hall. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Sententious is the word for this book. The author, with little distinctly in mind to say, invents a few named figures and a situation as excuse for the multitudinous and, alas! often platitudinous apothegms which for some hundreds of pages flow from his pen. The oracular method—or manner—is always effective with a certain audience. The last generation, with its rather brutal sense of humor, has had comparatively little ear for this kind of thing, in fiction at least. But Mr. Hichens and one or two others have done something lately toward restoring it to favor. Mr. Hall makes good play with it. The mere obviousness of a remark has no effect upon his readiness to shoulder responsibility for it. He says, for example, "There are things to say, and there are things to feel and never say"; and this truth reminds him of another, "There are times to speak, times to be silent." The persons of his tale have an equal gift of prophecy—which does not mean, of course, that they have opinions. "To ourselves," says Holt, the hero (p. 65), "we are quite simple"—a saying so graciously received by his fair hearer that he is encouraged (p. 69) to pronounce, to her equal satisfaction, "No one ever understood himself." Of such an interlocutor we are not surprised to hear on occasion that "he wondered why he talked." After all, something in the way of a story may still be fairly expected of a novelist, an account of things that intelligibly happen to human bodies or minds or souls. Else why does he talk?

With the Night Mail: A Story of 2000 A. D., together with Extracts from the Contemporary Magazine in Which It Appeared. By Rudyard Kipling; illustrated in color by Frank X. Leyendecker and H. Reuterdahl. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.

This is the short story which *McClure's Magazine* published in 1905. It is now issued in large type, heavily leaded, and printed on one side of a leaf in order to make a little book. The volume is further padded out with several pages of articles and advertisements, of which the following is a fair example:

> MAN WANTED—DIG DRIVER for Southern Alps with Saharan summer trips. High levels, high speed, high wages.
> Apply M. SIDNEY,
> Hotel San Stefano, Monte Carlo.

The story is a good enough one of its kind, a tale of the trip from London to Quebec by dirigible balloon. It is filled with a strange technical jargon, relieved by some remarkably vivid passages of description. Kipling has a wonderful power of visualization. It is a pity that he is so destitute of ideas that in the interval of two years and a half since "Puck of Pook's Hill" he has been able to prepare no better apology for a book.

Walt Whitman. By George Rice Carpenter. [English Men of Letters.] New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

In no spirit of unkindness, it may be said that Professor Carpenter has been hampered—consciously hampered, no doubt—by the fact that his ground has just been well covered, with enthusiasm by H. B. Binns, and with more sober judgment by Bliss Perry (see the *Nation*, October 11, 1906, p. 306). How he has felt these difficulties can be seen in the section dealing with the subject of Whitman's rhythmical form, which Mr. Perry had treated at considerable length and with great acumen. Without naming his predecessor, Professor Carpenter goes rapidly over the list of writers who had there been given as forerunners of Whitman, rejecting their influence peremptorily—Blake's, for instance, because Whitman was not directly familiar with his experiments, missing the part of Blake in bringing about the movement of which Whitman was only one manifestation. The most striking paragraph in Mr. Perry's analysis is that in which he quotes Samuel Warren's Lyrical Soliloquy in commemoration of the Crystal Palace exhibition as a probable influence in determining Whitman's form. Now that poem, called "The Lily and the Bee," was promptly reprinted in America by Harpers, and was reviewed in *Harper's Monthly* in November, 1851. Whitman at that time was revolving in his mind the scheme which resulted in the "Leaves of Grass" of 1855; he was consciously going over the traditional methods of expression and casting about for a new form; he was a reader of the magazines; and it is a fair conjecture that Warren's free rhythms—there are also curious resemblances to the "cataloguing" manner—should have encouraged him in his natural bent. To discredit this derivation, Professor Carpenter quotes, from a lecture delivered by Whitman in March of 1851, a score of characteristic verses which afterwards found a place in one of the longer poems. His comment is that "Whitman's verse-method grew out of impassioned speech." As a matter of fact, Whitman did very little speaking, and these verses are far closer to Emerson, whose influence on Whitman is incontestable, than to "The Lily and the Bee" or the developed style of the "Leaves of Grass." The decisive influence is not yet felt in them. We cannot but believe that Professor Carpenter's rejection of literary sources (despite his protests, Whitman was in some respects always a bookish man) for a vague theory of "impassioned speech," based on a rather fine-spun psychology of language, is due in part

to the necessity imposed on the later biographer of being different.

But it is possible we are bearing too heavily on this inevitable difficulty. As a whole, Professor Carpenter's work is well-proportioned and pleasantly written. He has been especially successful in fusing together criticism and narrative, in showing, that is, how Whitman's rhapsodies are a reflection of his life, and in telling his life by means of comment on his rhapsodies. To this end he has rather avoided discursions of a purely literary sort. His chief emphasis lies on the mystical aspect of Whitman's character and message; his most original contribution to the understanding of the "Leaves of Grass" is the attempt to connect the cataloguing habit, over which most critics stumble helplessly, with the process of mystic hypnosis or ecstasy:

> The habit of muscular repose, the complete motor quiescence which was so characteristic of him from his boyhood up, afforded the physical basis. In this state of rapt contemplation the mind, rather drawn out of itself than concentrated within itself, dwelt in rapid succession upon a multitude of outward objects, until, under this swift and dionysiac sequence of parallel, unrelated percepts, there followed the mystic experience, the illusion or the verity, of knowledge of the Whole. The most marked characteristic of Whitman's poetic method, that by which he catalogues or inventories objects, without close subordination or orderly classification, is perhaps but the same process on a smaller scale. The reader's attention reels under the weight of unrelated particulars until, just as the mind refuses to go further in the hopeless task of coördination, it is suddenly suffused, as it were, with a glow of comprehension, and there is born an impression of totality.

In regard to the poet's final place in fame, Professor Carpenter is wisely noncommittal. Analogues for Whitman's power he finds, not so much in purely literary types, as in the great personalities, the religious teachers, who, mainly through their lives and only incidentally through their writings, represent a new attitude toward life and give a new impulse to society.

Some vital questions Professor Carpenter leaves unanswered, as have all his predecessors. For example, we should like to see Whitman's denial of all distinction, his equal acceptance of all men as right (the glutton, the slobberer, the vile, the saint), his rejection of standards:

> What blurt is this about virtue and about vice?——

this way of viewing nature, as Professor Carpenter thinks, *sub specie æternitatis*—we should like to see this reconciled with the vein of physical puritanism expressed at times in his personal vows:

> I have this day, this hour, resolved to inaugurate for myself a pure, perfect, sweet, clean-blooded, robust body, by ignoring all drinks but water and milk, and all fat meats, late suppers—a great body, a purged, cleansed, spiritualized, invigorated body.

The inconsistency here—which strikes at the very heart of Whitman's philosophy of life—may perhaps be explained away, but until it is so explained much of the "Leaves of Grass" must remain wild hurtling words.

Documents Relating to the Seigniorial Tenure in Canada, 1598-1854. Edited with a historical introduction and explanatory notes, by William Bennett Munro. Toronto: The Champlain Society.

This volume of documentary material supplements Professor Munro's "Seigniorial System in Canada." The two books contain all that the most exacting student can ask for, on this interesting and significant phase of the history of Canada. The earlier volume offered a clear and scholarly discussion of the establishment, history, and effect of the seigniorial system in Canada; the present book provides the documentary material upon which the other was based. It would, however, give a very inadequate idea of the scope and value of this volume to say merely that it contains reprints of documents. The essential documents are here, but they are enriched with an elaborate series of explanatory notes, as well as an historical introductiou of 116 pages. This equipment transforms what would otherwise have been a dry, and often uuintelligible, collection, into a clear, comprehensive, and thoroughly interesting history of feudalism in Canada.

Not the least valuable feature of Professor Munro's work is its effective disposition of a number of popular but mistaken ideas as to the origin and influence of the system. Parkman, and other writers following his lead, have taken it for granted that Richelieu first planted the feudal system in Canada, as part of his policy of settling the colony with the landless aristocracy of France. Professor Munro makes it clear that the charter granted to the Marquis de la Roche, more than a quarter-century before Richelieu became Minister of State, gave specific authority not alone for the granting of seigniories in the New World, but for the establishment of the obligation of military service as an incident of land tenure. As a matter of fact, three seigniories were granted: two to colonial laymen, and the third to the Jesuit order, previous to the chartering of the Compauy of New France—or the Company of One Hundred Associates, as it is more generally called—in 1627. A more serious error that Professor Munro has exploded is the idea that the seigniorial system in Canada was an absurd and vicious survival of the Middle Ages, without a redeeming feature; that the century and a half during which France entrenched herself in the valley of the St. Lawrence afforded, in the annals of the New World, "an example of the methods by which a misguided monarchy unsuccessfully sought to superimpose upon a luckless colony that senile and decadent seigniorialism which characterized the social organization of the motherland in the two centuries preceding the Revolution." One cannot read Professor Munro's masterly introduction without being convinced that, while the evils of paternalism undoubtedly entered into the public and private life of New France, there was another side to the question. The fact has generally been lost sight of that the seigniorial system in Canada was by no means the same thing as the seigniorial system, at the same period, in France. In the mother-country, the system had gathered about it a host of intolerable abuses, leading inevitably to "that terrible retribution which the masses of the French people exacted from the governing classes iu the outgoing years of the eighteenth century." In New France, on the other hand, the system "went back to the plane which it had occupied in the earlier centuries before the curse of absenteeism had sapped its vigor, and before its simple annual dues and its vague services of an honorary nature had been turned into agencies of extortion and oppression." In Canada, the seignior dwelt among his people, their leader in war and their patron in peace. The ancient personal bond between lord and liegeman was revived. Many of the prerogatives of the seigniors, the oppressiveness of which has so often been dwelt upon, were sometimes claimed, but seldom asserted. In fact, as Professor Munro says:

> If one surveys the seigniorial system of Canada as a whole, and in a fair-minded spirit, one cannot escape from the conclusion that its pressure upon the masses of the people was never really onerous. The obligations of the habitant to his seignior were light, they were fixed with some degree of definiteness, and they were never exacted in a manner which could properly be deemed harsh or cruel. . . . There is, indeed, no error more persistent, and at the same time less excusable, than that which regards the Norman habitant of the New World, as having occupied, in the closing decades of the old régime, a position analogous to that of the French *censitaire*.

The documents which take up the larger part of this book are printed in their original form, without translation; that is to say, those belonging to the old régime are in French, those subsequent to the capitulation of Quebec in English. The French documents include extracts from the charters of the Company of New France and the Company of the West Indies, various royal decrees and *arrêts*, dispatches and memoranda of the colonial governors and intendants, and special reports, such

as those of the Intendant Raudot, Gédéon de Catalogne, and Hocquart. The English documents embrace extracts from the Articles of Capitulation of Montreal, Murray's Report on the State of Canada under French Administration, various dispatches, reports, and proclamations, and the elaborate report of the commissioners appointed, in 1843, to inquire into the operation of the seigniorial tenure in Lower Canada. The whole is made conveniently accessible by means of a full index.

My African Journey. By the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill; with 61 illustrations from photographs and three maps. Pp. xiii+226. New York: George H. Doran Co.

In writing this book, Mr. Churchill had two distinct ends in view, to tell of his exploits as a hunter of big game, and to awaken the interest of his countrymen "in the wonderful estates they have recently acquired" in northeastern Africa.

The purely narrative part fully bears out his assertion that it was "a very delightful and inspiring journey." The railway trip from the Indian Ocean to the Victoria Nyanza was over what is now very familiar ground; but when by rickshaw, bicycle, and canoe, Mr. Churchill went through Uganda to the navigable waters of the Nile, he found, though he had been an extensive traveller in tropic lands, that all previous impressions were effaced by the indescribable magnificence of the forests, in "variety of form and color," and in "profusion of brilliant life—plant, bird, insect, reptile, beast." At one spot, he watched from the top of an ant-bear hill "the stately and awe-inspiring procession of eleven elephants. . . . On the back of every elephant sat at least one beautiful white egret, and sometimes three or four, about two feet high." When scrambling along the brink of the Nile just below the Murchison Falls, he shot at a crocodile on a rock in mid-stream. The opposite bank appeared to be a long line of mud, but at the sound of the shot, it "sprang into hideous life, and my companions and I saw hundreds and hundreds of crocodiles, of all sorts and sizes, rushing madly into the Nile, whose waters along the line of the shore were lashed into a white foam, exactly as if a heavy wave had broken. It could be no exaggeration to say that at least a thousand of these saurians had been disturbed at a single shot." The one important event in his career as a sportsman was the killing a white rhinoceros, a species now almost extinct.

But hunting was not the principal object of this journey of the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies. This was to study at first hand the administrative problems of the East Africa and Uganda Protectorates. Much of his time was spent in visiting stations, receiving deputations of natives, and conferring with the British officials. Among the results of these investigations was his strong conviction that the highlands of East Africa—the region proposed for the Jewish colony—is not a white man's country. The attempts of Europeans to colonize it have failed, mainly for climatic reasons. On the other hand, he believes it to be an ideal home for the surplus millions of India by whose industry, if all hindrances to their coming were removed, immense tracts of practically uninhabited wilderness would speedily become cotton fields and sugar plantations. But in Uganda, there is no question of bringing in colonists—the great needs are capital and railway communication with the markets of the world. Its marvellously rich soil, with inexhaustible water supplies, is especially adapted to the cultivation of cotton, rubber, coffee, sugar, in fact all tropic products. "American upland cotton grown in Uganda actually commands a higher price in the Manchester market than when it is grown in the United States." His advice to his countrymen is to "concentrate upon Uganda!" and his closing chapter is an urgent plea for the building of "the Victoria and Albert Railway" to connect the two great lakes and to be eventually extended to the head of navigation on the Nile.

The Government of American Cities. By Horace E. Deming. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Ten years have passed since the National Municipal League adopted a programme of city government which was to become a model for all lovers of home rule and democracy. It was an ambitious scheme—some called it "idealistic"; it separated city elections from all others, pushed civil service reform to the extreme, forbade special legislation, limited the term of every franchise, declared public property inalienable, prescribed uniform accounting, and —greatest of all—empowered large cities to write their own charters and administrative codes. In the succeeding decade much has happened to burn the brand of "idealism" more deeply. After Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and San Francisco had dimmed the lustre of Tweed and Croker, many persons began to say that city government was irreparable because of the indifference of its citizens. Democracy had been tried, they said, and found wanting; so a municipal programme making for complete home rule and more democracy was a pretty bubble. In Boston and New York, where more modern charters are being sought just now, this pessimism is urged with fresh energy. For these great communities, therefore, Mr. Deming appears at a crucial moment to strip the fundamental principles of home rule of every confusion. His volume is a defence of the National Municipal League's programme; and, in defending, it becomes virtually a history of recent municipal affairs.

The author traces, through many a modern instance, the profound change which is swiftly coming over popular conceptions of city government. He shows how, since 1880, the line between politics and administration has been drawn more sharply. He devotes still more attention to the strengthening of the conviction that municipalities must be freed from State control and extraneous politics. Even a student of civic reforms might pardonably be surprised at Mr. Deming's list of towns which have won partial or complete liberty in recent years. Missouri has allowed home-made charters since 1875, California since 1880, Washington since 1889, Minnesota since 1896, Colorado since 1902, Oregon since 1906, Oklahoma since 1907, and Michigan since last November. But such records are less welcome than the sharp return to essentials. Debates over charter revision would be greatly simplified, were Mr. Deming's nine "Pre-Requisites to Self-Government" —a simple summary of the principles enumerated above—posted in the street-cars. His chapter on the dual relation of the city to the State is even more helpful; and, for New York, at least, a word is spoken in season when he shows that city government is government, and not merely bookkeeping, or municipal research or a trusteeship.

One can find fault only with Mr. Deming's attempt to turn his book into a proof that cities can prosper solely through democracy—a rather vague term at best. His comparisons of European with American local governments, which are intended to cap the proof, seem to rest upon a confusion of home rule with popular government. Many of the English and Continental cities whose success the writer vaunts enjoy home rule, to be sure, and in full measure; but their suffrage systems must deny to them the name of democracies. We would not say that the writer's theory as to democracy may not be sound, but these instances are not convincing.

Drama.

The Blue Bird: A Fairy Play in Five Acts. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The poet, the philosopher, and the naturalist all bear their part in "The Blue Bird," the delightful dream-play which is one of the latest productions of the rich and delicate fancy of Maurice Maeterlinck, and which has been put into excellent and at times exceedingly

felicitous English by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Written with charming simplicity, and telling a story admirably suited to childish interests and understanding, it makes an equally strong appeal to adults by its imaginative symbolism, its freshness of humor and observation, and the inventive spirit which animates its parable. It deals with the dream adventures of Tyltil and Mytil, the children of a wood-cutter, who are commissioned by the fairy Bérylune (the very counterpart of an old neighbor, Madame Berlingot) to go in quest of the Blue Bird, whose possession will enable man to discover the hidden souls of animals and things, and so deprive them of their last vestige of independence. The fairy endows the children with a magic diamond, which, on being turned, converts all familiar objects, animate and inanimate, into human personalities. Armed with this talisman, they set out on their quest, under the guidance of Light, with the dog, the cat, bread, sugar, fire, water, and milk as an attendant bodyguard.

The cat—obsequious, insinuating, selfish, and treacherous—is the villain of the piece, ever trying to defeat his young master, while feigning great affection. He is rewarded with frequent caresses, while the dog, Tyltil's devoted slave and indomitable ally, is the constant victim of misapprehension and rebuff. With these companions the children pass through strange experiences. First, they visit their little dead brothers and sisters, whom they find with their grandparents, all unchanged, in the land of memory. They learn that the dead sleep peacefully except when the living think of them; then they exist once again, as of old, in the memories of the survivors. Next the children invade the palace of Night, who, forewarned by the cat, does her best to hinder their search, but is compelled to open all her dark places at the behest of Light. Tyltil finds that the ghosts have been much discouraged since men refused to take them seriously, and that the diseases have been greatly dispirited and enfeebled by the discovery of microbes. Her vast silence, Night declares, is now her most potent terror. In one enchanting chamber are enclosed the perfumes of night, the stars and will-o'-the-wisps, fire-flies, nightingales' songs and golden dews. There, too, are the dream gardens of the blue birds, who make the place a paradise, but who, alas! perish in the light of day. Among them is the one Blue Bird of their search, but he escapes on a moon-beam.

They hear of the bird next in the forest, where, at the instigation of the cat, the trees and various wild and domestic animals, hold a parliament, and resolve to do away with the children, who are rescued only by the desperate valor of the dog. Then they seek the Blue Bird in a graveyard—a scene full of the old weird Maeterlinckian mystery—where Tyltil makes the astonishing discovery that there are no dead beneath the gravestones, but that all have been transmuted into new, glorious, and luxuriant life.

The last and greatest adventure is in the kingdom of the future, a series of vast halls, peopled by the souls who are awaiting their turn to be born. These are in charge of sovereign and lovely figures like unto angels, and Time is the appointed minister who takes them to earth. It is in these later scenes that the poetical imagination and descriptive power of the dramatist are most strikingly displayed. The dialogue between the living and the unborn children is full of exquisite touches. Tyltil learns that no child soul can go to earth until it has its special mission: a great invention, a new happiness, or, perchance, a great crime. One unborn soul has the secret of prolonging life, another knows the treasures of the moon, others have new processes of cultivation; the destiny of one is to banish injustice, and of another to conquer death. The whole conception is a brilliant bit of invention, full of inspiring and poetic thought, but expressed, with wonderful art, in the simplest terms of childhood. In the last scene of all the children, still in their beds in the paternal cottage, awake to believe, for some time at least, in the reality of their adventures, to recognize in their neighbor, Madame Berlingot, the fairy of their dreams, and to see in their own pet turtle-dove, the Blue Bird of their hunt, although he is not quite so blue as imagination had painted him. Herein lies one great moral of the fable.

It is possible that some of the original charm of this fascinating vision may have been lost in the translation, but enough remains to prove it a masterpiece of its kind. Only genius could charge a nursery tale with so much significance without robbing it of its childlike character. Whether it will ever reach the stage here is doubtful. Only the grosser part of it could survive such an experiment. But it seems a pity that such admirable pantomimic opportunities as it offers—especially in the cat and dog, which are vital studies—should be wholly wasted.

With three plays, "Measure for Measure," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "All's Well," the excellent First Folio Shakespeare of Messrs. Crowell is half completed. We have so often commended the labors of the editors, Miss Charlotte Porter and Miss Helen A. Clark, that we have nothing new to say in regard to the present volumes. By this time the edition must have made a place for itself in every Shakespearean library. In many respects it is the most convenient reading edition on the market. Occasionally, it is true, one balks at the rather lyrical tone of the introductions, and in the issue of "All's Well," a humorist might even find some amusement in the characterization of Helena as a maiden likely to "excite that peculiar disdain felt by the crude young male for the rare, schooled, and refined strength instinctively recognized by him as out of his line, and not 'like a man' . . . It is much the same attitude as that borne by the average man." But then if our humorist smiled, he would be that average man who has no business to meddle with criticism.

August Strindberg's "Swanwhite," which has been translated by F. J. Ziegler (Philadelphia: Brown Brothers), is a play to see on the stage, rather than to read. It is "a fairy drama," containing bits from many tales, the Wicked Stepmother and Cinderella being most conspicuous. The Strindberg we meet here is he of the later period and at his best; there is mysticism, but not mistiness, and the play is altogether beautiful—in Swedish. The translation is not particularly happy; to translate "betrakta," for instance, with "contemplate," does not betray that close familiarity with both languages which a translator must possess.

"Bibliographie der deutschen Bühnen seit 1830" is a valuable collection of data by Robert F. Arnold, author of "Das moderne Drama" (Strassburg: Trübner).

A meeting of the general committee of the Shakespeare Memorial, held in London, has practically adopted the report of an executive committee planning what will probably be called the National Shakespeare Theatre. The following are salient points of this report:

The objects of a National Shakespeare Theatre, as conceived by your committee, are: To keep the plays of Shakespeare in its repertory; to revive whatever else is vital in English classical drama; to prevent recent plays of great merit from falling into the oblivion to which the present theatrical system is apt to consign them; to produce new plays and to further the development of the modern drama; to produce translations of representative works of foreign drama, ancient and modern; to stimulate the art of acting through the varied opportunities which it will offer to the members of its company. To accomplish these purposes the theatre must be organized upon a true repertory system. It must produce a great variety of plays, and the productions, while simple, must be efficient and beautiful.

They are of opinion that the sum required to build, equip, and endow a National Theatre would be about £500,000, and that this amount should be roughly allotted in the following manner: Site, £100,000; building, £100,000; stage and equipment, £50,000; endowment, £250,000.

The controlling authority is to be a board of governors, representing the crown, various universities and municipalities, and including the Ambassador of the United States, and representatives of the more important British colonies. It was announced that $350,000 had been promised to the scheme by an anonymous contributor.

London is soon to have another new theatre, to be built by Edward Holles, and devoted to the modern and romantic drama. Mr. Holles has a number of dramas, including one entitled, "The Queen of Sheba," by Arthur Shirley and Ben Landeck, another by George R. Sims and Mr. Shirley, and a third by Mr. Sims alone. Further, he has a piece named "Father Anthony," by the late Robert Buchanan, and one dealing

with the career of Garibaldi, by Sutton Vane and Arthur Shirley.

Isaac Henderson, who died in Rome April 1, was born in Brooklyn in 1850, and was graduated from Williams College. Immediately after leaving college, Mr. Henderson came to New York as assistant publisher of the New York *Evening Post* under his father; he also did some writing, chiefly musical criticism. In 1888 he went abroad, and in the course of the next few years he wrote several books and plays. One of his novels, "The Prelate," had considerable success, and a play, "Agatha," was produced by Charles Wyndham in London in May, 1892, and repeated there and in New York under the title "The Silent Battle." Another of his plays was "The Mummy and the Humming-Bird."

Report has reached us of the death, March 10, of the distinguished Shakespearean scholar, Frederick Gard Fleay. He was a graduate of King's College, London (1849), and of Trinity College, Cambridge (1853). In 1856 he was ordained, but held no curacy, devoting himself instead to educational work. In the study of the Elizabethan drama he obtained valuable results in metrical criticism, stage history, and other fields. His "Life of Shakespeare," his "Chronicle of the English Stage," and his "Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama" are monuments of learning and courage. Among his numerous other publications are the following: "Almond Blossoms" (verse, 1857), "Elements of English Grammar" (1859), "Shakespeare Manual" (1876), "Guide to Chaucer and Spenser" (1877), "The Logical English Grammar" (1884), besides editions of various plays. Of recent years he had lived in retirement.

Earl Stirling, who was a member of the company that played at Ford's Theatre the night Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, died in Chicago April 4. He had been stage manager for Augustin Daly and for Daniel Frohman's old Lyceum Theatre in this city. He also was leading juvenile with William J. Florence, Edwin Booth, and Edward Keene.

John Millington Synge, the dramatic writer, has died in Dublin at the age of thirty-seven. His publications are: "Riders to the Sea," "In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Well of the Saints," "The Play Boy of the Western World," and "The Aran Islands."

Adolf Ritter von Sonnenthal, whose death is announced from Prague, was one of the greatest actors of modern times, one of the few players endowed with unmistakable genius. He owed nothing to heredity, still less to education. His father, a Hebrew tradesman in Pesth, was ruined in the troubles of 1848, and Adolf, who was born in 1834, was compelled to seek a livelihood in a tailor's shop. After three years he went to Vienna, where he visited the Burg Theatre, and at once fell a victim to the fascination of the stage. He appeared first as a voluntary supernumerary, and thus studied the leading players behind the scenes. Soon afterwards he managed to find regular employment, and his first triumphs—they were very modest, indeed—were experienced at Temesvar. When, later, Laube, the director at Vienna, gave him a chance, Sonnenthal—chiefly on account of his Hebrew parentage—was hissed off the boards. Next morning Laube, who seems to have been gifted with rare powers of perception, engaged him for three years. Upon his next appearance the public stayed away from the theatre, and for three or four following nights strong antagonism toward him was exhibited in every part of the house. But Laube persevered, and young Sonnenthal gradually won his way into public favor, until he had established himself as Vienna's favorite actor. In 1854 he played Hamlet for the first time, winning an emphatic triumph, and from that time his advance in fame and popularity was rapid. He became a regular member of the Hofburg Theatre in 1856, and in 1881 he celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary there amid extraordinary popular demonstrations. The Emperor conferred upon him the order of the Iron Crown, a mark of distinction to which no actor had ever before attained. It was in 1885 that he made his first visit to the United States, appearing first in the Irving Place Theatre in this city, where he created a profound impression by the simplicity and veracity of his methods, the vividness of his interpretations, and his striking versatility. He paid brief professional visits to us again in 1899 and 1902.

Adalbert Matkowsky, one of the best known of modern German actors, died recently at Charlottenburg, at the age of fifty. After a few years of preparation he began, at the Court Theatre in Dresden, a long and successful career, which was continued at Hamburg, and, since 1890, at the Royal Theatre in Berlin. He was particularly successful in the great characters of Schiller and Shakespeare.

Music.

While the number of American singers who are admired for their beautiful voices is fast increasing, both at home and abroad, the American speaking-voice is still the subject of severe criticism by W. D. Howells, Henry James, and many other less prominent writers. Can the hardness and shrillness of this voice be remedied? In the opinion of Katherine Jewell Everts it can. She has written a book entitled "The Speaking Voice" (Harper & Bros.), in which she explains the principles of correct training. She looks upon the ordinary American voice as being like a piano that is out of tune. She begins by advising the reader to take off ill-fitting corsets. Children should be taught to take a deep breath when under the influence of excitement: "This breath will cause the throat to open instead of shut, and the tone to grow full, deep, and round, instead of high and harsh." After thus teaching how the tone may be freed and reënforced, the author devotes chapters to changes in pitch, inflection, and tone-color, and finally to the vocal interpretation of different forms of literature. The volume has its uses for singers, too, for, as an old German writer observed, we must learn to speak before we can sing, just as we must learn to walk before we can dance.

"The common fault of Americans, namely, disagreeable speaking voice and slovenly pronunciation," is also one of the themes of "Twelve Lessons in the Fundamentals of Voice Production," by Arthur L. Manchester (Oliver Ditson Co.), which, however, is written more especially for singers. The author has come to the conclusion that teachers make too much use of certain expressions like "open," "covered," "dark," "white," "head tone," "forward," "back," "placing the tone," "nasal," before the students know what they mean. His aim is to present the essentials of voice production in such a way that the difficulties which discourage so many earnest voice students may be minimized. The attention of pupils may be called particularly to his eleventh lesson, in which he comments on the prevailing idea that a voice to be good must be loud. Many students expect a teacher to make their voices louder from the start; but a teacher who does that is a charlatan. A good teacher strives to develop first the quality of a voice, leaving its "bigness" to be settled later. About one-half of Mr. Manchester's volume is devoted to the control of breathing, which is half the battle in learning how to sing without fatiguing the voice.

The letters exchanged by Liszt and Carl Alexander, Grand Duke of Saxony, have been issued in a volume edited by "La Mara" and published by Breitkopf & Härtel. They are in French. The two men were friends from 1844 to 1886, the year of Liszt's death.

The history of Swedish music has been enriched by an unpretentious volume, "Svenska tonsättare under nittonde århundradet," written by Lina Lagerbjelke. It brings together conveniently the data about some of the men who played a part in what is by no means the smallest of Sweden's achievements during the past century. The sketches are concisely and interestingly written, and are accompanied by lists of the compositions; it is significant to notice that by far the greatest number of these are of a lyrical character. (Stockholm: Wahlström & Widstrand.)

Lillian Nordica, Germaine Schnitzer, Mme. Langendorff, Albert Spalding, and David Bispham, will be the soloists at the American début of the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall, Saturday evening.

Boston has lost one of her most prominent musicians by the death of Benjamin Johnson Lang, April 4, at the age of seventy-one. He was about equally famed as conductor, pianist, teacher, and organist, and he was one of the few surviving genuine pupils of Liszt. In 1858 he made his first Boston appearance as a pianist. The following year he was appointed organist of Boston's leading choral society, the Handel and Haydn, in which capacity he served until 1895; he was then conductor of the society for two years. He also conducted the Apollo Club from 1871 to 1901, and presided some years over the Caecilia Club. He composed an oratorio, "David," besides symphonies, overtures, and other works, but these are unimportant.

William Castle, for nearly twenty years director of the Chicago Musical College, died in that city April 1, at the age of seventy-two. He was born in England, and made his début in New York as concert singer in 1861.

Art.

A Glance at the Grimani Breviary. 5 color plates; 110 in half-tone. Venice: Ferd. Ongania. 20 lire.

We come tardily to this handsome and useful publication, but the whole matter needs reconsideration in view of the discovery of a fine work by the "Grimani masters" in the library of J. P. Morgan and of recent research into the illuminator's art generally. The well-known publisher and color-printer Signor Ongania, has done well to make the pictures of this remarkable Breviary accessible at a moderate price, and possibly the editor does well in his brief introduction to give merely the external history and the tradition of Cardinal Grimani's chief treasure. The problems and uncertainties are so many that no summary treatment of them is possible. Here we can indicate only two or three issues of capital interest. From that invaluable note-taker called the Anonimo of Morelli, we learn that early in the sixteenth century this Breviary was treasured by the Venetian Cardinal, Domenico Grimani, who bought it from "Antonio Siciliano." Naturally, it has been assumed that this is the great painter, Antonello da Messina. On the strength of his ownership a few of the miniatures have been attributed to his hand. But we shall see that there were other Sicilian Anthonies, at least four contemporary painters of that name, one of whom, Antonello da Saliba, was pretty certainly in Venice towards the end of the century when Cardinal Grimani, born 1461, is likely to have bought the book. Certain of the miniatures suggest an eclectic Italian like this obscurer Antonello. None are of a quality to be by his greater namesake. Besides, Antonello da Messina died when Domenico Grimani was only eighteen years old, and presumably not yet a wealthy collector.

Since the Breviary follows exactly the Franciscan exemplar of Sixtus IV, published in 1477, it has been assumed that he commissioned the book. Evidently, the inference is hazardous. We are justified in asserting nothing more than a *terminus a quo*. The Anonimo declares that the artists were Memling, Gerard of Ghent, and Livinus of Antwerp. The tradition is only a generation later than the work, and therefore worthy of respect. But no student of Memling's Shrine of St. Ursula will, we think, admit a touch of his hand in this volume. Livinus is merely a name. There is a fourth miniaturist, whom we feel may possibly be Antonello da Saliba. Gerard van der Meire of Ghent is the only tangible figure. An examination of the pictures themselves shows, however, that these attributions really matter very little. No great artist worked on the Grimani Breviary. We have to do with a composite work by several accomplished journeyman illuminators, who presumably kept a shop together at Bruges. Several other products of this firm exist. The most notable is a Book of Hours in the Morgan library. Dr. Vladimir G. Simkhovitch, who discussed it about two years ago in the *Burlington Magazine*, attempted to show, unconvincingly to us, that the Morgan copy is the earlier, and afforded models for the Grimani Breviary. In any case, we have to do with an established business, and not with a group of masters especially recruited by a Mæcenas like Pope Sixtus. The Grimani Masters drew from many sources, inventing very few of the figure compositions. The finest miniatures, those traditionally ascribed to Memling, are based in great part on the magnificent compositions of the Limbourgs and on the painting of Gerard David. His influence, indeed, is strong throughout the Breviary. One need only compare the Madonna and Saints (pl. 91) and the Nativity (pl. 27) with well-known panels by David at Rouen and Vienna. So constant is this leading that one must suppose either that Gerard David designed for this shop, or that its chief was one of his immediate followers. Still, the Grimani Masters cast a wide net. The portion of the work assigned to Livinus has a Dutch suggestion; the Adam and Eve (pl. 45) is based on a picture by Hugo van der Goes, now at Vienna; everywhere there is borrowing.

What light does such a work cast upon the illuminator's art in general? The Grimani Breviary was painted nearly a generation after the invention of printing. It represents the decline of a charming art. But it does seem to bear out the theory that the miniature painter of the Middle Ages was primarily a mere executant, working upon the designs of some more famous artist, or borrowing them wherever he might. His originality, then, would lie not in the pictorial but in the purely ornamental part of the work. Now, there is abundant evidence that painters of the Middle Ages did occasionally supply designs for artisan illuminators. Moreover there is only a handful of storied manuscripts which suggest the personal touch of any great artist. It appears that the painter proper who drew or painted on vellum did so very rarely, and only at the bidding of a princely patron. Botticelli, it will be recalled, at precisely the period of the Grimani Breviary, executed a Dante for Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici. For, regarding miniature painting as in the main a copyist art, we have the analogies of ivory carving and early enamelling. Here, too, the interest lies not in invention, but in a delicate and difficult process. Evidently, we must revise in a favorable sense our estimate of the painting of the Middle Ages, if miniature painting is to be regarded, not as an art complete in itself, but mainly as a mere workshop echo of a finer art of painting that has otherwise vanished.

It may seem that we have played the devil's advocate for the famous Breviary in St. Mark's Library. We have no such intention. There are many finer illuminations, but few manuscripts on the whole more interesting. The ornamental borders, whether pictorial or decorative, are of great variety and beauty. In their profusion of flowers, architectural forms, utensils, beasts, birds, men and women at their occupations, they afford a vivacious compendium of life as it appeared to the late Flemish painters. The pictures, too, are a true repertory of the painting of the fifteenth century in the Low Countries. From these illustrations, we might, were all the rest lost, divine, if not the exquisiteness, at least the vitality and comprehensiveness of the art that began with the Limbourgs to end with Mabuse. When Cardinal Grimani left this volume to his nephew in trust for the Venetian Republic, the lucky heir begged to be allowed to retain possession of it for his lifetime. And when, in 1593, it was delivered solemnly to Doge Pasquale Cicogna, in full Senate, the republic ordered that the famous sculptor Alessandro Vittoria should do the commemorative metal work for the velvet binding. No one who examines the Grimani Breviary, either in its glass case, or more advisedly in Signor Ongania's volume, will find that these enthusiasms were misplaced.

Charles H. Sherrill has prepared a companion volume to his "Stained Glass Tours in France." England furnishes the title to the new book, which will be published by John Lane.

Students of Leonardo da Vinci are periodically stirred by rumors of a nude Mona Lisa, allied to the drawing at Chantilly and the painting at St. Petersburg. This time the missing masterpiece has turned up in Lombardy. It shows the familiar composition of the Chantilly cartoon, and has a background of flowers. In the *Ressegna d'Arte* for March, F. Malaguzzi Valeri writes upon this and several other versions of the subject, arriving at the conclusion that all are imitations, and possibly due in the first instance to Bernardino Luini. Other articles of interest are "On Some Drawings in the Louvre," by Count Carlo Gamba, who deals chiefly with unidentified drawings by Pordenone; and on Antonazo Romano, by Giorgio Bernardini.

"Florentine Sculptors of the Renaissance," by William Bode (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a beautifully printed quarto with more than ninety well-executed plates. It is a translation of Dr. Bode's well-known studies published six years ago, with the addition of two brief essays, on Leonardo da Vinci, Sculptor, and on the Medallist Niccolò Fiorentino. Otherwise there are virtually no changes from the German original, ex-

cept a swarm of loose and occasionally false renderings by the translator. For the new public an intimation that this is not a comprehensive work, but a collection of essays of varying importance, would have been useful. Again the illustrations, though finely engraved, seem casually chosen. The point of a whole essay, "On Some Youthful Works by Michelangelo," is blunted for want of a print of the Apollo and Marsyas. The book would be all the better for the omission of certain vivacities and polemics, amusing enough when the articles were written, but now irrelevant. Nobody can blame Dr. Bode for wanting to give hard knocks; he certainly has received them in full measure himself. But one tires of his constant attentions to so easy a victim as Marcel Reymond. When all is said this is a most stimulating book for a student. Few connoisseurs contrive to present their investigations in so readable a vein, and with so ripe an erudition. Almost everything about Donatello is admirable. The treatment of Luca della Robbia is in a manner classic. Short comprehensive essays like those on boy portraits and *putti* are delightfully suggestive. In short, few books of essays touch the history and criticism of the Florentine renaissance at so many vital points. Professional students know how to use Dr. Bode's writings. Others should be warned perhaps that many of his conclusions are of a tentative and most disputable sort. What he believes, for example, about the sculpture of Leonardo, finds few advocates of weight. The three bas-reliefs of the Discordia type have been ascribed by Schubring to Francesco di Giorgio, and by Venturi to Bertoldo, which seems nearer the mark. But is not the ascription of any sculpture to Leonardo merely a subjective affirmation? Where there is no accredited work we lack a critical point of departure. In what Dr. Bode writes about the early work of Michael Angelo and the medals of Niccolò few critics fully concur. Still no art historian of recent times has wider knowledge and a more coördinating mind. His reconstructions have always been valuable even when unconvincing. No one, particularly no novice, will read him without profit. We trust that Dr. Bode and his publishers will combine to give this book, in a second edition, definitive and worthy form.

"Vermeer de Delft," by Gustave Vanzype (Brussels: G. van Oest & Co.), is an unpretentious study of the most exquisite of the Dutch masters, but it is long since we have read any bit of art criticism which seems so orderly, sensitive, and comprehensive. We recommend it cordially to all lovers of the enchanting Vermeer. M. Vanzype has discovered in the Van Gelder collection near Brussels what appears to be a large sketch for the famous View of Delft at The Hague. Otherwise, the little book follows established lines, but with rare discretion and enthusiasm. There are numerous good cuts, and a catalogue raisonné, and the price is only that of a French novel. It makes for modesty to recall that as fine a critic as Fromentin scoured both Netherlands without finding a word to say on Jan Vermeer. With him the Homeric right of nodding cannot have come to an end.

"La Sculpture espagnole," by Paul Lafond (Paris: Alcide Picard), is a welcome addition to the brief popular manuals issued under the patronage of the Ministry of Fine Arts. M. Lafond writes with authority on all matters Spanish, and, if the present volume is at times rather hard reading, it is because it is if anything overfilled with information. Since there is little material available on the subject this cannot be reckoned a defect. An index of the chief monuments by places, occupying some twenty-five pages, makes this book a valuable supplement to the ordinary guides. No great sculpture was possible in Spain. Our author admits that at the outset. During the Gothic period, on the whole the best, the sense of nationality was lacking. Later the tyranny of the church kept alive the suspicion of the human body and contempt of life, that made any idealistic treatment of the human form impossible. What was left was realism and asceticism. The great sculpture of what we misleadingly call renaissance and modern Spain is to really great sculpture as the painting of Ribera and Zurburan is to really great painting. But within her limitations Spain produced much that was poignant and individual. For religious ecstasy, for the authentic ferocity of faith expressed in clay, wood, and marble we must turn to the land of Teresa of Avila. What is lacking is not sincerity (that Spain kept through the histrionic years of the Baroque), but a certain nobility, which though plainly in the Spanish character, never was permitted free expression in any but the literary art. This scholarly book opening up a new field may well supply jaded palates with a fresh sensation, akin to the Greco craze. Sober readers will also find their account in it. For either class, the numerous cuts are too small and badly executed to be of much service.

"Aus Kunst und Leben" is the title of a collection of essays, mostly on art, by Dr. P. W. von Keppler (Freiburg-im-B. and St. Louis, Mo.: Herder). Among the varied contents of the volume, the essays on Venice and Venetian art, on Siena, and on the lately discovered mediæval mural paintings at Burgfelden are perhaps the most interesting. The author, an ardent Catholic, takes the ecclesiastical side of art into special consideration. His style is picturesque and agreeable. The book is profusely illustrated.

The rebuilding of the Hohkönigsburg, instigated by Emperor William II, has lately caused a great deal of discussion. Bodo Ebhardt, the architect commissioned to carry on the work of restoration, now publishes his report, together with the history of this splendid example of mediæval architecture, "Die Hohkönigsburg im Elsass: Baugeschichtliche Untersuchung und Bericht über die Wiederherstellung," an issue in the series Deutsche Burgen (Berlin: Wasmuth Co.). The book contains much material about mediæval construction, especially interesting to architects.

The New York Society of Keramic Arts is holding this week its annual exhibition at the National Arts Club. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are water colors, studies, and portraits, by F. Janin, at Knoedler's, till April 10; old engravings, Ederheimer's; etchings and lithographs by Whistler, Wunderlich's.

Walter Florian, who died in New York April 1, was born in this city and entered the Art Students' League, where he later took charge of the men's life class. He also studied in Paris and won the gold medal at "Julian's." Later, he studied sculpture under Saint-Gaudens. Among his well-known portraits are those of the French sculptor Rodin, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Carl Schurz, Gen. Cronje, and the grandchildren of Chief Justice Fuller.

George Herbert McCord, a landscape and marine artist, died in this city April 6, at the age of sixty. He was born here, and after studying under American teachers went abroad. He had received medals at the New Orleans Exposition and the St. Louis Exposition. He was member of several societies of artists and an associate of the National Academy.

Francis H. Schell, whose sketches of civil war brought him fame, died at Germantown, Pa., April 1, at the age of seventy-nine. At the beginning of the civil war Mr. Schell was sent to the front by *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, and later became chief of the staff of artists for that periodical in the field. He was supposed to have been the first artist to make use of the balloon to draw pictures of the enemy's encampments. After the war he entered into a partnership with Thomas Hogan, and for thirty years these artists worked together. Mr. Schell was also one of the first illustrators to draw for photographic processes.

From Berlin comes the news of the death of the sculptor Prof. Ferdinand Lepcke at the age of forty-three. He is best known for his Sintflut at Bromberg, and for Der Bildhauer and Wiedersehen in the Berlin National Gallery.

The death is announced, at the age of seventy-four, of Madame Sientje Mesdag (*née* Van Houten), the wife of the sea-painter, H. W. Mesdag. She was herself a painter of some note, and a number of her pictures are to be seen at the Mesdag Museum, at The Hague.

Finance.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND THE MONEY MARKET.

Reduction of the Bank of England's official discount rate, last Thursday, to 2½ per cent. as against the 3 per cent. at which it had stood during the eleven preceding weeks, was immediately a result of the decline in open market discount rates throughout the world. When the 3 per cent. rate was established, in January, money was lending at 2¾ per cent. on the Paris market; last week it brought only 1⅛ per cent., and had been as low as 1. Outside the Bank of England, lenders of money in London, who charged 2⅝ per cent. for short loans in January, were last week putting out their funds at less than 1¾; this week, they have asked only 1½. All this was evidence of the world-wide inactivity of trade and consequent lack of employment for floating capital. With private banks and banking houses offering money almost as low as 1½ per

cent., the Bank of England, maintaining 3 per cent. as its own minimum rate, was practically out of the market. The bank has certain functions and responsibilities, in regulating the foreign exchanges and protecting its own reserve, which it fully recognizes; but it is also a joint-stock institution, and must pay at least some regard to the earning of dividends for its shareholders.

The reduction in its rate is, therefore, first a witness to the continuance in Europe of the industrial reaction which began with the panic of 1907. But it is something more than this. It is not even a mere passing incident in finance. It is the ending, for the time at any rate, of an extremely interesting financial experiment. In the middle of last January, the Bank's stock of gold, as was noted in the *Nation* of March 25, was $20,000,000 less than a year before. Not only so, but London, whose net export of gold to Paris had been only $10,000,000 in 1907, and $6,000,000 in 1906, had sent $112,000,000 to that market during 1908. Paris had captured, in the four months prior to the middle of last January, all of the $51,000,000 gold shipped to England from its Transvaal mines, and the rate of exchange between London and Paris apparently insured continuance of the movement.

One reason was, that London's open market discount rates had been ruling at 2¼ per cent., while Paris was bidding 2¾; even the Bank of France holding rates at 3 per cent., while the Bank of England fixed only 2½. The London bank resolved on its traditional *coup* of raising its own rate of discount; this was done on January 14. The first result was a rise of London private discount rates to 2¾ per cent.; the next, a rapid movement of French exchange in London's favor, until, from 25 francs 10½ centimes to the pound sterling, the Paris gold-import point, it got up on March 4 to 25.24½, or within ½ centime of the rate under which London's last previous import of gold from Paris had been made.

Next came a rush of gold into the Bank of England's reserve. Since the bank rate rose in January, the Bank of England has taken in $26,000,000 gold arrived from the Transvaal, $5,000,000 from Egypt, about $10,000,000 from New York, $2,000,000 from Germany, and about $1,000,000 from Paris. Between January 14 and last week Thursday, its total gold reserve had thus increased, as compared with the increase in the similar period of other years:

1909	$50,000,000	1905	$33,000,000
1908	20,000,000	1904	13,000,000
1907	10,000,000	1903	20,000,000
1906	35,000,000	1902	1,000,000

If the parallel is carried back further than 1902, it will be found that not in more than a quarter of a century has there been such an increase as this year's in the Bank of England's stock of gold, between the middle of January and the end of March.

Several inferences suggest themselves. One is, that the English bank is getting all at once its long-withheld share in the great supply of gold set free by the world's very large production of the period, and the meagre requirements of trade. Another is, that the historic recourse of "raising the bank rate to control the exchanges" has by no means lost its power. For further deductions, we must wait to see what happens, now that the bank rate has come down again. It is noteworthy that, when the bank reduced its rate last week, shipment of gold from New York to London ceased at once, and that, since the reduction, Paris exchange on London has fallen to 25 francs 17½ centimes. That is to say, the movement of French exchange in London's favor has retraced exactly one-half of the distance traversed since January. Furthermore, whereas the Bank of England has, since January, taken into its vaults practically all of the weekly gold arrivals from South Africa, this week the whole consignment from the Transvaal was reshipped from London to Vienna. It is therefore still a question whether the forces which operated to deplete the bank's reserve, before it advanced its discount rate in January, will not now come into play once more.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

À Kempis, Thomas Hemerken. The Sodalist's Imitation of Christ. P. J. Kennedy & Sons.
Arreguine, Víctor. La Guerra. Amor libre. Buenos Aires.
Art Prices Current, 1907-8: A Record of Sale Prices at Christie's. London: Fine Art Trade Journal.
Ayscough, John. Dromina. Putnam. $1.50.
Boni, Giacomo. Trajan's Column. Henry Frowde.
Bruce, H. Addington. The Romance of American Expansion. Moffat, Yard. $1.75 net.
Burney, C. F. Israel's Hope of Immortality. Henry Frowde. 85 cents.
Butler, Samuel. God the Known and God the Unknown. London: A. C. Fifield.
Cabell, James Branch. The Cords of Vanity. Doubleday, Page.
Calvert, Albert F., and Hartley, C. Gasquoine El Greco: An Account of His Life and Works. John Lane. $1.50 net.
Cambridge English Classics: English Bible. Authorised Version. 5 vols. Putnam.
Carter, Charles Frederick. When Railroads Were New. Henry Holt. $2 net.
Chamberlin, T. C., and others. The Tidal and Other Problems. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Channing, Edward, and Lansing, Marion Florence. The Story of the Great Lakes. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Chapin, Robert Coit. The Standard of Living Among Workingmen's Families in New York city. Charities Publication Committee. $2.
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C. Fame's Pathway. Duffield. $1.50.
Conant, Charles A. A History of Modern Banks of Issue. Putnam. $3.
Cooley, Charles Horton. Social Organization: A Study of the Larger Mind. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Davis, Norah. Wallace Rhodes: A Novel. Harper. $1.50.
De Land, Fred. Dumb no Longer: Romance of the Telephone. Washington: Volta Bureau.
Faxon, Frederick Winthrop. Annual Magazine Subject-Index for 1908. Boston: Boston Book Company. $3 net.
Fletcher, C. R. L. Historical Portraits: Richard II to Henry Wriothesley, 1400-1600. Henry Frowde. $2.90.
Forbes, Stephen Alfred, and Richardson, Robert Earl. Maps Showing Distribution of Illinois Fishes. Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History.
Fort, Charles. The Outcast Manufacturers. B. W. Dodge. $1.50.
France, Anatole. Thaïs. A translation by Robert B. Douglas. John Lane. $2.
Green, A. O. A Practical Arabic Grammar. Part II. Henry Frowde.
Griggs, Sutton E. Needs of the South. Nashville: Orion Pub. Co.
Harding, Samuel Bannister. Essentials in Mediæval History. American Book Co.
Harvey, George, and Others. On Track and Diamond. Harper. 60 cts.
Hoadley, George A. Physical Laboratory Handbook. American Book Co. 50 cents.
Jones, Harry C., and Anderson, John A. The Absorption Spectra of Solutions of Certain Salts. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Keith, Arthur Berriedale. Catalogue of Sanskrit Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library. Appendix to Vol. I. Henry Frowde.
King, Gertrude. The Landlubbers. Doubleday, Page.
King, Henry Churchill. The Laws of Friendship Human and Divine. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Kipling, Rudyard. With the Night Mail: A Story of 2000 A. D. Doubleday, Page. $1.
Knortz, Karl. Der Menschliche Körper in Sage, Brauch, und Spricbwort. Würzburg: Curt Kabltzsch.
Lang, A. The Origin of Terms of Human Relationship. Henry Frowde.
Lavay, Jerome B. Disputed Handwriting. Chicago: Harvard Book Co. $3.
Lincoln, Abraham, and the London Punch. Edited by William S. Walsh. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Macdonough, Rodney. Life of Commodore Thomas Macdonough. Boston: Fort Hill Press. $2.
Markens, Isaac. Abraham Lincoln and the Jews. Isaac Markens, No. 62 Beaver Street. $1.
Mason, Caroline Atwater. The Spell of Italy. Boston: L. C. Page.
Merry, W. W. Orationes Tum Creweianæ Tum Gratulatoriæ. Henry Frowde.
Mumford, Eben. The Origins of Leadership. University of Chicago Press.
National Teacher-Training Institute Text-Books. Book Four: The Sunday-School Teacher's School. American Baptist Publication Society.
Maur, Kate V. Saint. The Earth's Bounty. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Norton, Dora Miriam. Freehand Perspective and Sketching. Brooklyn: Published by the author.
Novikoff, Madame Olga. Reminiscences and Correspondence. 2 vols. Edited by W. T. Stead. Putnam. $7.50 net.
O'Brien, Sara R. English for Foreigners. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cts.
Osgood, Irene. Servitude. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50.

Financial.

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Petrie, W. M. Flinders. Personal Religion in Egypt Before Christianity. Harper.
Robinson, Charles Napier. The British Tar in Fact and Fiction. With Introduction by John Leyland. Harper.
Rogers, Arthur. Prophecy and Poetry: Studies in Isaiah and Browning. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.
Russell, Alexander. The Theory of Electric Cables and Networks. D. Van Nostrand. $3 net.
Sabatier, Paul. Les Modernistes: Notes d'histoire religieuse contemporaine. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.
Sawyer, H. C. The Matter with Nervousness. San Francisco: Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch.
Scott, W. Major. Aspects of Christian Mysticism. Dutton. $1 net.
Shaw, Adele Marie, and Beckwith, Carmelita. The Lady of the Dynamos. Henry Holt. $1.50.
Smith, William Walter. Religious Education: A Comprehensive Text Book. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co.
Soddy, Frederick. The Interpretation of Radium. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Solomon, Maurice. Electric Lamps. D. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Stanton, E. Brandon. Grant Vernon. Boston: Roxburgh Publishing Co. $1.
Stawell, Mrs. Rodolph. Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties. Boston: L. C. Page.
Stowell, Ellery C. Le Consul: Fonctions, Immunités, Organisation, Exequatur. Paris: A. Pedone.
Tolstoy, Leo. The Teaching of Jesus. Harper.
Vedder, Henry C. Church History Handbooks. Book I. The Early Period. Griffith & Rowland Press.
Watson, J. M. Aristotle's Criticisms of Plato. Henry Frowde.
Wilcox, Walter Dwight. The Rockies of Canada. Putnam. $5 net.
Wynne, May. The Gipsy Count. John McBride Co. $1.50.
Year Book of the United States Brewers' Association: A Review of Recent Liquor Legislation. New York.

Just Issued

The Fate of Iciodorum

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This biting allegory of protectionism, first published in the "Popular Science Monthly," is now reissued in a timely little book, with a preface, some amendments in the text, and notes illustrative of "the fulfilment of prophecy" as made in the first edition. The penetration and humor of the work seem to have made it classic.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1909.

The Week.

The action of the Assembly Judiciary Committee in reporting against the direct-primaries bill, makes it probable that the measure is killed for this session. Presumably, the managers of the machine in both houses will so manœuvre that the Legislature may appear to have given the proposal due consideration and then have voted it down. To smother the bill in committee, to burke it without even reporting it—this would afford the Governor only too good an excuse for calling an extra session. But no one need imagine that this apparent defeat has either surprised or disappointed the Governor. This is not the first time that the Legislature has balked at his plans and later accepted them. Indeed, every one of the important measures which he has urged has seemingly been beaten at the outset; this is the regular programme. But for the Governor, the fight has just begun. He has already spoken in Buffalo and Rochester with great effect. And if the present Legislature does not give us a direct-primaries law, the matter—it is practically certain—will be the dominant issue in the autumn campaign. What is necessary is that the question be fairly presented to the voters. The election last November was a complicated one, with the Presidential and Congressional candidates, as well as those for State offices, appealing for support. Next autumn, in the State at large, the candidates for Assembly can be singled out and effectively attacked unless they favor the direct primary. In many Assembly districts the issue can be made so clear and simple, by such a formidable campaigner as Gov. Hughes, that this setback can only be regarded as temporary.

Norman E. Mack's plan of a national monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the Democratic party has something in its favor. We understand that to be successful a magazine should have variety, snap, and sensation. No other subject is evidently as rich in these potentialities as the Democratic party. No other collection of men can be trusted to present a more varied series of views on any conceivable topic than a group of Democratic statesmen. The element of suspense may be provided by bringing a number of Democratic leaders together, and seeing how soon they will begin to knife each other. Interesting reading a national Democratic monthly would probably make, at least for a time. But whether it would at the same time advance the interests of the great Democratic party is more doubtful. Mr. Mack must not be carried away by the example of Editor Bryan and Editor La Follette. Bryan knows what he wants. La Follette knows what he wants. But the Democratic party does not know. A magazine standing for high tariff and free trade, public economy and paternalism, States' rights and Federal concentration, can scarcely hope to win a steady public.

W. H. Hunter, chief engineer of the Manchester Canal, and one of the experts called in on the Panama plans, gives little credence to the easy promise of a completed canal across the Isthmus in 1915. Reviewing in the Manchester *Guardian* a recent book on the Panama Canal, he points out the fallacy of assuming that the Culebra Cut yields an accurate measure of the time required to finish the canal. Because the cut will be excavated, at the present rate of progress, in less than six years, it has been argued that the crux of the engineering problem will have been surmounted. Not so, affirms Mr. Hunter. The great obstacle, and the chief consumer of time, is the flight of locks at Gatun. This engineer, like many another, has grave doubts about a safe foundation at that location, but waiving those, he says of the projected works that they are "of a sort never conceived of on this planet before":

> At Gatun the three-step twin locks (each lock is to have a usable length of 1,000 feet and a width of 110 feet) will require the completion of a complicated structure of concrete, granite masonry, and steel which will be nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, with a width of some 330 yards and a height, measured from the foundations of the lower lock to the coping of the upper, of from 55 to 60 yards! Of the time which may be required for the construction of preliminary works no living man can form even an approximate estimate, but such work must be completed before the actual building of the locks can even be begun. The locks at Gatun are to be paralleled by works of similar dimensions upon the Pacific side (except that the latter will be divided into two groups instead of being concentrated into one)—that is to say, that there are twelve locks of the dimensions already named to be built. Let these dimensions be realized, let due allowance be made for the difficulties relating to the supply and delivery of the enormous mass of materials, to the provision of the highly skilled labor required, and to the inevitable day-by-day obstructions and delays which must be encountered in the conduct of such works in such positions as these locks upon the isthmus, and it will be acknowledged that there is some reason in the suggestion that 1915 as the date for completion should be read even by the most sanguine as meaning 1919 or 1920.

This is not the cheery, dirt-flying optimism which we all like, but it sounds dangerously like the truth.

Filipinos are having old suspicions freshened by the open hostility a large section of American residents is showing toward public schools in the islands. Dr. David P. Barrows, the Director of Education, says in his latest report, that the government has checked the proper development of primary instruction by refusing funds. The appropriations, smaller this year than in 1908, will not even maintain all the schools already open. Filipino radicals, who would expel all American teachers at once, join in these obstructionist tactics; but the chief strength of the opposition derives from the white carpet-baggers who wish to keep the natives in ignorance while exploiting their labor. These Americans, says Dr. Barrows, are crying out that "the schools interfere with the availability of labor, train boys away from the fields, and expend large sums which would better be devoted to industrial and commercial development." The Manila *Times* has been campaigning stoutly for the reduction of school funds, on the ground that education should be "more practical." Such arguments, which Dr. Barrows hears on every hand in American quarters, bode ill for the men in the insular government who are sincerely working to restore the archipelago to its inhabitants.

Fair answer has never been given to the question whether the American saloon can be redeemed. Prohibitionists say it cannot, until good becomes evil and evil good; intelligent liquor dealers are sure that what is possible in Germany must be here; but, in the absence of a thorough test, all is conjecture. Neither a model barroom nor a model brewer here and there proves anything. Only concerted action by the liquor interests of a whole State or a large city will ever do that; and such a move was never made, with more than the thinnest show of thorcughness, until the Ohio Brewers' Association secured the passage of the Dean law and joined the Cincinnati Anti-Saloon League and the Municipal Reform League to stamp out dives. It is too early to gauge the success of that effort; but if they work a year for strict observance as faithfully as they have begun, we shall at least know whether reputable liquor traffic is a contradiction in terms. To renew or to retain a license under the Dean law, a saloonkeeper must swear that he has not violated the statute; the dishonest man is thus exposed to a jail sentence for perjury, and to blackmail by lawless patrons.

Charter revision is astir in many parts of the country. In most cases where a new plan of city government has been worked out, it has been modelled after the commission form, originated at Galveston, and developed subsequently by Des Moines and other cities. The latest instrument embodying that idea is the charter which has been prepared for submission to the voters of Colorado Springs on May 11. It proposes to concentrate all municipal authority in a mayor and four councilmen, who will be the only elective officers, each acting as head of one of the five city departments. The mayor is to have the further duty of naming all appointive officers, or employees, subject to a civil service system. In order to eliminate party politics as far as possible, no party name or designation shall be allowed on the ballots. Upon petition of 30 per cent. of the voters, an election must be held for the recall of any elective officer, while the initiative and referendum are provided for upon petition of 15 per cent. of the voters. Bond issues and franchises must be submitted to popular vote.

President Jordan of Stanford University, in his annual report for the year ending July 31, just issued, comes back to his former recommendations:

> That the work of the present first and second years be regarded as preparatory to the university, and that the work of these years be designated collectively as the Junior College. . . .
>
> That as soon as the work of the Junior College is effectively carried on in California by other agencies, this work shall be no longer given at the university, the date of May, 1914, being taken as a possible date on which such change may take place.

He proposes, in short, that Stanford become a university in the strict sense of the term, to which no student shall be admitted who has not done nearly as much work as is now required for entrance to a German university. Such an experiment, as we have said before in discussing President Jordan's plan, would be both interesting and valuable in this country. Most of our university study—of the graduate and professional schools—has been an outgrowth of our college courses. At Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Cornell, for example, the university departments are, so to speak, superimposed on the college, which is still maintained in full vigor. Johns Hopkins and Clark started as universities, but both have since established undergraduate departments, partly, perhaps, to serve as feeders. Neither Johns Hopkins nor Clark, we may add, can command the financial resources of Stanford. An institution of such enormous wealth, devoted to higher study, ought to exert a wide and profound influence on our educational system; it ought to find a rich field for its endeavor. And there are on the Pacific Coast a number of colleges well equipped for giving that undergraduate instruction which President Jordan would relegate to other institutions. From this distance no reason appears why Stanford should not, in a few years, take this important step.

The existence of the Clemenceau Cabinet is more seriously menaced by the latest revelations concerning naval mismanagement than by any number of impending labor insurrections. The French navy has made a deplorable record during the last few years. A number of war vessels, including one battleship and several cruisers, have been wrecked or damaged by explosion, by collision, and by being run aground. The laborers in the naval arsenals have been in a state of chronic mutiny. On board ship discipline has been reported as breaking down. The large number of accidents was attributed to the growing habit of opium-smoking among the officers. Not long ago the government forced the retirement of an admiral who openly declared that the fleet was in no condition to meet an enemy. The ships were said to be short of supplies and fittings. To complete the circle, a commission of inquiry is now bringing to light the most astounding instances of peculation on the part of naval contractors. Russia, the classic home of official thievery, must look to her laurels, if half what is told concerning the French navy be true. At a time, therefore, when the nations are going mad over naval defence, France seems to be finding out that she has scarcely a navy at all. Similar revelations regarding the disorganization of the French army in the winter of 1904 forced the resignation of Premier Combes just as he was about to crown his career by passing the Separation Law. The French army to-day is in good condition. That the navy should have been allowed to come to such an evil pass is a grave reflection on M. Clemenceau's administrative ability.

The scheme of reforms for India is still in the modelling stage. Probably the most important feature of Lord Morley's plan is the creation of Provincial Executive Councils to which natives are to be admitted. Now, since the Executive Council in India is really the ruling body, the step is a far-reaching one, it is still being debated, and its fate is uncertain. As for the Viceroy's Executive Council, Lord Morley only a short time ago was not prepared to go so far as to make one of its six members a native. That, however, is what he has recently done. The results of this action are bound to be far-reaching. In the first place, the appointment ought practically to solve the problem of the Provincial Councils. Once the Viceroy's Council has been thrown open, it would be absurd to keep the inferior councils closed. The new appointee is a distinguished Hindu lawyer, Mr. Sinha, who succeeds an Englishman as legal member. The London *Times* says that for the first time since the begin-

ning of British rule in India, "the supreme authority will shortly pass from exclusively British hands." It goes on to emphasize the gravity of the step:

> A member of the Viceroy's Executive Council is much more than a departmental chief. He is, in a truer sense than the ministers of most European states, a ruler of men, and he should have the intellect and the moral training of a ruler. The largest and the weightiest problems in all branches of government come before him, and the decisions which he and his colleagues reach not only affect the lives of the 300,000,000 inhabitants of India, but often exercise a powerful influence upon the policy and the fortunes of the empire. For him there are no State secrets and no confidential documents. He has a right to know and to debate the *imperii arcana*. The most delicate mysteries of diplomacy, the most carefully guarded of military precautions, are trusted to his faith and to his discretion.

In other words, were the Viceroy's Council confronted with the possible danger of another Sepoy rebellion, a native of India would be party to the British plans. The impartial judge must, however, conclude that, on the whole, the new arrangement will remove the cause for more rebellions than it will incite.

THE SENATE TARIFF.

The tariff bill which Mr. Aldrich reported to the Senate on Monday is, properly speaking, no tariff bill at all. It is the Payne bill scratched and scored, with a mixture of the Dingley bill mangled. Important schedules are left for later introduction. Like the deformed Richard, the Aldrich bill can say that it was

> sent before my time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up.

For the speed with which this patchwork was laid before the Senate, reasons are given in the report from the Finance Committee, or, rather, from its Republican members. The urgent need of passing a tariff bill at the earliest day possible, in order to end business uncertainty, is dwelt upon as justification for asking the Senate to take up and discuss an incomplete measure. This is sound enough, especially in view of the fact that the Senate may alter the bill out of its original semblance, and also that the final rates are to be written in conference between the two houses. Yet this plausible excuse that the king's business requireth haste, does not explain the whole procedure. It is plain that, in some of the contested parts of the tariff, the Republicans on the Finance Committee could not agree. Wood pulp, coal, hides, together with the entire provision respecting maximum and minimum duties, and the administrative sections, are "left open for further action." What lies behind that specious phrase, everybody knows: good trading material has been placed in the hands of the log-rollers. What will emerge, after they have got their work done, nobody can tell. Yet final judgment on the Senate bill must be deferred until we do see what comes out of the Senatorial melting-pot.

As the Aldrich bill stands, it has some features which are better than the corresponding ones in the Payne bill. The Senate rejects the 100 per cent. increases over the Dingley duties on gloves, and restores the rates as in the existing law. These themselves are too high, even considered as a tax on an imported luxury. Still, the Finance Committee has repelled this grab, and has also resisted the attempt to raise the taxes on hosiery; and for this, due credit must not be withheld. And if it is true, as Senator Aldrich asserts, that the rates in the Senate bill are "lower than in the bill as it passed the House," this fact will appear as the measure is analyzed, and the country will decide whether Republican pledges have been kept.

Meanwhile, we are bound to note certain disquieting symptoms. Senator Aldrich plumes himself on the fact that "the actual number of reductions" is "about three times the number of increases." But why any increases at all? The demand of the people, and the demand of President Taft, was for reductions. The President has declared that the increases should be "few, if any." But one-third is not a few. These increases are blandly explained by Senator Aldrich as in part due to the need of "preserving the symmetry of the schedules." The rueful taxpayer knows all about that symmetry. It is symmetrical greed, perfectly harmonious division of the plunder, on the principle that if you don't give me my share of the booty, by Heaven, I'll prevent you from getting yours. Furthermore, there is a suspicious change in the Senate bill from *ad valorem* to specific duties. This is especially the case in the cotton and silk schedules. Now, specific duties are the notorious lurking-places of tariff "jokers," and it will be necessary to submit these new specific duties to close and expert examination in order to discover just who are the manufacturers and campaign contributors that have been getting in their fine work.

We think, too, that the country will regard the taking of iron ore off the free list, where the House put it, as not only a backward step, but an ominous one. It gives color to the rumor that the Senate was all along determined to make short work of free hides, free coal, and free wood pulp. It is about those articles that the Senatorial "hog combine" was reported to be forming, and the restoration of iron ore to the dutiable list will cause fears for the worst in the other items, too. Making iron ore free was, as Congressman McCall pointed out, one of the significant and strategic features of the Payne bill. It meant a determination to withdraw a perfectly needless protection from the few great corporations which control practically all the iron-ore deposits in this country. By so much, it implied a purpose to tax wealth, not poverty, at least in the sense that wealth would not be aided by law to heap up its accumulations at the expense of the masses of the people. But this good impression of the Payne bill, Senator Aldrich and his colleagues have at once gone to work to destroy.

Tariff legislation has now entered upon its really critical stage. The next few weeks will show whether the Senate can be responsive to public sentiment, or whether selfish and powerful interests are so firmly entrenched in the upper chamber of Congress that no popular attack can dislodge them. We may be sure that President Taft will not be deceived by any glib assurances that the Aldrich bill is a sufficient fulfilment of party promises, or a measure that will actually relieve the consumer. He will look closely to the facts. If they convince him that the tariff bill, in its final form, is playing fast and loose with the country, he will not hesitate to say so; and if a treacherous measure is in the end offered for his signature, it will, we are confident, get instead a veto.

THE DEMOCRATIC BREAK-UP.

Republican tariff-thieves are rejoicing that many Democrats are becoming as one of them. That is the real moral significance of all the talk about South-

ern Democrats having been at last converted from the error of their free-trade ways. Their showing in the House has, in truth, already been bad. It will probably be even worse in the Senate, as opportunity offers. Over thirty Southern Democrats voted in the House last week against the amendment to make lumber free. One of them was the chairman of the last Democratic National Convention, which said in its platform:

> We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on wood-pulp, print-paper, *lumber*, timber, and logs, and that these articles be placed upon the *free list*.

Political recreancy could not well be more unblushing. Looking at it, first, from the point of view of party, we can now see plainly how vain it would have been, in the last Presidential campaign, for tariff-reformers to pin their hopes to the election of Mr. Bryan. Himself never really a soldier in the war against protection, he had come to have a party following so drugged and debauched by protective and other socialistic arguments, that it could not be depended upon to attack resolutely even the most flagrant iniquities of the high tariff. Two Democratic Representatives were talking last week about the great defection on the tariff within their own party. One of them said that, on that issue, they had lost the Democratic whip, as well as the chairman of their National Convention and a Democratic member of the Ways and Means Committee. "Yes," chimed in his colleague, "and let us thank God the Democratic Presidential candidate was not also in the House, or he might have voted for a duty on oil." Of course, there have always been some Democrats who called themselves, openly or secretly, protectionists. Mr. Randall headed a group which, before Cleveland's day, prevented any revision of the tariff. But after the party has in four Presidential campaigns hoisted the banner of a tariff for revenue only, has once carried the country on that issue, and finally forced the Republicans to take it up, it becomes an act of peculiar turpitude for a Representative to say: "I am a Democrat to the core, but I am a protectionist." When you penetrate to that "core," you find a strong desire for a portion of the tariff swag. And the proportion of Democrats that now confess themselves to be actuated by that desire is large enough to rob their party both of its prestige and its power.

The explanation, to be sure, lies at hand. Poor human nature being what it is, the motive for going in for a part of the tariff plunder is obvious. It has been bluntly put by Senator Tillman. "Your whole system," he said to the Republican Senators, "is one of stealing; but so long as the stealing is going on, we of the South propose to have our share of the booty." Nor would we too severely blame the Representatives themselves. Behind them stands the mass of their constituents, with itching palms. The fatal lesson has been drilled into them that every citizen is entitled to finger coin from the national Treasury; that the only way to get on in business is to obtain a Federal grant in aid; and that the way to make a fortune is to secure the right to tax your fellows, so that their property may be, under the color of law, transferred to you. With these ideas both preached and practised for more than a generation, and with the "new South" reproached so long for standing for a principle, instead of rushing to fill its pockets out of the public funds, it is not a political miracle that we see Democratic Representatives from the South unable to withstand the pressure of selfishness and greed in their districts. While we must lament this, we cannot deny that it is wholly intelligible.

What we cannot easily understand, however, is the jubilation of high-tariff Republicans over Democratic accessions to their band. It is much like the illtimed rejoicing at England's lurch away from free trade, or the raising of protective barriers in France and Germany. Considered from the narrowest self-interest of protection, this is a mistake. Success in that game can be won only when large numbers are "frozen out." Protection made universal, ceases to protect. There must always be some nation, or some class in a nation, unprotected, and hence open to exploitation, otherwise protection, on its own theory, is a dead failure. Therefore, to have Democrats insisting upon breaking into the grand system of log-rolling and corrupt bargaining which goes to the making of a protective tariff, is really an embarrassment to the high-tariff experts and beneficiaries. It makes their task both more difficult in execution and more dubious in effect. If tariff favors are too widely distributed, with too even a hand, they cease by so much to be favors. And if we pass from protectionist tactics to public morals, what does all this mirth of the high-tariff Republicans over Democratic betrayals amount to? Why, merely to saying: "Others have become as bad as we are. They do not believe any longer in a fair field and no favor. To our doctrine of grab and push and squeeze and filch, they have come over. They will strengthen the forces of selfishness and of Socialism. They will fasten so many more blood-suckers upon the Treasury. They will sow envy and hate. They will be recruits to the army of political corruption. Therefore, let us thank God and take courage!"

ANGLO-GERMAN DIPLOMACY.

If statesmanship in Germany and England has not gone sterile, and diplomacy become imbecile, some way of making and keeping the peace between those two countries will speedily be found. The present situation of either, as pictured by its own public men, is growing rapidly to be intolerable; while their relations, as expressed in the alarms and jealousies and recriminations over the desperate competition in naval armaments, are daily becoming more bitter and tense. If ever there was a chance for large statesmanship, it is offered to-day on both sides of the North Sea.

Consider the plight of both nations, as they themselves confess it. It is, primarily, a contest between them of exhaustion. Each is studying the other to see which will first bleed to death. By heightened and oppressive taxation, each is opening its veins; and the financial doctors are standing by to determine which one will first fall fainting to the ground. Mr. Chiozza Money, the English statistical expert, has been taking stock of British wealth that can be flung into the ship-building game, and gravely assures his countrymen that, if they stand ready to surrender their last penny, they can hold out in the wasteful competition a year or two longer than Germany. Misery confronts the people of both countries, if the path they are now treading is followed to the end, but both are seemingly prepared so to pursue it. If Bishop Butler were alive, he would find in this Anglo-German madness fresh prompting and point to his speculation whether it were possible for a whole nation to go crazy.

As if to add to the impression of lunacy, the very naval experts in the two countries, who have precipitated the trouble, are now confessing that they are not sure even of their own ground. They are straining every nerve to carry out a policy which they have to admit may be entirely mistaken. The British Admiralty has placed all its faith in Dreadnoughts, yet is not sure even of them. That the new monsters have practically made England's preceding splendid fleet of battleships and cruisers unavailable for the line of battle, was reluctantly conceded by the First Lord of the Admiralty in the House of Commons the other day. But when pressed for reasons why the government did not, then, order at once eight of the indispensable Dreadnoughts, instead of four, he replied that he was not certain that the best type had yet been found. Thus, as the Dreadnoughts had made the pre-Dreadnoughts antiquated, the post-Dreadnoughts may send the Dreadnoughts to the scrap-heap. Moreover, the development of the warship of the air may soon make the battleships of the sea a vain thing for safety. Pending that event, we have now the report that naval expert opinion, in both Germany and England, is veering to the conviction that future naval battles will be decided, after all, not by Dreadnoughts, but by torpedo-boats! Thus it seems that, for all the taxpayers know, their money is being wrung from them only to be as truly wasted as if it were cast into the sea.

There was a vast amount of bristling military talk when the House of Commons debated, on March 29, the vote of censure on the government, but the most sensible thing said came in a question addressed to the Prime Minister. A member, W. P. Byles, asked Mr. Asquith whether the time were not auspicious for discussing with Germany "the mutual reduction of armaments"; and whether the existing strain did not present "a suitable opportunity for renewing in more definite form the British proposals for an Anglo-German understanding concerning the extent and cost of the naval programmes of the two countries." The Prime Minister replied that the government was "prepared either to make or to receive" such proposals, but did not wish to urge them "where they are not likely to be welcome." But the questioner persisted: Would not the Prime Minister "watch out for an opportunity?" "Yes," said Mr. Asquith. "We have been watching for it a long time."

There we have the open door to a good understanding. If diplomacy did not exist, it would have to be invented to avail itself of this great chance. Neither the German government nor the English can justify itself to its own subjects, to say nothing of the deliberate judgment of mankind, if it neglects so plain an opportunity to compose an insensate quarrel. Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, spoke in the House with great restraint and fairness. He warned the extremists on either side. If England, on the one hand, attempted to isolate Germany, or if Germany, on the other, sought to "dominate and dictate the policy of the Continent," a conflict would be almost inevitable. But between these two violent extremes, which he believed that the sober people of either land would not countenance, Sir Edward Grey asserted that "there is a wide space in which the two nations can walk together in a perfectly friendly way." This sentiment found a speedy echo in Germany. Noteworthy is the fact that the Social-Democrats in the Reichstag have sent greetings to the Labor members of Parliament. This is significant of the way in which the struggling masses in either country resent the steps by which militarism is crushing out social reform, and binding burdens grievous to be borne upon the backs of the workingmen. It is for enlightened statesmanship to give heed. The troublous conditions fairly clamor for those "four men around a table" who, Lord Salisbury used to say, could settle any international question if they were given a free hand. Public-spirited citizens in both these educated and civilized nations cannot stand by consenting when the policy of suspicion and hatred is leading straight to financial ruin, if not to a wicked and terrible war. We believe that both German and English diplomacy is ready to make an effort for agreement. All it needs is a little *vis a tergo*. It is for public opinion to push on conciliatory statesmanship to the needed activity.

CONVERSATION.

Is conversation, like letter-writing, rapidly becoming one of the lost arts? Complaints to that effect are heard even in the classic land of conversation—France. If we may believe Abel Bonnard, the tribe of those in Parisian society who deliver a monologue, evidently prepared, and call it conversation, is mightily increased; while the number of really good *causeurs*, able to take the chance word or the accidental subject and play upon it, and make it flutter, butterfly-like, from chair to chair at dinner or in salon, is not what it was when Matthew Arnold wrote in praise of the intellectual quality of French social pleasures. In England, it is said that many think it good form to refuse to converse at all. With us, a similar rule has been creeping in—a rule partly of mercy to the listener to fashionable small talk, partly of necessity, founded in the mental limitations of the talker—and hired "entertainers" more and more relieve the social tedium. We believe that H. G. Wells reported only one place in America where he found that conversation had been kept alive, and that was at the Round Table in the Congressional Library at Washington.

These views, however, we think too pessimistic. The decay of conversation cannot be made out by confining our study of the subject to those who do not converse. Nor are those monopolizing tyrants of the social scene who lecture all comers, and will allow no dog to bark in their presence, the best authorities on the decline of wit and the waning of repartee. According to Buckle, the conversation of Charles Darwin was very far below the level of his books. But Darwin's own account of the interview was that Buckle talked so incessantly that he himself was not able to utter a word. Yet there have been usurping conversers, or haranguers, who would have taken Darwin's mute listening, on that occasion, as a signal display of a high gift for conversation. One who gives attentive ear to your prolonged brilliance can hardly be without talent.

If intellectual conversation is, indeed, disappearing from the world, it is certain that we cannot stay its flight by taking thought. Since it is by nature spontaneous and impromptu, any painful going about to make a set labor of it, or a discipline, or to study up in advance for an encounter of congenial spirits, must be fatal. The form may be kept alive by such means, but the

spirit is murdered. Nothing can be more deadly than to meet a conversationalist freshly primed, and craftily seeking an opening to discharge his carefully loaded weapon. Dr. Holmes's social ornament who was fluent and surprising on all subjects, down to the letter M, but an ignoramus from there to Z, illustrates the perils of talking not only like an encyclopædia, but straight out of an encyclopædia. M. Bonnard writes in the *Figaro* of an experience of his own. At a certain breakfast which he attended, one of the guests fairly emitted radiance. Throughout the entire meal he kept up his exhibition of knowledge and command of epigram, until finally some one asked him in sheer wonder how he managed to sustain his *verve* so brilliantly. "Oh, well," was the horrible confession, "when I know that I am to spend an hour in witty company, I prepare myself before coming." This, truly, was to carry secret weapons to a meeting where the honest gentleman goes unarmed.

The chief rule of conversation is that it must have no rules. There can be nothing cut-and-dried about it. People meeting by chance, or by appointment, do not solemnly say to each other: "Go to, let us converse," just as they might say: "Let us have a game of bridge." The fine flower of conversation is that it is a continual surprise, a perpetual voyage of discovery, even to those taking part in it. They cannot tell where the give-and-take will carry them. They only know that, once embarked, the wind will blow them where it listeth. It is theirs to yield themselves, not to struggle. If they visibly resent and resist the course which improvised conversation is taking, they at once break the magic spell, and might as well be in a class or listening to a sermon.

Yet even the unlimited charter of conversation contains one restriction. The work must be one of collaboration. The really "great conversers" are not the men who dominate the table or the drawing-room with a flow of eloquence that brooks no interruption, but those who have the art and the grace to contribute something of their own while drawing out the best that others have. Macaulay must have been overpowering and dazzling at times, but we should prefer being oftenest in the company of men like Hallam, with his mouth "filled with cabbage and contradiction." In this idea of coöperation in conversation, there is, also, comfort for the stupid man. The presence of even a dunce among *gens d'esprit* sometimes gives to the latter, according to M. Bonnard, a new sense of mutual understanding and complicity, so that they gladly pour out their riches more fully than usual before their stolid companion. This thought should give the most despondent fresh hope. If conversation depends upon a supply of dull people, it must and shall be preserved.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The passing of Swinburne last Saturday morning will be to many like the closing of the door to another of the chambers of romance. And this may be said in an almost literal sense. For years, the Pines at Putney Hill, where Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton have lived together, has been the goal of longing for the more romantic of England's younger poets. The life of the two men was passed latterly in a kind of fraternal retirement, not even much broken, we believe, by the recent marriage of Mr. Watts-Dunton; but their home was the refuge of a great tradition, and their example an inspiration to those who regretted the on-creeping of the grayer reign of prose. Not only was the house stored with the pictures and other tangible relics of Rossetti and those others who maintained the protest of a rebellious imagination through the mid-Victorian days, but something of the very mental atmosphere and authority had been carried from the famous house in Cheyne Walk, where they had waited upon Rossetti, to their freer dwelling on Putney Hill.

Swinburne was born in social circumstances which permitted him to follow from the first his natural bent. His family connections were aristocratic. His mother was a daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham, his father, Charles Henry Swinburne, was an admiral in the Britsh navy, his grandfather a rich north country baronet. He was born in London on the fifth of April, 1837, and in due course, he was sent to Eton, where he speedily acquired a reputation as an eager but capricious student. He was then, as all through his life, fond of acquatic sports, and became a famous swimmer. But of his boyish days not much is known. From Eton he went to Oxford, entering as a commoner at Balliol in 1856, and before long he became a prominent figure in the Union, where he made the friendship of Morris, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti. In later days a magazine writer, referring to his appearance at that time, said:

> I shall never forget my first meeting with Algernon C. Swinburne, the poet, now famous, then unknown. It was in the rooms of the Oxford Union Society, and I still have before my mind's eye the vision of a slight youth, whose whole appearance indicated individuality. His locks were of the tint so dear to the pre-Raphaelites, and there was a superfluity of them on his head, with a few struggling hairs on his delicate chin. His complexion was white as a statuette, his throat slender as a girl's, his features refined, his upper lip proud as that of a Scottish chieftain. He is, in fact, Scotch in type of physiognomy, as also in the supple clean limbs, so different from those of wiry, robust Matthew Arnold, or stalwart William Morris. It was impossible to remove one's gaze from a being so unlike the average men of intellectual humanity.

But he reaped no laurels in his university career, although he was known as a classical scholar of considerable attainments. Without taking a degree, he left college and made a Continental tour, in the course of which he encountered Walter Savage Landor. The similarity of their tastes led to an intimacy which was not without influence on the younger man. Upon his return to England, he went to live in Chelsea for a while, sharing a home with Rossetti and George Meredith. Already he had ventured into print with three articles and a poem, published in "Undergraduate Papers," in 1858. In 1860, he made his first pretentious publication in two plays, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," which did not attract much attention. Five years later came his "Atalanta in Calydon," which at once gave him a place in literary London. Everywhere it was recognized as a masterpiece of its kind, wonderfully rich in its imagery and in the melody and power of its diction. Some of the critics found fault with the tricks of alliteration and a certain wild exuberance of language—flaws which were to become more serious faults in his maturer works—but all admitted the brilliancy and sheer poetic beauty of the achievement. "Atalanta" was followed speedily by "Chastelard," the first of many compositions in which Mary, Queen of Scots, was to figure. Then followed the first series of "Poems and Ballads" (under the title "Laus Veneris") in which Swinburne broke the bonds of all restraint, giving vent to morbid suggestions and exposing himself thereby to a series of fierce denunciations.

In 1867 he published his "Song of Italy," with its new note of radicalism, which in some of his poems was to swell into a tumult of vituperation, and which, with the improprieties of his "Poems and Ballads," prevented him from being a possible candidate for the Laureateship after the death of Tennyson. From this date he sent out a rapid succession of dramas and lyrical and narrative poems: "Sienna" (1868), "Songs before Sunrise" (1871), "Bothwell" (1874), "Songs of Two Nations" (1875),

"Erechtheus" (1876), "Poems and Ballads, Second Series" (1878), "The Modern Heptalogia" (1880), "Songs of the Springtides" (1880), "Studies in Song" (1880), "Mary Stuart" (1881), "Tristram of Lyonesse and Other Poems" (1882), "A Century of Roundels" (1883), "A Midsummer Holiday and Other Poems" (1884), "Marino Faliero" (1885), "Locrine" (1887), "Poems and Ballads, Third Series" (1889), "Sisters" (1892), "Astrophel and Other Poems" (1894), "A Tale of Balen" (1896), "Rosamund" (1899), "The Duke of Gandia" (1908). All these, with the exception of the last named, have been republished by Harper & Bros. in a uniform edition of eleven volumes, with a dedicatory epistle to Mr. Watts-Dunton.

His prose has not yet been added to the uniform edition of his works, and in part has never appeared in book form. It runs parallel with his verse, and, indeed, began in 1866 with a retort upon his critics under the title of "Notes on Poems and Reviews." There followed: "William Blake, a Critical Essay" (1867), "Under the Microscope" (1872), "George Chapman" (1875), "A Note on Charlotte Brontë" (1877), "A Study of Shakespeare" (1880), "Miscellanies" (1886), "A Study of Victor Hugo" (1886), "Study of Ben Jonson" (1889), "Studies in Prose and Poetry" (1894), "Love's Cross Currents" (1905; a novel written much earlier), "Age of Shakespeare" (1908).

Swinburne, like his living friend, was thus both poet and critic, but if the influence of the two is analyzed it will be found that his power has been primarily in the way of direct example, whereas the hold of Mr. Watts-Dunton on the younger generation is more that of the maker of critical phrases. To the latter, for instance, we owe the formula, which by the poetical protestants of to-day is proclaimed as a summing up of the movement started by Coleridge and Wordsworth and as the watchword for the romantic rebellion of to-morrow—the Renascence of Wonder. It is indeed one of the intuitions that come only to the critic of genius; its full meaning can be appreciated by those alone who know how systematically the critics of the early eighteenth century suppressed the sense of wonder—mystery, or enthusiasm, they called it—which stirs us in such writers as Sir Thomas Browne, and how deliberately Coleridge attempted to restore that emotion. Whether the preaching of that gospel in the particular form given to it by the *par nobile* of Putney Hill is altogether suitable to the time, whether there is not a strain of falsetto running through their fury, is another question. At least the tactless indiscretion of some of their disciples, such as James Douglas, the biographer of Mr. Watts-Dunton, is of a kind to make us doubt.

The part of Swinburne in this battle of the romantics might be characterized, not invidiously, as the renascence of sound. When he first took the public with his "Atalanta in Calydon," discerning readers knew that here was a music, a riot of rhythmical sound, which for almost two centuries had not been heard in England. It might be described as a renascence of the harmonies of Milton's and Sir Thomas Browne's prose, moving now to the measured step of verse. Tennyson had perhaps pointed the way, but he had not found the exultant swing and the impetuous disdain that liberated the lines of the younger poet. And if any doubted of the new music, they must have been persuaded when the next year came the "Poems and Ballads,"

> When, with flame all around him aspirant,
> Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,
> The implacable, beautiful tyrant,
> Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;
> And a sound as the sound of loud water
> Smote far through the flight of the fires,
> And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
> A thunder of lyres.

That stanza of "Dolores" might almost be taken as a portrait of the young poet himself, with his lyre of thunder, his new melodies as of the beating of loud water, and, to many it might seem, with his shameless taste for death and the sting of morbid desires.

So with his prose. It is probable that those who admire his critical essays do so chiefly on account of the rolling cadences of his language. He was not a man of ideas, nor was his taste ever certain; all things to him were "incomparable," incomparably good or incomparably bad, with no middle ground whatever. Readers who look primarily for thought and judgment are for the most part strongly repelled by Swinburne's rhapsodical manner; they may even be bold enough to whisper that all this is sound and fury, signifying nothing. But under the right inspiration, he could at times set a critical emotion, if not a critical idea, to a singing melody of words as magnificent as it was inimitable. Passages of his volume on Blake read like the stumbling prophetic books of the seer translated into a rhythmical ecstasy:

> At the entrance of the labyrinth we are met by huge mythologic figures, created of fire and cloud. Titans of monstrous form and yet more monstrous name obstruct the ways; sickness or sleep never formed such savage abstractions, such fierce vanities of vision as these: office and speech they seem at first to have none: but to strike or clutch at the void of air with feeble fingers, to babble with vast lax lips a dialect barren of all but noise, loud and loose as the wind.

It would not be easy to express more resonantly the emotion aroused by a first introduction to the mythical figures of Blake, and to his "amazing capacity for such illimitable emptiness of mock-mystical babble."

The literary sources of Swinburne's mastery of sound are not altogether easy to trace. Evidently it is in part a revival of the large rhythms and polyphonous words of seventeenth-century English prose; a true renascence, indeed. But it owed much also to foreign models. The melody of Victor Hugo he thought more sublimely beautiful than any music heard since the morning stars sang together; and he evidently sought to catch some echo of these harmonies in English. For Spanish we do not know that he had any special predilection, yet to our ear his rhythms have more affinity to the sweeping majesty of that language than to his beloved French or to any other modern tongue. In the lyrics of Espronceda's "El Diablo Mundo," in the grave lilt of the opening words, "Boguemos, Boguemos," we have something that suggests very strongly the manner of the later English poet.

But withal the sheer delight in prolonged, reverberant sound was in the man himself. There are stories abroad that show him on a day of storm pacing swiftly back and forth in a room, mouthing out poetry to the rhythm of the wind, and raising his voice to a defiant shout at the rattle of the thunder. It was his very temper. If a cab-man asked him for more pay, the fellow might be deluged with choruses from the Greek tragedians till he drove away as from a maniac. Above all, he loved the ocean, not so much, apparently, for its radiant and variable beauty, but, like De Quincey, for its lisping and clamorous voices and for its responsiveness to the free-blowing winds. He loved its rhythmical motion also, and his verse is never more successful than when inspired by the joy of the swimmer buffeting the waves of the deep sea. He revelled in its salt, estranging charms with a pagan, sensuous delight:

> I will go back to the great sweet mother,
> Mother and lover of men, the sea.
> I will go down to her, I and none other,
> Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me.
> Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast:
> O fair white mother, in days long past
> Born without sister, born without brother,
> Set free my soul as thy soul is free.
>
> O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
> Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
> Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
> Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
> Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
> Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
> Those pure cold populous graves of thine
> Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

Other poets may have accomplished greater things during the lifetime of Swinburne, there may be something to censure in his methods and themes, but he cannot be deprived of the honor of being the greatest master of musical words in the nineteenth century.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.

Francis Marion Crawford, the novelist, died at Sorrento, Italy, April 9, after a long illness. He was born in Italy in 1854, the son of Thomas Crawford, in his day a well-known American sculptor, and Louisa Cutler Ward, a sister of Julia Ward Howe. At an early age he showed an aptitude for language and became familiar with French, German, and Italian. When he was twelve he came to this country and began his more formal education at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. Three years later he was back again in Italy. By that time he had developed a taste for mathematics, a taste which ultimately led him to Cambridge University, England. There he is said to have paid more attention to athletics than to study. Without finishing his course at Cambridge, he went to Karlsruhe and Heidelberg, and finally to Italy, where he became much interested in Sanscrit. The pursuit of Sanscrit took him to India, where for more than a year he edited the Allahabad *Indian Herald*. By 1880 he was in Italy again, hanging on the outskirts of journalism. Then family affairs drew him to this country, where he found his final vocation.

Here he was dividing his time between Boston and New York, with incidental study of Sanscrit at Harvard. At a dinner in New York with his uncle, "Sam" Ward, he told the story of a man named Jacobs, who, as agent for an English syndicate, sold what was then supposed to be the biggest diamond in the world to the Nizam of Hyderabad for $240,000. The English government protested, on the ground that a petty ruler should not squander so much money. Mr. Ward thought the tale a good one, and advised Crawford to make a novel out of it, though the young man had always declared he had no constructive imagination. The result of the attempt was the highly successful story, "Mr. Isaacs," published in 1882. He followed it up the next year with "Dr. Claudius," and then Thomas Bailey Aldrich got him to write "A Roman Singer" for the *Atlantic Monthly*. After that he generally composed at least one novel a year, and sometimes two or three in the course of the twelvemonth. Doubtless, he wrote too rapidly, for at the time of his death he seemed to have passed the summit of his literary career. His later books were not so successful as the earlier. The great popularity which his novels long enjoyed was deserved, in the sense that he was an excellent story-teller, and the world will be served with story-telling. No one in his generation excelled him for mastery of movement and sustained interest in his narratives. Then, too, he had travelled widely, and he showed an exceptional faculty for the effective use of local color. It was in picturing Italy, however, that he chiefly excelled, as in the Saracinesca stories. His characters were not always free from convention, but in the main they were human and likeable, showing his power of keen if not penetrating observation. For literary workmanship, or for profound thought, he was never distinguished; but such qualities were not demanded in a writer so facile, so alert, so interesting. His chief works are: "To Leeward" (1884), "An American Politician" (1884), "Zoroaster" (1885), "A Tale of a Lonely Parish" (1886), "Marzio's Crucifix" (1887), "Paul Patoff" (1887), "Saracinesca" (1887), "With the Immortals" (1888), "Greifenstein" (1889), "Sant' Ilario" (1889), "A Cigarette Maker's Romance" (1890), "Khaled" (1891), "The Witch of Prague" (1891), "The Three Fates" (1892), "The Children of the King" (1892), "Don Orsino" (1892), "Marion Darche" (1893), "Pietro Ghisleri" (1893), "The Novel—What It Is" (1893), "Katherine Lauderdale" (1894), "Love in Idleness" (1894), "The Ralstons" (1894), "Constantinople" (1895), "Casa Braccio" (1895), "Adam Johnstone's Son" (1895), "Taquisara" (1896), "A Rose of Yesterday" (1897), "Corleone" (1897), "Ave Roma Immortalis" (1898), "Via Crucis" (1899), "In the Palace of the King" (1900), "The Rulers of the South" (1900), "Marietta, a Maid of Venice" (1901), "Cecilia, a Story of Modern Rome" (1902), "The Heart of Rome" (1903), "Whosoever Shall Offend" (1904), "Soprano, a Portrait" (1905), "Venetian Gleanings" (1905), "A Lady of Rome" (1906), "Arethusa" (1907), "The Little City of Hope" (1907), and "Francesca da Rimini," a play (1902).

Several of these volumes, it will be noted, are historical or descriptive. His writings on Rome, Venice, and Sicily, though not the work of a trained historian, were from the hand of a competent craftsman, who always saw the romantic and fascinating side of his subject. At the time of his death he was engaged on a "History of Rome in the Middle Ages," which was to extend through several volumes.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The remarkable catalogue of the library of the late E. Dwight Church, upon which George Watson Cole has been working for seven years, is nearing completion. The first portion, Vols. I to V, describing the collection of Americana (unequalled in private hands) was published in 1907. The second portion, describing other books collected by Mr. Church, mainly English literature, will form two additional volumes, the first of which has just been issued, and the second of which is in the press. Bibliographically and typographically, the catalogue is as notable as the collection which it describes. Collations are full and exact, and the title-pages of more than three hundred important volumes have been reproduced in fac-simile. In the notes, variations in different issues are pointed out, and references are made to the most important bibliographies and sources of information; and of many important books, other copies are noted in public or private libraries. The issue consists of 150 copies on Dutch hand-made paper, printed at the University Press.

The Americana were arranged chronologically; this second portion is arranged alphabetically by authors, with a few subject headings. For example, in this first volume, which extends to Kempis, the books on angling, and those illustrated by Bewick and Cruikshank, are grouped in classes. Among the older English authors Mr. Church's strongest interest lay in his collections of Shakespeare and Spenser. The Shakespeare collection is certainly the finest in America, and is surpassed by only four others in England—those of the British Museum, of the Bodleian, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of the Duke of Devonshire. The Shakespeare folios show more variations in title-pages than were ever before brought together in a single library. Mr. Church, it will be remembered, purchased the famous "Rowfant" library entire, in order to secure Mr. Locker-Lampson's Shakespeare quartos. The Shakespeare collection will be described in the second volume of the English portion, and a more particular note about it will be given later. The books on angling 87 lots, include one of the finest sets of the rare first five editions of Walton's "Complete Angler" ever brought together. The first edition (1653) in the original sheep, is superior in Mr. Church's opinion to the Rowfant copy in similar condition, which brought £1,290 when offered in the Van Antwerp sale in March, 1907. The series of books illustrated by Thomas Bewick comprises 62 lots; the Cruikshank collection, 66 lots. Among the rarer early English books described in this first volume are Bacon's "Essays" (1597), first edition, the only copy in this country; the second edition (1598), of which Richard Hoe and W. A. White possess copies; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" (1678), first edition, with a unique impression of the frontispiece not found in any other of the six or seven known copies; the equally rare third edition (1679), fourth edition (1680), fifth edition (also 1680), sixth edition (1681), eighth edition (1682), ninth edition (1683); the first edition (1684) and the third edition (1690) of the genuine Second Part, and two editions (1683-84) of the spurious Second Part. The collection of editions of Butler's "Hudibras," formed by the late C. B. Foote, is one of the most extensive ever brought together. The Kilmarnock Burns (1784), first editions of "Robinson Crusoe" (1719); Fielding's "Tom Jones" (1749), in the original boards, uncut; and Gray's "Elegy" (1751) are other notable books. The series of first editions of Dickens is very extensive, and includes most of the rarities. Very few books in foreign languages are described, the most important being the first (1605), second (1605), and third (1608) Madrid editions of "Don Quixote," and the first edition (1615) of Part II of the same book. Mr. Church owned a number of fine vellum manuscripts, and these are described accurately with lists of miniatures, and with beautiful repro-

ductions of some of the most interesting pages.

On April 19 and 20 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city will sell Part VI of the library of an "Old New York Collector." This portion includes a long series of first editions of the works of John Addington Symonds and publications of the Grolier Club. On April 21 and 22, the same firm will offer the library of I. H. McCortney of Chicago. Among the titles of interest are some scarce pamphlets relating to the American Revolution; a nearly complete set of the publications of the Grolier Club, including the "Decree of Star Chamber Concerning Printing" and the "Rubaiyat," the first and second of the club's publications and the scarcest.

At the sale of Part V of the Henry W. Poor library by the Anderson Auction Co. on April 5, 6, and 7, some of the volumes of the Valentine Blacque collection brought high prices. The little manuscript by Nicholas Jarry, in a mosaic binding by Trautz-Bauzonnet, was bid up to $3,350; and "Les Amours pastorales de Daphnis et Chloé," in mosaic binding by one of the Monniers, executed in the latter years of the eighteenth century, $950. The first editions of Edward FitzGerald sold low: "Euphranor" (1851), binding in full levant by Zaehnsdorf, only $5; the second edition (1855), said to be rarer than the first, $10.50; "Salámán and Absál" (1857), $30; and "Agamemnon" (1876), $16.50. Other records were: Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" (1766), binding by Riviere, $450; "The Deserted Village" (1770), $140; Rossetti's "Sister Helen" (1857), $37.50; Ruskin's "Poems" (1850), $125, a very low price; Shelley's "St. Irvyne" (1811), $141; "Queen Mab" (1813), in the original boards, uncut, $5.95, and "The Cenci" (1819), $160; Swinburne's "The Queen-Mother" (1860), with the Pickering title-page, $125; a complete set of the publications of the Hakluyt Society, 152 vols., $742.50; the collection of books on the Rose, 127 vols., uniformly bound, $330; and the collection of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, lacking four only of being a complete set, $950.

Correspondence.

CHAPMAN AND THE CLASSICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The idea that the first, if not the whole, duty of an author is to be original at all costs is distinctly modern. The very word "plagiarism" was unknown to the Elizabethans. It appears for the first time, according to the "New English Dictionary" in Bishop Montague's "Diatribæ," published in 1621, but composed before 1619. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the great writers of the Elizabethan age helped themselves to other men's stories, thoughts, figures, even words and phrases, with a freedom appalling to our perhaps overscrupulous age. Not only did they see nothing wrong in such borrowings, they even held them, when cleverly effected, to be a virtue. One of the essential requisites of a poet, writes Ben Jonson in his "Discoveries," is "*imitatio*, to be able to convert the substance and riches of another poet to his own use." Jonson, as is well known, followed to the full this precept. Dryden said of him that he was a learned plagiary; you track him everywhere in the snow of the ancient classics. In recent times the work of Prof. Felix E. Schelling and M. Castelain has shown that Jonson's so-called "Discoveries" is little else than a commonplace book of translations and adaptations, chiefly from the classics, made with a view, as Charles Crawford has shown, to using this material in his poems and dramas. The forthcoming edition of Jonson, now in preparation by C. H. Herford and R. Simpson, will probably point out more fully than has yet been done how largely Jonson drew upon his classical reading in the composition of his works.

In the meantime my studies in the works of Chapman, Jonson's friend, collaborator, and fellow student, have convinced me that Chapman no less than Jonson levied tribute at will upon the ancients. His poems and plays show on every page the influence of his classical studies. The plot of his best comedy, for example, "All Fives," is a mere blending, a *contaminatio* as classical scholars call it, of the "Heautontimoroumenos" and the "Adelphi" of Terence. Chapman takes over from Seneca many well-known dramatic devices, the messenger who describes the duel in "Bussy d'Ambois," the ghost who rises to demand vengeance in the "Revenge of Bussy," the Nuntius who plays the part of a Chorus in "Cæsar and Pompey." These all lie on the surface; but owing to the lack of a critical and scholarly edition of Chapman's plays, it has yet to be pointed out how frequent, how varied, and how cleverly adapted are Chapman's direct borrowings from classical writers. This has been done in part by Professor Boas in his excellent edition of the two plays on Bussy in the Belles-Lettres Series; but there are a number of extremely interesting borrowings which Professor Boas has not recorded, and for the other tragedies practically nothing has been done. I mention the tragedies rather than the comedies because, so far as I can see at present, these borrowings are at once more numerous and more carefully woven into the texture of the verse in the serious plays. In the edition of Chapman on which I am at present engaged I hope to point out at least the greater part of these—no one but a classical scholar of Chapman's own depth and wide extent of reading could hope to find them all. Here it will be sufficient to note some characteristic passages. In quoting from Chapman I shall refer by page to the most accessible edition of his work, that by R. H. Shepherd, published by Chatto & Windus.

In the first scene of "Bussy d'Amhois," p. 141, we have a long tirade by Monsieur on the advantages of public life. This speech, passed over without comment by previous editors, is a mere mosaic of phrases from Plutarch's "De Latenter Vivendo." A comparison of the English verses and a Latin version of Plutarch will substantiate this assertion. I cite from the Latin, not only because it is easier for the general reader, but because I think it likely that Chapman, like most of his contemporaries, used by choice a Latin, or a parallel Greek and Latin, text of classical authors.

Chapman:

Callest thou men great in state, motes in the sun?
They say so that would have thee freeze in shades,
That (like the gross Sicilian gormandist)
Empty their noses in the cates they love,
That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
Light to the banquet Fortune sets before thee,
And thou wilt loathe lean darkness like thy death.
Who would believe thy mettle could let sloth
Rust and consume it? If Themistocles
Had liv'd obscur'd thus in th' Athenian state,
Xerxes had made both him and it his slaves.
If brave Camillus had lurk'd so in Rome,
He had not five times been Dictator there,
Not four times triumph'd. If Epaminondas
(Who liv'd twice twenty years obscur'd in Thebes)
Had liv'd so still, he had been still unnam'd,
And paid his country nor himself their right;
But putting forth his strength he rescued both
From imminent ruin; and like burnish'd steel,
After long use he shin'd; for as the light
Not only serves to show, but render us
Mutually profitable, so our lives
In acts exemplary not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds by which we live.

Plutarch:

Philoxenum . . . et Gnathonem Siculum, obsoniorum nimia cupiditate impulsos, narium sordes emungere in patinas solitos ferunt, ut, aliis ab edendo deteritis, ipsi soli implerentur propositis cibis. Atque sic etiam isti nimio gloriæ studio repleti gloriam apud alios traducunt tanquam rivales suos, ut ipsi ea absque æmulis possint potiri.—i, 2.

Si Themistocles Atheniensibus ignotus fuisset, non repulissent Græci Xerxem: si Camillus Romanis, periisset Roma.—iv, 4.

Epaminondas quidem ad quadragesimum usque annum obscurus, nihil profuit Thebanis: postmodo cognitus et rebus præfectus patriam pessum euntem servavit, Græciamque servitute liberavit. . . . Dum quippe in usu est splendet, æs ut nobile; In otio si jaceat, labescit non modo, ut est apud Sophoclem, domus, sed etiam ingenium viri.—iv, 5.

Nimirum sic sentio; sicut lumen non manifestos tantum nos, sed et utiles invicem facit; ita notitiâ non gloriam modo, sed et agendi materiam virtutibus parari. —iv. 4.

It will be noticed, of course, that here is no slavish translation, Chapman omits, rearranges, expands, inserts his own ideas; the sentence, "Do thou but bring," etc., has no parallel in Plutarch. Yet on the whole, the parallel is so close as to suggest that Chapman wrote these lines with his copy of Plutarch open before him, unless indeed he kept a commonplace book after the pattern of Jonson's "Discoveries."

An entirely different use of the classics appears in "Bussy," ii, 1 (p. 148):

Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose,
(Even groaning with his weight) began to nod
This way and that, as loath his curled brows
(Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms)
Should stoop; and yet, his radical fibres burst
Stormlike he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth.

The origin of this elaborate simile is, I fancy, a well-known passage in Virgil:

Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
Cum ferro accisam crebrisque hipennibus instant
Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa usque minatur
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat,
Volneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum
Congemuit traxitque jugis avolsa ruinam.
—Æneid, ii, 626 seq.

There is no question of translation here, even of the freest Elizabethan translation. The trees are different, the places in which they grow are different, the reasons of their fall are different. Yet it seems plain that Chapman's simile was inspired by that of Virgil, and even that the English poet's choice of words was suggested by the Latin; compare "groaning with his weight" and "congemuit," "gan to nod" and "nutat," "curled brows" and "comam," "storm-like

he fell" and "traxit . . . rulnam."

The "Revenge of Bussy" is even more marked than the preceding play by its draught upon the classics. It is, in fact, saturated with classical adaptations and reminiscences. Mr. Boas has pointed out the strong influence of Epictetus, several passages from whose "Discourses" are worked into the texture of the play, but there are other borrowings which he has omitted to note. One of the most interesting of these is found in ii, 2 (p. 185), in the speech of Tamyra, beginning "That is so far." The simile which closes this speech is taken over with a few changes from a poem by Chapman himself, entitled "A Good Woman," which appeared a year before the publication of "The Revenge," *i. e.*, in 1612. This poem is a paraphrase in heroic couplets of parts of Plutarch's "Conjugalia Præcepta," an essay which had been already translated by Lily in "Euphues and His England" (the epistle of Euphues to Philantus, ii, 223, Bond's edition). I give here the Latin of Plutarch (Conjug. Præcept., §14), followed by the rendering in the poem, "A Good Woman."

Plutarch:

Sed quemadmodum geometræ dicunt lineas et superficies non se ipsis moverl, sed motus corporum comitari: lta uxor debet non proprias habere affectlones, sed mariti seria, joca, austeritatem vultus, ıi-sumque subsequi.

Chapman:

And as Geometricians approve
That lines nor superficies do move
Themselves but by their hodies' motion go;
So your good woman never strives to grow
Strong in her own affections and delights,
But to her hushand's equal appetites,
Earnests and jests, and looks' austerities,
Herself in all her subject powers applies.

The passage in the play simply rewrites these lines in blank verse. A little further on in this scene (p. 185) we come upon the fable of the wind and the sun. Chapman took this also, not from Æsop, but from the "Conjugalia Præcepta" (§12), where it ls found, along with its application to the husband's treatment of the wife. Another bit of the same treatise which appears in the poem, "A Good Woman," is not introduced in this scene, perhaps because Chapman had already alluded to it in an earlier drama.

Plutarch:

Qui ad elephantos accedunt, splendidò; qui ad tauros, puniceo vestitu non utuntur, quod his coloribus animalia ista in rabiem vertuntur.—§45.

Chapman:

And as those that in Elephants delight,
Never come near them in weeds rich and hright,
Nor hulls approach ln scarlet, since those hues
Through both those heasts enrag'd affects diffuse.

Compare:

To bulls we must not show ourselves in red,
Nor to the warlike elephant in white.
"Byron's Conspiracy," ii, 1 (p. 224).

Another instance of Chapman's making double use of a loan from the classics occurs in the third and fourth acts of this play. A substantial part of the long speech of Clermont (p. 197) beginning "God hath the whole world perfect made and free," and going on to the end of the speech is expanded, as Mr. Boas has shown, from the "Discourses" of Epictetus iv, 7, 6-11. This work, however, was not done for the play, but had already appeared in the shape of a poem in herolc couplets, entitled "Please with thy Place." among the poems appended to Chapman's translation of Petrarch's "Seven Penitential Psalms," 1612. This poem, for some unknown reason, was not included in Shepherd's edition of the "Minor Poems," and as no copy of the original volume exists at the British Museum, lt is only known to the few who have had the curiosity to examine the tlny book at the Bodleian. Only part of the poem appears at this point in the drama, but the frugal author, determined to lose none of it, inserted the latter half in a subsequent speech of Clermont's (p. 200), beginning "That in this one thing all the discipline," and going on to the end of the speech. It is interesting to note that after making a few changes in the first lines of this latter passage to remove the end-rhyme, Chapman, tired of his task, and transferred the remainder, rhyme and all, from the poem to the play.

One of the most curious of Chapman's adaptations appears in the second act of "The Revenge" (p. 189), in the long speech by Clermont beginning "So children." The simile beginning "And as the foolish poet," and going on through the speech, attracts attention at once by its phraseology: "parchment ruled with lead," "smoothed with the pumice," "strung wlth crimson strings." It is evident that Chapman is thinking of an ancient manuscript, not of a modern book, and the supposition lies on the surface that he is here negotiating another loan from the treasury of the classic poets. And, true enough, the whole simile turns out to be a clever adaptation from a poem of Catullus. I print so much of the poem as Chapman seems to have used.

Catullus (xxii):

Suffenus iste, Vare, quem prohe nostl,
Homost venustus et dicax et urhanus,
Idemque longe plurimos facit versos.
Puto esse ego illl milla aut decem aut plura
Perscripta, nec sic ut fit in palimpseston
Relata: chartæ regˈæ, novei lˈhri,
Novei umhilici, lora rubra, membrana
Derecta plumho, et pumice omnia æquata.
Hæc cum legas tu, hellus ille et urhanus
Suffenus unus caprimulgus aut fossor
Rursus vldetur: tantum abhorret ac mutat.
Hoc quid putemus esse? qui modo scurra
Aut slquid hac re scltius videhatur,
Idem infacetost infacetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit, neque idem nnquam
Æquest heatus ac poema cum scrihit:
Tam gaudet ln se tamque se ipse miratur.

Chapman:

And as the foolish poet that still writ
All his most self-loved verse on paper royal,
Or parchment rul'd with lead, smooth'd with the pumice,
Bound richly up, and strung with crimson strings;
Never so hlest as when he writ and read
The ape-lov'd issue of his brain, and never
But joying in himscif, admlring ever;
Yet in his works hehold him and he show'd
Like to a ditcher, so these painted men,
All set on out-side, look upon within,
And not a peasant's entrails shall you find
More foul and measled, nor more starv'd of mind.

An examination of the context in which this passage is set, and a comparison of Chapman's verses with their source, will throw an interesting light upon Chapman's method of compositlon. Clermont is denouncing in a long tlrade the degenerate aristocracy of France, "the breathing sepulchres of noblesse." In order to add weight and dignity to the speech, Chapman turns to his classics for apt illustrations. He begins with a quotation from Epictetus, and, contrary to his practice, actually makes an acknowledgment of his source in the margin. He goes on with a curious version of an Æsopian fable (Æsop, No. 184, ed. Teubner), of which I have not been able to find the counterpart elsewhere. Then, passing on to the characteristic attention paid by a decadent generation to externals, he happens to remember some verses by Catullus describing a poetaster who published his wretched verses in the most beautiful form. Chapman, we may imagine, opens his Catullus to refresh his memory, and, with his eye on the Latin text, composes the verses printed above. His opening phrases, "the foolish poet," and "self-lov'd verse," are inspired rather by the general tone of Catullus's poem, than by any particular words; but "paper royal," "parchment rul'd with lead" and "smooth'd with the pumice," are lifted directly from the Latin. Chapman omits the "novei umbilici" as too hard to fit into English blank verse; but "novei libri" appears as "bound richly up," and "lora rubra" as "strung with crimson strings." Further, the words, "never so blest," "writ," "joying in himself," and "admiring," are all directly suggested by the original. The two and a half Latin lines beginning "hæc cum legas" are condensed into a line and a half in Chapman by the omission of the epithets attached in the original to Suffenus, and the word "caprimulgus." The close of Chapman's passage differs absolutely from that of the poem. Catullus has his own moral to draw, that each of us is, in one way or another, a Suffenus, each rides a hobby, to his own delight and the derision of others. Chapman strikes a graver tone, and completes his simile by applying it to the condition of the French noblesse, "painted men," gay without as the manuscripts of Suffenus, but within foul, sickly, and hunger-pinched. Would any modern author dare to treat a classic writer in this fashion, to convey not only ideas, but words and whole phrases from him, and yet to handle him with such masterful freedom, omitting, condensing, rearranging, and finally giving an entirely different turn to the borrowed idea? Nothing, I think, could mark more plainly the change of attitude that has taken place than the fact that such a performance as this we have been considering is now wholly impossible. We think at once too much and too little of our classics.

T. M. Parrott.

Princeton University, April 2.

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS AGAINST ANIMALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It may not be superfluous to call the attention of those who have been interested in Dr. Furness's note in your issue of March 4, on the hanging of wolves, and M. Reinach's comment (*Nation*, April 1), to Mr. Frazer's elaborate note in Vol. II of his edition of Pausanias, p. 370. Mr. Frazer makes special reference to A. Chaboseau, "Procès contre les animaux," and cites many quaint and curious instances.

Charles St. Clair Wade.

Tufts College, Mass., April 2.

THE LATE PROFESSOR CARPENTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you give me the privilege of adding to more formal expressions of sorrow for the lamented death of Prof.

George Rice Carpenter a word of the esteem in which he has been held by the schoolteachers of the city, and indeed of the whole country?

Professor Carpenter's work had interested him in the school teaching of English, the most important and the most unbearably difficult of our burdens. We had learned thus to respect him as a leader. He gave to our school work freely for many years the aid of his taste and discretion. Where he directed we found it safe to follow. But in our relations we learned still more to value him as a friend. He was a helper not less than a leader. In the execution of our tasks, not less than in the solution of our problems, he bore a hand, always giving generously his sympathy, and ungrudgingly his practical coöperation. If anything worth while has been done to meet the ever-growing necessity of teaching better English to the school community, no man of us has contributed more effectively to this result than Professor Carpenter did.

Of his personal character, as we who were so happy as to be near him have known it, it is now difficult to refrain from speaking, little as he would desire such speech. Manly and strong in all ways, he was one of those who most justify the noble phrase of the English author, which calls upon the "holy and humble men of heart" to bless their Maker. In all his profession there was no better man than he, nor one more humble of heart, and surely we may say, in fraternal farewell, that his short life blessed the world, and Him who gave it. JAMES G. CROSWELL.

New York, April 10.

JEFFERSON ON CENTRALIZATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I enclose you a copy of a letter of Thomas Jefferson to Nathaniel Macon. The original is a part of a small collection of Macon papers, belonging to Mrs. Walter K. Martin of Richmond, Va. In Ford's (Federal) edition of Jefferson's "Writings," Vol. XII, p. 206, there is a letter to the same correspondent, dated August 19, 1821. The enclosed is another letter treating the same general subject, and written only one day earlier. I need hardly say that the book which is discussed is John Taylor's "Construction Construed."

WILLIAM E. DODD.

Chicago, March 30.

Monticello August 18. 21

SIR: Your favor of the 7th is just now received. The letter to which it refers was written by me with the sole view of recommending, to the study of my fellow citizens, a book which I considered as containing more genuine doctrines on the subject of our government, and carry us back more truly to its fundamental principles, than any one which had been written since the adoption of our constitution. As confined to this object I thought, & still think, its language as plain & intelligible as I can make it, but when we see inspired writings made to speak whatever opposite controversiallists wish them to say, we can not ourselves expect to find language incapable of similar distortion. My expressions were general; their perversion is in their misapplication to a particular case. To test them truly, they should turn to the book, with whose opinion they profess to coincide. If the book establishes that a state has no right to tax the monied property within its limits, or that it can be called, as a party, to the bar of the Federal judiciary, then they may infer that these are my opinions, if no such doctrines are there, my letter does not authorize their imputation to me. It has long, however, been my opinion, and I have never shrunk from its expression (altho, I do not cause it to be put into a newspaper, nor, like a Priam in armour, offer myself its champion) that the germ of dissolution of our federal government is in the constitution of the federal judiciary; an irresponsible body (for impeachment is scarcely a scare-crow) working, like gravity, by night & day, gaining a little to-day and a little to-morrow, and advancing its noiseless step, like a thief, over the field of jurisdiction, until all shall be usurped from the states, & the government of all become consolidated into one. to this I am opposed; because whenever all government, domestic & foreign, in little as in great things, shall be drawn to Washington as the centre of all power, it will render powerless the checks provided, of one government on another, & will become as venal & oppressive as the government from which we departed. It will be as in Europe where every man must be either pike or gudgeon, hammer or anvil. Our functionaries and theirs are wares from the same work shop; made of the same material, & by the same hand. if the states look with apathy on this silent descent of their government into the guiph which is to swallow all, we have only to weep over the human character, formed incontrolable but by a rod of iron; & the blasphemers of man, as incapable of self government, become his true historians. But let me beseech you, sir, not to let this letter get into a newspaper. tranquility, at my age, is the supreme good of life. I think it a duty, & it is my earnest wish, to take no further part in public affairs; to leave them to the existing generation, to whose turn they have fallen, and to resign the remains of a decaying body & mind to their protection. The abuse of confidence, by publishing my letters, has cost me more than all other pains, and made me affraid to put pen to paper in a letter of sentiment. if I have done it frankly in answer to your letter, it is in full trust that I shall not be thrown by you into the Arena of a newspaper. I salute you with great respect. TH JEFFERSON.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GUILLOTINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reviewer of "The Gay Gordons," *Nation*, December 31, 1908, p. 653, writes: "The silly, gallant lad who got himself beheaded (*guillotined* is surely a curious anachronism for 1769) at Brest as a spy," etc.

The italics are your reviewer's. Was the author guilty of an anachronism in describing one of his characters as *guillotined* in 1769? I am not so confident on the point. Undoubtedly the *word* "guillotine" comes from Dr. Guillotin, a member of the National Assembly in 1789, who proposed that capital punishment consist of beheading by means of a machine (in place of axe or sword). Yet, strange as it may sound, there is no evidence that Guillotin ever invented any such machine, while there is abundant evidence that the method of beheading by means of the "drop" was known long before 1789.

First, let me criticise the "Oxford Dictionary": "Guillotin, the name of a physician at whose suggestion the instrument was employed in 1789." Guillotin made the suggestion not as physician, but as Deputy; and the instrument subsequently adopted was employed first in 1792. The maker was one Schmidt of Strassburg. In consequence of the adoption, in 1791, of the new penal code, which prescribed "beheading" as the sole capital punishment, the Minister of Justice, at the request of the magistrates, asked the Assembly for instructions concerning the means to be employed. The Assembly thereupon appointed a committee, and this committee consulted Louis, the secretary of the Academy of Surgery. On March 20, 1792, the committee recommended and the Assembly adopted the mode of execution proposed by Louis. This was "the mode adopted in England. The body of the criminal is laid on its stomach between two posts connected at top by a cross-beam, whence a convex hatchet is made to fall suddenly on the patient by the removal of a peg. The back of the hatchet should be strong and heavy enough to perform the object, like the weight with which piles are driven."

Louis seems to have heard of the Halifax drop axe, once in use there, but scarcely a general instrument in England. A similar "drop," known in Scotland as Morton's Maiden, is mentioned by Walter Scott, in "The Abbot," chapter xviii. It is interesting to note that Marshal de Montmorenci was beheaded at Toulouse in 1632 by means of such an instrument. In truth there are evidences that the drop machine was known in Germany and Italy. It seems to me quite possible, then, that the gallant young Gordon may have been beheaded in this fashion at Brest in 1769. Before the Revolution, even before the Terror, each province went its own way. What the action of the Assembly in 1792 accomplished was to generalize the method and the new machine. It should also be noted that Schmidt's machine was first named *le petit Louison;* but this was almost immediately supplanted by *la Guillotine.* Why, is a puzzle; for, as I have said, there is no evidence to connect the doctor with the events of 1792.

For the above facts I am indebted to an article by Croker, in the *Quarterly Review* of December, 1843. J. M. HART.

Cornell University, April 8.

CORRECT SPEAKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a disappointment to me to find that in your article, "The New English Requirements for College" (April 1), no word is offered on the beauty of *spoken* English and the growing tendency towards careless articulation and indifferent pronunciation. It is surely true, as you say, that the literary works to be studied and the subjects set for composition should be chosen with the direct purpose of discouraging "pupils in the habit of slipshod thinking and hazy expression." It is also true that the "art of clear writing" ought to be easily mastered in the happy environment of cultured parents and schoolmates; but it should be remembered that many thousands of words are *spoken* to every one word which is written, and the "art of clear writing" should not be extolled to the neglect of pure, clean, distinct speaking.

It is a question whether the attendance of boys of all nationalities at our schools and colleges is the handicap which it is made out to be. Such boys are for the most part of the second generation born in this country—and my own experience has been that it is almost impossible to make these boys speak the native language of their parents even in the home circle. They speak the language of the school they attend and that of their classmates in the same school or of their playmates in similar schools. The question is: What *is* the school language, as to its purity, and who makes it? Sure-

ly it is not the boys who make it, and if the boys are allowed to grow in garbled pronunciation it is not because of any foreign accent, or because of the foreign tongue spoken at home by their parents. The responsibility belongs elsewhere. When teachers and professors indulge in mispronunciation—or, if that is too severe a word, say that "shading down" which robs a sound of its characteristic definiteness and the language of its characteristic charm—what is to become of the pupils?

The subject of language should be treated as a whole and the spoken language should have greater consideration proportionate to its greater use. In the intercourse between man and man why should not speech be made as pleasing to the ear as the subject under consideration may be fascinating to the mind? Why should our students be allowed to develop speech which seems lacking at once in those elements which constitute culture and refinement? Phonology—the science of sound in language—is not taught in our schools or colleges. And yet how important this is! By technical phonology the misplacement and transposition of vowel sounds and the beggaring of consonantal forms, which go to make up what some writers call the ugliness of English, can not only be easily detected, but can also be easily remedied. As to the incongruities in our careless pronunciation, "their name is legion," and you could not fill your pages with an adequate enumeration of them; but perhaps I may be allowed to cite one single example—the simple word "better." In all classes, with but few exceptions, you hear this word pronounced more like "bedder." If you will listen for this and other similar words, you will soon be convinced that T is gradually losing its clear definement and is merging into the sound which we represent by the alphabetical character D. This very example shows how easy is the remedy by the application of the principles of phonology. After more than thirty years' study of the subject I can say that it is as easy in the beginning to teach correct speaking as it is to teach the rudiments of *any* subject taught in our schools. And why not do it? What a boon to lovers of pure language to feel that when, after his college days, the average student takes his place in the world, it might be said of him: "It is good to hear him speak"!

CHARLES ELKIN.

New York, April 7.

Notes.

A second impression of "The Letters and Memorials of Wendell Phillips Garrison" will be issued on April 17, under the imprint of Houghton Mifflin Co.

John Murray will publish this month a study of "Six Oxford Thinkers," by Algernon Cecil. It deals with Gibbon, Newman, Church, Froude, Pater, and Lord Morley.

Sherman, French & Co. have on their spring list the following books: "The Passing of the Tariff," by Raymond L. Bridgman; "The Art and Science of Advertising," by George French; "Religion and Life," chapel addresses by members of the faculty of the Meadville Theological Seminary; "Providence and Calamity," by Charles W. Heisley; "Love, Faith, and Endeavor," by Harvey Carson Grumbine; "St. Peter," by Richard Arnold Greene; "Modern Light on Immortality," by Henry Frank; "The Trial of Christ," by John B. Kaye; and "The Vision of New Clairvaux," by Edward Pearson Pressy.

The spring list of Cassell & Co. includes the following titles: "Little People," by Richard Whiteing; "George Borrow," by R. A. J. Walling; "Women of All Nations: A Record of their Characteristics, Habits, Manners, Customs, and Influence"; "Quaint Subjects of the King," by John Foster Fraser; and "Faith: The Word and the Thing," by the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule.

The Dun Emer Press of Dublin will soon have ready a volume of poems by the late J. M. Synge. It is said that many of the poems are conceived in a spirit of tragic irony, as it were the poet's farewell to the world.

In a new edition of "The Gate of Death," now issued by Putnams, Arthur C. Benson acknowledges his authorship, which, as a matter of fact, has been pretty generally taken for granted.

To the convenient pocket edition of Kipling in limp red leather Doubleday, Page & Co. have added three new volumes: "Under the Deodars," "The Five Nations," and "Stalky & Co." This is an attractive form of these works, for the type is large and the paper is not so thin that it crumples.

"Travels in the Far East," by Mrs. Ellen M. H. Peck, is noteworthy as the detailed record of the experiences of a member of a personally conducted party in a "round the world" tour. It was mostly over very familiar ground, the novel features being a visit to Java, a voyage up the Yangtse River to Hankow, and thence by rail to Pekin and Mukden in Manchuria, and a trip to the Korean capital. The aim of the writer is purely instructive, and she gives much information in regard to the temples and palaces in India, Java, and Japan. Numerous personal details, relating chiefly to hotels, shopping, and modes of conveyance, though often extremely trivial, serve to lighten the prevailing guide-book character of the narrative. The great attraction of the work is its wealth of beautiful and well-chosen illustrations, 175 in number, which give a graphic representation of nearly every scene or building described in the text, as well as pictures of the varied native life. (Published by the author: 5 Waverly Place, Milwaukee, Wis.)

In "Peru: Its Story, People, and Religion," by Geraldine Guinness (F. H. Revell Co.), we have a book which, in spite of its offensive tone of gushing religiosity, contains an element of human interest. This lies in the first contact of an ardent young missionary with the varying types which Peru offers. These are rendered with a semblance of life, notwithstanding the exclamatory style. The best thing in the volume, however, is the illustrations after photographs, which are numerous, characteristic, and reproduced with unusual success.

To the photogravures in "Shamrock Land," by Plummer F. Jones (Moffat, Yard & Co.), must be credited its chief attraction. Most of them are good and some are well-nigh brilliant. As for the text, in which Mr. Jones narrates his "Rambles through Ireland," it gives only the innocent impressions of one who writes with an amazing air of being the first discoverer of a country and people that, somehow, have figured in the literature of travel and description. Amiable scraps of history and poetry are pinned to a narrative which is artless else. To turn from this author's Irish castles to R. Barry O'Brien's "Dublin Castle and the Irish People" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.) is to pass from an ineffectual book to one of pith and moment. What Mr. O'Brien gives us is a condensed historical account of English administration in Ireland, with all its machinery and personnel, not omitting the ways in which it impinges upon the feelings of Irishmen. The subject is dry, yet the laboriously compiled information is shot through with flashes of national spirit and with stories to the point. It is one way, not least instructive, of recording England's most conspicuous failure in government. That, too, is in effect the theme of "Contemporary Ireland," by L. Paul-Dubois (Baker & Taylor Co.). This is a translation of "L'Irlande contemporaine," that excellent French study which was reviewed in the *Nation* in 1907 (August 15, p. 142). It is here furnished with an introduction by an Irish M. P., T. M. Kettle, who naturally dwells upon the historic relations of France and Ireland, and acknowledges the capacity of this "sympathetic student," despite now and then "an irritating phrase," to produce "the best book that has been written in recent years on the problems of Ireland."

Ever since the publication two years ago of Layard's "Shirley Brooks of *Punch*," there has been a renewal of interest in the attitude of that national jester, Lord Punch, toward America during the civil war. It then was for the first time made certainly known that the famous retractation, printed after the death of Lincoln, was written by Tom Taylor, and with this knowledge came the unpleasant information that there had been strong opposition to any such amends, that indeed Shirley Brooks himself, afterwards editor of the paper, regarded the action as a gratuitous self-humiliation. Now William S. Walsh has brought together the cartoons, comments, and poems printed during the war, and calls his little book "Abraham Lincoln and the London *Punch*" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). It affords a curious glimpse into the humor of a past generation, and has a certain historical interest besides. Mr. Walsh's own running comment on the cartoons and poems will help younger readers to understand the prejudices and passions of the day.

The University of Glasgow has published as a memorial to Dr. John Young, a "Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Library of the Hunterian Museum." The work was planned and begun by Dr. Young, and on his death in 1902 was completed by a committee. The handsome quarto volume of more than 500 pages is a worthy memorial and points the way for other institutions having like possessions. Unlike a book, a manuscript possesses unique qualities, and no two manuscripts of the same work are exactly alike, as scholars have found to their cost. The description and history of

each item cannot be too detailed, and every feature has interest for the expert who is in search of the best possible text. In this respect the present catalogue is a model, even giving diagrams of the leaves of a signature to show what particular portion of a leaf is missing. The Oriental manuscripts are separately described, and naturally the medical treatises are numerous.

The Virginia archives were long in such a condition as to forbid examination by students or use by the State officials. For three years, the librarian has been engaged in arranging them, and as one of the results a "Calendar of Legislative Petitions" coming from the counties from Accomac to Bedford is now issued, prepared by H. J. Eckenrode, archivist. The arrangement is by counties, and chronologically under each county an elaborate index of names and subjects offers a convenient means to trace a particular document. A glance at the "free negroes" and "slaves" entries will prove the richness of material thus opened to the investigator.

Clement Shorter has done a valuable service in gathering together in a single volume, "Napoleon and His Fellow Travellers" (Cassell & Co.), several first-hand accounts of Napoleon's sayings and doings from his embarkation on the Bellerophon at Rochefort till his landing from the Northumberland at St. Helena. He has offered nothing *absolument inédit*, but it is well to rescue from oblivion the little known accounts of Home, Ross, Smart, Bowerbank, and Bingham, and make it possible to compare them with the Warden Letters (here reprinted with notes) and the Glover-Cockburn Narratives. The accounts of all these eye-witnesses, written from different angles of vision and with varying emotions, are of intense human interest and offer valuable material for historical and psychological study. In his introduction the editor takes Lord Rosebery and J. H. Rose to task—the former for his judgments on Las Cases and Gourgaud, the latter for echoing the average British Philistinism in trying to condone the English government's treatment of the fallen foe.

The "Itivuttaka" belongs to the same division of the Pāli Canon as the "Dhammapada" and the "Jātakas," and is an interesting anthology of the "Sayings of Buddha." A translation of this, as of many other volumes of the Pāli Text Society, has been a desideratum, which we are glad to see met by Dr. Justin Hartley Moore (The Columbia University Press). The English of the translation is well enough, but a very considerable number of errors of interpretation and some of fact compel the judgment that the task was undertaken before the writer was fully prepared for his task.

Paul Sabatier has published his recent Jowett Lectures, "Les Modernistes," as an instalment of "Notes d'histoire religieuse contemporaine" (Paris: Fishbacher). One will find here a brief and, needless to say, cordial account of the main champions of the Modernist cause—Loisy, Murri, and others. As necessary documents, the petition of a group of French Catholics to the Pope and translation of the Encyclical Pascendi and the Syllabus Lamentabili are added. As a clear and in the main candid record of the French disestablishment and the aims of the Modernists the book is valuable. It has the persuasiveness and conciliatory spirit of all of M. Sabatier's writing. It seems to us, however, to come short of complete candor in failing to admit the revolutionary implications of Modernism.

As *Heft* 4 of the current series Texte und Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur, edited by Prof. A. Harnack and C. Schmidt, we have now a new book of sources entitled "Das Leben des heiligen Symeon Stylites." Prof. Hans Lietzmann of Jena, with the assistance of the members of his seminar for church history, has furnished a critical edition of the Greek sources, while Heinrich Hilgenfeld has added an excellent translation of the Syriac sources, and will later publish this Syriac text itself. The work, which is a model of accurate scholarship, is a *Festgabe* issued on the occasion of the recent centennial celebration of the University of Jena.

Original and scholarly investigations in archæology fill from cover to cover the new fourth annual volume of the Palästinabuch issued by the German Archæological Institute, in Jerusalem, edited by Prof. G. Dalman (Berlin: E. S. Mittler & Sohn). These investigations are along the Dead Sea, through the East Jordan country, and along the arduous way from the so-called Mount of Moses to the tomb of Moses. Several articles deal with topographical problems in modern Jerusalem, and with the description of modern marriage customs illustrative of Biblical times.

"Bosnische Eindrücke," by J. M. Baernreither, with the subtitle "Eine politische Studie" (Vienna: Manz), is a timely booklet, far more critical and careful than many of the recent books dealing with the Balkans. The author discusses intelligently such subjects as the political life, the government, and the schools of the country.

"Griechen und Bulgaren im neunzehnten und zwanzigsten Jahrhundert" is an authorized German translation of the work of the Greek author Nikoles Kasisis (Leipzig: Liebisch). The work is decidedly Hellenistic in bias.

Martin Richter's "Kultur und Reich der Marotse: Eine historische Studie" (Leipzig: Voightländer), the latest issue in the series Beiträge zur Kultur- und Universalgeschichte, edited by Prof. K. Lamprecht, is in every way an excellent addition to recent Africana. The author is a good observer and skilled narrator. His work is divided into two parts, one treating the history of the Marotse people, and the other their culture and civilization.

The programme for the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the University of Leipzig will cover three days, July 29-31, together with a *Vorabend* with a public reception especially for visitors from other universities on the 28th. The festivities proper begin with a divine service on the 29th in the Paulinerkirche, followed by addresses of the King and the rector in a public meeting in the New Theatre. The historical pageant takes place on the second day and an excursion to Meissen as the special guests of his Majesty, on the third. Naturally a *Kommers* on a grand scale occupies a prominent position on the programme.

The English teachers of language have organized a Joint Committee on Grammatical Terminology, "in the hope of framing some simplified and consistent scheme of grammatical nomenclature, tending in the direction of uniformity for all the languages concerned." The committee is making particular inquiry on the following points:

(a) Terms open to practical objections on the score of obscurity or inadequacy in representing the usage of any one particular language considered alone, and

(b) Terms which though not giving rise to difficulties within the study of one language appear nevertheless to be inconsistent with those used to describe similar things in other languages.

George Rice Carpenter, professor of rhetoric and English composition at Columbia University, died April 8. He was born in 1863, on the coast of Labrador; prepared for college at Phillips Andover Academy, and was graduated from Harvard in 1886. After two years of study abroad, he returned to Harvard as instructor in English. From 1890 to 1893 he was associate professor of English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and in the autumn of 1893, he came to Columbia, where he reorganized the work in composition, introduced the most approved methods, and displayed remarkable skill both as a teacher and administrator. He was author of a number of text-books, including "Elements of Rhetoric," "English Grammar," and "Notes for Teachers of Composition." He had edited a volume of "American Prose," another of "Model English Prose," and Latham's "Letters of Dante"; and he was general editor of Longmans' English Classics. But, in spite of his labors as teacher and writer of textbooks, he found time for more purely literary work, as shown in such competent books as his "Life of Longfellow" (in the Beacon Biographies, 1901), "Life of Whittier" (in the American Men of Letters Series, 1903), and "Walt Whitman," just published in the English Men of Letters Series, and reviewed in the *Nation* of April 8.

Mrs. Will H. Low (*née* Berthe Julienne) has died at her home in Lawrence Park, Bronxville. She was born in Caen, France, in 1853, and was married to Mr. Low in Paris, in 1875. For several years Mr. and Mrs. Low were much with Robert Louis Stevenson. Later Mrs. Low translated "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" into French, and at the time of her death was engaged on a version of his complete works. She wrote also for the magazines, and compiled a book on "French Home Cooking, Adapted to American Households."

THE POWER OF THE MEDICI.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Florence in Her Golden Age. By E. L. S. Horsburgh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50 net.

Lorenzo de' Medici is likely to remain the most attractive of despots. To-day his political activity would cause him to be classified with party bosses, to most of whom he could easily give points. In the nineteenth century he had at least one imitator on a large scale—Napoleon III, who not only successfully won his way to the throne by

a mingling of audacity and guile, but deliberately tried to maintain himself there by a lavish use of display and public amusements, and by the ostentatious patronage of arts and literature. Louis Napoleon's problem differed widely from Lorenzo's, and eventually, at the age of sixty-two, he went down into the great gulfs; Lorenzo died in his forty-third year, with his hold on power apparently unshaken. He had shared in the government of Florence since he was twenty, and had been her single and undisputed tyrant since he was twenty-nine. Yet within a few weeks of his death, his despotism melted away. We ask whether, had he lived ten years longer, he would have managed to keep his seat, or, like the third Napoleon, he would have been blasted by a coalition of hostile circumstances which he misjudged and could not control. The question cannot be answered, but Mr. Horsburgh furnishes data for those who would speculate upon it.

Lorenzo's life has been a favorite theme for historical writers. At least one historian of unusual ability has treated it—William Roscoe, whose biography, first published in 1795, is still read, and deserves to be. Sixty years later Von Reumont produced a solid work, embodying the then latest investigation of sources. After him, Professor Villari, in his biographies of Savonarola and Machiavelli, and in his Florentine history, had much to say about Lorenzo. In 1895 Edward Armstrong of Queen's College, Oxford, wrote an excellent brief life, with which Mr. Horsburgh's volume will naturally be compared. Indeed, the reviewer finds himself forced to reply to readers who ask: "We cannot read both Armstrong and Horsburgh; which shall we choose?" It is safe to reply that either gives a fair survey of Lorenzo's life and times. Armstrong is more compact; Horsburgh more detailed. Both see the main line of historical evolution, and describe it intelligently. Horsburgh pays more attention to the state of Italy, and to Renaissance civilization in general. Both do justice to the wonderful flowering of Humanism at Lorenzo's court. Both analyze Lorenzo's own poems with much minuteness. In his criticism, as in his historical research, Mr. Horsburgh, who comes after Mr. Armstrong in time, seems to have formed his opinions independently. It is interesting to see how much influence J. A. Symonds has had on both.

To come now directly to Mr. Horsburgh, we like his introduction, in which, in the course of fifty pages, he gives a clear summary of Italian politics in the fifteenth century. This is indispensable, because the reader needs to have such a clue to the incessant, intricate, and seemingly purposeless turmoil of that period. The only common motive was love of power. The law of the jungle prevailed. But Mr. Horsburgh has succeeded in disentangling the skein of events in Naples, Milan, Rome, Venice, and Florence, so that we see the elements out of which Lorenzo's policy had to be woven. Perhaps he does less than justice to Venice, but that is natural in one who has saturated himself with the Florentine ideals. His account of the rise of the Medici, beginning with Cosimo *Pater Patriæ*, is clear and satisfactory. The student of comparative government will find material here for contrasting the way by which a fifteenth century Florentine boss got control of his city and state, and the way by which a modern, say, Tweed or Croker, Platt or Quay, accomplished a similar result in New York and Pennsylvania four hundred years later. We commend Mr. Horsburgh for correcting a common notion that Lorenzo crushed any valid political liberties. By the time he became despot, Florence was a republic in only a Pickwickian sense. Her liberty-loving folk had about as much understanding of true freedom as the French Terrorists had. Lorenzo's domination meant order, which the upper and well-to-do classes craved. The one dramatic episode of his career, the Conspiracy of the Pazzi, Mr. Horsburgh describes fully. His chapter upon it is the high-water mark of the book, and will suffice to furnish the curious with a gauge of his scope and calibre. Most striking is his sobriety. Equally sober are his descriptions of Lorenzo's statesmanship at home and abroad, and of his family life. Like the other biographers, he makes us feel Lorenzo's charm so intimately that we wonder why his own pages do not fascinate us more. Instead of color, instead of glow, as might befit the subject, we have a picture done in sepia, lifelike, indeed, in its outlines, but not quite living.

Nevertheless, the book is interesting, its information has been painstakingly gathered, and is well-presented. Though it does not rank among great biographies, it belongs among the good ones, and that fact, with the perennial charm of its hero, ought to commend it to many readers. Illustrations and genealogical tables add to its usefulness; but we have marked many *corrigenda*, especially in the Italian proper names. It seems incredible that Mr. Horsburgh, after working as conscientiously as he has done, should never have observed that Machiavelli is spelled with one *c*, or that the name of his hero is Lorenzo de' Medici (not *dei*).

The Medici Popes (Leo X and Clement VII). By Herbert M. Vaughan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4 net.

This is, above all else, an amiable book. It is written as nearly without partisan bias as one could ever expect in a work treating of a subject that involved religious considerations of any sort. It would be impossible to judge from internal evidence whether the author is a Roman Catholic or not. In his preface he disclaims all intention of going deeply into the tortuous ways of Medicean politics or of discussing the burning religious questions of the hour. The former promise the book redeems as well, probably, as any moderately extended treatment of a Medicean subject could. The men whose lives are here described were born into a community in which politics was the very breath of life. That they happened to be devoted to the clerical calling was the merest accident. That profession was far more a political than a religious one. It was assigned to these Medicean youths as a fair division in the spoils of government that belonged by a kind of right of preëmption to their house. The Papacy, the crown of religious politics, was as much a legitimate object of Medicean ambition as was the sovereignty of Florence. In the combination of these two powers, whether in one hand or in the hands of coöperating members of the family, lay the ultimate goal of Medicean policy for generations. If it could have been permanently attained, the control of all Italy might easily have followed, and a united Italy would have reacted decisively on the fortunes of Germany and of France.

It was, therefore, quite in the nature of things that in trying to give a picture of the early lives of Leo X and Clement VII, Mr. Vaughan should have been led into rather more detail of political complications than he perhaps intended or was conscious of, and these portions of his narrative will be the least satisfactory to his readers. When he brings his hero—if we may so describe Pope Leo X—into the full enjoyment of his most enjoyable Papacy, he is freer to dwell upon personal qualities and characteristic incidents, and here, we think, will be found the chief value of the book. "God has given us the Papacy: let us enjoy it!" is the keynote of Mr. Vaughan's account of Leo's administration of the headship of the Christian world. The story makes no pretence of originality. It is frankly indebted to many modern sources, but it reserves a certain judgment of these which saves it from being a mere compilation. The reader gains a sufficiently clear impression of the tumult of affairs in which a Medicean Pope inevitably lived—the conflicting demands of politics, religious and otherwise, of the arts in all their varieties of expression, of "society," if we may use the term to express the manifold personal relations into which the Pontiff was thrown, of business in the strict sense of the word, of sensuous gratification of every sort, of "sport," quite as we mean it nowadays, and (not to be utterly overlooked) of religious observance.

Mr. Vaughan is willing to give these

Medici their due as regards the seriousness of their interest in the nobler ideals of the literary and artistic life, but he cannot conceal the impression that this idealism was satisfied with a certain grade of achievement and could not rise to the highest levels. The favorites of the Medicean court were not the greatest geniuses of their day, but rather the typical brilliant talents of that incredibly talented age. After all is said, it was a rotten thing, this Medicean Papacy, and it demonstrated once more that rottenness at the core will penetrate to the remotest circumference and poison the life of the whole organism.

The question of the religious schism is handled very lightly; but we get some curious glimpses of the lightheartedness with which the whole subject was viewed by this heathenish pretence of a Christian institution—as, for instance, when the Pope and all his court are thrown into fits of uproarious laughter by the spectacle, on the stage of the Vatican theatre, of a nun selecting a husband from a group of monks, all under the patronage of Cupid and his lady mother.

The treatment of Clement VII is naturally less detailed than that of his more famous cousin, with whose fortunes, indeed, his own were from the beginning very closely connected. Its central feature is, of course, the sack of Rome in 1527, the events leading up to this, and its effects upon the politics of Europe. A very brief final chapter is given to two other Medicean Popes, Pius IV (1559-1565) and Leo XI (April 1-April 27, 1605).

CURRENT FICTION.

Maurice Guest. By Henry Handel Richardson. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is not a book to be lightly undertaken or lightly dismissed. The mere courage of the author in launching upon this world of restless magazine-story readers, avid of sensation and quick solution, a novel of 562 wide, closely-printed pages, challenges respectful attention. Mr. Richardson has manifestly chosen Balzac for his master and has shrunk from no elaboration of detail that will go to build up and furnish his environment, from no thrust of the analytic probe that will penetrate the innermost selves of his characters. Season by season, week by week, almost day by day, we live through Maurice Guest's two years in Leipzig, till we know, almost as well as he does, its romantically homely streets, its comfortably sylvan parks, its river gay with skaters, its chattering crowds of music students of all nationalities. So abundant are the details, so frequent and apparently inconsequent the conversations, so continual the shifting, scattering, and regrouping of the minor characters, that for a while we really do not see the forest for the trees, and not till the clouds gather heavily over the coming end and the lesser actors begin to slip away, leaving Maurice and Louise to play out their tragedy of temperament and passion in comparative isolation, do we realize how intimate with them we have all the time been growing and how skilfully and artistically planned has been the long, slow passage from the soaring youthful hopes of the bright April morning with which the story opens, to the chill daybreak which brings an end to suffering beyond all remedy.

There is unquestionably much in the book to give more pain than pleasure. The theme itself, the demoralization and destruction of a hopeful young life by a great passion—the fatal, unreasoning, irresistible passion of the mediæval romances—for a woman who has neither principle nor goodness of heart, who is a mere embodiment of the mystery and power of sex, is all the more distressing because of the complete lovableness, the loyal, trusting, pure, and tender nature of poor Maurice. Some of the realism is not only disagreeably, but unnecessarily, coarse, and the general picture of student life in Leipzig is not one to encourage the parents and guardians of young persons of either sex who propose to study there. In this realistic picture, by the way, though it has all the air of being done from the life, there is one absurdly false touch. All the American students speak that marvellous "Yankee" lingo which is never heard this side of the footlights of English theatres. A pretty, well-dressed girl, apparently intended for a lady, exclaims on hearing that the river is frozen:

> Is that so? Oh, gee, that's fine! . . . Say, you people, why don't we fix up a party an' go up it nights? A lady in my boarding-house done that with some folks she was acquainted with last year. Seems to me we oughtn't to be behind. . . . An' by moonlight, too—but, say, is there a moon? Why, I presume there ought to be.

After this sort of thing, it takes all the power and convincing quality of the book as a whole to win back the reader's confidence. That confidence is reconquered, however, and the book makes a very serious impression.

The Pilgrims' March. By H. H. Bashford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

By their fruits shall ye know them. This novel is palpably one of the fruits of the De Morgan tree, and emphasizes, if that were needed, our knowledge of the excellence of the parent stock. For the maker of minor fiction to have a good model means much. For his reader it means everything. Thus, though irritated, perchance, by a *bouffe* opening, and by the use of small, everyday material, and by an excess of the soliloquizing spirit—exaggerated De Morgan echoes all—the reader ultimately yields to the honesty of the work and the broadly human sympathies that animate the pages.

A young man possessed of an embryo sculptor-soul goes up to London to engage in the tea business. He is lodged with a family of missionary volunteers to whom evangelizing is all and art anathema. He is converted for a time to their ways and works and daughter, but as artist friends and a beautiful model cross his path, he finds his sculptor's soul, which eventually, after miry wanderings, triumphs, soaring above a narrow Puritanism on one hand, above unworthy weakness on the other. Good folk full of faults, careless ones full of virtues, flourish naturally and abundantly, while the scene swings about in green fields, gospel meetings, and studios. The characters are defined as by a good friend to them all. One feels the human tenderness in this writer's pen and one would be glad that he should write out the matter that is within him without drawing on reminiscence for his manner.

A Poor Man's House. By Stephen Reynolds. New York: John Lane Co.

We cannot tell how much fiction there is in this book. It is of the type which seems to stand between the sociological commentary and the literary study of "low life." The story-teller, or commentator, is an Englishman of, we suppose, the upper middle class, indigenous to society in the smaller sense of the term and inclined to learn something of it in the larger. He is also a novelist seeking copy. He goes down into a little English fishing village, and takes up his dwelling in a fisherman's shanty. He is startled to find human beings living there, not mere objects of study, but people worth knowing and liking. His ingenuousness at the outset is amazing—perhaps British. One might think the "poor man" with his charms and his virtues had been pretty thoroughly discovered. Mr. Reynolds discovers him all over again, is enchanted with the find, and succeeds in passing on some of his pleasure in it. Going among his fishers as a chiel takin' notes, with a novel in view, he keeps a journal and writes letters. In the end, he finds himself indisposed to work it all up:

> I was unwilling to cut about the material, to modify the characters, in order to meet the exigencies of plot, form, and so on. I felt that the life and the people were so much better than anything I could invent. Besides which, I found myself in possession of conclusions, hot for expression, which could not be incorporated at all into fiction.

So he gives us merely an arrangement of the diary-entries and letters, with a

moral drawn more or less by afterthought.

The whole thing strikes one as a really sincere record and commentary. The fisherman and his household, their ways of life, speech, and thought, are presented with equal fidelity and sympathy. The author has what would seem a rather superfine literary manner if it were not overpowered by the candid simplicity of his substance. The house is full of children, scolding, confusion, coarse talk; but he manifestly likes it all. He finds no vulgarity there, no rooted selfishness. Even the canons of taste cease to seem of primary importance:

> The poor will read the literature of life's fundamental realities quickly enough, once they know of its existence. What they will not read, what in the struggle for existence they cannot waste time over, is the literature of the *et ceteras* of life, the decorations, the vaporings. Sane minds, like healthy bodies, crave strong meats, and the strong meats of literature are usually the worst cooked. I am inclined to think that the taste of the poor, the uneducated, is on right lines, though undeveloped, whilst the taste of the educated consists of beautifully developed wrongness, an exquisite recession from reality.

The author believes, moreover, that the "typical poor man's evolution is proceeding with a great solidity." In other words:

> The poor have kept essentially what a schoolboy calls the better end of the stick; not because their circumstances are better —materially their lives are often terrible enough—but because they know better how to make the most of what material circumstances they have.

Certainly the Widgers, as Mr. Reynolds succeeds in picturing them, are happy enough, good enough, successful enough in matters that count, to furnish ground for the opinion.

The Fate of Iciodorum: Being the Story of a City Made Rich by Taxation. By David Starr Jordan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 90 cents net.

This is an amusing little fable of protection. The first draft, says the author, was made at Auvergne in 1883; the first publication was in the *Popular Science Monthly* in 1888. This issue in book form is peculiarly timely, because the attention of the country is again centred upon the subject, and also because, since "the chronicle was written, most of the events and nearly all the speeches have had their close parallels even in America."

The tale, in brief, recounts the process by which Iciodorum (modern Issoire) develops its industries by means of an *octroi*, or tariff. The Mayor conceives the happy idea that if all the boots, for example, are made at Issoire, "the boot-money will remain at home. It is as though, so far as the city is concerned, Issoire gets her boots for nothing." To be sure, the neighboring town of Clermont, with good water-power, nearness to the mountains, and cheaper hides and tanbark, can make boots more cheaply; but the tax certainly succeeds in establishing at Issoire a flourishing boot-factory. Yet, "strangely enough, the more boots that were produced, the more barefooted children were seen in the streets. But the money went steadily into the hands of those who used it best, and that is the main element in communal prosperity." The advocate of the *octroi* also urges a familiar doctrine:

> The great charm of this tax is that the people will not feel it at all, for it will be paid by outsiders, by those merchants from Clermont and Lyons who send their goods to our town. . . . They pay the *octroi*, for we shall not buy a single thing of them until the goods are safe inside the city gates.

Gradually the tax, which begins with boots, is extended to one article after another, till practically everything is taxed and the whole trade of Issoire is on an artificial basis. The only people who are really profiting by the arrangement are certain wealthy citizens; for the government is, in fact, robbing the poor in order to support the enterprises of the rich.

As a vehicle of instruction such a fable as this has a manifest value. We do not understand the real structure of the human body till the anatomist has dissected away the fair skin and rounded muscles and stripped to our view the gaunt skeleton and hideously grinning skull. In like manner President Jordan offers us an anatomy of protection. By reducing the problem to its simplest terms, he shows us the repulsive reality that our Congressional orators have been decking with fine phrases about the prosperity of the laboring man, luxuries for the wage-earner, and defence of the American home against the low standard of living that has made Europe a vast poorhouse. These noble sentiments disguise the crude fact that a body of predatory manufacturers—among whom, for example, ex-Representative Lucius N. Littauer, the glove-man, is a conspicuous offender —have been contriving a tariff that takes money from our pockets and puts it into theirs. After reading this book, no man who wishes to get at the fundamental theory of protection can plead ignorance.

Yet it is unhappily true that were ten million copies of this tract distributed among the voters, we might still make very little headway toward free trade; for the practical application of a very plain doctrine is attended by vast difficulties. It is easy to call protection theft; it is comparatively easy to make men of even ordinary capacity see at least the main fallacies of the vicious system; but the debates in Congress this last week show how much easier it is to appeal to prejudice and passion, and thus win support for this or that item which is logically and morally as indefensible as burglary. Intellectual belief that the tariff is iniquitous can never withstand the importunate assaults of the emotions. The one thing which bulks large in men's eyes, shutting everything else from view, is the certainty that unless they join the swine, biting, squealing, and trampling in the mire, they and their families must go naked and hungry. Can men be expected to show a stout heart in what appears a hopeless struggle in defence of an abstract theory the real bearings of which they but feebly apprehend?

Bartholomew de las Casas: His Life, His Apostolate, and His Writings. By Francis Augustus MacNutt. Pp. xxxviii+472. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1909. $3.50 net.

Mr. MacNutt's sumptuous edition of the "Letters of Cortes," which appeared last summer, has been followed by the present volume within the space of eight months. Doubtless, the author has been working at both books at the same time. This last, though shorter, is in one sense the more ambitious, for the major part (309 pages) consists, as the title implies, of an original biography, whereas, in the "Letters of Cortes," Mr. MacNutt's work was rather that of editor. Still he has not entirely refrained from the publication of sources in the present book, for the life of Las Casas is followed by an English translation of the most celebrated of all the "Apostle's" works—the short treatise, first published in Seville in 1552, under the title of "Brevissima Relacion de la Destruycion de las Indias," which is in effect a description and arraignment of the conduct of the Spaniards in America during the first half-century of their occupation. Not that the "Relacion" has lacked for earlier editions: upwards of two dozen (most of them English translations) appeared in different countries before the end of the seventeenth century, and were used with telling effect in the Protestant nations of Europe, to inculcate hatred and dread of Spain. The title of the English edition of 1689, "Casas's Horrid Massacres, Butcheries, and Cruelties that Hell and Malice Could Invent, Committed by the Spaniards in the West Indies," is significant; but it also shows, perhaps better than anything else, that there was plenty of room for a new and accurate translation, aimed at an exact rendering of the author's meaning, rather than an immediate political purpose. Such a translation, Mr. MacNutt has given and for it he deserves our thanks.

The more original part of Mr. MacNutt's volume affords less reason for congratulation. A sane and scholarly

biography of Las Casas was badly needed, for much new material has been discovered, and many old verdicts have been revised since the appearance of Sir Arthur Helps's life of the "Apostle of the Indies" more than forty years ago. But it is obvious from the very outset that Mr. MacNutt has neither the linguistic equipment nor historical background to enable him to take the best advantage of his opportunity. His "List of Authorities Consulted" reveals an ominously significant aversion to all books in German, and almost all books of any kind that have appeared within the last fifteen or twenty years. Armstrong's "Charles the Fifth," Zimmermann's "Kolonialpolitik Spaniens," Häbler's "Spanien unter den Hapsbürgern," Lannoy and Van der Linden's "L'Expansion coloniale des peuples européens," and Bourne's "Spain in America" are some of the most striking omissions. The glowing but unconvincing description of Ximenes (pp. 75-7) is apparently based on three French biographies of the Cardinal, none of which is less than two hundred years old. The details of Las Casas's life Mr. MacNutt seems for the most part to know fairly thoroughly, but his attitude towards his hero, whom he frankly describes as "the noblest Spaniard who ever landed in the Western world," is far too favorable to inspire confidence in the impartiality of his judgments. So deeply is he impressed with the importance of emphasizing the greatness of the "Apostle's" efforts on behalf of the natives, that he falls into the grave error of judging the evils of the Spanish treatment of them solely from the words of their passionate advocate. "Las Casas," as one of the modern historians whom Mr. MacNutt has ignored, has rightly said, "was the Lloyd Garrison of Indian rights; but it is as one-sided to depict the Spanish Indian policy primarily from his pages, as it would be to write a history of the American negro question exclusively from the files of the *Liberator*; or, after a century of American rule in the Philippines, to judge it solely from the anti-Imperialist tracts of the last few years."

The book, like "The Letters of Cortes," is handsomely made and beautifully illustrated, though between them the author and publisher might have been expected to detect some of the more obvious misprints (*e. g.*, "Sergoria" and "Sergovia" for "Segovia," on p. 469). The portraits—including Charles V, Philip II, Adrian VI, Paul III, Ximenes, Columbus, Sepuloeda, the historian and rival of Las Casas, and others—are for the most part well selected, though it was a pity to choose the least admirable of the various Titian likenesses of the Emperor—namely, the Bologna portrait of 1530. Indeed, the book is in many ways so satisfactory that one lays it down with a distinct feeling of regret that lack of thorough and careful study has prevented it from being really good. We trust and believe that these defects may be remedied before the appearance of Mr. MacNutt's "Life of Cortes," now in preparation.

Science.

The Origin of Vertebrates. By Walter H. Gaskell, University lecturer on physiology, Cambridge, England. Pp. 537; 168 figures, many original and some colored. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

It is significant and encouraging that, within fifty years after the publication of "The Origin of Species" there should appear a volume beginning: "It is no longer a debatable question whether or no evolution has taken place; . . . zoölogists desire now to find out how it has taken place." The "how" includes two categories of problems, viz., the nature and operation of the laws of heredity and variation, and the exemplification of those laws by given species or groups. Within either of the great sub-kingdoms, *e. g.*, the arthropods (insects, crustacea, etc.),or the vertebrates, there is such structural and developmental homogeneity that—given a fairly complete series of fossil remains—the determination of probable lines of descent usually seems only a question of moderate time. For example, the ancestry of the modern horse is generally accepted; frogs and toads were probably descended from salamander-like forms, and birds have been aptly characterized as "glorified reptiles."

But efforts to outline the derivation of the vertebrates themselves from any known arthropod types encounter not merely an obvious lack of correspondence in many details, but four more fundamental difficulties which may be stated briefly as follows:

(1.) Unlike the arthropod, the vertebrate has a body-axis, represented by the spine in the adult of higher forms, but in certain lower, and in the early stage of all, by a gelatinous rod, the notochord.

(2.) Unlike that of the vertebrate, the arthropod gullet passes through a ring formed by the brain in front, the first of the series of ganglia behind, and nerve-cords at either side.

(3.) Unlike that of the arthropod, the vertebrate central nervous system is tubular.

(4.) In the usual attitude of the vast majority of both groups, the central nervous system is above the alimentary canal and the heart below it in the vertebrate, while the arthropod central nervous system is below and the principal blood vessel above.

Undismayed by these contradictory conditions, during the last twenty years two men have devoted themselves largely to the exposition of the "ways and means" of the origin of vertebrates from an arthropod stock. In 1890 Prof. William Patten of Dartmouth published in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* a paper entitled "On the Origin of Vertebrates from Arachnids," including under the last name not only spiders and scorpions, but shielded and crab-like extinct forms now represented only by the limulus, or king-crab. In that and in subsequent papers Patten points out the structural as well as external resemblances of these ancient arachnids to their contemporaries, the mailed and earliest known fishes, the very nature of which, in some cases, was for a time problematic. He calls attention to the fact that limulus and some other arthropods often swim upon their backs, thereby bringing their main organs into the position, relative to the supporting surface, which prevails among vertebrates. He also emphasizes the significance of certain cavities in the brain of some arthropods. By an interesting coincidence, immediately following Patten's paper in the *Journal* was one by Gaskell, "On the Origin of Vertebrates from a Crustacean-like Ancestor." In that, in later papers, and in the present volume, he enlarges upon the similarities of the mailed fishes to trilobites and their kindred, living and extinct, and extends his comparisons to the larval lamprey, which (p. 227) "gives more valuable information as to vertebrate ancestry than all the rest of the vertebrates put together."

Naturalists generally regard the resemblances above referred to as analogic and suggestive rather than homologic and conclusive, and are indisposed to recognize as connecting links between the arthropods and the vertebrates relatively specialized forms comparable with limulus and the mailed fishes. Upon this point, however, Patten and Gaskell constitute a united minority, and we may now consider the distinctive views of the latter. He rejects "inversion" as a basis of comparison between the two great groups, and maintains the validity of a theory formulated by him in 1887 and promulgated in the two following years, that the characteristic tubular constitution of the vertebrate central nervous system has resulted from the inclusion of the alimentary canal of the arthropod ancestors within its ganglionic chain, the longer and narrower portion becoming the central canal of the spinal cord and the shorter, wider portion the ventricles of the vertebrate brain. Gaskell's papers were evidently unknown to Patten when his earliest contribution to the subject was submitted, and Gaskell has frankly expressed his disappointment at the general indifference toward what Huxley hospitably greeted as an "earthquake hypothesis." He devotes to it the initial chapter of the present volume, and offers several diagrams (Figs

21, 160, 167), purporting to represent the stages of the engulfment of the arthropod alimentary canal by its nervous cord, and the concomitant evolution of a new alimentary canal for the ancestral vertebrate. Your reviewer appreciates the labor of gathering real or supposed facts from so many and varied sources, the zeal of argumentation, and the ingenuity of the original hypothesis, and is not—he hopes—influenced unduly by the lack of its public acceptance, so far as he is aware, by any competent morphologist, but he finds himself unable to characterize it in terms more fitting than those applied by its author to an idea that did not commend itself to him (p. 15): "It is not only unheard of in nature, but so improbable as to render impossible the theory which necessitates such a position." But whatever be the fate of its main thesis, Gaskell's book will stimulate research and discussion respecting an interesting and complex problem, and it may hasten the publication of the volume which Patten has long been preparing. It may also further a reaction from the extreme specialization that has been forced upon biologists by the prodigious accumulation of facts and elaboration of ideas during the last half-century. There may be devised a coöperative educational scheme that will qualify certain selected minds to deal effectively with large questions demanding intimate knowledge and impartial judgment respecting data derived from the structure, development, and geologic succession of forms supposed to represent the transition from invertebrates to vertebrates.

The illustrations of the present volume are numerous and clear, but not always accurate. Some appear to have been borrowed and even modified without specification. There should be a complete list, with acknowledgment of all sources. The admirable summaries of the several chapters deserve to be in larger type. The bibliography is so nearly complete that it is not easy to account for the omission of the title of Patten's critical letter in the *American Naturalist* for April, 1899. The printing is well done, and, especially considering the numerous technical terms, typographic errors are few. It would be interesting and instructive to ascertain how much space might have been saved had the oft-recurring terms "central nervous system" and "alimentary canal" been replaced by *neuron* and *enteron*, already familiar in the compound, neurenteric canal.

Among the books on science in the spring list of Cassell & Co. are the following: "The Nature Book," with an introduction on "The Love of Nature," by Walter Crane; "Gardening in the North," by S. Arnott and R. P. Brotherston; "Sweet Peas and How to Grow Them," by H. H. Thomas; "Live Stock," by Primrose McConnell; "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," by John J. Ward; "Little Gardens," by H. H. Thomas; "Cassell's A B C of Gardening," by Walter P. Wright; "Cassell's Cyclopedia of Mechanics," edited by Paul N. Hasluck; "The Handyman's Enquire Within," edited by Paul N. Hasluck; "Cassell's Household Cookery," by Lizzie Heritage; "Estimation of the Renal Function in Urinary Surgery," by J. W. Thomson Walker; "Structural Engineering," by Prof. A. W. Brightmore; "Outlines of Electrical Engineering," by Harold H. Simmons; "Elementary Dynamo Design," by W. B. Hird; "Popular Electricity," by W. Hibbert.

"The Baby: His Care and Training," by Marianna Wheeler, will be issued this spring by Harper & Bros.

Lieutenant Shackleton's exploit (see the *Nation* of April 1, p. 340) gives a special significance to the opening article of the *Annales de Géographie* for March on the Antarctic continent by M. Zimmermann. It is a résumé of the scientific results of the voyage of the Discovery and it closes with the enthusiastic statement that practically no work has been left for succeeding expeditions in that particular region except the collection of species of marine animals.

A work has been in serious demand when it reaches a seventh edition, which is the present status of Dr. C. W. Dulles's "Accidents and Emergencies" (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.), noticed in these columns in former years. That demand was fully justified by the clear and sensible discussion of those unforeseen occurrences which we call accidents, and this fully illustrated issue has been enlarged and truly revised. Its most novel injunction is the treatment of general freezing by heat, not mere warmth, applied with vigor and care by the hot bath or dry. Of this the author seems assured, and he cites confirmatory experiments with animals. His well-known skepticism as to hydrophobia leads him to advise against resort to Pasteur Institutes, on account of bites by presumably rabid animals; but in all other respects the well-indexed little volume may be accepted as a trustworthy compendium of practical information.

Dr. Persifor Frazer, a handwriting expert, died at his home in Philadelphia April 7. He was born in that city in 1844, and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. He served in the army and navy during the war, and afterwards joined the faculty of his university, teaching chemistry and geology until 1882. He wrote various papers on these subjects, but his most important publication was his "Bibliotics" (3 eds., 1894-1901), which, in the opinion of Bertillon, was the first scientific treatise on handwriting.

Dr. Arthur Gamgee, a distinguished London physician, died in Paris, March 29, in his sixty-eighth year. He was educated at Edinburgh University, was professor of physiology in Owens College, professor of physiology at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and was active in the investigation of physiological chemistry. He translated and edited Hermann's "Human Physiology" (1875), wrote a "Text-book of the Physiological Chemistry of the Animal Body," and contributed to scientific publications many papers on his specialty.

Drama.

HELENA MODJESKA.

Helena Modjeska, the Polish actress, died at Bay City, California, April 8, after an illness of about two months.

She was born in Cracow, in 1844, the daughter of Michael Oppido, a musician of fine cultivation, who had a large acquaintance among artists. Her early youth, therefore, was passed in a refined and inspiring intellectual atmosphere. Almost from the first she seems to have felt an impulse toward the stage. Two of her half-brothers became actors, and she wished to follow their example, but encountered strong opposition from her mother and her guardian —for her father had died while she was still a child. But when she was in her fifteenth year, the loss of family property forced her to earn her own living. Soon after her marriage to her guardian, Modrzejeweski, she turned to the theatre, appearing under the abbreviated name Modjeska. Her success was immediate, and her husband straightway organized a travelling company, with which she visited all the principal towns in Galicia. In 1862, while she was still in her 'teens, she secured an engagement for three months in the government theatre at Lemberg. After this she passed through a difficult period, but she continued to advance in reputation until she was encouraged to lease a theatre, on her own account, in Czernowice, where she played the heroines in various standard dramas, with her two half-brothers and a sister in her company. By 1865 she was so popular that she was engaged as leading lady for the theatre at Cracow, and thenceforth her triumph was assured.

Her fame soon extended beyond the confines of Poland; offers began to come to her from European managers; and then the younger Dumas invited her to go to Paris, and play the part of Marguerite Gautier in his "Dame aux camélias," a sufficient proof of the prominence to which she had attained. All these offers she steadily refused, in order to devote all her energies to the Polish stage. By this time she had become a widow, her first husband having been many years her senior, and, after a brief interval, she married the Count Bozenta, who was to be her devoted manager during the remainder of her public life. Leaving Cracow for Warsaw, she began a series of performances in prominent Polish plays, and in the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, and Molière, displaying notable versatility. There she remained for seven years, during which she played in nearly three hundred parts, with increasing fame. It was as Adrienne Lecouvreur, that she then achieved her greatest reputation.

But her husband incurred the ani-

mosity of the authorities on account of his political writings, and she herself incurred their ill will by resisting to the uttermost the Russian censorship of the Polish theatre. In course of time her health began to give way beneath the pressure of these worries, and in 1876 she resolved to emigrate to America, where she finally settled on a ranch near Los Angeles, hoping to found in that neighborhood a Polish colony. A year later she visited San Francisco, where, having won high praise by recitations in Polish, she began to study English, with the view of acting upon the American stage. In this enterprise she was encouraged by Edwin Booth, John McCullough, and others, and in due course she made her first appearance in California, as Adrienne Lecouvreur. This was the beginning of her successful American career which was to endure, with but brief interruptions, for thirty years. After a tour of the United States she recrossed the Atlantic to play two engagements in London —where she was hailed as one of the greatest actresses of her day—and also to try her fortunes once more in Poland. But soon she found herself excluded, by official decree, from Russian territory, and thereafter practically all her professional work was done in this country. In 1905 she bade farewell to the New York stage. Since then she had appeared in different parts of the country, but of late she had spent most of her time on her California ranch.

She was generally acknowledged to be one of the most gifted performers of her generation. In her prime her personal fascination was of an exceedingly rare kind. Her tall figure was singularly graceful, her face, though not of classic beauty, was wonderfully attractive in its intellectual charm and eloquent mobility, while her gestures were full of animation and significance. Her range of emotional expression was very wide. She could give full utterance to stormy emotion, maintain herself on the heights of tragic dignity, or relax in the gayest mood of refined comedy. All her work was distinguished by exquisite finesse. Her Adrienne Lecouvreur was a magnificent performance, glowing in its sentiment, superb in its scorn, most pitiful in its pathos. As the unfortunate Mary Stuart she presented a moving study of gracious womanhood and broken majesty. Her Juliet was bewitching in the early love scenes and finely tragic in its despair, although in the potion speech she could not attain to the frenzied horror of Adelaide Neilson or Stella Colas. Her Rosalind was more nearly the realized ideal of Shakespeare's delightful heroine than any interpretation known to modern playgoers. Her embodiment breathed the very spirit of romance and the woods. It had just the right touch of masculinity in the masquerade, and yet was irresistibly and indisputably feminine. It had the air of high-breeding, it had buoyancy, courage, tenderness, wit, and grace. Henrietta Crosman comes, perhaps, the next in order, but her Rosalind is of less ethereal and poetic texture. Another exquisite embodiment of Madame Modjeska was her Ophelia, which might well be compared with that of Ellen Terry. She played this part on the memorable occasion of the benefit for Lester Wallack; and Edwin Booth, the Hamlet, had to act his best to save himself from eclipse. In England she created a sensation with her Odette, and her admirable work in "Frou-Frou" and "Camille." Her Magda also was eloquent in its pride, its fierce contempt, and its despair. But it was not in the modern emotional drama or in such sensational pieces as "Les Chouans" that her best powers were revealed. These found their full scope only in the higher regions of the poetic drama. She was in later days the sole representative of such Shakespearean women as Imogen and Isabella, and she was the last notable interpreter of Lady Macbeth, although that was not to be accounted among her greatest achievements. Nor must her Viola be forgotten, a delightful bit of true Shakespearean comedy. Shakespeare was always her chief delight.

OUR FOREIGN AND NATIVE ACTORS

The death of Helena Modjeska may be said to mark the end of a theatrical era. She was the last surviving member of the group of great players of foreign nationality and training who repeated here in English the triumphs which they won originally in their native tongues. Prominent among them were Adelaide Ristori, Fanny Janauschek, Daniel E. Bandmann, and Charles Fechter. Tommaso Salvini, who, happily, still lives in retirement, may be added, perhaps, to the company, for although he never ventured himself to act in any language but Italian, he played habitually in this country with English-speaking support, and so great was his genius that it suffered comparatively little from that polyglot arrangement. Among their illustrious contemporaries, who contributed to the glories of the American stage, but adhered to their native speech, may be mentioned Bogumil Dawison, Seebach, Rossi, Sonnenthal, Ludwig Barnay, Frederick Haase, and Constant Coquelin—all of whom have joined the great majority—Sarah Bernhardt—who may or who may not be seen here again—and Eleonora Duse.

All these performers and the list might be increased, have acted in this country during the last forty years, and it may be interesting to glance for a moment at the sum of their artistic achievement, as compared with that of their English-speaking contemporaries on both sides of the Atlantic. Such a comparison cannot be made very flattering to the Anglo-Saxon theatre. What players of the first rank—not to insist too particularly upon the word "great"—has it produced since Macready, Phelps, Charles Kean, Edwin Forrest, E. L. Davenport, J. W. Wallack, and Charlotte Cushman, ended their careers? The question, it must be remembered, relates only to interpreters of the higher drama, the drama that demands imagination, brains, eloquence, and artistic cultivation. Two or three names suggest themselves instantly. Among them are those of Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, and Ellen Terry. Next in order—but on a distinctly lower level—come Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, and Richard Mansfield. Of these, all but one are already dead. Their most promising successors are Robert Mantell, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Forbes Robertson, Oscar Asche, Arthur Bourchier, and Beerbohm Tree, and of these all except Oscar Asche have already reached their meridian. Of competent performers in the modern drama —except when it partakes of the romantic—there are many, but their art is lower in degree, although some of them are eminent in their specialties.

If the actor be judged by his identification with the most notable characters in the imaginative drama, Edwin Booth is the greatest English-speaking actor of his period. In Hamlet, Lear, Shylock, and Macbeth, as well as in such romantic characters as Richelieu and Bertuccio, he attained heights that none of his rivals could approach. Henry Irving, at least his equal in romance and his superior in comedy, was, in tragedy, his inferior. Ellen Terry was supreme in the brilliant comedy of Portia and Beatrice and in the pathos of Ophelia. She was out of her depth in Lady Macbeth, or even in Juliet. John McCullough's highest achievement was his Virginius, though he had inspired moments in Othello and Lear. Barrett was sound and able in many characters, great in none. Mr. Robertson is the most eloquent, intellectual, and attractive of living Hamlets, but it would be absurd to compare his impersonation with Booth's.

None of the other English players mentioned has accomplished anything very significant. None of them certainly has done anything comparable with the Othello of Salvini, or—with the single exception of Mr. Booth—anything to equal certain passages in the Lear and Macbeth of the Italian actor, who, in grandeur of passion and pure pathos, was without a peer. In his own peculiar characters, Niger, Saul, Samson, and Conrad, for instance, he defied rivalry. Ristori's Lady Macbeth, whether in Italian or in English, was probably the greatest, after that of Sarah Siddons, while her Elizabeth, Marie Stuart, Phèdre, and Medea were ac-

knowledged masterpieces. But in three at least of these great parts—Medea, Marie Stuart, and Lady Macbeth—she was closely pressed by the Bohemian actress, Fanny Janauschek, who scored yet greater triumphs in the heroic character of Brünnhilde, not to speak of her Deborah and her facile descent to Lady Dedlock and the maid Hortense. Of Modjeska's place we have already spoken. Charles Fechter, upon whom fell the mantle of Lemaître, exhibited the art of romantic acting in its best estate, and furnished a wonderfully picturesque and fascinating Hamlet, which delighted the modern, but enraged conservative critics. In its prime his Dane was as popular as that of Irving or Booth, and gave more of the lover and prince than either. The gifted but unmanageable Bandmann was excelled in Shylock by Booth alone; and the Italian Rossi played Romeo with a passionate ardor and a tragic intensity that had almost the force of revelation.

It would be easy to multiply examples of the invaluable work done on the stage here and in England by foreign-born actors, in preserving high artistic standards which otherwise might have disappeared. Nothing has been said of the tragic triumphs of Bernhardt, Duse, or Mounet-Sully, of Seebach, Sonnenthal, Barnay, Frederick Haase, and others. Nor is it necessary. Enough evidence has been adduced to show that, during the last generation, actors of foreign origin have been among the most faithful and potent illustrators of that noble dramatic literature which is the priceless heritage of the English race. For the greater part of the third of a century there has been but one native American tragedian of the first rank, Edwin Booth, to maintain the credit of his country's stage. And he has left no visible successor. The fact is indisputable and humiliating, but by no means inexplicable. Foreign nations have no monopoly of histrionic genius. But they do have permanent stock companies—the only practical schools of acting—free and severe competition, and a certain amount of enlightened management. These are points on which we have frequently dwelt; but we cannot emphasize the idea too often. The foreign actors have opportunities of development which ours do not possess. Here there are no stock companies, no competition, very little enlightened direction, and, consequently, no great players. And, unfortunately, conditions in England do not appear to be much better.

"Ernst von Wildenbruch: Ernstes und Heiteres aus seinem Leben," by Dora Duncker (Berlin: Hermann Paetel), conveys a very favorable impression of the circumstances under which the lately deceased German dramatist grew up. The book also shows the obstacles and bitter disappointment he experienced along with his literary successes. Wildenbruch's father was a diplomat, and the boy's earlier days were passed in Beirut, Athens, and Constantinople. There he felt not only the influence of the classical environment, and the charms of nature, but met persons of distinction. In course of time he became familiar with mediæval Germany; and he was long identified with Berlin, sent there as a school boy, later a bureaucrat, and passing his declining days between the Tiergarten and a summer home he had built at Weimar. Wildenbruch was also a soldier, active in the campaigns of 1866 and 1871. All his works contain evidence of these varied experiences; and yet these favoring conditions did not prevent such failures in dramatic essay that Wildenbruch more than once declared he would never write another play. Love for the work, however, and confidence in what he was undertaking, led him ultimately to success, particularly in his "Rabensteinerin," which promises to become a popular German classic.

"The Happy Marriage," the latest play by Clyde Fitch, which was produced with a fair measure of success in the Garrick Theatre Monday evening, is more nearly allied to theatrical farce than true comedy. It is superior in character and purpose to many of Mr. Fitch's later productions, although by no means free from characteristic defects. Starting from inadmissible premises, and proceeding through unnatural, if frequently humorous, developments, it finally reaches an effective and wholesome ending. Briefly, the story is of a silly, sentimental, jealous, but not essentially disloyal wife, who, in a fit of pique over her husband's apparent neglect and faithlessness, listens to the traitorous advances of a rascally young lawyer and agrees to elope with him. As a matter of fact she does actually desert her home to join him at his office. There, through the agency of a fond old nurse, she is confronted by her husband, whose manliness of conduct and tender consideration for her welfare—in vivid contrast with the selfish conduct of her favored lover—convince her of her folly, arouse all her better instincts, and lead to what promises to be a permanent reconciliation. In original design the piece is good, but in execution it is often insincere and tricky. Human nature is sacrificed throughout upon the altar of theatrical effect. The conduct of both husband and wife is inconsistent. Neither of them—being what they are represented to be—could be guilty of the behavior attributed to them. In order to "save her face" the wife is endowed with an ignorance and simplicity wholly inconceivable in a married woman of her experience. Thus the first two preliminary acts, though full of Mr. Fitch's habitual cleverness and sufficiently amusing, have no real illusion. But the third act is better and stronger in every way and has genuine dramatic fibre in it, though it puts the husband upon a pinnacle where he does not properly belong. The matrimonial philosophy which it enforces is undeniably sound, if not especially new. The performance is respectable, but not brilliant.

"The House Next Door," an adaptation from the German by the English dramatist, J. Hartley Manners, which is now running, with good prospects of success, in the Galety Theatre, is a product of the Semitic question which has so long been vexing Europe, and is written mainly from the Hebrew point of view. The children of two families—the one headed by an immensely wealthy and remarkably broad-minded Jew, and the other by a ridiculous old Gentile bigot, the incarnation of rabid prejudice—fall in love with each other. Their union is opposed by both parents, but the Jew soon relents, even after enduring the grossest insult, and finally the hard heart of his Gentile enemy is softened by his magnanimity, and all ends happily. As drama, the piece is almost entirely worthless, being a wholly theatrical and artificial bit of special pleading, with only an occasional faint reflection of actual life. But the sentiment at the bottom is sound enough, and the play is frequently amusing. The piece is welcome, if only for its reintroduction of that accomplished comedian, J. E. Dodson. His impersonation of the irascible and bigoted old Gentile, is a fine example of highly finished eccentric acting. The dry humor of it is admirable, and its elocution perfect. It is a treat in these days to hear English spoken with such clarity, point, and crispness.

Gerald Lawrence and Miss Fay Davis have just begun their six weeks' Shakespearean season at the London Court Theatre. The plays selected for presentation are "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," and "Much Ado About Nothing." These are to be given without scenery, the stage being draped with tapestries.

Arthur William Gregory, an actor, died April 10 at East Orange, N. J., at the age of sixty-three. Early in his career Mr. Gregory, a native of England, took parts of importance in casts with Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, the elder Sothern, William Florence, Charlotte Cushman, and other noted actors. For many years he was stage manager for Daniel Frohman.

Music.

Analysis of the Evolution of Musical Form. By Margaret H. Glyn. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

It cannot be said that this is an entertaining book, or one in which it is easy to follow the author's course of reasoning at all points. She indulges in an abstruse style of ratiocination which requires pages to explain what a more concrete and imaginative writer would more fully elucidate in as many paragraphs. Yet it is a stimulating and instructive book, which must be commended not only to students—and experts—in musical theory and history, but to composers as well. One may not agree with the author that "the educational need of the day is for a truthful intellectual presentment of the growth of musical form"; but we must concede that her book goes far toward supplying

such a need, so far as it exists. Its chief value lies in the application of the comparative method. Musical evolution in Europe is contrasted with what we know of the development and present condition of the art in Oriental countries, and in this way new light is thrown on various disputed problems. The writer is not afraid to question generally accepted doctrines, such as the belief that harmony had its origin in the "organum" of the eighth century—an evolutionary stage which can be studied among the Andaman Islanders of our time who sing in three parts, the parts rising and falling simultaneously in consecutive fourths and fifths.

When a European or American travels in the East he speaks derisively of the chaotic and cacophonous music he hears. A perusal of these pages will convince such a person that in assuming this attitude he places himself in the position of an unmusical or semi-musical person who sneers at Beethoven or Wagner, whom he does not understand. It is true that the Orient knows not our harmonies, or even our keys and our tonality; but it has a bewildering variety of subtle details of melody that atone for these deficiencies. To understand these, we lack the Asiatic's "microtonal" instinct; that is, the faculty of distinguishing and relishing intervals smaller than semi-tones. Not a few European composers and theorists, among them Saint-Saëns, have held that the next step in our music will be the adoption of such microtones—say, quarter tones; and the East can show us the way. In rhythmic variety, too, the Orientals can teach us much, as well as in irregular, poignant accentuation. On this point Liszt wrote eloquently in his book on Hungarian gypsies; but our author, being an Englishwoman, of course does not mention him, ignorance of Liszt being in England an essential of good breeding.

The Hindu is much more emotional than the Englishman who rules over him, and his microtonal instinct makes him susceptible to delicate and subtle inflections of pitch to which the foreign invader is deaf. The Hindu is also, in his way, "a more thorough theorist than the European musician." Of British music our author speaks with contempt. The English musician, she informs her readers, "is still in the pre-Darwinian stage." "Vulgarity in music," she says on another page, "is invariably a sign of rhythmic degeneration, and to this cause must be assigned the present condition of English popular music." There is "some music that is attractive to everybody"; but, generally speaking, music is now in the position of literature at the time when a book was as completely a sealed thing to the people as a score is nowadays.

It will be seen from foregoing remarks that the author uses the words "musical form" in the widest sense, including the most elementary tonal crystallization. She proceeds to consider the evolution of the scale, of harmony, tonality, counterpoint, phrase and stanza, imitation, the cycle, and the continuous style, which was one of Wagner's contributions to musical evolution. On all these subjects she offers suggestive views, not infrequently so novel that they involve the coining of new words; but there is a glossary which explains them; and there is also an appendix with many illustrations in musical type. Not a few of her statements might be disputed, notably this, that "if we admit poetry as the equal partner of music, good results of the combination may be obtained, but the finest in music will not be reached"—an assertion contradicted by hundreds of songs and the best scenes in Wagner's operas.

In anticipation of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Richard Wagner, May 22, 1913, the different houses which publish his writings have united to issue a cheap edition of his operas. The first part will appear on Wagner's birthday this year.

Jaroslaw de Zielinski is preparing a condensed English version of Hoesick's life of Chopin, the first two volumes of which appeared in Polish in 1904. Hoesick sides with those who give February 22, 1810, as the date of Chopin's birth.

Last season Wagner was losing ground at the Metropolitan Opera House. This season he not only recovered the lost ground, but went ahead of the other favorites; his operas were sung 34 times, while Puccini, who came next, had 26 performances, and Verdi 24. The most encouraging thing about this progress is that it came about although the Wagner casts were not so great as in some past seasons; but Mr. Dippel effected such remarkable improvements in the orchestra, chorus, and stage management that the public crowded to these performances (including five of "Parsifal") as in the golden age of German opera. Altogether, there were 73 representations of operas by Italian composers, 45 of German, and 19 of French. A notable success was the Bohemian opera, "The Bartered Bride," which was sung six times, and will be heard once more, on April 23, when the company returns from its Western tour, for the benefit of the Legal Aid Society. The other three novelties—"Tiefland," "Le Villi," and "La Wally"—are not likely to be in next year's repertory. Five other novelties had been promised, but while the scenery for them was at hand, the lack of time for rehearsing made it necessary to defer their production. This lack of time was due largely to the appearance of the company not only in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, but in Baltimore and Washington. The retirement of Sembrich and Eames will be felt as a serious disadvantage next season; but Nordica has been engaged and there is talk also of inducing Calvé to come back. The general manager imported from Milan has discovered that what fills an opera house in New York is stars and star casts. Caruso did not sing during the last four weeks of the season except twice. He will have to rest till the autumn. Should the impairment of his voice prove permanent, it would be a grievous disaster to Italian opera.

Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan gives no operas in German, and the most popular of his productions this season was Richard Strauss's "Salome" in French; it was given ten times. Of four operas that were presented seven times each, one "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," was by a German; one, "Lucia," by an Italian; two, "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," and "Thaïs," by Frenchmen. Two of last year's successes, Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" and Charpentier's "Louise," did not hold their own. A gratifying incident was the successful revival of Verdi's "Otello"; another, the equally successful production of "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, whose operas have been too much neglected in this country. "Don Giovanni" was not given, but a brilliant revival of it is to open the next season. The number of performances at the Manhattan was 116; at the Metropolitan, 143; total, 259. And this will be greatly exceeded next time.

Three American composers will conduct their own works at the concert arranged by David Bispham for the American Music Society at Carnegie Hall, Sunday afternoon, April 18. They are: Arthur Bergh, whose musical setting of Poe's "Raven" will accompany Mr. Bispham's recitation of the poem; Arthur Farwell, whose "Dawn," a phantasy for orchestra, will have its first New York hearing; and George W. Chadwick, who will conduct for the baritone ballad, "Lochinvar," which Mr. Bispham will sing. Franz X. Arens will conduct the People's Symphony Orchestra in two numbers, the prelude to "The Hamadryad," by William J. McCoy, and "Creole Days," by Harry Rowe Shelley. Miss Augusta Cottlow will play Edward MacDowell's concerto in D minor, opus 23. The concert in its entirety promises to be one of the most interesting of the entire season.

Art.

Legend in Japanese Art: A Description of Historical Episodes, Legendary Characters, Folk-lore, Myths, Religious Symbolism, Illustrated in the Arts of Old Japan, by Henri L. Joly; with upwards of 700 illustrations, including 16 full-page reproductions in color. New York: John Lane Co. $25 net.

Japanese Sword Guards. By Okabe-Kakuya, in coöperation with the Department of Chinese and Japanese Art. Boston: Published by the Museum of Fine Arts. $1.25.

Japanese Wood Engravings: Their History, Technique, and Characteristics. By William Anderson. London: Seeley & Co. 75 cents net.

In "Legend in Japanese Art" the delight of a collection of poems, of an anthology, and also of a collection of paintings, is all to be had in the form

of an encyclopædia. That such a difficult and beautiful enterprise might be carried out differently, and perhaps more successfully, is possible, but only at the risk of making a still larger collection, when this one is almost too bulky for convenience. This book, then, is, for the average Japonizer, a gift of importance. Japanese and Chinese art are, like all others, based on history, legend, religion. With the Japanese, all representations of story and of nature connect with the immeasurable past. We cannot think of Hokusai, for instance, without it. The work of art, then, is a variation upon a theme already accepted; the artist has already met his public half-way. The pages of this book give us stories of delicious folk-lore and fairy tales, and stories from the shadowy borders of ghostland. Our own art has been thin in helping our childhood; but this volume indicates the richness of information on which the Oriental mind feeds. There is no endeavor to deal with art as such, but merely with the themes illustrated; yet the book will be a treasure-house for any artist sensitive to the rendering of these subjects as subjects, to the principles of their design, and the wonderful skill of their making.

The second book on our list is a catalogue of a special exhibition of Japanese sword guards, or *tsuba*. With the catalogue goes an account of the principal schools and the makers, with illustrations, classified and explanatory. The author was assistant professor of metal work at the Imperial School of Tokio, under the late Kano-Natsuo, one of the most noted metal artists of recent times; in 1899 he wrote a series of articles on metal work based on the material in the Nippon-Bijitsuin, and for three years he has been in charge of the metal work of the Boston Museum, studying, cataloguing, and putting articles in good condition. The *tsuba*, from various sources, comprise more than 1,200 examples; and our authors give us lists of all the artists who worked on these fragments of the sword, with an account of their schools and their characters. The work may be taken as a supplement to the "Japanese Legends in Art," before noticed, wherein many sword guards are displayed with an account of their meaning and story. Here also, with the lists of names, such explanations are given as are necessary to acquaint us with their place in Japanese history and legend. Thus these sword guards become for us important documents in the story of a civilization. The sword has from the most remote past and among many peoples been a sacred image of power and arbitrament by force, of honor and duty. Never, however, has the worship of the sword gone as far as with the Japanese. At a time coeval with our middle ages, the Samurai, the nobles of Japan, embodied this symbolism in their supreme code:

> The steel taught them the virtue of that self-control which calmly prepares for a mighty struggle. In the unclouded face of the crystalline blade they beheld mirrored the purity and chastity inseparable from true loyalty. The most precious dowry a bride could bring to a Samurai was the honored sword of her ancestors, while many an old Japanese drama is based on the quest and recovery of some lost flame. The sword was part of the Samurai's own personality. Of course (as we would ourselves) people judged his character from that of his weapon.

Thus we follow the evolution of the sword as the feudal and Zen notions gain more and more power, and then as they decline under the stress of modern civilization. Along with these symbolical matters runs a history of the decoration and make-up of the sword, with numerous details to guide the expert and the amateur art student.

"Japanese Wood Engravings" is a pocket edition of the well-known book by the late Dr. William Anderson, best known for his "Historical and Descriptive Catalogue of the Japanese and Chinese Books in the British Museum," which Mr. Joly, in the preface to the great work of his above noticed, characterizes as "an inexhaustible mine of information, not only upon schools of painting and their representatives in the collection, but also upon the subjects treated by the artists." Most of the illustrations of the present work are taken from examples in Dr. Anderson's collection in the British Museum. The larger edition of the book, belonging to the Portfolio Monographs, is naturally a little handsomer, but the loss from reducing the pictures to pocket size is less than might be expected, and there is now no excuse for the poorest amateur's remaining ignorant of the successive developments of that Japanese form of art, which has taken hold of us, amused us, taught us refinement to the point of surprise. It is unnecessary to go through the various schools here catalogued. To-day a part of the older work is occasionally almost rivalled, but the modern necessities of commercial life threaten the only thing which is of value in a work of art, that it should be impossible to duplicate. The learned writer takes a dismal view of the future and predicts "the extinction of an art industry to which Japan owes so much; but the end is inevitable."

Cassell & Co. will publish this spring: "Cassell's Royal Academy Pictures and Sculpture, 1909"; and "Cassell's House Decoration," edited by Paul N. Hasluck.

The Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde) has issued a very interesting volume, "Historical Portraits: Richard II to Henry Wriothesley, 1400-1600," the lives by C. R. L. Fletcher, formerly fellow of All Souls and Magdalen Colleges; the portraits chosen by Emery Walker, fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; with an introduction on the history of portraiture in England. The plan is for a series, coming down to the middle of the nineteenth century. This volume, like all previous works of the kind, begins with Richard II, for the sufficient reason that portrait-painting was practically unknown in England before the opening of the fifteenth century. It is interesting here to trace the development of the art, from faces that to our eyes seem conventional and without much individuality, down to Holbein, who is the dominant artist of the collection. His hand or his influence is marked by many portraits, starting with that of Henry VIII. Many of these pictures are, of course, familiar to visitors at the National Portrait Gallery in London and other important English collections. The reproductions in photogravure are well printed in dark brown ink. The lives are brief but sufficient.

Lionello Venturi's "Origini della Pittura Veneziana (1300-1500)" was reviewed in the *Nation* of October 10, 1907, p. 335. The title-page bore the true but misleading statement that the work had received a prize from the Royal Venetian Institute of Arts and Letters. It received as a matter of fact the second prize, and now we have the first prize essay, "Storia della Pittura Veneziana," Part I, "Le Origini," by Nicola Testi (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche, 30 lire). The affair must have been irritating to Signor Testi, and one can hardly blame him for directing a running fire from his foot-notes against Signor Venturi's volume. But one feels, too, that, as is often the case, the man in the right is the real sufferer from the controversy. Signor Testi has merely burdened his already laborious treatise with superfluous controversy. His book is in every way a contrast to its rival. Venturi's work was virtually a big essay, very readable and useful as such, dealing only with main issues. Testi's single volume, though of equal bulk, covers half the ground of Venturi's, treating exhaustively the whole history of graphic design in the Veneto. Mosaics and miniatures are constantly considered, as well as the relevant bits of sculpture. Of course, Signor Testi's method is the more truly scientific, but this very thoroughness takes it out of the class of books possible for the general reader. It is a great storehouse of facts, and presents in tolerable reproductions many pictures unknown to art history. Students will doubtless find it a happy hunting ground, and to them we must leave it, merely observing that Signor Testi seems to us to have established his main thesis, namely: that the Gothic-Byzantine style at Venice was not one of decadence, but of progress towards more veracious and vivacious methods of composition and draughtsmanship. This rather surprising view he draws from his study of the mosaics.

Prof. Karl Frey of the University of Berlin has published a German edition of the letters of Michael Angelo, "Die Briefe des Michelagniolo Buonarroti" (Berlin: Julius Bard). The letters are arranged chronologically, and an appendix contains copious notes, selections from the poetry of the artist, and letters addressed to him. This volume will be valuable for everybody in-

terested in the civilization of the renaissance, for not only does it afford an insight into the inner life of the artist, but it also gives a faithful picture of his surroundings. The language of the translation is very readable—an advantage that merits special mention, considering the difficulties of Michael Angelo's Italian.

A second and enlarged edition of Herrmann Muthesius's "Das englische Haus" (three vols. Berlin: Wasmuth Co.) has just left the press. This work is one of the most comprehensive historical and descriptive accounts of the English house.

Among the exhibitions in the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by A. Walkowitz at Haas's, till April 17; portraits of old masters, Ehrich's, April 19; paintings of eastern Oregon, Childe Hassam, April 21; and engravings after Watteau, Lancret, Pater, Chardin, Boucher, Van Loo, Fragonard, and other artists of the eighteenth century in France, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, May 4.

The fifteenth annual architectural exhibition of the T Square Club and the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects opens at the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts April 17.

From Meulan comes the report of the death of Victor Vignon, the French landscape painter, at the age of sixty-one. He exhibited at the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts.

Anton Hess, professor of plastic art at the Technical Highschool of Munich, has died at the age of seventy. He was himself a sculptor of note, and executed statues for the Rathaus and other public buildings.

The death is reported of the well-known picture restorer, Alois Hauser of Berlin, in his seventy-ninth year.

Finance.

SPECULATION IN HARD TIMES.

The recent outburst of excited speculation for the rise on the Stock Exchange points again to the oddity of a phenomenon with which our people became familiar in 1908. It is not wholly unusual, when finance and industry have reached the low level of after-panic reaction and are gradually rising to normal, for the incidental recovery in prices to be rapid for a time; and such recovery would naturally be attended by speculative operations for the rise. It is not even unprecedented for speculators just emerged from a serious panic to make up their minds that nothing of consequence has happened, and that good times are immediately ahead. Such illusions were indulged in even in the year following the panic of 1873, which tradition pictures as a period of profound depression. But speculative activities such as were witnessed in 1908, and have been witnessed this month, are not in line with precedent.

In the case of the present Stock Exchange "boom," the first abnormal fact to notice is that the rise began with prices for many active stocks already back at the ante-panic level. Furthermore, it is not unfair to say that definite belief in, or anticipation of, immediate industrial improvement, has played little part. In last year's markets, such faith appeared to exist. Taking its cue, perhaps, from the remarkable Prosperity League, the Stock Exchange asserted in the series of "bull markets" of 1908, and got itself to believe, that hard times were actually over. In the active speculation of last spring, the arrival of large numbers of buyers in the dry goods trade, in response to the cut in prices at the mills, was taken as visible evidence of a returning "boom." In the summer, another similar speculation was based on definite assertions from the Middle West that the prospect of a good harvest had started up the mills and caused reëmployment of 17,000 idle laborers. A third demonstration, in November, was plainly based on the inference that, since election of the Presidential candidate favored in financial circles had, in 1900, been followed by great prosperity, therefore results would be similar in 1908. It has not been easy, however, to discover such a process of inference on the present occasion. The signs of trade reaction have been too plainly in view, since the steel market's artificially-held prices gave way in February, to make possible any illusions, such as those of a year ago, to the effect that the "boom times of 1906" were about to be reproduced. Actual events, including the tariff controversy, have been of a kind to inspire hesitation rather than enthusiasm. Nevertheless, prices for many stocks have not only risen substantially, but have actually—as in the case of United States Steel shares—gone above the highest price in such prosperous periods as 1905 and 1906.

How is a movement of this sort, under such conditions, to be explained? A common explanation is that industrial reaction has released great sums of actual money from the channels of trade; that this money, accumulating in New York bank reserves, in the form of an abnormally large surplus, has brought money rates to an extremely low figure, and has thus afforded unusual facilities to speculative borrowers. Such a condition certainly does exist; but it existed also in 1894, when the New York surplus bank reserve rose to $111,000,000, as against a maximum of $59,200,000 last year. Yet 1894 was marked on the Stock Exchange by inertia, depression, and liquidation. Furthermore, at the present moment and for similar reasons, the great European banks are making a showing quite as remarkable as New York's, and money rates on the European markets are quite as low; yet no such speculation for the rise is seen on the other side of the Atlantic. And if, in fact, it were to be conceded that low money rates must, *ipso facto*, bring about high prices for speculative stocks, then the converse should logically be true, and the high money rates of an era of real trade activity should produce a falling stock market. But every one knows that nothing of the sort happens. If it did, then the Stock Exchange would certainly have to abdicate its office as the index and prophet of real industrial conditions.

The problem, from an economic point of view, is puzzling. What the phenomena of the day appear to indicate rather clearly is, that sums of capital, quite without precedent in the history of markets, are used in this country for stock speculation pure and simple. Something of the sort was visible in Jay Gould's time; but Gould and his confederates were rarely able to make headway on the stock market when actual conditions pointed the other way. There must, then, be some other underlying difference, economic or psychological. In both regards, there are certain peculiarities of the present period which explain, even if they do not justify, the singular position of the markets. One is, that the American people as a whole have not been reduced to poverty or forced into close retrenchment, as happened after all our former panics. The prosperity of our agricultural section, as compared with these former periods, is one patent illustration. Evidently, also, the appetite for speculation, in the American community, has not been destroyed by the lesson of 1907. Whether this is or is not a wholesome sign, and exactly what are the probable consequences, are other questions.

"The Meaning of Money," by Hartley Withers (London: Smith, Elder & Co.), is a simple account, in non-technical language, of the modern mechanism of exchange. From metallic money, the author passes to such subjects as bills of exchange, checks, banknotes, the clearing system, foreign exchange, commercial banking, and the money market. Designed for English readers, the volume considers chiefly the English money market, but pays due attention to the various elements affecting the world's exchanges. As a compendium for people untrained in the intricacies of finance, the book merits hearty commendation. Its explanations are clear, its illustrations striking, and its underlying theory extremely sound and sensible. The author's views concerning the gold reserves of Great Britain and the best method of increasing them are worthy of the careful consideration of economists and financiers. American readers may well take to heart the concluding chapter, upon "Other Reserves," in which Mr. Withers emphasizes the fact that a high cash reserve is of little avail unless the other assets are such as to command confidence, and that this "confidence" is a "psychological reserve"

depending upon the character of bankers. "Control of a chain of banks," he remarks, "by a gambling group, and the use of the banks' credit to further the group's gambling," is a poor basis upon which to build a "psychological reserve." We wonder what country and what particular city our author could have had in mind.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Raymond Macdonald. An Introduction to Poetry. For Students of English Literature. Henry Holt. $1.25.
Bainbridge, William Seaman. Life's Day: Guide-Posts and Danger-Signals in Health. Frederick A. Stokes.
Batson, Mrs. Stephen. The Summer Garden of Pleasure. Chicago: A. C. McClurg.
Beary, Harriet R. The Individual Development of Man. Hartman Publishing House. $1.
Betz, Frederick. Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche. Boston: D. C. Heath. 30 cents.
Brant, John Ira. The New Régime, A. D. 2202. Cochrane Publishing Co. $1.
Bryan, J. Ingram. The Feeling for Nature in English Pastoral Poetry. Tokio: Kyo-Bun-Kwan.
Browning, Robert. Rabbi Ben Ezra. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher. $1 net.
Carson, Blanche Mabury. From Cairo to the Cataract. Boston: L. C. Page.
Carus, Paul. The Foundations of Mathematics. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Conger, Sarah Pike. Letters from China: with Particular Reference to the Empress Dowager and the Women of China. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. $2.75 net.
Curwood, James Oliver. The Great Lakes: The Vessels That Plough Them; Their Owners; Their Sailors, and Their Cargoes. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Cust, Mrs. Henry. Gentlemen Errant. Dutton. $4 net.
De Tocqueville's Voyage en Amérique. Edited by R. Clyde Ford. Boston: D. C. Heath. 40 cents.
Dey, Frederic van Rensselaer. A Gentleman of Quality. Boston: L. C. Page.
Douthit, Jasper. The Autobiography of a Pioneer. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.25 net.
Dubois, Paul. Self-Control and How to Secure It. Funk & Wagnalls.
Dulles, Charles W. Accidents and Emergencies: A Manual. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1 net.
Eliot, George. Scenes of Clerical Life. Henry Frowde.
Eickemeyer, Carl. The Giant Killer. New York.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Education: An Essay. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Gallatin, Francis D. An Unfinished Divorce, or, Her Better Self. Cochrane Publishing Co. $1.50.
Gibbon, Perceval. Salvator. Doubleday, Page.
Goethe in Italy: Extracts from Goethe's Italienische Reise. Edited by A. B. Nichols. Henry Holt. 35 cts.
Gorham, Francis. The Lone Trail at Thirty. Boston: Black Lion Publishers.
Grattan, Francis W. With Those That Were. Broadway Publishing Co.
Greene, Homer. A Lincoln Conscript. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.
Grierson, Francis. The Valley of Shadows. Recollections of the Lincoln Country 1858-1863. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.
Griffis, William Elliot. The Story of New Netherland. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Halsey, Forrest. Fate and the Butterfly. B. W. Dodge. $1.50.
Hardy, Thomas. Tess of the D'Ubervilles. Harper. $1.25.
Harper, George McLean. Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Henderson, Walter George. Norah Conough. Outing Publishing Co.
Hilton, Marian A. The Garden of Girls. Tandy-Thomas Co. $1.50.
Hogarth, David G. Ionia and the East. Henry Frowde. $1.15.
Holdsworth, W. S. A History of English Law. 3 vols. Boston: Little, Brown.
Jaggard, William. Index to Book-Prices Current; 1897 to 1906. London: Elliot Stock.
James, Henry. Novels and Tales. Vols. XVII and XVIII. Scribner.
Jordan, David Starr. The Fate of Iciodorum: Being the Story of a City Made Rich by Taxation. Henry Holt.
Kingsley, Florence Morse. The Glass House. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Kipling, Rudyard. Stalky & Co. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Works in Prose and Verse. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. Henry Frowde.
Lawton, Frederick. The Third French Republic. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Loomis, Charles Battell. Just Irish. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Mapes, Victor. Partners Three. Frederick A. Stokes.
Mark Twain. Is Shakespeare Dead? From My Autobiography. Harper. $1.25 net.
McCutcheon, George Barr. The Alternative. Dodd, Mead. $1.25.
Means. David MacGregor. The Methods of Taxation Compared with the Established Principles of Justice. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
Montgomery, H. B. The Empire of the East: A Simple Account of Japan As It Was, Is, and Will Be. Chicago: A. C. McClurg.
Morris, John. Organic History of English Words. Part I: Old English. Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner.
Myers, Charles S. A Text-Book of Experimental Psychology. Longmans, Green. $2.40 net.
My Life as a Dissociated Personality. By B. C. A. With an Introduction by Morton Prince. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Pierce, Frederick Erastus. The Collaboration of Webster and Dekker. Henry Holt.
Pippins and Peaches. By Madame Qui Vive and Penrhyn Stanlaws. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co.
Poe, Edgar Allan. Complete Poetical Works. Henry Frowde.
Powell, Lyman P. The Emmanuel Movement in a New England Town. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Reese, Lizette Woodworth. A Branch of May: Poems. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.
Revelation to the Monk of Evesham Abbey. Rendered into Modern English by Valerian Paget. John McBride Co. $1.50 net.
Rideout, Henry Milner. Dragon's Blood. Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.
Roux, Louis A. Lessons in Grammar and Composition, Based on Mérimée's Colomba. Boston: D. C. Heath.
Schiller's Maria Stuart. Edited by John Scholte Nollen. Ginn & Co. 75 cents.
Schreiner, Olive. Closer Union: A Letter on the South African Union and the Principles of Government. London: A. C. Fifield.
Seventeenth Universal Congress of Peace. Official Report. London: National Council of Peace Societies.
Shakespeare's Complete Sonnets. Edited by C. M. Walsh. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Sharman, Henry Burton. The Teaching of Jesus About the Future. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $3.26.
Sidis, Boris. An Experimental Study of Sleep. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Smith, D. Nichol. The Functions of Criticism. Henry Frowde.
Stewart, Basil. My Experiences of Cyprus. Dutton. $2 net.
Stringer, Arthur. The Gun-Runner: A Novel. B. W. Dodge. $1.50.
Swinburne, Algernon Charles. Three Plays of Shakespeare. Harper.
Tacitus's Agricola. Edited by Duane Reed Stuart. Macmillan. 40 cts. net.
Thomas, Ambrose M. Plain Economic Facts for All People. Cochrane Publishing Co. $3.
Thomson, Edward William. When Lincoln Died, and Other Poems. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Wallas, Graham. Human Nature in Politics. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.
Waller, Mary E. A Year Out of Life. Appleton. $1.50.
Webster, Henry Kitchell. A King in Khaki. Appleton. $1.50.
Weller, Charles Frederick. Neglected Neighbors: Stories of Life in the Alleys, Tenements, and Shanties of the National Capital. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.50 net.
Wells, Carolyn. The Rubáiyát of Bridge. Harper. $1.
What Is a Picture? Chicago: A. C. McClurg.
Williams, Charles D. A Valid Christianity for To-day. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Wilson's Arte of Rhetorique. Edited by G. H. Mair. Henry Frowde. $1.75.
Wollaston, Arthur N. Tales Within Tales: Adapted from the Fables of Pilpai. Dutton. $1.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1909.

The Week.

The cruellest suggestion yet made regarding the best way to reconcile the differences between the Payne bill and the Aldrich bill, comes from the White House. Unite the good features of each, and then improve the resulting combination, is the startling proposal of the President. Certain Dingley duties were cut in the House bill, others in the Senate; agree to accept both sets, and afterwards cut some more. This seems a natural thing to do, but we presume that Mr. Taft is not so innocent of the guile of tariff-making as would appear from his urging this course. It is the bad features of two rival bills upon which agreement is easiest and most common. The President may not remember the historic conflict between House and Senate about the duty on coal. The House had voted 25 cents a ton, the Senate 50. Neither would recede. So they compromised on 75 cents a ton! If Macaulay had been well informed about the process of framing protective tariffs, he could have laid heavier emphasis on the assertion that government consists of compromise. The Democrats at Washington are ready to compromise everything, beginning with their principles.

"During the month, Taft has lost the confidence of Roosevelt and of the loyal Roosevelt following." This is the pained announcement which the readers of several Western newspapers found confronting them simultaneously on April 5. A special dispatch from Washington to the papers comprised in the Scripps-McRae League, and several others in the Central West, gave the sorrowful details. Under the heading, "Roosevelt's Policies Are in the Ditch for Sure," this Washington spokesman for "the people who loved and followed Roosevelt," accumulates the damning evidence. It has to do chiefly with President Taft's surrounding himself with corporation attorneys. Wall Street, it appears, is once more in control of "the machinery of government that HANDLES PROSECUTIONS." In many other ways, during one short month in office, Taft has made "a studied effort to repudiate the things for which his predecessor stood." And there can be but one result:

> Yes; the storm is bound to break. The friends of Roosevelt have clung tenaciously to the hope that they might yet remain the friends of Taft. They have held their judgment in abeyance. They have refrained from criticism. They have thought up explanations and apologies on their own account. They have even gone in person and voiced their fears and criticisms at the White House. But to no purpose. Taft has made it clear that his alliances are not with Roosevelt's friends.

Nor is the disappointment confined to the friends. This veracious and inspired chronicler asserts of his own knowledge that "Roosevelt carried a sad heart away." He had "suffered from the deepest wound known to man"—ingratitude. Yet "the former President was game," and "kept up a cheerful front"; but:

> The friends of Taft will seek in vain for any spoken or written word which puts the endorsement of Roosevelt on the actions of the present occupant of the White House. . . . President Taft and President Roosevelt have said their political farewells.

All the Washington correspondents are said to know that the facts are as stated.

This outbreak has its amusing aspects, but we advise nobody to think it merely laughing matter. The readers of the cheap and widely circulated newspapers in which this prediction of impending rupture appears, take it, we may be sure, with the utmost seriousness. It only voices, in fact, what thousands and thousands of ardent Rooseveltians, particularly in the West, have been saying under their breath. They are bitterly disappointed in Taft. Why, the man goes ahead exactly as if he did not exist by grace of another. Nothing could appear further from his thoughts than the idea of being simply an obedient place-warmer. He even listens complacently when people acclaim him with cries of eight years in the Presidency. Could anything be more preposterous to the inner circle of Rooseveltian intimates? That they confidently reckon upon a restoration in 1912 is an open secret. Any other political forecast they have been in the habit of dismissing with scorn. Until recently, they have counted upon Taft's willingness to make way gracefully for his distinguished predecessor-successor. But of late their faith has been rudely shaken. The severest jar was given to these ever loyal, ever hopeful, by the appointment of Frank Hitchcock as Postmaster-General. To them it meant only one thing: President Taft was preparing to hold the Southern delegates in the next national convention. This was not only insubordination, but very nearly foul play. It was so well settled that the holding up of Mr. Roosevelt's little finger would bring Southern Republicans trooping to his support, that deliberately to build up a Taft machine in the South is almost treason. It has been felt to be fully such by all that band of idolatrous hangers-on who are only living until "he comes back." They look for Republican defeat in the State and Congressional elections of next year, and then there will be such a loud call for the old invincible leader, that nothing can prevent his riding in again. That President Taft should venture to have other plans is the really enraging thing. Corporation counsel in the Cabinet might be condoned, but a search for popularity and for delegates can never be forgiven.

If President Taft sticks, in his army appointments, to the policy he has indicated by his first selections announced on Saturday, he will do much to restore happiness to a discontented service. For the first vacancy as brigadier-general, he chose an excellent officer, Col. Jacob A. Augur, Tenth Cavalry, the senior of his grade, who unfortunately died on Sunday. Next he picked Col. J. G. D. Knight of the Engineers, a most worthy member of that expert corps; and finally Col. Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, whose abilities were long ago recognized and rewarded by Gen. Miles. For the coming vacancy in the rank of major-general, Mr. Taft designates Brig.-Gen. W. H. Carter, again the senior in his grade, excepting Gen. Funston, who for some years past has been regularly and properly jumped. Not one of these officers advanced is a Rough Rider, or has been in any way personally affiliated with the present President. It will also be observed

that Augur, Maus, and Knight are full colonels, not captains or majors, as was so often the case under the last administration. No mere civilian can fully appreciate what a great feeling of relief and encouragement this fact will bring to the army, which asks only that senior officers of merit be advanced to the prized positions. Exceptional promotions in war-time for special achievements there will always be. But if there ever comes a time when not a single one of the forty-three line colonels proves fit for a generalcy, it will mean that there is something radically wrong with the whole army.

Some of the President's ideas respecting diplomatic appointments, as explained in Washington dispatches, are excellent; but some give us pause. Mr. Taft is not looking for rich men as such. He would prefer in an ambassador a long head over a long purse. Nor does the President intend to be in haste about dealing out the diplomatic offices. He would also like to relieve those now filling them acceptably from the haunting fear that their heads may be any day cut off. All this is well; but the disquiet begins when we hear about "obligations inherited from the last administration," and debts to politicians, and also when we consider some of the appointments already made or offered. These do not seem to argue that the President is exercising as great care and independence in selecting diplomats as he did in choosing his Cabinet, or as he has announced that he will exercise in nominating judges. Yet neither he nor the country can afford to have our representation abroad made to appear a matter of indifference, much less a part of the spoils system. We trust, therefore, that the unpleasant rumors afloat in Washington respecting the intentions of the administration, are unfounded. The offer of the Chinese mission to ex-Senator Fulton of Oregon was doubly ill-advised, but it now appears to be probable that China would not receive him, even if he wished to go to the land of those Chinese whom he had violently attacked in his own country.

No one mentioned Castro at the dinner of the Bureau of American Republics last week at Washington; yet Castro must have been in pretty nearly everybody's mind. The dinner was well-timed. The United States has just got through with a little affair of South American politics which only a few years ago would have aroused violent resentment and talk about the dangerous ambitions of those Yankees. Our government has taken it upon itself to keep Castro out of Venezuela. To that end it has enlisted the coöperation of every other foreign government in the Caribbean. Our action is possibly open to criticism from the strictly legalistic point of view. Yet we have been able to send Castro packing back to Europe and to prevent almost certain civil war in Venezuela, because nowadays there is no danger that our motives will be construed into a dreadful conspiracy against the liberties of South America. The Brazilian Ambassador welcomed in Secretary Knox the inheritor of the policy of Secretary Root. That policy has its very justification in such an exchange of views as took place at the dinner. For it would not be an exaggeration to describe John Barrett's state dinner as an informal ratification by the Latin-American diplomats of what we have recently done for South American peace.

Pike and Daviess Counties, Indiana, do not border on Kentucky; they lie in the second and third tiers back from the Ohio River. Their farmers have probably never seen a real live Night Rider from the tobacco country. But Kentucky's recent civil strife has taught afar the art of coercion. Raking fields, burning barns, and torturing defenceless men and women in the dead of night are easy tricks. It is only necessary that a dozen stalwart rascals agree, and the whole countryside is at their mercy. Indiana's new marauders are trying to establish their own schedule of land rentals. If they succeed, and it is by no means impossible, another county's ruffians may attempt to regulate village taxes, or even the high-school curriculum. The great tobacco war may never be repeated anywhere in the country; but its miniatures will appear, again and again, in such outbursts of organized crime as Pike and Daviess Counties have been witnessing. And each of these uprisings must remind us what a heavy price we are paying for having dealt gently with lawlessness. Had Kentucky stamped out her Night Riders in their first anarchy, Indiana would not now be vexed.

Two hundred of the "best citizens" of Ada, Oklahoma, had on Monday the stern civic duty to perform of lynching three citizens of Texas, who were, at home, "popular among the best class of citizens." When best meets best, then comes the tug of the lynching rope. The whole account reads like a wild burlesque—a mixture of "Martin Chuzzlewit," the *Police Gazette*, and a stage extravaganza. We cannot undertake to judge of the local conditions or of the alleged crimes which led to this culmination, but regarding the net effect there can be no doubt: it is to make this country seem to foreigners the home of savages, and to cause all our protests against lawlessness in Turkey or inhumanity in Russia to appear like a huge joke.

Cæsar putting away the crown is nothing to a philanthropist removing his halo. Yet Judge Gary has taken off the one that President Roosevelt conferred upon him in November, 1907. At the annual meeting of the United States Steel Corporation, the chairman of the board declared that the account which Mr. Roosevelt had given of the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was "not entirely accurate." In a letter to his Attorney-General, dated November 4, 1907, the President stated that Messrs. Gary and Frick "inform me that, as a mere business transaction, they do not care to purchase the [Tennessee] stock; that under ordinary circumstances, they would not consider purchasing the stock; . . . but they feel that it is immensely to their interest, as to the interest of every responsible business man, to try to prevent a panic and general industrial smash-up." There stood revealed the noblest financial altruism, and Messrs. Gary and Frick have been ever since trying to hide their blushes from the country. But the blushing was left off when Judge Gary told his stockholders that "Mr. Roosevelt's interpretation of the situation" was "not quite correct," since, in fact, the Steel Corporation had been negotiating for the Tennessee Company long before the panic, and considered it an excellent purchase. Philanthropy is good, but truth is better. Yet the Steel Corporation officials may find it hard to

make an incredulous public believe that they did *not* act from purely disinterested motives. President Roosevelt asserted that they did, and they cannot contradict him without leaving that astute enemy of monopolists in a most embarrassing position.

The senior of '09 is now casting about for a niche in the world. If he is studious, he perhaps tries to win a college post. It would be well for him to remember, however, that the school of lower grade is no longer a mere waiting-room for people in search of better opportunities; it has its own openings. Few college men realize what they might accomplish, were they to train for school management or for high-school teaching. President Eliot spoke in the fulness of wisdom the other evening, when he urged Harvard undergraduates to engage in these lines of work, adding that they are "worthy of an accomplished man of letters or of science, or a gifted administrator." More than 10,000 high schools are now open; many of them are as large as universities, more prosperous than some, and more advanced than our fathers' colleges were. Signs are abundant, too, that they will one day become, in popular esteem as well as in fact, the centre of the American educational system. But even if this does not happen, they will certainly be numerous and strong enough to reward fittingly the man who trains himself for their work.

It is to be hoped that the Assembly will speedily concur with the Senate in passing the bill to prohibit the publishing of betting odds in the newspapers. The measure would effectually expose a pet hypocrisy of certain papers, and force them to discontinue its daily exhibition. While professing to be against gambling, they encourage it; some even of those who advocated the suppression of public gambling at the race tracks are doing what they can to promote it in the poolrooms. A little legal compulsion laid upon these inconsistent journalists would do them good. But the public benefit is the main thing, and this would obviously be compassed by the prohibition of these daily hints to gamblers. They come distinctly under the head of provocations to crime, with the suppression of which the Legislature may properly deal.

If Abdul Hamid goes down at last, as the chances stand at the present moment, it will be very appropriately in a welter of bloodshed. The tale of the slaughtered in the eight-day massacre in Asia Minor is mounting to dreadful proportions. Five thousand is estimated to be the number of dead in the vilayet of Adana. To no other cause can the outbreak at present be assigned than to the ruthless despot on whose head is the blood which has run in Armenia, in Bulgaria, and in the streets of Constantinople. It has been said that Europe has had a softer heart for the Sultan than his own subjects. It was largely in deference to European opinion that the leaders of last summer's revolution allowed him to keep the throne and life. Short shrift with Abdul Hamid at that time would probably have cost far less blood than has been poured out during the last week; and the tempest of Moslem fanaticism which has been set raging in Asia Minor is not yet checked. The Young Turks have their work made easier by the news from Asia Minor.

If a juster scale of values in heroism were prevalent among us, the deaths of the two missionaries at Adana, Turkey, would not pass with so little mention. They were killed "in the line of duty," as naval reports run, but only because the line of their duty, as they conceived it, covered every demand of Christian self-sacrifice. While trying to extinguish the flames in the house of an old Turkish woman, Daniel Miner Rogers and Mr. Maurer were shot by the blindly infuriated mob. It was a death as glorious in spirit as Gen. Gordon's—giving up life to save the feeble and friendless—and we may be sure that the recording angel will not be misled by the absence of newspaper glorification.

Since Webster, in a moment of exhilaration, undertook to pay the national debt out of his own pocket, nothing so magnificent has been seen as the offer of L. J. Maxse to the Chancellor of the British Exchequer to build a Dreadnought. He is the well-known editor of the *National Review*, furiously anti-German and tremendously bellicose. It is true that Mr. Maxse forwarded his cheque for only £200, and Dreadnoughts cost slightly more; but the point was that this showed, in Mr. Maxse's own words, that "the government can get all the money they want by a frank appeal to the patriotism of the nation." Mr. Lloyd-George's reply, however, was rather cruel. He admitted Mr. Maxse's exalted patriotism, but somewhat questioned his good judgment. The Chancellor reminded the editor that "the willingness of the taxpayer to contribute is not, as you appear to think, the proper measure of the burdens to be imposed upon him by the government." It is just as culpable to rush into unnecessary expenditure as it is to neglect national defence. In determining the true policy to be followed, wrote Mr. Lloyd-George, responsible statesmen should not be influenced by "journalistic clamor." With this significant glance at the furibund editor, the Chancellor returned his cheque. Mr. Maxse is, he lets it be known, to "devote it to some other patriotic purpose." Possibly, to the campaign fund of the Conservatives. If you can't build eight Dreadnoughts for £200, you can at least help turn out the Liberals.

In Germany, the government has recovered a good deal of lost prestige through its diplomatic success in the Balkan difficulty. It was also helped by England's flurry over German naval development and by the contrast between the angry debates in the British Parliament and the passing of the naval estimates by the Reichstag without debate. Yet official and Conservative organs are now warning the Germans not to boast as if their own troubles were surmounted. Financial legislation has as yet come to nothing, though the need of covering the huge deficits and providing new revenue is urgent. The fight over that question will go on through the summer. To date, the government has had, as even the *Norddeutscher Zeitung* admits, only a series of failures. Still more significant is the present attitude of the *Kreuz Zeitung*. It strongly advocates seeking an agreement with England regarding "naval construction." Germany, it argues, is in no financial position to build and maintain a fleet to cope with England's in war. And it sensibly adds that to endeavor to arrive at an understanding with England would be a proof "not of weakness, but of wisdom." Such advances bear out what we said last week about the opportunity of Anglo-German diplomacy.

SENATOR ALDRICH'S BUDGET.

If the country were to judge Senator Aldrich's speech of Monday solely on the basis of the general principles it propounds, it would in many respects deserve high praise. Unlike most Congressional "budget speeches," Mr. Aldrich's has something to say about adjusting expenditure to income. That "the rapidity with which our national expenditures have increased within the last three years is a source of anxiety, if not alarm"; that "there are periods . . . when the spirit of extravagance pervades the atmosphere and the public money is scattered right and left, often without reference to the results to be secured"; that the appropriations of the last session were such that nothing can "relieve Congress from responsibility for their unprecedented extravagance"; and that "no excuse whatever can be found for similar legislation in the future"—these are not new doctrines to careful students of public finance. But it is well that they should be declared thus bluntly on the floor of Congress itself, and from so influential a quarter. The manner in which some of the proposals for direct taxation, with estimates of enormous productiveness, have been thrown out in Congress, might well encourage Congressional spendthrifts to imagine that, somehow or other, all their drafts on the public purse will be met without difficulty. This easy optimism Mr. Aldrich at least is wise enough to avoid.

In certain other respects, however, his speech will encounter and will merit severe criticism. One comment will be inevitable—namely, that his indignation over the appropriations for the coming fiscal year is a little belated. Why did we not hear something about the responsibility of Congress, the pervading spirit of extravagance, and the anxiety if not alarm which it inspired, when the appropriation bills were before the Senate, two or three months ago? We recall one or two meekly deprecatory remarks upon the subject, to which the Senators listened much as they did to the prayer at the opening of the day's proceedings, and that was the end of it. Mr. Aldrich's declaration of Monday, then, that the appropriations "could have been reduced at least $50,000,000 without impairing the efficiency of the public service," and that when the country is confronted with a deficit, it is "the imperative duty of Congress to reduce expenditures and make them conform to actual revenue conditions," sounds curiously like an afterthought. We hope, however, that the afterthought will be pressed on Congress in the future.

But when we come to Senator Aldrich's actual budget of revenue and expenditure, under his committee's tariff measure, it is necessary to look at details rather than generalities. Warranted or unwarranted, the appropriations for the twelvemonth beginning with next July are made. It is the present business of a budget committee to make sure that the revenue will meet them, and we are not by any means certain that Senator Aldrich's plans will accomplish this.

To begin with, his estimates are pervaded with that spirit of happy-go-lucky confidence to which was largely due the very size of the appropriation bills which he condemns. When Mr. Aldrich figures out the probable yield, under his schedules, he assumes that the import trade will be the same as in 1907, which was "the last year in which the finances and business of this country were in a normal condition." That is to say, a year which all business men have agreed in pronouncing a period of trade inflation, a year in which economic experts have shown that the demands of industry had so far overstrained the facilities of capital and credit as to precipitate worldwide financial trouble, is to be taken as the norm of the country's foreign trade. Now in the history of finance nothing is more familiar than the fact that the tide of excessive imports which invariably precedes a serious panic, does not rise to such a height again for many years. The country's import trade of the fiscal year 1873 was not again approached until 1880; not until 1902 did imports reach the volume of 1893. Yet Senator Aldrich calmly looks for customs revenue on the basis of the trade for the twelvemonth ending June, 1907.

His reason for this assumption is singular: "We can feel the change in the air." But trade movements which gentlemen feel in the air or in their bones are not the safest basis for the fiscal plans of a great government. That the import trade last month increased with great rapidity, and with it the customs revenue, is a fact, and the main cause of that increase, reduced stocks of imported merchandise, is correctly stated by Mr. Aldrich. When, however, the Senator jumps to his next conclusion, and asserts that "it must be conceded that the era of prosperity which commenced the first part of March is likely to continue uninterruptedly with the enactment of wise tariff legislation," he is indulging in curious language for a financial expert. This sort of cocksure prediction belongs to the Stock Exchange, and not in the halls of legislation.

The assertion that "there can be no reasonable question of the sufficiency of the Senate bill to provide adequate revenue" is quite of a piece with this childlike assurance. We can scarcely believe that Congress will approach the further consideration of the problem in such a spirit. As to the actual yield under the new schedules, it is impossible to speak definitely until the numerous clauses of the Senate bill which the finance committee has left for further deliberation are filled out. It is right that the question of avoiding excessive revenue should be as carefully considered as that of avoiding a deficit; and plans for direct taxation ought to be severely scrutinized with a view to escaping both contingencies. But it is equally necessary to avoid the pitfalls of blind and hasty optimism. Senator Daniel's declaration for the Opposition that he will "vote first of all to raise revenue," and next "to lift every burden of taxation off the people that can be eliminated with just regard to the conditions in which we legislate," is the only programme that is rational.

NAVY-YARD REORGANIZATION.

If it will but centre the attention of the new Secretary of the Navy upon the need of radical reorganization, we shall be inclined to thank the nine line officers at League Island for their pamphlet criticisms of the recent changes in navy-yard administration. They are not, it now appears, to face courts-martial for the peculiar method which they took to air their views—a method not, however, altogether unheard-of in naval annals, for similar acts in the past have brought about important changes. But the need of the hour is a complete overhauling of our naval manufacturing methods, that millions may be saved and the efficiency of

the fleet at the same time increased. We care not who gives the impetus, so long as Mr. Meyer can be made to comprehend the needs of the service and the magnificent opportunities which lie before him. Mr. Taft, it is said, has impressed each member of his Cabinet with his desire to make his government famous for its efficiency and its economy. But no other departmental head has such plain sailing as Mr. Meyer—if he will but steer by the proper charts.

Since Mr. Newberry, despite his brief term of office, was fully aware of the reforms needed, and had grappled with those relating to the navy yards with marked success, many naval officers were disappointed that he was not retained by Mr. Taft, and with him the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Satterlee. The officers argued, plausibly enough, that the incoming officials, however skilled in administration, would naturally need some time to become familiar with their duties and to understand the innumerable currents and cross-currents in the department which have stranded and left helpless more than one civilian head. But since Mr. Meyer was one of the two members of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet reappointed by Mr. Taft, these officers felt that the President must have specially chosen Mr. Meyer for the Augean task of cleaning up the department, reorganizing the navy yards, and then making the staff lion and the line lamb lie down together in peace. Hence they, too, will not regret the offence of the nine officers at Philadelphia, if it should compel the new Secretary to make plain his endorsement of the Newberry reforms.

These are worth recalling. It has long been a scandal that the five manufacturing bureaus of the department have had in nearly every yard their own separate plants. Thus, until recently, there were at the Brooklyn yard five blacksmith shops, five joiner shops, five carpenter shops, at least three foundries, as many paint-shops, etc., etc. It is not necessary to point out the waste this involved or the number of sinecures it created. Conceived as a whole, any navy yard is but one great plant. not a group of five competitive plants. What private enterprise could exist if it employed five master founders instead of one, five carpenter foremen instead of one, and five head blacksmiths instead of one, and so on throughout its force? The absurdity of the thing was at once apparent to Mr. Newberry, and he ordered the consolidation of all these shops and their management by one responsible head, who might be termed the "manufacturing manager" of the yard.

Unfortunately, Mr. Newberry limited the officers eligible to this new post to those of the corps of naval constructors —and the fight with the line was on at once. This is just the point that has so stirred the Philadelphia officers. With amazing ignorance of the large savings already made, and of the great profit to the sea-going officers resulting from the new methods, they want a return to the old system; so long as there are separate bureaus in Washington, they want separate establishments at the navy yards, and the whole managed not by a naval constructor, but by a sea-going or line officer. They ignore the fact that the commandant, a sea-going officer, remains the superior of that manufacturing director (the naval constructor); and that the commandant is now, for the first time, a real executive, and not merely a man who signs his name to papers several hundred times a day. They fail to see that, for the first time, the captain of a ship in a navy yard knows what is going to be done to nis vessel; that one gang of laborers of the Bureau of Equipment, ordered to run electric-wire conduits, does not sit down and wait in idleness until another gang comes from the Bureau of Construction shops to drill the necessary holes. Moreover, for the first time, the captain of a ship is inspector of the work done on it, and is asked to report any laborers who loaf on their jobs. Ten days were saved in fitting the Chester for sea at Brooklyn as soon as the new system was tried.

Now what is needed in Philadelphia is not a court-martial—our naval officers ought to be as free to express their views about things and methods, in the proper way, as are English naval officers, who never hesitate to criticise the Admiralty in the London *Times*—but a sound lecturing from Mr. Meyer to set them right. He might well aid in clearing the atmosphere by modifying Mr. Newberry's restriction of the post of manufacturing director to the Construction Corps and specifying that any officer of any corps could be made director if only he had the necessary ability. Even civilians of merit might be appointed—though this suggestion wrings tears from the nine recalcitrants at Philadelphia. What the public wants is efficient and economical navy yards; what insignia of rank and corps the manufacturing director is to wear it cares not at all. Mr. Meyer will, we trust, make it clear when he comes to Brooklyn, as he now plans to do in the near future, that he is on the side of reform and economy. If he will but perfect the workings of the Newberry system, he will then be free to attack—if he can—the greater question of the unnecessary Senatorial navy yards, and insist that they be closed and millions more saved.

THE RURAL INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

The Southern Educational Conference, which met last week in Atlanta, devoted no little time to the needs and opportunities of the small rural industrial schools, those miniature Hamptons and Tuskegees which are springing up all over the country in surprising numbers—for example, such institutions as Calhoun at Calhoun, Alabama; Kowaliga, in the same State, and Okolona, in Mississippi—all of which are doing a most useful work thoroughly deserving of support. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that collectors for both white and colored schools of this character fairly overrun our Northern cities and almost fall over one another in their quest for funds.

Unfortunately, there is no board or fund which deals expressly with schools of this character. When the Southern Education Board began, and was followed by Mr. Rockefeller's princely gifts to the General Education Board, it was thought that the rural industrial schools would be the chief beneficiaries. But the Rockefeller money is now flowing in other directions, largely to established universities and colleges; we have only recently heard of a gift to a small negro school—$5,000 to Kowaliga, to which Mr. Carnegie has added a similar sum. Indeed, Hampton and Tuskegee have both suffered in consequence of the General Board's millions; many contributors appear to think that no further aid from them is needed; and the smaller schools have

labored under a similar misunderstanding. The Southern Education Board devotes itself to educational campaigns in Southern States, and has had great success in improving public-school conditions there. The Jeanes Fund aids only the rural one-teacher public school. Thus merely the Slater Fund, with its limited means, interests itself to any extent in the rural industrial school; for the Peabody Fund, which might have been kept intact for this useful purpose, is to be distributed, a good part going to a teachers' training school in Tennessee.

To our mind, the work of these rural and industrial institutions is of such great moment to whites and blacks alike that no philanthropist could to-day invest a large sum more wisely than by endowing a board which should primarily interest itself in their development. Many of these country schools, like that at Manassas, Virginia, are the result of genuine self-denial and sacrifice on the part of the colored people; others like Lyman Ward's at Camp Hill, Alabama, and Miss Martha Berry's at Rome, Georgia, represent similar praiseworthy exertions on the part of Southern white leaders. All of the schools are developing in a more or less haphazard way, some with exclusively white teachers, some with mixed faculties, and others with only colored instructors and managers. In some, particular stress is given to agricultural training; in others, the manual industries receive especial attention. In few, if any, have the book-learning and hand training been properly coördinated; while many are entirely without proper systems of book-keeping and accounting. Hardly any insist upon fixed standards for entrance or graduation or make sure that the pupil who carries away a certificate is at least a master of the fundamental three R's.

Each new school for lack of intelligent supervision and direction by some central body falls into precisely the errors of its predecessors. Some institutions, like Okolona, are self-supporting; others do not know how to use their resources to this end. Again, there are several places where two such schools exist with a wasteful and needless duplication of work similar to that at Atlanta, where no less than three weak and struggling institutions are competing for the higher education of the negro. It must be admitted, too, that some of the rural schools that appeal for aid are in no wise entitled to it. There is an impostor named John J. Smallwood, for instance, who lives well on his collections for a school that does not exist, and a "Georgia Nautical School" for negroes is perpetually in being—that its founder may live comfortably on the contributions he collects.

A board especially charged with the interests of genuine schools of this kind would be in a position to drive out impostors, to raise scholastic standards, to prescribe a system of bookkeeping, and a form for financial statements, by giving or withholding its approval and gifts, just as the Carnegie pension fund has made numerous colleges raise their entrance examinations in order to qualify for pensions for its teachers. By acting as a clearing-house for information, a central board could be of enormous value in placing the experiences of one school at the disposition of others, and it could intelligently advise as to what is now becoming the most important feature of these small industrial schools—their community extension work. Through allied land companies, through farmers' conferences, mothers' meetings, and teachers' institutes, Manassas, Kowaliga, Calhoun, Utica, and others in every State of the old Confederacy are extending their influences a thousand-fold—again after the manner of Hampton and Tuskegee—by blazing the way to prosperity for poor white and poor black alike, and often breaking down the barriers of prejudice between the races. Surely, so great a work ought not to be allowed to languish or to develop in haphazard fashion.

UNCONSCIOUS PIRATES.

It was doubtless what Paley called an "undesigned coincidence," but nevertheless it is a striking one, that the government's final attempt to have the courts declare the Standard Oil Company a wicked monopoly and an outlaw, should have been made in the same week in which the head of the Standard published his *apologia pro vita sua*. At St. Louis, the counsel for the Department of Justice were calling Mr. Rockefeller a pirate, who for years had flown the black flag, at the very time when he himself was coming before the world in a book simply agush with the milk of human kindness. If he was ever a pirate, he certainly appears in it as a man who could outdo the gentlest Stockton or Gilbert and Sullivan buccaneer in knitting or any other fireside art.

We have no intention of discussing Mr. Rockefeller's "Reminiscences" in detail. It is not the place to go for real information about the rise and achievements of the Standard Oil Company. Of all that, he but skims the surface. The interest of his book is not historical nor industrial nor financial, but psychological and moral. We spoke of it as an *apologia*, but in his mind it is nothing of the kind. He is sublimely unaware that there is anything to be apologized for. He does, indeed, speak with pain and protest of the fact that some of his honored associates have been charged with "grave faults"—to quote his mild-mannered phrase. As regards his own career, however, no reader of his book who had no other sources of information, would dream that the writer felt anything but humble satisfaction and joy in the noble example which, by the grace of God, he had been able to set before ingenuous and aspiring American youth. Nor can we regard this as a mere assumption of virtue. Only a great literary artist would be able to feign innocence so completely, and to sustain it so successfully to the end of the last chapter; but Mr. Rockefeller is an artless writer. Our inference is that his pages are simply the genuine expression of his real attitude of mind If he is or has been a pirate, he is as unconscious a one as ever drew breath.

Such a phenomenon as he and others like him present, throws us back upon our definitions, and forces us to scrutinize human nature. If a whole system has been built up on the philosophy of the unconscious, it is only fair to ask if the men whom we call wicked, may not be quite oblivious of their wickedness. As there are glad souls without reproach or blot who do God's will and know it not, so may there not be the other kind, who do the Devil's work and know it not? Granting that a man may be, in actual fact, a devourer of widows' houses and an oppressor of the poor, we are not to imagine that he begins his day by asking himself: "What villany shall I be able to execute ere set of sun?" He does not look about for a given widow whose property

he may take away by nightfall, or gloat over a definite orphan whose pittance he thinks he may get into his own pocket before going to bed. If even pickpockets and burglars go about their jobs with an absorbed sense of merely pursuing the business by which they live, we must be prepared to admit a certain degree of the same unconsciousness, or overlooking, of evil in those who wreck railroads, loot banks, or destroy the property of a rival.

It is clear, too, that a man whose business practices have made him disliked or even execrated, may move through the world pretty nearly ignorant of the opinion of his fellow-men. He has few means of finding it out. The newspapers, he may make it a boast, with Mr. Balfour, that he never reads; or, if he does read them, he discovers in them so much that is exaggerated, sensational, or false, that he sees no reason why he should pay any attention to what they say about himself. And even when he is dimly aware of a certain outside hostility, which he easily sets down to misunderstanding or slander, he is able to fall back upon unfailing appreciation and admiration among his intimates—and it is the world in actual touch with us which makes up, for most of us, that external conscience which we so readily transform into the voice within. The unjust magnate knows little or nothing, by any outward sign, of his injustice. In his office and in directors' meetings, his dependents fawn upon him and his associates flatter him. His family hangs upon him in affection. In church he is consulted and deferred to, with no one to suggest, as the English lord did to the bishop, that he would do well to indulge in "piety of a less ostentatious character." Wrapped up in his large projects, delighting in the game of money-making for its own sake, surrounded by friends, overwhelmed by college presidents with expressions of that gratitude which consists in the expectation of favors to come—how can it be wondered at that such a man, his sensibilities which were never delicate grown callous with long absorption in affairs, should be blandly unconscious of what the world thinks him to be or of what he really is?

Fortunately, both social laws and the statutes deal with overt acts, not with a state or soul. If we had to be sure that a monopolist had to be acutely conscious of sin, or a devastator of industry stricken through with remorse, before he could be properly convicted or punished, the worst of the lawless rich could count upon going scot free. A man may smile and be a villain; an industrial pirate may think he has the face of a saint, to go with his devout thoughts. But the law does not undertake to read the hearts of men. If the Federal courts decide that the Standard Oil Company is a piratical organization, the fact that its head is all unwitting of piracy will alter neither the judgment nor the penalty.

THE MINOR TONGUES.

The New York State Board of Regents has just added Biblical Hebrew to its examination list. There is no reason why it should not have done so. Our law students and medical students, intent on passing off their preliminary "counts," will undoubtedly find it just as easy to forget the Pentateuch and the Song of Songs as they do Cæsar's Commentaries, the Æneid, and the Anabasis. But in the action of the Regents something more than a delicate compliment to our growing Hebrew citizenship was probably intended. The Hebrew language, as a spoken tongue, may be practically dead. Yet as the language of the Jewish ritual and the most common branch of elementary education among the orthodox, Hebrew is sufficiently familiar to give the ordinary Jewish student a decided advantage over the outsider. And this aside from the fact that many Hebrew words in corrupt form enter into Yiddish, which is still the dialect of a very large part of the Jewish population of New York city. A generation or two hence, when the children of our Italian and Greek immigrants begin to flock to the colleges, they will have a similar legitimate advantage in their tussle with Cæsar and Xenophon.

The vitality of Yiddish and, indeed, the struggle of the smaller nations for the preservation of their native language constitutes one of the most significant features of contemporary European history. Sentiment and practical reasons are both involved. The Poles in East Prussia, the Ruthenians and the Poles in Russia, the Czechs and Germans in Bohemia, the Bulgarians, Greeks, and Serbs in Turkey, the Flemings in Belgium, the rival French and German factions in Alsace-Lorraine, are actuated in part by national pride, in part by clear recognition of the fact that a common language is one of the firmest bonds of national existence, but in part also by the desire for material advantage. A Czech or a Greek-speaking population means that, whoever holds the reins of power, there will be need of a certain number of Czech-speaking or Greek-speaking officials, judges, priests, journalists, and school-teachers. The preservation of its language thus means to a subject race the preservation of an irreducible minimum of local self-government and a chance to grow up into something else than tax-paying hewers of wood and drawers of water. At the same time, a language is the most easily defended of all national treasures. Land, liberty, opportunity may all be taken away, but not even German ingenuity has as yet found a perfect device for making a conquered race hold its tongue. And the forbidden speech, so easily defended, is also easily passed on. The Polish landowner in Prussia can never feel sure that his son will hold the estate after him. But to drill a child in his father's speech may mean insurance of patriotism for a generation.

Thus habit, sentiment, ambition, worldly prudence, are all concerned in the modern strife of tongues. Subject peoples cling to the language they have inherited, as the Poles, the Flemings, and the southern Slavs do; or bring back to life forgotten languages of their own, as the Irish with Gaelic and the Jews in Russia with Hebrew; or attempt to purify and ennoble the common vernacular, as the Greeks did in the early nineteenth century, as the Rumanians are doing at the present day, and as the Jews, again, in this country and in Europe are doing with the Yiddish dialect. The Yiddish newspapers in New York city circulate probably a quarter of a million copies. There is a respectable Yiddish literature and a more than respectable Yiddish drama. Yet of recent years Jewish writers have grown discontented with the medium to which they are bound. Upon a double foundation of German and Hebrew, the Yiddish has piled up treasure-trove from every language with which the race in the course of its chequered history during the last five

hundred years has come into contact. Limited in vocabulary and almost devoid of fixed grammatical structure, the dialect would not respond to the uses which ambitious writers wished to impose upon it. At the same time, there could be no possibility of throwing it over altogether. Such as it is, Yiddish is the spoken tongue of probably seven or eight million Jews. But more than that, the new spirit of Jewish nationalism, which is one of the most striking consequences of the late Russian revolution, felt the need of a national language. There was none other practicable. So the problem resolved itself into keeping Yiddish and rebuilding it into an organic and modern tongue. Side by side with the older dialect, this firmer and broader, if less colored, language is now growing up.

A magazine written in this reformed Yiddish and published in this city is *Dos Naaye Leben*; its first four numbers have reached us. A glance at the list of contents shows why its editors have felt the need of a more vigorous and refined medium than the spoken Yiddish of the street. Very solid food is spread out here for the East Side reader, food of a quality we are accustomed to associate with the English quarterlies and with the various *Jahrbücher* and *Mitteilungen* on the other side of the North Sea. The proper limitations upon the freedom of the creative artist, the death and resurrection of gods and religions, the Turkish revolution and Zionism, the Hegelian conceptions of logical and historical fact, Jewish nationality, and Jewish Socialism—these are a few topics which argue well for cultural standards in the Ghetto, if we are right in supposing that Yiddish magazines, like magazines in a certain better-known language, are edited on the principle of giving the public what it wants. The thought occurs that here is found within the limits of what is, after all, a dialect a good deal of excellent thinking and writing that might have found a broader forum than the Yiddish. But that is just what is being done in the other minor tongues, in Gaelic, in Flemish, in Czechish, in the various minute Slav dialects, every one of which can show highly gifted writers sacrificing the chances of a wider fame to the call of patriotism.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF COLLEGIATE COEDUCATION.

I.

Ten years ago the conspicuous presence of coeducation in our educational system was accepted either as desirable or as a necessary evil. Now, although statistics show that it still prevails, and that the number of women in coeducational institutions far outnumbers those in women's colleges, there is yet a growing tendency to reopen the dispute. It may not be amiss, therefore, to reproduce certain impressions which resulted from personal experiences, all pleasurable but now clarified by distance, in a woman's college, in a coeducational State university, and in a woman's college affiliated with a university for men. This article, I may add, takes no account of secondary schools or of graduate work. The word "university" is used, according to a frequent custom, interchangeably with "college."

Coeducation is the most economical method of giving instruction. Faculties, libraries, and laboratories are expensive, and legislatures administering public exchequers, or patrons anxious to make a thrifty use of their own money, will hesitate long before duplicating them. In the case of legislatures this is especially true, for while private benefactors may solve their doubts or follow their inclination by giving to either sex alone, no State in these days would be allowed to revert from its acquired habit of offering exactly equal advantages, in one form or another, to both sexes. The frugal adherence of State universities to coeducation cannot be justly attacked from the point of view of actual instruction. In spite of all that may be said, experience proves that boys and girls between eighteen and twenty-two have about the same kind of mental digestion and need about the same kind of pabulum; that they do not need to be taught the same subjects in different ways; that they can study biology and literature together; and that they can work in the same intellectual harness without diminishing the ambition of the one sex or the health of the other.

Aside from the question of economy, a further point in favor of coeducation may be submitted to those who are particularly interested in the education of women. While boys would seem not to be losers by such a system, girls may easily be gainers; for, whatever the reason, the faculty of the best State university is stronger than the faculty of the best woman's college, and the intellectual impulse is potentially greater.

II.

We say "potentially" because demonstrable facts seriously limit the efficacy of the reasoning. There is a set of arguments against coeducation quite other than the superficial ones to which we have briefly referred. Over against these thrift may come to seem but a secondary matter. Before passing to details, however, it must be clearly stated that what follows does not relate to that small class of young men and women whose exceptional abilities or natures enable them to use advantageously any outward environment. Here we are concerned with the great majorities, with the students whose minds and characters lack conspicuous originality and whose development is materially affected by outside influences. In the case of most young people there are other forces than teaching and scholarship which make for intellectual training, and there are also other things than intellectual training which make for complete development. Here, at both points, the separate college for men or for women has the advantage of the coeducational. There is a necessary student life, rich in wholesome activities, which, on the one hand, develops the sense of responsibility and communal feeling, and on the other stimulates and widens the imagination, and makes the mind more plastic to the influences of learning and of culture. Of course, as President Woodrow Wilson so admirably said in a recent address, student life may anywhere become a non-conducting medium through which intellectual discipline fails of transmission. But where coeducation exists there are additional and special dangers.

On the administrative side of this student life probably boys suffer much less than girls in a coeducational university. In their more strenuous activities, in athletics, and debating, they are as satisfactorily (or as unsatisfactorily) developed as any undergraduates who are entirely quarantined from feminine influences. Girls, on the contrary, always play the secondary rôle in common affairs, such as class organizations and the like, and their own separate pursuits, however well conducted, are never anything larger than tributary streams to the main current of university life. They lose, therefore, a certain breadth of experience in spite of their often spacious surroundings. Even in a small woman's college the student life has a more definite end, a finer coherence, a truer charm.

But college life outside the classroom and the study includes a beneficent idleness, as well as microcosmic activities. In the idler hours boys and girls alike suffer from coeducation. This matter is important, not only because of its bearing on character, but because of the very intimate connection between the kind of play with which students beguile their free time and the mood and manner in which they approach intellectual discipline. In all colleges popularity and social success bulk large. The "all-

round man" and the "all-round girl" bear off the prizes that are most precious in the estimation of their fellows. But usually in the separate colleges "all-roundness" includes many fine qualities and the popular judgment is at fault in its limitations (those of youth) rather than in its standards. In coeducational colleges, however, the standards themselves are in danger of becoming foolish and jejune, aping those of any frivolous social group, but lacking the compensations to be found in the larger world of men and women. Wherever boys and girls are fellow-students "on good terms," there occurs a particular kind of cleavage between different classes of students. On the one side, in artificial darkness, languish the girls who fail to please the young men, and the young men who bore the girls. On the other side, flutter in artificial light the socially eligible. Often the former are unhappy, with the peculiar bitterness of youth. But it is when they are wise beyond their years and philosophically content that a spectator most appreciates the commonplaceness of ideas which relegate them to a false wilderness. The elect meantime lead a life of conventional gayety. At its best, this life almost entirely destroys the attractive originality of college recreation, and is as subversive of its real purposes as intercollegiate athletics can be. In a recent "story by twelve authors," Mr. Howells makes the father of the "co-educated" heroine say to his wife that if their daughter was going to get married, "he didn't see how she could have a better basis than knowing the fellow through three or four years of hard work." But the mother, more sympathetically aware of the real life of young people, replies that "she guessed if it came to that, they would get to know more of each other's looks than they did of their minds." And with her any one must agree who has watched coeducated students with eyes sharpened by affectionate interest. "Hard work" often seems like a needle in the haystack of dances, calls, walks, and drives. A certain kind of girl boasts that by "cramming" in the afternoons, she can keep every evening free for "fun with the boys." A certain kind of young man seems to omit even the cramming, if one may judge by the persistence with which he haunts the reception rooms of the girls' dormitories. Conversations give no indication of a burdensome number of ideas in the minds of the talkers. The absence of pedantry is altogether delightful, but wit is at as low an ebb as in any group more intimate with each other's looks and clothes than with each other's minds. By far the larger number of boys and girls of twenty do not "meet on a basis of intellectual sympathy, free from sentiment." We should not find them nearly so engaging if they did, nor would they be half so well worth educating. But since they are heirs to human nature, when they are jumbled together in the freedom of college life, and unrestricted by the traditions of ordinary social groups, they are bound, not to stimulate each other intellectually, but, like Hippocleides, to "dance away" their finer opportunities.

At its worst, this student gayety gradually creates standards which extort a harsher epithet than foolish. By no means rarely the students who are regarded as socially eligible (and it is they who see most of each other) constitute a crowd of heedless young people too intent upon the pleasures of the moment to enforce very severe standards. Lacking the guidance of their homes, some girls grow indulgent toward lapses, which, in the openness of college life, they cannot fail to perceive. Some boys, meeting with leniency instead of inspiration, are not constrained to climb to their highest levels. It must be borne in mind that this is not a question of the obvious dangers which beset any college for men and from which any woman's college is free, but of the insidious dangers creeping *sub specie boni* into the characters of either young men or young women. The harm that is here considered is that of the steady, if slow, infringment of the highest standards, the dulling of the sharp edge of spiritual perceptions. On the surface this shows in a certain hardening of manners. In another chapter of the story of the coeducated heroine, Henry James represents her æsthetic older brother as protesting that "the poor girl—a perfect little decorative person, who ought to have iridescent-gray plumage and pink-shod feet to match the rest of her—shouldn't be thrust into any general menagerie-cage, but be kept for the dovecote and the garden, kept where we may still hear her coo. That's what, at college, they'll make her unlearn; she'll learn to roar and snarl with the other animals." It is possible to dismiss with a smile the dovecote and the menagerie, and yet feel regret that in a world so much in need of gentleness even a few young women should lose, or fail to acquire, the charm of delicate manners.

III.

So far the case has been made—fairly, it is hoped—to stand as follows: Coeducation is the best means toward the desirable end of economically giving to boys and girls the same instruction; separate education develops the best student life, and exerts on mind and character the best subtle influences. It would seem that the verdict might be given according to one's opinions about the necessity for economy and about the reality and power of social dangers. But the curious thing about most private conversations on the subject is that reasoned arguments, capable of analysis, of proof and disproof, make way for vehement statements originating, apparently, in that wider reasoning which includes feeling as well as logic. Supporters of coeducation maintain that the union of the sexes in college as out of college is the way of nature and therefore the way of freedom and sincerity; some of them hold this opinion so intensely as to assert that "their religion would be lost to them were coeducation to prove a failure"; others express the same conviction with more philosophic detachment. Opponents of coeducation declare that the presence of both sexes in one college is tasteless and even vulgar, offending the instincts ("always the surest guides") of "manly" men and "ladylike" women. Those who have formed calm opinions after a due weighing of rival claims may listen in amazement to these more passionate sentiments, but it is through them that the question of coeducation is being reopened and becoming once more a live issue.

At present, it looks as if the opponents were growing unexpectedly powerful. They are certainly justified in pointing to indications that some institutions and some branches of study are likely to suffer under coeducation. Undergraduate boys say that they do not want girls about. Girls say that they will not go where there are boys. These young people may not be able to give any reasons for their feelings, but they have it in their power practically to demonstrate them. Already private coeducational colleges have been forced to worry over the effect of the presence of women students on the desired increase in the number of men students. Already those who are interested in the preservation of democratic standards have begun to fear that girls (perhaps even boys) of a certain type and a certain degree of worldly prosperity will turn away from State institutions towards separate colleges, bringing about the same unfortunate but apparently inevitable social cleavage which now exists in cities between the high schools and private schools. And already in the largest State universities, young men are avoiding courses in literature and language, and girls are giving up courses in history and political economy. In short, in the half logical, half emotional estimates of young people and of their elders, forces are continuously at work which are scarcely dreamed of in the philosophy of educators. During the last few years they have created a situation sufficiently serious to move presidents and trustees and faculties to certain precautionary measures. Some universities have limited the number of women, a device too arbitrary and superficial to be anything but temporary. Others have segregated the women in the courses of the first two years, so

that the same professors teach the same subjects to boys and girls in separate classes. Others have attempted this segregation only to be defeated. Such defeats, however, are probably little more than ripples in the on-rushing tide. More and more the original principles of coeducation are being abandoned by those who are still its stoutest adherents. Ten or fifteen years ago the policy of most State universities was to treat its women exactly as it treated its men. Now scarcely one lacks its woman dean or advisor, its dormitories with women presiding over them, and its hopes, if not its plans, for some more general building, in which the life of the women students may find a decorous centre. The gradual perfection of such measures as these—partial segregation, or the development of a more wholesome student life, or both—may satisfactorily solve the problem that confronts State universities without really changing their form. But a radical transformation is not an impossible event of the future.

IV.

This brings us to a third form of education not yet discussed. At present a few women's colleges are affiliated, in varying degrees of legal and practical intimacy, with universities for men. Such colleges would seem to combine the advantages of coeducation and of separate education, for they offer the same instruction to both sexes, and at the same time cultivate an entirely distinct student life. At present, however, certain facts militate against their unquestioned success as an educational experiment. Unless they are as rich as the universities to which they belong, they cannot offer as many elective courses as are offered to the men. And unless they are rich enough to support separate professorships and inaugurate a system of exchange with the universities, they obtain the services of the university professors only by adding an often inadequate sum to the regular salaries. Whether, therefore, they can count upon the older men and the heads of departments depends largely upon the size of the salaries. Unless it is financially necessary, scholars ought not to spend their extra time in teaching rather than in investigation or writing. It is not a question of their loyalty to any college or to either sex, but rather of their prior allegiance to the service of learning.

It has already been indicated that the difficulty of obtaining absolutely equal instruction is minimized when the affiliated college is rich. But two general facts prevent colleges of this kind from receiving very generous support. For one thing, they share the ill fortune (commercially speaking) of all women's colleges in not being able to count on as much or as independent wealth among their graduates as men's colleges can, or on the same traditions of giving in certain families or certain communities. Furthermore, they meet with special obstacles because they are associated with coeducation, incurring, curiously enough, the dislike of both opposing camps. Those who prefer coeducation will have none of these "halfway measures." Those who object to it fear a measure which is "so far along the road." This latter point of view explains why the majority of the undergraduate boys dislike the affiliated college even if they do not have to meet the girls in any way whatever, and why a large number of girls refuse to go to such colleges. It also explains why many professors object to admitting even advanced and mature young women into their small university electives or their graduate courses. They say frankly that it is no prejudice against the particular applicants, or even against local conditions, but a needed protest against any intrusion of the coeducational idea.

In spite of the difficulties now inherent in the question of affiliating women's colleges with men's colleges, some of us cannot refrain from cherishing a roseate vision of what may yet come to pass. Possibly, some day a rich State university may be willing to form two distinct undergraduate schools for young men and for young women. In spite of a specious resemblance, this will be very different from the plan now being considered in Minnesota, by which (significantly enough) "segregation of the sexes" is anticipated as the natural result of buying a new campus and physically separating the professional schools from the "academic college." It is to be hoped that State universities will continue to attract young men who wish a liberal education, and that academic colleges for men and for women will be coessentials. Each college should have not only separate buildings, but also a separate campus. This would involve expense because land would have to be bought and lecture halls, laboratories, and small reference libraries would have to be duplicated. But the same faculty would teach in each, enlarged only as every faculty has to be enlarged when the number of students necessitates the subdivision of classes. And a large general library could be used as properly by both sexes as any public library. The total expense, therefore, would in no way compare with that of creating a separate university for women. What would be the advantages? As opposed to coeducation, each college would suitably develop the morals and manners of its own sex. As opposed to separate education, girls would share the best instruction within the command of a powerful university. As opposed to affiliated or "coördinate" education, faculties would be obliged by the terms of their contracts, and enabled by the adjustment of their work, to teach the women as well as the men; the students would lose their objections to each other's presence as soon as it was understood that coeducation, instead of subtly encroaching, had abdicated; and many fathers would take pleasure in perpetuating their own college traditions in their sons and daughters alike if they were convinced that it would not be at the expense of more important things. If some influential State university would begin the change, probably the fashion would spread as rapidly as States could afford it. And this would react favorably on the experiment of affiliated colleges in States where privately endowed universities hold the place of command occupied in the West by State universities. Probably, however, it will be many years before the plain taxpayers of even the richest State will become convinced that so drastic a reform is necessary. They will content themselves with partial segregation and with women's buildings and deans, and of changes like these we may expect to see many in the next decade.

In the meantime, we may congratulate ourselves that any form of education is better and brighter than its enemies can imagine, and even more useful and persuasive than its friends can hope. In the great game there is more than one way of checkmating the devil.

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

Providence, R. I.

Correspondence.

ELIZABETHAN REVIVALS IN COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the most convincing signs of the growth and expansion of a genuine interest in the drama to-day may be found in the dramatic performances that have become so regular a feature of undergraduate life in our colleges. The range is very wide, from the poor imitation of a cheap Broadway "show," with tinkling tunes, "stunts," and college boys masquerading as short-skirted chorus ladies, to original drama of such sincerity and strength as that of "The Promised Land" at Cambridge last autumn. To the student of literature the most interesting performances are, no doubt, the revivals of Elizabethan drama. Such a play intelligently staged and simply, if at times a little crudely, presented, may throw much light upon the stagecraft and dramatic methods of our old playwrights. A notable instance of such a revelation occurred at the performances of "Dr. Faustus" at Princeton two years ago, when the despised comic scenes proved to be rich in the elements of farcical burlesque, and still capable of attaining the very effects for which they were originally designed, that of relaxing the audience in gales of laughter between the tense strain of the tragic scenes. And an attempt at Har-

vard some years ago to rearrange "The Shoemaker's Holiday" for presentation showed that Dekker—usually thought of as the typical careless genius, who attains his effects by happy chance—had here, at least, displayed a regard for balance and proportion that rendered it almost impossible to cut a scene without destroying what must have been a carefully planned symmetry. After all, our old dramatists, from Shakespeare down to the neediest of Henslowe's hacks, were practical playwrights. They wrote for the stage, not for the closet, and it takes the stage to reveal the strength and persistent vitality of their work.

It is, therefore, most encouraging to find an undergraduate organization, formed originally for purely social purposes, devoting itself to Elizabethan revivals with a continuity and success that have given it a tradition on which its members look back with just pride. Such is the Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon, whose performance of Chapman's "All Fools" I had the pleasure of attending in Cambridge on April 12. Without financial support, limited in the field from which to draw its actors, aided only by an amateur coach, this fraternity has for eleven years presented, always with credit, at times with marked success, some of the masterpieces—often too little known—of Elizabethan comedy and romance. Beginning with "The Shoemaker's Holiday" in 1898, the list includes "Fortune by Land and Sea," "The Maid in the Mill," "The Elder Brother," "Eastward Ho," "The Alchemist," "The Silent Woman," "The Wise Woman of Hogsden," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "Bartholomew Fair," and "All Fools"—a record unparalleled, I believe, in this country. As the latest editor of Chapman's comedy I was especially interested in attending the performance of "All Fools," the more so as William Archer had asserted that the praise bestowed upon this play by historians of the drama was extravagantly high, a mere echo of the romantic enthusiasm of Charles Lamb, and that tried by a modern and rational standard the play was so far from being great that it could not even be pronounced good. To my delight I found that tried by the standard of actual representation, by intelligent amateur actors, the play gave distinct pleasure to a mixed and highly critical audience, which followed the story with unbroken interest, and burst out from time to time in hearty and spontaneous applause.

Curiously little adaptation was needed, and the adapter, Arthur S. Hills, deserves high credit for the skill with which he performed his work. The frank license of Elizabethan speech had at times to be cut out or toned down; the long declamations, half in imitation, half in parody of Lyly, originally written to tickle the fancy of listeners who knew their "Euphues" by heart, were of course struck out, and the play was distinctly the better for the omission. On the other hand, the action was preserved intact and in its original sequence of scenes, enlivened here and there by songs and dances which do not appear in the text, but the like of which can hardly have been wanting at a performance by the Children of the Chapel. An occasional bit of business in dumb-show was used to introduce an act, and a couple of clever "curtains" were provided, notably at the end of Act iv, where Gazetta came stealing back over the darkened stage to her empty home and was caught to the arms of the jealous but now repentant husband who had driven her away. It is not surprising, after all, that but little alteration was needed, for the main action of the play is borrowed, as is well known, from Terence, who drew it in turn from the New Comedy of the Greeks. And the New Comedy, as preserved for us in the adaptations of Plautus and Terence, has been, since the renaissance, the unfailing source and the constant model of much of the best of modern comedy. A recent performance at Harvard of the largest fragment remaining of Menander's work has shown how deft was the hand of this early master in the construction of simple and effective plot, and in the delineation of type characters which have been stock figures of comedy ever since.

As far back as Terence the practice prevailed of increasing the amount of action, usually by the simple method of boiling down two old plays to make one new one. When such classical scholars as Jonson and Chapman began to adapt Latin comedy to the Elizabethan stage this process was repeated, and two Latin comedies were combined to furnish sufficient action to hold the attention of an Elizabethan audience. Even this was at times insufficient; in "All Fools," for example, we have a "contamination," to use the technical term, of the "Heautontimoroumenos" and the "Adelphi," plus a sub-plot of Chapman's own invention, dealing with the humors of a jealous husband and an amorous courtier. As a result, the "intrigue" of "All Fools" is extremely complicated, "a criss-cross of deception and dupery," as Mr. Archer calls it. Yet the complications which bewilder the reader become, in the light of actual performance, only an amusing puzzle to which the clue has been furnished. Whether every member of the audience the other night could have passed a rigid examination in the reconstruction of the plot is, I think, doubtful, but I am sure that the play as it unrolled carried along every spectator, with no trace of that feeling of hesitation and bewilderment which is so fatal to the enjoyment of a comedy of intrigue. As a measure of Chapman's originality it was interesting to note that the most effective scene, the mock repentance of Valerio and his father's feigned forgiveness, was one for which Chapman found no hint in his sources. Yet it contains a situation directly and legitimately evolved from the original story and by no means merely superimposed upon it.

Another interesting feature in Chapman's adaptation of Latin comedy is his transformation of the type characters of Terence into embodiments of Elizabethan "humors." Gostanzo is by no means only the stern parent of Latin comedy; he is a distinct and individual character dominated by the "humor" of senile self-conceit. Valerio is no mere stock figure of the prodigal son, but a young gallant with a strong dash of Elizabethan wit and romance. And the chief merit, I think, of the performance at Harvard lay in the firm grasp of these "humors" by the young actors, and the simplicity and sincerity of their presentation. This was especially true in the case of such minor figures as those of Dariotto and Cornelio in the underplot, presented respectively by T. S. Kenyon and James A. Eccles. Mr. Kenyon as the foppish, idly amorous courtier, a creature of airs and graces, wandering eyes, and delightfully irresponsible legs, was a pure joy, while the really masterful interpretation of the jealous husband by Mr. Eccles lifted that figure at once out of the sphere of farce comedy and struck a sombre note of real passion which furnished an admirable undertone to the merry chorus of gulls and jesters which constitutes the main body of the play.

It is easy to point out flaws in all amateur, perhaps in most professional, performances. But it is enough to say that the performance as a whole revealed in Chapman's play a vitality and breadth of comic power unrealized before even by one who has long loved and dutifully studied the work of this noble old poet and playwright.

T. M. Parrott.

Princeton University, April 16.

A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The successful launching in England of a Shakespeare memorial theatre undertaking, with the pledge already of $350,000 of the estimated cost of $2,500,000, recalls to my mind the fact that in a semi-private note I broached the same idea here in America in 1901. The veteran Shakespeare editor, Dr. William J. Rolfe, wrote to me at that time:

> Your plan for a Shakespeare memorial theatre in Boston is admirable, and it would be an honor to the city to carry it out. I sincerely hope that it may commend itself to people of culture and wealth and that I may live to see it accomplished.

I was unfortunately called away immediately after I had thrown out this idea, and the matter was allowed to lapse.

I remember that Mr. Henry T. Clapp wrote me that he did not favor the theatre part of the project. I should have said that a main feature of the plan then (and I would make it the sole feature now) was the concrete embodiment of our strong American enthusiasm for Shakespeare in a small Shakespeare memorial gallery and library building, either on Riverside Drive, say, in New York, or in Fenway Park in Boston. Here could be gathered together not only busts and portraits of Shakespeare himself and Shakespearean actors and actresses of the last three hundred years in England, Germany, and America, and books on the literature of the Shakespeare stage during that period (the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death occurs in 1916), but also a library of rare and early editions and of all the great modern editions of the plays, and Elizabethan toolbooks of all kinds, for consultation and daily use by bona-fide scholars. Such a building need be no larger than Roslyn Chapel, but it would be the pride of Americans, and an inspiration to thousands of young pilgrims and old, and a stimulus to the study of the prince of poets.

The trustees of such a Shakespeare memorial, after incorporation, would open books for subscription, and I venture to say the response would be as immediate and hearty as it has just been in Eng-

iand. The charging of a smaii admittance fee to the memorial wouid soon result in the accumulation of a permanent fund for the enriching of the coiiections and perhaps for the ultimate addition of an amphitheatre for the staging of Eiizabethan plays. If the *Nation* will express editoriai approval of the project and take the matter off my hands, I wiii giadiy bow myseif into retirement and consider this broaching of the idea to be my part of the undertaking, although I do not wish to shirk any duty and would subscribe what I couid afford. I am not sure but a national subscription, made up of contributions from the schools and coiieges of each State, would be the best pian.

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

Boston, April 14.

THE BIBLE AND SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I thank you for your editoriai of April 8 on "The Bible as Literary Model," and at the same time suggest that a simiiar warning is even more needed in regard to Shakespeare. Many a young writer hears that Lincoln's chief study was the Bibie and Shakespeare, and fondiy hopes that industrious and constant perusai of those two books wiii assist him more than anything else in the formation of a strong Engiish styie. There are even, I believe, living historians of high rank whose chief literary reading is of a simiiar nature, for a similar purpose.

You have weii shown the error of this view in regard to the Bibie. It is, I think, even more erroneous, so far as Shakespeare is concerned. Every one wiii probabiy agree that in high-wrought and passionate imaginative expression Shakespeare surpasses all other writers. But it so happens that this is precisely the iiterary quaiity that cannot be iearned. What can be learned is ciear, vigorous, logical exposition and terse, energetic, unadorned description and narrative. In these points Shakespeare is less strong, partiy from the nature of dramatic writing, stiii more from the very richness of his imagination. When the wheel of Shakespeare idoiatry is come fuii circle—and there are signs that that hour is approaching—these deficiencies in Shakespeare's style wiii be more generaiiy recognized, and above aii we shaii see that his influence on your writers is likeiy to be by no means a beneficiai one. His great qualities are inimitabie, his defects are caught only too easiiy. In the same way we shaii in time come to understand that the siavish foiiowing of Shakespeare has, for a century, been one of the chief causes of the prostration of the English drama.

As to modeis, the practicai prose writer of to-day will sureiy iearn most about the technique of his art—and this is the only part of it about which he can iearn anything—from the great authors of the eighteenth century, Swift, Addison, and Fieiding, and, if a foreign language is aiiowabie, Voltaire. But is it not best of aii to avoid models altogether, to read as wideiy as possibie, and authors as unlike as possibie, to turn from Goidsmith to Montaigne, and from Sir Thomas Browne to Anatoie France? Contact with such varied minds and styles must necessariiy broaden and enrich. And there is but one true recipe for writing with clearness and vigor: to think with clearness and vigor. Let a man penetrate his mind with the grandeur of Sophocies and the speed of Voitaire. Then iet him feel human iife with passionate iove and sympathy. He cannot heip writing weii—unless he finds something else to do that is stiii better.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., April 13.

CLASSICAL STUDY IN THE SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of March 18 (pp. 280-281), the scholariy reviewer of Sandys's "History of Ciassical Scholarship" says: "And the work cioses with a courteous and even too complimentary review of American schoiarship." While this is true, we notice in the treatment of this part of the subject some iack of a sense of proportion, and there are some strange omissions. For instance, on page 456 of the third volume, a notice of three lines is aii that is accorded to Prof. W. W. Goodwin, and the impression is produced that he is the "cracker to the whip" of President C. C. Felton.

A Southern reader, naturaiiy a iittie oversensitive, iooks in vain for recognition here of work done by men and coiieges south of Mason and Dixon's line. In view of the influence exerted by the University of Virginia, for example, in the spread of classical learning in the South, we had expected to find that in the outiine of the work of George Long (p. 430) his connection with this university had been stated and the standard of schoiarship there set by him had been recorded to his credit. It wouid seem proper to record, too, the work of Long's distinguished successor, Dr. Gessner Harrison—that pioneer in America in the fieid of comparative philology, who did so much to further the scientific study of ianguage aiong the iine foiiowed by Bopp and Curtius, and who, more than any other man, perhaps, succeeded in raising the standard of education throughout the South. Again, the work of Prof. B. L. Giidersieeve in Latin and in Greek sureiy entities him to something more than a passing and incidental reference of three lines, in which he is mentioned mereiy as the editor of a *Journal of Philology* (p. 468), if Hayiey, for instance, is to have a paragraph and a caption (p. 461).

Perhaps the omission which is most surprising is the faiiure to mention Wiiliam and Mary College among eariy American coiieges. It is true that this coiiege has, for the ionger part of its corporate existence (*i. e.*, since 1693), stood rather for professionai and scientific training than for classicai iearning; but for a time at ieast it was the Harvard of Virginia; and the aima mater of Thomas Jefferson and his peers, both in the interest of historical accuracy and because of the real value of the work there accomplished, shouid receive recognition and respectful mention. Would it not disturb the shade of Sir Edwin Sandys to know that one of his name has faiied to recognize the oid coiiege, the incorporation of which, though iong deiayed, was the direct resuit of the efforts of the good treasurer of the London Company to promote the spread of iearning in the colony which he ioved so weii and served so iong?

WM. H. WHITING, JR.

Hampden-Sidney, Va., April 12.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE CLASSICS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Wiii you aiiow me to answer some of the points raised by your correspondent in the *Nation* of March 18 in regard to the pronunciation of the classics? He maintains that it is foiiy to continue longer the pretty but useless custom of pronouncing Latin by the Continental method, adopted a generation ago in our coiieges and schoois. His reasoning appears to me to be defective, and his experience is not mine.

The first day I ever spent in Rome I feii in with a Franciscan friar on the Pincian Hill. As I knew not a word of Italian, and couid only shake my head when asked a question, Brother Hippolytus tried Latin on me. He spoke his Latin fiuently and pronounced it exactiy as though it were Italian. I had no difficuity whatever in foiiowing him, though many minor variations were absoiuteiy new to me. Of course, when I answered with my Continental pronunciation and came to my first hard "g," the good brother was shocked. I was teiiing him that I had *read* a good deal of Latin, but had never spoken it. Interrupting me with a warning gesture and taking a pinch of snuff, he proceeded to give me some fatherly advice: "Non 'leg-ere' utpote Germanici, sed 'legere'" (with the soft "g"). I tried my best during the rest of the conversation not to wound Fra Ippolyto's national pride. Heaven only knows what would have happened, if I had sprung Angiicized Latin on him. I have never had to depend upon conversational Latin in Germany, but have had no difficulty whatever in foiiowing the German brand of Latin when read to me. Its variations from the standard American system are iess than those of the Itaiian. I cannot understand how a man who reaiiy knew his Latin couid be completely thrown off by the comparativeiy siight differences in pronunciation which must necessariiy exist in different countries even under a theoreticaiiy uniform system. I have even been abie to understand much of modern Greek through the ancient, wideiy different as the current methods of pronunciation are. But to say that we shouid go back to the strictiy Engiish pronunciation, because the Continentai fails of absoiute perfection, is to advocate unwarranted retrogression.

Let me cite another experience of mine. Your correspondent's chief contention in support of the Engiish pronunciation is that the ear can be used as weii as the eye in detecting the etymoiogical source of Latin derivatives in the Engiish ianguage. Thus, according to him, the schooi-boy who hears the word "iicentia" in his Cicero, if it is pronounced by the English method, will at once think of "license," and will feel a glow of pleasure which it were a shame to deprive him of by caiiing the word "iee-ken-tia." Against such a narrow idea of etymoiogical studies I protest, and the personai experience to which I refer is as foiiows: Not iong ago I had occasion to give a Bohemian friend a first lesson in English. I explained to him that Engiish was a queer and rather deceitful language. It had stolen a iot of useful words from Latin, and then so disguised them that none of the descendants of old mother Lat-

in could reclaim their property. "Take, for instance," I said, "the Latin word 'natura': in Italian we have 'natura,' in French 'nature,' in German 'Natur'—all square and above board so far; but in English—'nay-chr'! Yet to see the word 'nature' in print you would not think it had deserted its kin so completely." Now, according to the theory of your correspondent, we ought to pronounce the Latin "nay-chura," so that the young American will not be misled and will feel the "æsthetic delight" which comes from an "appreciation of etymological derivations." Give the boys and girls a chance! Don't confound their ideas of the fundamentals of one of the greatest families of modern languages just to make one minor department of classical studies a shade easier of apprehension. And give them credit for a little intelligence! I never found a youngster yet who couldn't grasp the etymological connection between Latin and English, and get pleasure out of it too, in spite of the difference of pronunciation.

To quote from the article in question: "Why longer prejudice the vanishing number of novices who hesitate at the threshold of Greek and Latin?" Any one who is going to be scared away from Latin simply because it is not pronounced like English either has reached a stage of intellectual timidity which deserves the epithet molly-coddle or has sunk into a narrow provincialism from which he deserves to be aroused by no gentle measures.

So much by way of rebuttal. The chief positive argument in favor of the pronunciation now used in America your correspondent has not mentioned; namely, that we are now pronouncing our Latin essentially as the Romans did. I know that this assertion often strikes the layman as chimerical, but the problem is not so difficult as would appear at first sight. The actual statements of ancient grammarians as to how their native tongue was pronounced; the transliteration of Latin words into other ancient languages; and above all the science of phonetics, working on the phenomena exhibited by the Romance languages, has established beyond the shadow of a doubt the main elements of the pronunciation of classical Latin. (For a clear and concise exposition of the whole matter see the "Appendix" to Prof. C. E. Bennett's "Latin Grammar," published separately.) And just think what this means for Latin poetry. Can the poet's cadences be rightly appreciated unless we approximate our pronunciation as far as possible to his own? There is no distinction between dead and living languages here. Virgil, Dante, and Goethe are dead, but the Æneid, the "Divina Commedia," and "Faust" are very much alive. Shall the music of poetry be forgotten for the sake of etymology? Is there any more reason for inflicting the inconsistencies of English on the Æneid rather than on other poems which happen to be "modern"?

Personally I do not believe that there is the slightest danger of our returning to the Anglicized Greek and Latin of former days, but an appeal for the old system advanced by one in authoritative position deserves an answer. D. P. L.

The American School of Classical Studies in Rome, April 5.

BRYCE ON SANE ATHLETICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following letter was refused the courtesies of the *Daily Princetonian's* columns on the ground that it was "rabid" and "dangerous":

Ambassador Bryce was recently quoted to the effect that the University of California was the only one in the country with sane athletics. If he was correctly quoted, his statement shows a most extraordinary lack of observation. Is it necessary to call his attention to the fact that Princeton has so often held the intercollegiate baseball championship of America? Surely he does not think that such a title could ever be won by any but the sanest and most businesslike policy, backed by the enthusiasm of the entire university. It is to be feared that he has never read the impassioned editorials in the *Princetonian*, entreating the students in the name of Princeton spirit to turn out and support the team, to attend practice every afternoon, and to uphold the honor of the university by sitting in rows on the bleachers and giving vent to semi-articulate sounds.

It is indeed distressing to feel that so enlightened a thinker as the British Ambassador can still hold to the worn-out theory that baseball and football are simply games, to be indulged in for purposes of amusement and recreation, and are not serious and essential factors in the standing of a university, the support of which is a solemn purpose of undergraduate life—I had almost said the only solemn purpose, but I remembered the clubs. Yet, if Mr. Bryce was not misquoted, he still clings to these obsolete notions.

But let us be lenient with the Ambassador, for there is an element of pathos in this failure of a once robust intellect to keep abreast of the times. Let us not judge too harshly a man who is so far removed from the sacred and uplifting atmosphere of Princeton spirit. Let us rather pass over in charitable silence these first evidences of the disintegration of a splendid mind under the influence of approaching age; and let us gently remind ourselves that although Mr. Bryce may have known, in his time, a good deal about the American Commonwealth, yet he evidently knows as little about the American undergraduate as does a certain gentleman within our gates, scarcely less known and less honored by the crass unthinking world, who has done and is doing his worst to bring Princeton down to the level of a mere educational institution. Herbert Jones.

Princeton, April 2.

THE AUTHOR OF THE JUNIUS LETTERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of a critique in your issue of March 25, on the everlasting question of the authorship of the Junius Letters, let it never be forgotten that Dr. Benjamin Vaughan of Hallowell, Me. (1751-1835), ex-member of the British Parliament, intimately acquainted with every writer and politician in London for years, enjoying a vast acquaintance all over Great Britain, as well as in France and Switzerland, stated repeatedly in his life time that he *"knew beyond the shadow of a doubt"* that the author of the Junius Letters was William Gerard Hamilton. So positive was he of this fact that, if the topic were brought up at his hospitable board at Hallowell, he would not listen to it for a moment without rising from his chair and saying: "Please cease to discuss this matter. I know that Hamilton wrote those letters, and it is useless to discuss a truth like that at my table."

James A. Spalding.

Portland, Me., April 8.

THE REMEDY FOR MISGOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of Deming's "Government of American Cities" (reviewed in your issue of April 8) and a host of volumes of similar character, dealing with the defects of our municipal governments, suggesting remedies, and discussing causes, it has seemed to me for a long time that such books failed adequately to lay bare and emphasize the fundamental defect in our political system. Each city, large or small, undoubtedly has its own peculiar problems, but perhaps a certain typical American city may be cited as a fair, if extreme, example of the evil I have in mind. Let me give a few concrete instances:

(1.) The following announcement has been brought to the notice of the perhaps 400,000 voters of that city:

The first direct primary for the nomination of party judicial candidates will be held to-morrow. One party candidate for Superior judge and fourteen party candidates for Circuit judge are to be chosen. All qualified electors are entitled to vote. Polls open from 6 A. M. to 5 P. M.

(2.) I have just taken the trouble to count the number of candidates in a recent election, and I find it was over four hundred. The number of offices was 106.

(3.) Among the offices I note: Secretary of State, Attorney-General, State Treasurer, University Trustees, State's Attorney, Recorder of Deeds, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Clerk of the Superior Court, Coroner, Circuit Court Judges, County Surveyer, County Assessor.

Now, unless we are ready to admit that the whole system was intended to be, and, in fact, is, a roaring farce, the only theory on which the above phenomena can be explained is that the average voter, the man in the street, in whose hands the ultimate solution of every civic problem lies, is actually capable of passing on the qualifications of all these candidates, and that he also has a competent knowledge of the scope, duties, and responsibilities of each of the numerous offices. Such a theory is certainly political idiocy. And it needs hardly to be pointed out that the average man in these days, engrossed in the struggle to make a living for himself and family, has neither the time, energy, nor inclination to inform himself on the duties, scope, and functions of 106 public offices, nor to make a suitable investigation into the personal character and mental qualifications of some 400 candidates. If the founders of this republic could come to life again and see what we are doing, they would feel that their worst fears as to the inability of the people to govern themselves were abundantly realized in hundreds of American cities.

It is useless to rail at such conditions; but it is wholesome to look them squarely in the face. The fault, it is respectfully submitted, lies not so much in the restrictions which a State Legislature may lay on the activities of a city council; not in the apathy, stupidity, or perverseness of the average citizen; not in the corruption and inefficiency of a low class of public officials; it is ingrained in the vicious system that throws on the back of the electorate burdens which never belonged there and which cannot be borne. One need be neither a shallow, babbling optimist nor a

disillusioned, disgusted pessimist to see that if reform is ever to be achieved in municipal government, the very first step must be to cut down the number of elective offices to about one-tenth of the present number, to concetrate responsibility on that small number, to extend and perfect the merit system, and to arrange that the higher offices shall offer an attractive career to any self-respecting and intelligent citizen.

In economics we have learned, slowly and painfully, that the average human being is far different from the "economic man" figured by the early economists, and we are realizing now that what our doctors and students of political science need most is a careful social, economic, and psychological study of the habits, attainments, and limitations of the average voter. In dealing with matters that he understands and with men that he knows, the average American citizen may be safely entrusted to do his civic duty manfully and every time; but we persist in ascribing to him various godlike attributes which he never did possess, and which he never professed to possess. He has his limitations, he is made of ordinary clay like the rest of us poor, weak, sinful creatures here below, and, whatever else he may be, he is certainly not omniscient in political matters—all our political theories and philosophical speculations to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is a platitude worthy of serious reflection that any government of the people, for the people, and by the people ought to be adapted to that people; it should fit the exigencies of the man in the street and not the man in the clouds. As a rule in American cities, ours does not; hence these tears.

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, April 12.

FROMENTIN AND VERMEER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A contributor (p. 370 of your issue for April 8) says that Fromentin did not find a word to say on Jan Vermeer. This is misleading. It is true that Fromentin did not find space for many words on Vermeer, preoccupied as he was with problems that loomed larger in 1875, but the few words he did say convey no faint praise. Discussing the question whether a just idea of Dutch art can be formed from examples in the Louvre, without visiting Holland, he remarks that Franz Hals has come to his own but recently, that Jan Steen is well seen only in Holland, and then says ("Les Maîtres d'autrefois," p. 224):

> Van der Meer is almost untouched in France (*inédit*), and since he follows lines of observation sufficiently rare even in his own country, the journey would not be wasted if devoted entirely to study of this special variety of Dutch art. Aside from these discoveries and some others of little value, there are none of note to be made outside of the Louvre and . . . certain French collections. . . .

Adapting himself then to French readers, and confining himself to masters accessible to them in the Louvre, he draws on Metzu, Terburg, and Pierre de Hooch for examples. Formentin died the year after he discovered Vermeer. He had not time to say much more, and on this voyage of discovery we have his own word for it that his "chief concern" was the Night Watch (p. 317), the mystery of which he did so much to unravel. H. M.

Gloucester, Mass., April 12.

Notes.

Prof. Kenneth McKenzie of Yale University announces "A Concordance to the Italian Poems of Francesco Petrarca," to be published by the Oxford University Press, provided a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained in advance. The cost is five dollars, and orders may be sent to the author at No. 67 Mansfield Street, New Haven, Conn.

It is pleasant to hear that a new edition of John Jay Chapman's "Emerson and Other Essays" is to be published immediately by Moffat, Yard & Co. Mr. Chapman's work is too good to be forgotten.

The reprints in green and gilt from the Oxford University Press are not only comely to the eye, but have been unusually successful in their choice of subjects. The latest volume is "The Heroine" of Eaton Stannard Barrett, with an introduction by Prof. Walter Raleigh. We commend to the seeker after amusement these "adventures of a fair romance reader," which first appeared in 1813. We shouldn't like to subscribe to the judgment of a contemporary who pronounced the book "not inferior in wit and humor to 'Tristram Shandy,' and in point of plot and interest infinitely beyond 'Don Quixote,'" but it is a thoroughly amusing take-off on the romantic and gothic taste of the day, after the manner of "Northanger Abbey." Miss Austen was able to write a satire and a regular novel at the same time. That feat was too great for Barrett, but he has put together a surprisingly ingenious series of adventures.

Two more volumes of the New York Edition of Henry James's "Novels and Tales" (Charles Scribner's Sons) follow quickly upon the last instalment. The contents are, Vol. XVII: "The Altar of the Dead," "The Beast in the Jungle," "The Birthplace," "The Private Life," "Owen Wingrave," "The Friends of the Friends," "Sir Edmund Orme," "The Real Right Thing," "The Jolly Corner," and "Julia Bride"; Vol. XVIII: "Daisy Miller," "Pandora," "The Patagonia," "The Marriages," "The Real Thing," "Brooksmith," "The Beldonald Holbein," "The Story in It," "Flickerbridge," and "Mrs. Medwin." In the prefaces, which for the most part treat mere short stories, Mr. James takes himself with portentous seriousness. He dwells at interminable length on the details of unimportant matters. More interesting than some of his other confessions is his admission that "the ghost-story, as we for convenience call it," has ever been for him "the most possible form of the fairy-tale." "Daisy Miller" was, he tells us, rejected by a Philadelphia editor, probably on the ground that it was "an outrage on American girlhood." "The Real Thing" was suggested by an incident of which Du Maurier told Mr. James, "of a call from a strange and striking couple desirous to propose themselves as artist's models for his weekly 'social' illustrations to *Punch*." These people were "originally, by every sign, of the best condition and estate, but overtaken by reverses even while conforming impeccably to the standard of superficial 'smartness.'"

The fifteenth edition of Baedeker's "Central Italy and Rome" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) has just been issued. It contains nineteen maps (five more than the fourteenth edition), and fifty-five plans and views (as compared with fifty-one).

Vol IV of Miss Toulmin Smith's edition of Leland's "Itinerary" (London: George Bell & Sons) is made up of a singularly miscellaneous selection from Leland's remains, containing portions of the original narrative, passages from the "Collectanea," and sundry notes on genealogical and social matters taken from other parts of his writings. No one of the volumes shows more clearly the confused state of Leland's writings as they now exist. Of chief interest are the descriptions, frequently elaborate, of places and conditions in Kent, and the account of the itinerary from Alberbury in Shropshire through the northern counties. The task of editing has been performed with the same high regard for quality and thoroughness that characterized the earlier volumes, and the maps show the same painstaking regard for details. A fifth volume containing Parts ix to xii will complete the work.

"Neglected Neighbors" (Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.), by Charles Frederick Weller, secretary of President Roosevelt's Homes Commission, gives a lively narrative dress to the commission's recent findings as to conditions in Washington. Washington's under-worlds are in the shape of alleys set in the centre of blocks fringed with clubhouses, apartments, and fashionable homes. There are some 300 of these alleys, and they shelter fully 16,000 people, or, rather, expose them to filth, disease, and vice. Were Mr. Weller not a veteran charity worker of established repute, we should be tempted to suspect that his stories were doctored, and his photographs invented in a gallery. He depicts a sick white woman lying for two weeks in a cold room, about her four dead chickens, and refuse ankle-deep; or again, a consumptive negro coughing his life away in a hole, entirely below the street level, entered through a trap-door. And these are relatively inoffensive samples. Washington building lots were originally made so deep that, as taxes increased, owners were obliged to make their back-yards yield revenue. Furthermore, new Federal edifices in recent years have displaced hundreds of dwellings, and the new Union Station, with its approaches, alone wiped out a small village. The clearing up that is immediately necessary for the health and morals of the entire community will cost so much that only a small fraction can be fairly charged against the direct beneficiaries. If Congress will not charge the bill to the Federal government, it should at least devise some scheme of loans. No nation can, with good conscience, scatter millions every month for undeserved pensions and useless warships, while the Washington Monument's shadow touches 300 slums.

The Carnegie Institution of Washington is making fairly rapid progress with its index of economic material in documents published by the States of the United States, an undertaking initiated by the late Carroll D. Wright and his colleagues of the department of economics and sociology.

Six volumes, indexing the materials of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, have already been issued, and now a seventh, dealing with California, lies before us. The term economic embraces nearly everything not political and religious; the arrangement is by subject; and the period covered runs from 1789 to 1904. It is designed that the student be able to trace the historical development of each economic subject as it is reflected in the documents of an individual State, as well as to make a comparative study of that development in the country at large. There can be no question of the value of the index. Though but seven volumes have been issued it has already proved itself of great advantage to workers in this field. The indexing is confined to printed documents only, and therefore does not include all the material that the student of economic history will need to use. There are doubtless some subjects for which the printed material will be deemed adequate, but for others the investigator will hardly confine himself solely to the printed reports of administrative officers, legislative committees, and special commissions and to Governors' messages. At the present rate the work will not be completed for twenty years.

"After Waterloo," by Major W. E. Frye (London: William Heinemann) is not at all a military book. Its author served in Egypt and in India, but left active service in 1814. His only connection with Waterloo is that, chancing to be in Brussels on June 18, he heard the cannon from that safe distance; and four days later when he rode out to the field of battle the sight made him sick. During the years 1815-19 he travelled through France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, noting his impressions which, with quaint conceit, he put in the form of letters to an imaginary correspondent. After his death at St. Germain-en-Laye in 1853 his manuscript was lost to sight in a cupboard for half a century. It is now published with notes by Salomon Reinach. Frye was a man of some literary attainments, and was really familiar with half a dozen languages; he could translate the Edda, quote Ariosto and Voltaire at length, or write a pretty Italian verse to the guide who took him up Vesuvius. He does not, like his contemporaries, Ticknor and Bancroft, introduce his reader to a host of literary personages; nor has he Arthur Young's keenness of vision for social conditions. He is often naïve, but still this account of his travels is pleasant reading. Though an Englishman, he was an ardent partisan of Napoleon, Voltaire, and "divine liberty," and often takes occasion to inveigh, in Dantesque fashion, against his mother-country "always ready to lend a hand to crush liberty, to perpetuate abuses and to rivet the fetters of monarchical, feudal, and ecclesiastical tyranny."

"The Sisters of Napoleon," by W. R. H. Trowbridge (Charles Scribner's Sons), is an entertaining story of the lives of Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte. The frivolities, intrigues, and ingratitude of these women and their fate after the fall of Napoleon leave on the reader a depressing effect which is not lightened by the author's cynicism and exaggeration. The book based on the recent popular French studies of Turquan, consists largely of quotations from the well-known memoirs of Madame d'Abrantès, Fouché, and a score of other men and women of the First Empire who wrote volumes of gossip. It is interesting, but makes no serious contribution to scholarship.

The most striking paper in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society (Serial II) is that of Charles Francis Adams, describing the situation in Washington at the first inauguration of Lincoln. Mr. Adams, who was in the city, pictures the general condition of unrest and expectancy, and the precautions taken by Scott to avoid trouble. He gives a quotation from a letter he wrote at the time, in which he expressed a belief that, the inauguration over, matters would become peaceful, a belief soon to be rudely broken. Even Lincoln was more engaged in distributing offices than in facing a great conflict. Dr. E. H. Hall gives a calm and intelligent statement of the existing national pension system, dwelling upon the evil it has produced, and seeking to explain how it came to pass, "a system of paternalism never dreamed of by the civilized world before, a system which offers every possible inducement to mendicancy and conceals every possible inducement to fraud." As Mr. Hall served as chaplain in the civil war his opinion has authority. James Schouler describes Lincoln's only political visit to New England, in 1848, when he was recognized as a "suckerized Yankee."

An excellent discussion and bird's-eye survey of what has been done and what yet remains to be done for the reform of the higher grades of educational institutions is furnished in a small work by Dr. Julius Ziehen, an experienced educator of Frankfurt-am-Main, entitled "Die bisherige Entwicklung und die weiteren Aufgaben der Reform unseres höheren Schulwesens" (Frankfurt and Berlin: Moritz Diesterweg). The basis and purposes of modern school reform, the proper training of efficient teachers, the pedagogical importance of the personality of the teacher, the value and character of proper school supervision, are among the topics treated.

The *Literarische Echo* has published the result of its annual inquiry among libraries and publishers concerning the books most in demand, and the authors that have been most popular during the year ending with October. The books were Sudermann's "Das hohe Lied," Hermann's "Henriette Jacoby" and "Jettchen Gebert," Viebig's "Das Kreuz im Venn," Heer's "Laubgewind," Ernst's "Semper der Jüngling," Herzog's "Der Abenteurer," Stilgebauer's "Das Liebesnest," Stratz's "Herzblut," Schnitzler's "Weg ins Freie," Ompteda's "Minne," and Zahn's "Die da kommen und gehen."

A volume of letters by the three greatest representatives of the dialect known as Plattdeutsch has just been published: "Briefe von Fritz Reuter, Klaus Groth, und Brinkman, an Eduard Hobein," edited by Prof. Wilhelm Meyer (Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung).

The recent publication of Franz Ehrhardt's "Die Philosophie des Spinoza im Lichte der Kritik" (Leipzig: Reisland) is a positive contribution toward the solution of one of the intricate problems of the history of philosophy, although not a final settlement of all or even the leading questions involved. In a volume of more than five hundred pages the author discusses the history of Spinoza's doctrine, especially as it has been judged, favorably and unfavorably, in former times and in our own. The older literature on the subject has been thoroughly utilized.

Richard Garbe, rector of the University of Tübingen, delivered on the birthday of King Wilhelm II of Würtemberg an address of exceptional interest, which now appears in an enlarged form as "Kaiser Akbar von Indien: Ein Lebens- und Kulturbild aus dem sechzehnten Jahrhundert" (Leipzig: H. Haessel). The author, a fine Orientalist, largely basing his account on the excellent work of Count de Noer, published from 1880-85 in Leyden, here gives a picture of the Grand Mogul Akbar, generally regarded as the greatest of Asiatic princes in recent centuries.

"Voltaire in seinem Verhältniss zu Friedrich dem Grossen und Jean Jacques Rousseau," by Georg Brandes, has just been published in Berlin by Marquardt & Co. Voltaire's relation to Frederick the Great has been thoroughly discussed by historians and biographers; but the author of this little book is always likely to disclose, even in a time-worn topic, some interesting features that have escaped his predecessors. Brandes traces briefly the evolution of the peculiar friendship between the French philosopher and the Prussian sovereign and omits no detail of the story so rich in humorous incident. The picture of the famous round table of scholars and wits at which the young king presided in Potsdam Brandes presents, if not in a new light, at least in a new perspective. He spares neither Voltaire nor Frederick in enumerating evidences of the pettiness which entered into the characters of both. That part of the book which is devoted to the relation of Voltaire to Rousseau bears evidence of sympathetic partiality towards the two iconoclasts of their century. Rousseau's indebtedness to Voltaire is ably presented. He was inspired by the writings of his already famous contemporary to pay more attention to style and to emulate his art of expression. Through Voltaire also Rousseau had become acquainted with the English thinkers that were to influence him. But Rousseau was by birth a plebeian and by temperament a solitary and conceived an invincible dislike for Voltaire's social gifts. The more he became a practical exponent of his contempt for the conventions of civilization, the wider grew the breach between them. It is curious to follow the alternating hostilities and amiabilities in which the profound antagonism between these two individualities found expression.

The seven hundredth anniversary of the birth of Saint Elizabeth has been the occasion for the publication of what professes to be an objective and scientific story of her life, by Albert Huykens, "Quellenstudien zur Geschichte der heiligen Elisabeth, Landgräfin zu Thüringen" (Marburg: Elwert). It is not the individuality of Elizabeth but her character, as representative of the thought of her age, that here is brought into the foreground; and since the elimination of the mythical from the historical is particularly difficult here, one is not surprised that the Catholic author has not been able to do absolutely satisfactory work. Yet his book

is doubtless the best among the many that the anniversary has produced. Large portions of the work appeared originally in Vol. XXVIII of the scholarly Catholic journal, *Historisches Jahrbuch der Görres-Gesellschaft.*

The last issues of the Old Norse Text Society of Copenhagen (*Samfund til Udgivelse of gammel nordisk Litteratur*) are a continuation of the Thidreks Saga edited by H. Bertelson and begun in 1906; and No. 3 of the society's edition of the Volsunga Saga and Rognar Lodbroks Saga, which is being prepared by Magnus Olson. This number contains the critical apparatus to the former saga which has now been issued complete. Simultaneous with these appear also the Proceedings of the Society with list of past publications and roll of members. The Samfund was organized in 1879, it has at present a membership of 260 individuals, and libraries, principally in the Scandinavian countries and Germany, but fifteen in the United States.

According to a London dispatch there is no trace of John Davidson, the poet, who has been missing from his home at Penzance since March 23, and his family have now given up hope of seeing him alive. Documents found among his papers make it almost certain that he has committed suicide. Mr. Davidson, the son of a Scottish Evangelical Union minister, was born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, in 1857, and in his thirteenth year was put to work in the chemical department of a sugar factory. When fifteen years old, he went to school again in the capacity of a pupil teacher, and afterward was at Edinburgh University for a single session. Until 1890 he earned a subsistence as a teacher in various schools in Scotland, and then made his way to London, supporting himself thereafter by literary work. He began by writing reviews and other articles for the Glasgow *Herald*, but first attracted critical attention by his poems on various subjects, which were marked by boldness of thought and vigor of expression. His first work of considerable consequence was a chronicle play, "Bruce," published in Scotland. This was followed by a book of poems entitled "Scaramouch in Naxos." After this came two series of "Fleet Street Eclogues," "The Wonderful Mission of Earl Lavender," "Godfrida," and other plays, and several volumes of poems, including some of a satirical and political nature. Among his later productions were "The Testament of a Vivisector," "The Testament of an Empire Builder," "The Testament of a Prime Minister," "The Triumph of Mammon," and "Mammon and His Message." Not long since he was awarded a pension from the Civil List in recognition of his literary achievements.

The death is announced from London of the Rev. Dr. James Harrison Rigg, the well-known Wesleyan Methodist minister. He was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1821, entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1845, was a member of the first London school board, and was on the Royal Commission of Education, 1886-88. For fifteen years he edited the London *Quarterly Review*, and published, also, a number of religious works, including: "Principles of Wesleyan Methodism," "Modern Anglican Theology," "Essays for the Times," "The Churchmanship of John Wesley," "The Living Wesley," "National Education, English and Foreign," "A Comparative View of Church Organizations," "Dr. Pusey: His Character and Life-Work," "Oxford High Anglicanism, and Its Chief Leaders," and "Reminiscences, Sixty Years Ago."

The death is announced in his ninety-fifth year of Canon Henry Holden, headmaster of Uppingham School from 1847 to 1853 and of Durham Grammar School from 1853 to 1881, rector of South Luffenham, Rutland, from 1881 to 1898. He was co-editor of "Sabrinæ Corolla," and wrote "Symbolical Teaching of the Sanctuary" and "Single Sermons to University and to Schoolboys."

NOTES ON TEXT BOOKS.

EDUCATION.

A group of books (intended for texts in normal schools or for private study by teachers) has lately been issued, dealing with the management of schools, with methods of instruction, and with the principles underlying both. "School and Class Management," by Dr. Felix Arnold (The Macmillan Co.), treats of the relations between teacher and principal and between teacher and child. A subject on which much has been written is here discussed by Dr. Arnold with such insight, common sense, and thoroughness that it must command close and interested attention and convey a clearer conception of some of the important phases of a teacher's conduct and duty. Perhaps the most valuable feature is the emphasis upon the development of right conduct. In spite of all that is said about the function of the schools in character building, in practice it is the intellectual training that occupies the chief place in the thought of the teacher. In the rush to meet the encyclopædic demands of the present curriculum, ethical training is pushed into a very small corner. Class management has discipline in view and discipline means the enforcement of more or less arbitrary rules. Gratitude is therefore due Dr. Arnold for making conduct so distinct an object of school training.

"Modern Methods for Teachers," by Chas. C. Boyer (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is the latest of those attempts to include in a single volume instruction in methods of teaching all the subjects of the elementary curriculum. It discusses briefly the nature of education, the operations of the mind, and the general principles of instruction; and then, in the light of modern psychology, each of the common subjects, showing its value, the way in which it should be presented, the objects to be attained by study of it. The suggestions offered are in harmony with the best practice of the present time.

"Standards in Education," by A. H. Chamberlain (American Book Co.), is intended primarily as a text for normal schools. The author discusses not only psychology and the general aims of education, but the curriculum of the elementary school, the method of its presentation, and the training of teachers. The book is rather a compilation of material on a variety of subjects than a treatment with completeness of any one phase of educational theory or practice. Though there is nothing new in point of view or treatment it has some merits as a text-book. To each chapter are appended an excellent summary, suggestive topics for study, and references by means of which the student may profitably continue his work.

Each of the eight brief essays in Prof. Paul H. Hanus's "Beginnings in Industrial Education" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) makes the reader sigh for more of the same kind. Five of the eight give the book its title. They set forth the conditions which have started a country-wide agitation for vocational training, and the manner of accomplishing this reform. Professor Hanus's experience as a member of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education has stocked him richly with facts, and these he has ordered admirably. There is an excellent account of what Massachusetts has done in this direction, and another about the *Fortbildungsschulen* in Munich. Three other essays deal with the professional preparation of high-school teachers, religious instruction in public schools, and Bavarian country schools. Nowhere has the case against the Bible in schools been presented more pointedly and yet with greater calm than here.

The literature of the history of education is increased by the addition of three books designed as texts in normal schools and colleges. The first is Graves's "History of Education Before the Middle Ages" (The Macmillan Co.), which contains a comprehensive account of the history of education before the rise of the monastic schools. The author follows Thomas Davidson in regarding education as a part of the process of evolution, but he views it as "conscious evolution" toward more definite ends. The plan is well carried out. Liberal quotations are made from original sources, and a bibliography is added to each chapter. The book is suitable for college use. For normal schools C. O. Hoyt has prepared "Studies in the History of Modern Education" (Silver, Burdett & Co.), which is well adapted to its purpose. It furnishes sufficient material for an intensive study of the great reform movements in education from Comenius to the present time; it proposes questions calculated to lead the student to further investigation and to comprehend the process by which modern doctrines and methods have been evolved; and it suggests books for further study. The work is a distinct advance upon most normal school text-books on this subject. Many books have been written about Pestalozzi. To these is now added H. Holman's "Account of the Life and Work of Pestalozzi" (Longmans, Green, & Co.), in which the author aims to present objectively as much of the man as possible. Large quotations are made from the letters and other writings of the great educational reformer. Thus the reader is provided with the data for estimating at its real value the work of Pestalozzi and the influence he has exerted upon education during the last century.

HISTORY.

Certain well-defined tendencies in history teaching are at once illustrated and stimulated by some recent books for class use. To accompany his "Short History of England," Prof. E. P. Cheyney has compiled a "Book of Readings in English History" (Ginn & Co.), in which he has brought together some unusually interesting material. The collection is especially noteworthy for its illustration of the life of various periods, and contains very few of-

ficial documents such as statutes, charters, and proclamations. In the same series comes "Readings in Modern European History" (Ginn & Co.), by Profs. J. H. Robinson and C. A. Beard, to accompany their "Development of Modern Europe." This collection is largeiy new though much of tbe part of the French Revolution and Napoleonic era has been taken from Professor Robinson's "Readings in European History." Likewise Prof. William MacDonald in his "Documentary Source Book of American History, 1606-1898" (The Macmillan Co.) has brought together and condensed much of the material in his "Select Charters," "Select Documents," and 'Select Statutes" for the use of classes covering tbe whole of American history in one year. Tbe rapid development of such publications emphasizes the hold which the method of teaching history not merely by collateral reading, but by selected extracts has at present in our schools. Though it may be doubted whether tbis will ever be a substitute for reai reading, much iess encourage that habit, it is certainly an advance on the older methods. And, apart from their pedagogical value, many of these collections do make interesting reading in spite of their apparently tabloid character.

The spread of American history downward in the schools with a consciousiy patriotic as well as pedagogical purpose finds expression in two new books: "Short American History by Grades," by Everett Barnes, and "A First Course in American History," by Jeanette R. Hodgdon (D. C. Heath & Co.). Each is to consist of two volumes, one colonial, the other constitutional. Each aims at imparting the salient features of American history in simple form for the intermediate grades. Such a movement as this has much to commend it, and its peculiar strength and significance are well brought out in these volumes.

The third and last volume of Prof. Charles Seignobos's "History of Civilization," translated by Miss Wiseman under editorial supervision of Prof. J. A. James (Charles Scribner's Sons), is just at hand. It covers the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, to 1888, and is characterized by tbe same qualities as his previous volumes on ancient and mediæval civilization. The emphasis is on the social and economic aspects of the period; and, perhaps as illustrative of these, an extraordinary amount of personal or biographical detail of the chief personages appears in his pages. The book includes also considerable chapters on the New World and European peoples outside of Europe, together with bibliographical appendices. It forms, on the whole, a readable and useful book. From the Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde) comes a new text-book of the sixteenth century, "The Renaissance and Reformation; A Text-Book of European History. 1494-1610," by Miss Emmeline M. Tanner, a compact and well-printed volume of some three hundred pages, designed for what would perhaps be in the United States late preparatory or early college classes. Miss Tanner has handled a peculiarly complex and controversial period with vigor and directness. In spite of the title only about fifty pages are devoted to the period before 1494, the body of the book, as the sub-title reveals, being given to the years between 1494 and 1610, or much the same period covered by Johnson's "Europe in the Sixteenth Century," to which Miss Tanner frequently refers. One finds here, as always, the difficulty of being at once concise, wholly accurate, and humanly interesting, but on the whole, Miss Tanner seems to have solved her problem as well as could be expected. The arrangement and proportion are, generally speaking, good. Each chapter is followed by questions and a brief bibliography, and often accompanied by footnotes and references. The index is good. A full parallel column chronological summary and eight large folding maps make up what, for its period and purpose, is one of the most useful text books of its class which has appeared in recent years.

Dr. A. G. Keller, professor of the science of society in Yale University, has issued (Ginn & Co.) a work entitled "Colonization; A Study of the Founding of New Societies," designed as a text-book for the study of colonization in general. The sub-title seems to us a little unfortunate as leading the incautious observer to assume that the work has a socialistic or utopian character. It is, in fact, a strictly historical production, treating of Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and Scandinavian colonization with a chapter devoted to the recent colonizing efforts of Italy and Germany. The history of English and French colonization is omitted entirely, and nothing is said of the accomplishments of Russia, Belgium, America, and Japan in the same field. Apparently the author intends that the work shall be used in the classroom, but how far it will meet any particular demand of this kind will depend on the number of lectureships in our colleges and universities devoted to this subject. At present the number is exceedingly small. The work is far too elaborate to be used as an ordinary text-book, and it would seem as if its most important function would be to enlighten the intelligent reader. Its style is not unattractive, its arrangement is good, and its standard of accuracy is high. In the main, it is a compilation from fairly well-known treatises, and lays no claim to profundity or originality of thought. Dr. Keller has made almost no attempt to frame conclusions or generalizations, usually confining himself to descriptions and historical narrative. In view of the important service that the work might render to the public at large, it is to be regretted that Dr. Keller has not made his study complete. Had many of the details here given been omitted, a broader view of colonial experience been given, and systematic deductions been drawn from the evidence presented, the book would have appealed to a much wider body of readers. As it is, however, we can heartily recommend it as an able and scholarly essay upon the subjects which the author has chosen to treat.

GREEK AND LATIN.

Prof. A.T. Robertson's "Short Grammar of the Greek New Testament"(A.C. Armstrong & Sons) is an attempt to put before senior students the facts of New Testament usage. It thus presupposes a knowledge of ordinary Attic Greek. The author correctly regards New Testament Greek as not a mongrel Attic but an example of the vernacular of the day, which in its more colloquial form is shown in the newly discovered papyri, of which much use is made. Professor Robertson accordingly attempts to treat the phenomena of New Testament usage as a stage in the evolution of language—and so is perpetually referring to Sanskrit or to more modern languages, as Gothic. Anglo-Saxon, and English. He also dogmatizes vigorously about origins of usage, such as that of pronouns, voices, and the like, where much that he says is very doubtful. In fact the book resembles more a philosophical discussion of general linguistics, illustrated by New Testament Greek. An immense amount of material is included, which in the hands of a competent student would be valuable as an introduction to more extended study in the same field.

The English tendency to put everything within the reach of beginners is well exemplified in the edition of the "Euthyphro" of Plato by St. George Stock (Henry Frowde). A brief introduction is followed by a summary of the dialogue, and then the text. The commentary is written for students "who have grammar behind them and philosophy before," but, as a matter of fact it is pitched in a key much higher; for the notes abound in quotations in the Greek from other dialogues of Plato, and occasionally from Aristotle or the Septuagint. The edition ought to be serviceable, in aim and scope, but it is entirely different from the American edition by Heidel. Prof. C. L. Brownson of the College of the City of New York has given us a useful edition of "Selections from Xenophon's Hellenica" (American Book Co.). This important work has been less read than it deserves and this edition should be in common use in our colleges. A brief introduction discusses the life, writings, syntax, and style of Xenophon, and the "Hellenica". But as Xenophon's peculiar style cannot be dismissed in two pages, it would have been better to omit this part and make suitable references in the commentary. The commentary itself is brief, intended apparently for freshmen; it lacks life and inspiration, but is careful and useful. Some appendices treat more in detail problems touched upon in the introduction and furnish material for further study by the teacher. There is also a good bibliography in addition to the more or less unnecessary list of disputed readings. The edition of Herodotus, Books vii and viii, by Prof. C. F. Smith and A. G. Laird of the University of Wisconsin (American Book Co.), furnishes the first important study of Herodotus since the late Professor Merriam's time. It is a good piece of work, more or less uneven, but showing the results of independent study as well as thorough acquaintance with the literature of the subject. Most noteworthy is the chapter on the dialect of Herodotus, an independent investigation by Professor Laird which ought largely to supersede the treatment of Stein. There is a bibliography of special works on the syntax of Herodotus, which, however, would seem almost unnecessary to students of Professor Laird's own work. The notes are brief and designed mainly for students who are reading Herodotus for the first time, but are sufficient for practical purposes.

The eternal question as to the best beginner's book in Latin meets us again in "Latin Lessons," by D. W. Lothman (Ginn & Co.), and R. H. Locke's "Latin Forms and Syntax" (Allen, Lane & Scott). Both works differ from the customary beginner's book and from each other. Mr. Lothman believes that better results would be secured by more extensive and more intelligent use of the grammar; and he consequently refers to three widely used grammars for the learning of all forms; but there seems to be no gain other than that of space by referring the student to the grammar for the paradigms only. The English-to-Latin part of each lesson has been made brief; in other words, the smallest portion of time and energy is given to the most difficult part of the subject—a view which is widely held in this country and could be well abandoned. A serviceable introduction on the principles of English grammar meets a need felt seriously by most teachers. Reading lessons are added from Cæsar and Livy. Mr. Locke's book employs the style of the kindergarten to set forth the most intimate secrets of philology. We are told to distinguish between agglutinative, analytic, and synthetic language; we are helped to an appreciation of the ablative singular by the gutturals of the North American Indian; we are introduced into the habits of thought of primitive peoples. The five declensions are studied together. From the outset the words in the reading lesson must be looked up in the general vocabulary at the end of the book. No exercise is given in translation from English into Latin until all the forms have been learned and a review of syntax has begun. The vocabulary is limited in range, mainly Cæsarian. It is impossible to say how successful such a book would be, but it would seem to require a very sympathetic teacher. There have been many Latin prose composition books intended for second or third-year pupils in high schools, but no satisfactory book has as yet been prepared for the last year. C. McC. Baker and A. J. Inglis's "High School Course in Latin Composition" (The Macmillan Co.) offers a systematic treatment for the second, third, and fourth years. It is divided into three parts, one for each year; and it contains an extensive summary of the elements of Latin syntax, together with references to the leading grammars. The syntactical exposition is clear and good. In the first part the vocabulary is mainly Cæsarian; in the second, Ciceronian words are added, and in the third certain words not commonly met with until Virgil. This plan is based upon Professor Gonzalez Lodge's recent "Vocabulary of High School Latin." The earlier exercises consist of detached sentences paralleling in subject matter the work in Cæsar and Cicero, and nearly one-half of the last part is devoted to connected exercises.

A. C. Clark, editor of "Cicero's Orations" in the Oxford Text series, has issued an edition of Cicero's Philippic Orations I, II, III, V, and VII (Henry Frowde) for schools. The notes and introduction are taken almost entirely from J. R. King's large edition of the whole series of Philippic Orations. Though the book is serviceable, the introductions are too brief and the commentary curiously uneven, containing a good deal of textual criticism, which is out of place in such an edition. A welcome addition to the list of college text-books is Dr. A. P. Ball's "Selected Essays of Seneca" (The Macmillan Co.). This contains the "Ad Polybium de Consolatione," "Ad Neronem de Clementia," the "Apocolocyntosis," and ten letters—chosen to illustrate Seneca's personal connection with the history of his time. An interesting introduction on Seneca, the stoic philosophy, and Seneca's style, leaves us a pleasant impression of a man whose position was often very difficult, but whose influence was always helpful. It might have been well to discuss more fully Seneca's philosophical opinions and explain why the Christian fathers had such a high opinion of his teaching. The commentary is adequate, neither overloaded nor descending to trivialities. The inclusion of the "Apocolocyntosis" puts into the hands of the student what has been hitherto inaccessible. Prof. O. F. Long has prepared a short book of selections from the first decade of Livy (Scott, Foresman & Co.), designed to show a reaction against the overloaded text-books now in common use. There is a brief introduction with an inadequate chapter on Livy's style; the notes, often little more than translation, are printed at the foot of the page. The book will come into comparison with Dennison's similar selection much to its disadvantage, for this one seems adapted to little more than sight translation. For this purpose it might be useful; otherwise it is hard to see a place for it. W. D. Lowe's "Scenes from the Life of Hannibal" (Henry Frowde) is an elementary reading book for students that know little more than the leading forms. The text is excerpted from Livy, though the order of events and often the text itself has been modified to make it more suitable for beginners. Brief notes, but even these of a more advanced type than those of Long above referred to, are followed by a vocabulary and by a series of exercises for translation from English into Latin based more or less closely on the narrative. The book is worth trying in our high schools.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

"A French Grammar," by H. P. Thieme and J. R. Effinger (The Macmillan Co.), intends to give only the essentials. But all teachers are not agreed on what these "essentials" should be. Some will find that the subjunctive is not sufficiently accounted for, and others will complain of the scattered way in which the pronouns are treated. Still this book has excellent features. It is well graded, distributes composition material wisely, and discards the baby reading matter to offer mature, sound, and attractive texts. Too many slips, however, have crept into even the second printing.

The editions of the Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde) are annotated with a uniform competence by professors most of whom are French. We may pass over "Le Douanier de mer" by the popular feuilletonist, Élie Berthet, a story of the French coast, obviously edited for English sea-loving pupils; and "Batailles de terre et de mer," by a now forgotten French vice-admiral, which can have no interest outside of military and naval academies. But Vigny's "Chatterton," which, in 1834, was one of the triumphs of the Romantic School, is a legitimate and welcome addition to the library of annotated texts. The editor, Prof. E. Lauvrière, has a solid knowledge of both French and English literature. The introduction consists of an essay, in French, of ninety-three pages on the life and work of Alfred de Vigny, while the notes are, from the literary as well as philological point of view, an illuminating commentary on the text. Whether Balzac's "Le Médecin de campagne" can make the kind of reading which our story-mad undergraduates will relish is open to question. This political and social treatise, of which M. Brunetière speaks so highly, may seem dull to the readers of "The Three Musketeers." At any rate, the introduction and notes by De V. Payen-Paine are bound to be helpful. It ought to be easy to get out a satisfactory edition of "Le Cid," after all the work done by the commentators from Scudéry down to the French school editions. Prof. James D. Bruner's text (American Book Co.) contains a great wealth of notes and literary comparisons, many of the latter touching on English drama. Instead of the usual biography of Corneille the editor has an acceptable essay on "The Theory of the Classical Drama in France," in which students will find some essential information. While modern spelling is used in the tragedy, some unfortunate forms and a misprint have been overlooked in the "Avertissement" and the "Examen." Although our students have all the French tragedy they want, Henri de Bornier's "La Fille de Roland" (D. C. Heath & Co.) may prove an interesting complement to a study of the "Chanson de Roland." This play was one of the great triumphs of the Comédie Française after the war of 1870 because it expressed, with something of the spark of Corneille, heroic feelings that always stir the French nation. Prof. C. A. Nelson's edition is adequately presented. Jules Lemaître's "Contes extraits de Myrrha" (D. C. Heath & Co.) show a studied simplicity and a certain charm of style; still there is something constrained about this effort of an avowed skeptic to appear naïve in telling puerile stories of country priests and devout peasants. Nothing need be said about the short account of his life except that *all* his plays, the editor notwithstanding, were not produced at the Comédie Française. The new text of "Les Misérables" (Henry Holt & Co.) is welcome, with its clear type and scholarly notes. Instead of the biography of Victor Hugo the editor might better have given us the interesting history of the publication of this epoch-making novel. He would thus have avoided an unfortunate blunder (result of a careless reading of Biré) in naming the ridiculous Père Lorlquet as one of Victor Hugo's teachers.

Among the increasing number of Spanish texts mention must be made of J. D. M. Ford's "Selections from Don Quixote" (D. C. Heath & Co.), which contains a rapid survey of the latest critical works on Cervantes; G. L. Lincoln's conscientious edition of Valera's "Pepita Jimenez" (Heath); and R. E. Bassett's elaborate treatment of "Pedro Sanchez" (Ginn & Co.), which shows what the combined efforts of an industrious author and painstaking publishers can do to raise the standard of modern language texts.

The "Report on the Teaching of English in the United States," by M. Atkinson Williams, lecturer in an English training college (C. W. Bardeen), though an unpre-

tentious little volume, contains a good deal of suggestive comment on American methods in primary and secondary schools. This observer is inclined to think that our teachers give rather too free rein to the individuality of their pupils, and are overnervous about the danger of imposing their opinions upon the unfolding mind. She was very much bewildered, furthermore, by the prevailing standards for grading written work. She has apparently always been familiar with a truth which is not yet thoroughly recognized, even in our higher education, namely, that a high passing grade usually means a low standard of excellence. English pupils, she believes, are less fluent and spontaneous than their American cousins. On the other hand, they are brought up with a greater respect for the proprieties of diction and grammar.

Those who distrust the "natural method" of acquiring the elements of their mother tongue should welcome James C. Fernald's "Working Grammar of the English Language" (Funk & Wagnall's Co.). The author sets out with a belief that English is perhaps the simplest and most perfect of all languages, and that it needs only a sensibly written grammar to secure general acceptance of his views. It must be said, however, that in some cases he has simplified his grammar by ignoring some of the awkward facts of the language; his treatment, for example, of the horrible shall-and-will question is beautifully plain as far as it goes, but it quite disregards the difficult complications that arise in dependent clauses. Yet, in the main, the book does live up to its title by presenting with tolerable comprehensiveness and with unusual freedom from pedantry in definition and classification the essentials of English grammar.

Dr. Charles A. McMurry's "Special Method in Reading in the Grades" (The Macmillan Co.) is written around the popular modern theory that there *is* a royal road to learning, along which little pilgrims may pass in play. It puts great stress upon oral story-telling as the preliminary to reading, and upon manual training, singing, marching, games, and the various kindergarten devices for growing wise unawares. It rightly emphasizes the attractiveness and the cultural value of folk-lore and classical myth and story in the reading of childhood, and it supplies fairly extensive lists of books containing such material. Finally, it insists quite as much upon the necessity of flexibility, energy, and training in the teacher as upon the virtues of the special method. The fact that Dr. McMurry speaks with the enthusiasm of conviction and experience should make this work stimulating to primary instructors.

There is much good counsel in Grenville Kleiser's "How to Develop Power and Personality in Speaking" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.). The good orator, according to Mr. Kleiser, must not only be a good man, but must also possess a trained mind, cultivated voice, and fresh, resilient body. Among the precepts for the care of the body, it is refreshing to find that the successful speaker must expect to take Mr. Dick's celebrated prescription for David Copperfield "at least once a day." Besides the usual directions and exercises for voice culture, there are many sensible suggestions on the development of a vocabulary, training of the memory, power in conversation and extemporaneous speaking, and various other matters. Though the book is designed to be especially helpful to ministers, its sound and fundamental method should make it generally useful.

Of the annual crop of books dealing with the theory and practice of writing, two seem to have some justification for existence. Martha Hale Shackford and Margaret Judson, of Wellesley and Vassar respectively, have prepared a "Composition Rhetoric-Literature" (Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co.), designed to serve for a four years' course in secondary schools. This book is to be commended for its definite purpose, its systematic arrangement, and its adaptation to the college-entrance requirements. Among its special features, one notes with pleasure that it begins with a thorough review of grammar, that it contains a sensible and helpful chapter on letter-writing, that its treatment of the principles and types of poetry is exceptionally full, and that the study of literary masterpieces is closely related to practice in writing. The "Composition and Rhetoric" of Charles Swain Thomas, head of the English department in the Newton High School, and Prof. W. D. Howe, head of the English department in Indiana University (Longmans, Green & Co.), does not, in spite of its 509 pages, cover all the ground covered by the Shackford-Judson book, but it has a particular virtue of its own: it goes so close to the actual problems of the student, its suggestions are so practical and concrete, that it almost teaches itself. Many other manuals discuss the importance of choosing suitable materials for composition; few are so fertile in specific examples and vital hints. Many rhetorics supply ample materials for the study of principles; few provide such interesting material or such definite instructions for operating upon it.

In "A First German Book" (Henry Holt & Co.), George M. Howe follows the theory "that the best type of exercise is that which aids the student in a thorough assimilation of a well-chosen German text." Most teachers would agree with this statement; but many would disagree with the author as to what constitutes a suitable text for the earliest stages of instruction. The author has chosen three stories by Volkmann, has provided the earlier ones with both an interlinear and smooth translation, and added copious notes, followed by grammatical material and oral and written exercises. Lesson i, for example, treats forms of the preterite of simple verbs, yet the text itself is rich in noun and adjective inflections, the use of prepositions, separable verbs, etc. This material, when taken together with the vocabulary, would certainly seem to make too great demands upon both teacher and pupil. For some time the oral and written exercises must perforce entail a far too large amount of pure memory work. "German Grammar," by R. J. Ham and A. N. Leonard (Ginn & Co.), is a beginner's book that strikes no new note. We find the modern spirit of foreign language teaching expressed only in the anecdotes which form the basis of the lessons. In other respects the work follows traditional lines. The rules and paradigms with which each lesson begins, though well stated and selected, are out of proportion to the practice given. Moreover, the examples and word-lists are seldom vitally connected with the exercises. This is a weakness in any text-book. The sentences to be translated into and from the foreign language are rather better in quality than usual. A good feature is that only the more common words from the anecdotes are employed in them. Although a far safer book than the one criticised above, and although it is probably adequate for college classes, the grammar is really but another attempt to perfect a model which for secondary school purposes, at least, ought to have been discarded years ago. "Modern German Prose," compiled and annotated by A. B. Nichols (Henry Holt & Co.), is a chrestomathy of prose for use in advanced college classes. It is compiled much in the spirit of the books of Paszkowski and Henschke, but is superior to them for American students because of the notes, and the greater range and greater attractiveness of the material. The selections are short without being choppy; nor are they too difficult or too technical. In fine, it is an excellent compilation. It is a pity, however, that the proof-reading was not more carefully done. Let us hope that the sales will soon warrant a second revised edition. "Mit Ränzel und Wanderstab," by Emil Frommel, with exercises, notes, and vocabulary by W. Bernhardt (D. C. Heath & Co.), is a welcome addition to the all too few texts of the kind in which a love-story is not a part. It is a brightly told account of a walking trip a number of *Gymnasiasten* took many years ago in the Black Forest. It is wholesome reading, truly German in humor, and it ought especially to interest a class of boys. The exercises are in the form of three letters based upon the text. They read well and are supplemented by German questions based upon them. The notes and vocabulary seem adequate.

SCIENCE.

There are not too many introductions to psychology which steer the beginner safely between meaningless experiment and obscure theory. So Prof. Max Meyer's free, somewhat condensed translation of Ebbinghaus's "Abriss" is welcome. "Psychology" (D. C. Heath & Co.) has all the merits of its excellent original; it is brief, tainted by no fads, conservative, clear, and rich in example. It is not easier to read than the science is to learn. The translator generally remains true to Ebbinghaus and English alike; but the Teuton will out now and then in phrases like "the focalness of consciousness." Psychology is reduced to lowest terms in Prof. Carl E. Seashore's "Elementary Experiments in Psychology" (Henry Holt & Co.). The author aims to deliver first-year students from complicated, time-consuming instruments, which often serve only to confuse. His manual and its accompanying envelope full of "apparatus" constitute a pocket laboratory which is by purport a vestibule to a larger one and to the classroom. Professor Seashore has chosen experiments which arouse interest and deepen insight. His formal directions are clear, and his comments illuminating. A surprising amount of general psychological information is sprinkled about.

The "Economic Zoölogy" of Herbert Osborn (the Macmillan Co.) is intended for college students and general readers, described as an "ever-increasing body of citizens," but does not quite fulfil the promise

of the title. A rather meagre text is fully illuminated by illustrations, mostly from standard works, although a few are original, so that a good teacher many find the book useful. In the "First Course in Biology" (the Macmillan Co.) are brought together with separate paginations a "Plant Biology," by L. H. Bailey, and an "Animal Biology" and a "Human Biology," by W. M. Coleman. The book is declared to be an effort to make elementary instruction in these subjects more "applicable." The result is not very convincing, but in these matters everything depends upon the teacher.

In "A Text Book of Experimental Chemistry (with Descriptive Notes), for Students of General Inorganic Chemistry" (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co.), Prof. Edwin Lee, of Allegheny College aims to combine experiment and theory in due proportion, to devote more attention than usual to the energy side of the subject, and to introduce the newer theories of equilibrium and dissociation. But the fulfilment of this purpose is disappointing; for the book does not differ in scope and character from several others on the market, and it has some faults of its own, the chief of which are confusion in arrangement and clumsiness of wording. Why should the beginner in chemistry be met on the first page with the question whether matter is merely a product of thought, a manifestation of energy, or a cause of sensation? No sufficient explanation is given of what these different definitions mean. They are simply set down with the cautious conclusion, "Science seems unable as yet to predicate what matter is." The volume abounds in misprints and inconsistencies and disregards the ordinary rules of grammar to an extent unusual even in scientific text books. In one chapter "Hydrascids" and "Oxascids" are discussed and these are duly indexed. Another chapter refers to compounds of strikingly similar formula to the latter as "Oxacids," but this is not indexed, so it seems likely that the first word is merely an allotropic form of the second.

Among recent mathematical works from the Cambridge University Press are "A Course in Pure Mathematics," by G. H. Hardy, the second volume of Prof. G. H. Darwin's "Scientific Papers," and "The Thirteen Books of Euclid's Elements," by T. L. Heath. Of these works (all of which are published in America by G. P. Putnam's Sons) the first begins with a detailed analysis of the linear continuum, and culminates in the theory of the logarithm and the exponential. Designed for first-year university students, and intended to be read in connection with the usual text-books of analytical geometry and the calculus, it is chiefly notable for the omission of many of the usual topics, as, for example, the principle of convergence, for extraordinary emphasis on such regulative ideas as infinity and continuity, and for the deliberately prolix and multilateral treatment of them. The nine memoirs contained in the second volume of Darwin's "Papers" all deal with questions of tidal friction and its cosmogonic effects. To the mathematical astronomer they are of especial interest as giving the latest and best word of mathematics respecting celestial evolution. No mathematician, unless quite without historical and philosophical sense, can fail to be delighted with Mr. Heath's edition of Euclid. For it is not merely the first and only English translation of the famous "definitive MS." of Heiberg, but in three beautifully printed volumes it brings together in a most masterful exposition the results of critical inquiry from pre-Euclidean times down to the very latest European researches in the foundations of geometry. It is indeed a work that neither geometrician nor philosopher can afford to ignore. A specially commendable feature of Daniel A. Murray's "Differential and Integral Calculus" (Longmans, Green & Co.) —a respect in which most of its rivals are lacking—is the citation, in connection with important or difficult ideas, of standard works dealing with them. To be able to say of a secondary school book of mathematics that it is fresh, teachable, and sound is indeed rare, and it is, therefore, a special pleasure to be able to say these things of Prof. E. R. Hedrick's "Algebra for Secondary Schools" (American Book Co.).

The subject of physics has gradually increased in favor with teachers in the secondary schools. We have now associations of teachers, who hold yearly meetings to discuss proper methods of presenting the subject. Unlike chemistry and botany, physics demands more or less complicated and expensive apparatus, and it is therefore the constant endeavor of writers of text-books to suggest experiments that may be within the means of the ordinary school. Two of the most recent works are "Elements of Physics," by Prof. George A. Hoadley of Swarthmore (American Book Co.), and "Physics for Secondary Schools," by Charles F. Adams of the Detroit Central High School (American Book Co.). One will find it difficult to choose between these treatises. Both are intended for recitation work, and the performance by the student of qualitative experiments. Problems are given, but they are not connected with quantitative study. Both treatises have the merit of being compact. The "New Laboratory Manual of Physics," by S. E. Coleman of the Oakland High School, is what its title indicates. At the beginning of each class of experiments it gives references to text-books by various authors. One is surprised not to see any reference to the Harvard descriptive list of physical experiments which have had an important influence on the establishment of laboratory courses in secondary schools; yet one finds in Mr. Coleman's experiments suggestions from this list. We may add that there is a growing conviction among college instructors in physics that students preparing for college would be better fitted for the future study of physics if they devoted their time to trigonometry in the preparatory schools rather than to laboratory work. "A Text-Book of Physics," edited by A. Wilmer Duff (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co.), is the combined work of Mr. Duff, Karl B. Guthe, William Hallock, E. Percival Lewis, Arthur Goodspeed, A. P. Carman, and R. K. McLung, and it has the merits of such co-operation. It is an excellent reference book for college students and takes the place of Ganot's "Physics," which has been a useful book in the past. "Electricity, Sound, and Light," by Prof. Robert Andrews Millikan of the University of Chicago and John Mills of Western Reserve, is called by the authors a short university course, and it promises to be a useful book in elementary college courses.

"Alternating Current Machines," by Samuel Sheldon, Hobart Mason, and Erich Hausman (D. Van Nostrand Co.), is a compact elementary treatise on a rapidly growing subject. It is lucid and moderately free from full-page illustrations of dynamos which can be described equally well by small diagrams—much to the profit of the pocket of the student. "Applied Mechanics for Engineers: A Text-Book for Elementary Students" (The Macmillan Co.), by Prof. E. L. Hancock of Purdue University, is a modest but sound work which will be welcomed by students of engineering.

MORE CARLYLE LETTERS.

The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh. Edited by Alexander Carlyle; with numerous illustrations, two in color. 2 vols. New York: John Lane Co. $8 net.

At the end of May, 1821, Edward Irving took Carlyle from Edinburgh out to Haddington to visit Jane Welsh. From that visit, Carlyle, as he wrote to his brother, "came back so full of joy" that he had "done nothing since but dream of it." Four days after his return he sent his first letter to the young heiress, as he regarded her, with directions for her reading and with excited allusions to the "few Elysian hours" they had spent together. It was the beginning of a correspondence which closed with a letter from Carlyle, dated October 9, 1826, a week before their marriage. These love letters between the two, preserved almost intact, were in the hands of Froude when he wrote the Life, and were interpreted and excerpted by him in a manner that was to bring on an Iliad of woes. In the "Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle," published by Professor Norton in 1886, a few of the letters were printed with the design of correcting Froude's misstatements, but the collection as a whole he regarded as "too sacred for publication"; and, indeed, Carlyle himself had left an injunction to this effect. Now, after long hesitation, Carlyle's nephew, feeling that the sacred trust was long ago violated by Froude, and that the finest service to the dead could be done only in this way, gives to the world the, practically, complete correspondence.

So far as mere interest goes, these two thick volumes will be a disappointment to readers who know the writers from Froude and from their other letters. There is something in the very *genre* of love letters that makes for dulness, and not even Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh could entirely overcome that tendency. Nor are the reasons for this rule hard to define. Such letters are commonly the product of youth—respectively twenty-six and twenty were the ages of our lovers at the beginning —whereas the real epistolary charm is rarely attained before full maturity.

Good letters must be personal, yet the writer must at the same time stand apart from himself, so to speak, with a kind of amused or disillusioned indulgence in his own egotism; their style must be entirely spontaneous, yet adjusted to the nicest effects. Such a combination no writer is likely to possess until well along toward middle life; for a young man is too serious about his future, an old man too conscious of the waning of his powers. And in love the anti-epistolary faults of youth are all intensified. There have been few thoroughly interesting collections of love letters; those that occur to our memory as exceptions, Swift's and Mérimée's, were not written in youth, and were without passion in the ordinary sense of the word.

Here and there a passage shows Carlyle's power of caustic portraiture, as when, after seeing Coleridge in London, he writes of him as "sunk inextricably in the depths of putrescent indolence"; but these descriptions have been mostly omitted by the editor—unnecessarily, we think. Endless talk of "thee and me" is the burden of the letters, as, indeed, was proper and natural.

But if the entertainment afforded by these letters is not extraordinary, they have great value of another sort. We will not presume to say that we fully understand the characters of these strange lovers, but at least certain points in their courtship now stand out clearly. Carlyle, it is evident, was smitten by love at first sight in good orthodox fashion. Miss Welsh was dazzled by his intellect, but for some time scarcely conceived the possibility of marrying him. At the very beginning she gives him to understand that there is a social gulf between them, and Carlyle sends a manly acknowledgment and defence:

> Once more, then, I entreat for one word of kindness. Forget the roughness of my exterior, if you think me sound within. Let me write to you with frankness and from the heart, if you would not have me altogether despicable. The Graces cannot live under a sky so gloomy and tempestuous as mine. I lament their absence, since you lament it; but there is no remedy. If nature had meant me for a courtly person, she would have made me richer and more impudent. In this latter point, you think she has been liberal enough. How widely, how cruelly do you mistake me!

Carlyle was to her a schoolmaster, an aid to her absorbing determination to excel in literature. Whether from conviction or for flattery—he showed himself throughout a canny wooer—he expressed unbounded belief in her future. Indeed, for a while their letters are more concerned with her ambitions than his, and he soon feels obliged to send her counsels of moderation. He holds up as examples those who have come to honors late in life. "Will you also let me say," he adds, "that I continue to lament this inordinate *love of Fame* which so agitates you; and which, as I believe, lies at the root of all this mischief. I think this feeling unworthy of you: it is far too shallow a principle for a mind like yours." At another time, and the words sound strangely from his pen, he is warning her against overstudy and contemplative melancholy and "that sickness of noble hearts, that deep and sad feeling of the nothingness of the world, which is apt to arise from too exclusive a pursuit of things high and spiritual, and too great an isolation from the every-day interests and enjoyments of life." And then, as the months pass and neither her proposed translation from the German nor her meditated novel gets on, she becomes less the author and more the woman. "Oh! but *I have no genius!*" she cries in July of 1823, seeking the encouragement which Carlyle returns with no niggardly hand. The cry is repeated, but with less emphasis and less insistence until it is lost in the more absorbing struggle against succumbing to the man who all the while is able both to love and to work.

This more personal relation between the two is complicated by the fact that Carlyle's letters passed under the eyes of the lady's mother. Perhaps one should say rather "were supposed so to pass," for one suspects that the lady used this pretext to keep the gentleman within bounds of a brotherly and tutorial affection. At any rate, those bounds were broad enough, including certain demonstrations that may be claimed by a brother but scarcely by a tutor, and permitting a language of high-wrought passion which could speak almost anything but the word marriage. The crisis comes in a letter from Carlyle, dated Pentonville, January 9, 1825, with its direct appeal: "Will you go with me, will you be my own forever?" The lady's reply is frank, if disquieting:

> Think of something else, then; apply your industry to carry it into effect, your talents to gild over the inequality of our births; and then—we will talk of marrying. If all this were realized, I *think* I should have good sense enough to abate something of my romantic ideal, and to content myself with stopping short on this side idolatry,—at all events, I will marry no one else. This is all the promise I can or will make.

To this Carlyle sends a long answer, passing from reproach to submission. "*You* are such a generous spirit," he says; "but your purposes and feelings are not such." It would not be easy to find elsewhere a letter from a woman like that which follows from Miss Welsh:

> My heart is capable (I feel it is) of a love to which *no* deprivation would be a sacrifice—a love which would overleap that reverence for opinion with which education and weakness have begirt my sex, would bear down all the restraints which *duty* and *expediency* might throw in the way, and carry every thought and feeling of my being impetuously along with it. But the all-perfect mortal which could inspire me with a love so extravagant, is nowhere to be found, exists nowhere but in the romance of my own imagination! Perhaps it is better for me as it is. A passion like the torrent in the violence of its course, might perhaps too, like the torrent, leave ruin and desolation behind. In the mean time, I should be very mad, were I to act as if from the influence of such a passion, while my affections are in a state of perfect tranquillity. I have already explained to you the nature of my love for *you;* that it is deep and calm, more like the quiet river, which refreshes and beautifies where it flows, than the torrent which bears down and destroys. Yet it is materially different from what one feels for a statue or a picture.

But she adds: "Not many months ago, I would have said it was impossible that I should ever be your Wife; at present, I consider this the most probable destiny for me." It was a virtual defeat, and, indeed, she herself regarded her words as practically an engagement. The third and fourth acts of the drama simply show the increasing domination of Carlyle's personality over hers. In the end the misgivings were more on his part than on hers. Having surrendered, she, with a woman's singleness of mind, saw but one thing, her love; whereas the dualism of masculine nature shows itself in his occasional sad self-questionings.

It is a strange drama of the heart that is set in these letters, and they have the further value of putting to rest a number of doubts that should never have been raised. To say, after reading these confessions, that Miss Welsh never really loved Carlyle, would be stark nonsense. They, moreover, forever put away Irving as an important factor in the event. Mr. Craig, we think, would not have written his recently published volume on "The Making of Carlyle" (see the *Nation*, April 8, p. 360), if he had perused this record. That Miss Welsh was once enamoured of Irving she herself admits in a letter of humble contrition; that she had any regard for him after Carlyle came well upon the scene her expressions of amused contempt for him and her attitude toward his wife make inconceivable.

More important is the light thrown by these letters on Froude. Undoubtedly that writer erred not only in matters of fact but in comprehension. First of all, the nasty scandal that he left to be scattered to the world after his death is again completely discredited. The letters of Carlyle here printed agree with those written after his marriage in rendering such an hypothesis perfectly foolish; and in his notes the present editor brings direct evidence against it, if such evidence be needed. To a certain extent also Froude's exaltation of Mrs. Carlyle at the expense of her husband be-

comes less plausible, for, if any such balance must be struck, the man comes through the ordeal of the drama now disclosed with higher honors than the woman. Yet, withal, in its larger aspects Froude's characterization is rather confirmed than discredited. If his judgment was highly peccable, he at least had that literary genius which alone could set Carlyle before us as himself a living genius. He understood also the egotism, the magnificent egotism, of Carlyle, which is so essential a part of his power. We may henceforth, out of regard for these letters and the other letters published since Froude's work, believe that the married life of the Carlyles was not so tragic as it was there presented. Twenty years after marriage the wife could write in a letter now in the possession of the editor: "I have grown to love you, the longer the more, till now you are grown to be the whole Universe, God, everything to me"; but it is still true, and these letters do not detract from such an impression, that Carlyle must have been, to use Froude's version of the phrase, "gey ill to *live* with." Not with impunity shall a woman surrender herself to the keeping of one with the intense, brooding, troubled egotism that made the *fond* of Carlyle's character. Nor was he himself blind to this danger. In a moment of expansiveness, after Miss Welsh had written her confession of an early love for Irving which she had concealed from Carlyle, he breaks out into a passionate cry of alarm:

> You feel grateful to me that I have "forgiven" you? You thank me, and say I treat you generously? Alas, alas! I deserve no gratitude. What have I done? Assured you that my affection is still yours, that you are even dearer to me for this painful circumstance. But do you know the worth of that affection? Have you ever seen *me* and my condition in the naked eye of your reason? You have not: you do not know me. . . . What is my love of you or of any one? A wild peal through the desolate chambers of my soul, forcing perhaps a bitter tear into my eyes, and then giving place to silence and death? You know me not; no living mortal knows me—seems to know me. My heart has been steeped in solitary bitterness, till the life of it is gone: the heaven of two confiding souls that live but for each other encircled with glad affection, enlightened hy the sun of worldly hlessings and suitable activity, is a thing that I contemplate from a far distance, without the hope, sometimes even without the wish, of reaching it. Am I not poor and sick and helpless and estranged from all men? I lie upon the thorny couch of pain, my pillow is the iron pillow of despair: I can rest on them in silence, hut that is all that I can do. Think of it, Jane! I can never make you happy. Leave me, then! Why should I destroy you? It is but one bold step and it is done. We shall suffer, suffer to the heart; but we shall have obeyed the voice of reason, and time will teach us to endure it.

These were not the words of an idle romanticism; they sprang from the depths of the man's being, and in them lies the justification of Froude's magnificent biography, however we shall be obliged to correct his work in details. After all deductions are made, the real Carlyle is the Carlyle of Froude.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Prince of Dreamers. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Before this book appeared, one would have said that Mrs. Steel was probably as well qualified to write an historical romance of India as any one living. Her wide acquaintance with modern India she has revealed in several novels of decided depth and power. Her recently published history of the country declares her interest in the long evolution of Indian civilization. Yet in spite of her combination of talents, she has fallen to the bottom of the pit which gapes for all historical romancers, and which is most dangerous, unfortunately, to those whose purposes are most serious. The interests of the novelist spoil the "Prince of Dreamers" as history, and the interests of the historian spoil it as fiction. It was perhaps true to fact to make the court of the great sixteenth century Mogul, Jelâl-ud-din Mahomed Akbar, as dull as a stagnant pond, even when the heir-apparent was conspiring against the throne. If the book really admitted us to the mysteries of Akbar's dream, we could dispense with external action; but though his interpreter tells us in so many words that he was dreaming of empire, the man himself remains a kind of graven image, inarticulate and impenetrable to the end. In the last two or three chapters the infinitely tedious plotting and tattle about the possession of the King's Luck, a big diamond which Akbar wore in his turban, comes to a sharp head, and we enjoy a few minutes of unexpected excitement. If there is any profound significance in the story, we reluctantly assent to the motto from Hafiz on the fly-leaf: "Not every one who readeth the page understandeth the meaning." Nor—to pass on to less obscure matters—is it always easy to understand the style. The problem of making the characters speak without destroying the illusion was, of course, difficult. But a modicum of stylistic tact would have felt the vicious dissonance of "messieurs," "Let her pass an' she will," "A Râjput lives by his sword—would I had it in some wames I wot of." So far as the merely descriptive passages go—and they go very far indeed—we will not question the accuracy of Mrs. Steel's antiquarianism. It is exactly the antiquarian's love of discoursing in detail on ancient manners, costumes, etiquette, games, morals, religions, and literatures—it is this antiquarianism, tempered by a love of gorgeous word pictures, that ruins the book. The ill-fated story, symbolic or not, is absolutely smothered to death by description.

The Straw. By Rina Ramsay. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A slight but fairly diverting book made up of a half-dozen foxhunts and a murder—the treatment is just serious enough to hit off the life of the rather seedy English gentry who follow the hounds, after the custom of their forefathers. The characterization of the dowdy, coarse-fibred women and empty-headed men is sketchy but light-handed and clever. The two rascally "Babes" who, subsidized by their aunt, pretend to be engaged in scientific farming, but in reality hang on the skirts of the hunt, are jolly novelties in humor—attached, to be sure, somewhat artificially to the main action. The Straw, the only "nice" woman in the community, is the pivot of the serious action. She excites the hatred of the faster element among her associates and the chivalry and sympathy of the better sort. She herself is an extremely passive and insignificant creature, standing mute and helpless amid the contending passions which she evokes. Yet though her attempt to save a morally drowning man leads indirectly to his ruin, the influence of the poor girl is in the long run salutary, and her sense of right and wrong becomes the touchstone to test the other characters. None of these people, however, is deep or subtle enough to excite any lasting interest. The zest of the book lies in the crisp, racy style, and in the fact that one is kept most of the time in the saddle, galloping furiously after the hounds.

Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. By Marguerite Bryan. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is a thoughtful story of serious purpose and of high-minded endurance, endeavor, and accomplishment. The scene is in England. Of the characters there is, first, the hero, who, having when a little boy tramped the road with his mother and having never forgotten how rough was the way for them both, dreams dreams of becoming a maker of "highroads—not in towns but across countries—roads that will be easy to travel on and will last." Then there is the memory of the mother, weary and worn, a Socialist who had fled from her husband, preferring poverty and the road to money made by oppressing the poor. Later comes into the story the father himself, still piling up his hard-hearted millions and desiring at last to find his son. Meantime a relative of his, an old lover of the mother, has plucked the boy from the poorhouse and

is bringing him up in an atmosphere of high thinking and useful doing. The family circle thus opened to include the young Christopher supplies a numerous addition to the list of characters, as well as a new set of problems. These, unrelated to roadmaking or to tainted wealth, are concerned with the irrational tempers of two of the group, the treatment of which is a problem in psychology. The marvellous insight and controlling force of Christopher in the case of the young girl lead to obvious results. It is doubly a document, no doubt, but no doubt, also, an interesting story written in a fine spirit. The greatest fault of workmanship is excessive deliberation. A hundred pages less and the weaving would draw together into greater firmness. The reviewer will also ever pray in the interest of the English language, and before the standard dictionaries have marked it for their own, that the word "cute" be banished from the pages of serious literature.

Old Lady Number 31. By Louise Forsslund. New York: The Century Co.

To write about the aged is difficult; for the sentiments, hopes, and passions of old people have been ground too fine under the wheels of the world. Great, then, is the triumph of one who catches the octogenarian soul as surely as Louise Forsslund has in this story of Abe and Angy Rose. Characters like Old Lady Number 31 and his friends are seldom found between covers. Abe is a senile failure, who sinks all his savings in an unknown gold mine and lives for the next eighteen years on what he can borrow. Angy accepts him for worse, as for better, apologizes full forty years without complaint of his shortcomings, and whispers not an unkind word even when the auctioneer, foreclosing a mortgage, turns the pair out of their cottage. The story tells how they found lodgings in an Old Ladies' Home, lost them, and then found them again.

Miss Forsslund has sacrificed much in the narrative, but always the right things. There is no more plot than in the lives of old people; what little there is ambles along from adventure to adventure, a highly respectable, profoundly trivial picaresque. Crises turn about old armchairs, a canister of tobacco, and an oyster stew. The jests are hoary and unadorned. But with all this there is imported an exquisite honesty finer than mere realism.

The Butler's Story. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is an interesting contribution to sociological fiction from the point of view of the servant. It must be taken into consideration, however, that the butler is English, and consequently born and bred to a sense of the divine origin of class that is usually absent in America. He is a Yellowplush up to date, more strenuous, more serious-minded, more given to moralizing in the intervals of melodrama. The book is essentially journalism, and flatters the reader with a sense of astuteness by allowing him to recognize through thin disguises divers sensations of the day, from the latest exposure of graft to the innocent pranks of the inexhaustible author of "The Metropolis."

William Lyon Mackenzie. By Charles Lindsey. Toronto: Morang & Co.

The important series of historical biographies, The Makers of Canada, is brought to a conclusion by this life of William Lyon Mackenzie, political reformer and leader of the Upper Canadian rebellion of 1837. The original intention was that Dr. W. D. LeSueur of Ottawa, one of the editors of the series, was to have contributed the volume on Mackenzie. Dr. LeSueur prepared the biography, but through some unfortunate differences of opinion between author and publisher as to the character of the work—the merits of which need not be gone into here—Dr. LeSueur's book was withdrawn, and another substituted. Failing Dr. LeSueur's biography, which, in such scholarly hands, could not have been anything but informing, it is fortunate that the publisher had available another life of Mackenzie of more than ordinary merit. Charles Lindsey's "Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie" was first published as long ago as 1862, and was found to be so full and impartial that it has remained to the present day the only published life of the great Canadian. Mr. Lindsey, who died a few months ago at an advanced age, enjoyed exceptional opportunities for acquiring the essential material for an account of Mackenzie. He had not only at command a mass of documentary material left by Mackenzie, bearing upon his career in politics and journalism, and on the history of the rebellion, but Lindsey's personal relations with Mackenzie had been exceptionally intimate. Politically, the two men were wide apart; yet the biographer handled his subject so judiciously that even in 1862, when the bitterness of party spirit had not yet been softened by a broader national outlook, the book commended itself to men of all political views. For the present series, Charles Lindsey's work has been carefully edited by his son, G. G. S. Lindsey of Toronto, who has condensed it and added a good deal of new material drawn from family documents. In an introductory chapter he has embodied a clear and well-balanced review of the stormy period in which Mackenzie's energetic personality filled so large a place. Here Mr. Lindsey has made effective use of Durham's "Report on Canadian Affairs," which furnishes striking testimony as to the intolerable conditions preceding the rebellion of 1837.

Mackenzie was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1795. After several unsuccessful attempts to make a living in his native land, he sailed for Canada in 1820. After his arrival he was engaged for a time in business, but his impetuous temperament would not long brook the rôle of a mere onlooker. Upper Canada was seething with unrest, and, in 1824, Mackenzie threw himself into the fight for responsible government, almost immediately taking a leading part among the reformers. He established the *Colonial Advocate* at Queenstown, moving it the following year to York (now Toronto), and vehemently attacked the Family Compact and the abuses of power for which he held that select group of Tories responsible. Elected to the Legislature in 1828, he became the virtual leader of the reform party there, as well as throughout the province. Of the circumstances attending his repeated expulsions from the Legislature by the dominant party, and the obstinacy with which his constituents sent him back with increased majorities; his mission to England; the events leading up to the rebellion, and the rebellion itself; his exile in the United States, and his relations there with Presidents Van Buren and Polk, with Horace Greeley, and others; his return to Canada in 1850 and election to the Legislature the following year; his retirement from politics and later years—of all these matters a very full, impartial, and thoroughly interesting account is given. Few thoughtful Canadians nowadays will be found to condemn Mackenzie unreservedly, in face of all the facts, even in his final resort to armed rebellion. The principles for which he contended, for which he fought and suffered, are those which to-day form the very foundation-stones of the great commonwealths of Canada and Australia, and will be embodied in the Constitution of the coming commonwealth of South Africa. They are generally accepted by all English-speaking peoples.

Side Lights on Chinese Life. By the Rev. J. Macgowan; with 12 illustrations in color by Montague Smith and 34 other illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

Every-Day Japan. By Arthur Lloyd; with 8 plates in color and 96 reproductions from photographs. New York: Cassell & Co. $4 net.

Notwithstanding striking contrasts which appear upon the surface, the Chinese and the Japanese are regarded by many persons as substantially one people, or, if not one, still as closely related and to be put in the same class. With other persons the question of the superiority of the one race or the other

is a topic of unending dispute. To all who are interested in such questions we can commend these two volumes. They are careful, unprejudiced studies by men who have lived long in the lands they describe and who are competent scholars, knowing not only the vernacular, but also the literature and history and religion of the people.

There is a difference in attitude, it is true, for Mr. Macgowan stands upon the outside of the life which he describes, and Mr. Lloyd identifies himself with the Japanese. To the first the Chinese remain a mystery:

> The Chinaman's mind is a profound and inexplicable puzzle that many have vainly endeavored to solve. . . . Any one who has ever studied the Chinese character must have come to the conclusion that the instincts and aims of the people of the Chinese Empire are distinctly the reverse of those that exist in the minds of the men of the west (p. 1, 2).

For example, the Chinaman never dreams of being straightforward, as "a straight line is something which his mind recoils from" and "he prefers an oblique and winding path." With this as thesis, the author proceeds; but as he writes he disproves it; for, after all, the differences which separate Chinaman and Englishman are neither insurmountable nor impenetrable, but are the outcome of differing traditions and differing environments. Mr. Macgowan succeeds in making us understand his Chinamen very well, for he sees that "one secret of the extraordinary power that the Chinese undoubtedly have is the very large amount of genuine human nature with which as a race they are endowed." This is a much better proposition with which to start, and it really dominates the book. The Chinaman, to make a composite photograph, has humor, delights in wit and in jokes, enjoys life, is usually full of kindness and sympathy and exercises these qualities in such a genial way that our hearts go out to him. Yet at times, when passion gets the better of him, he may be hideously cruel. Perhaps this trait is connected with the fact that he lacks nerves, and himself endures pain, labor, discomfort with a disregard which can be accounted for only on the supposition that he does not suffer as Europeans suffer. He has a rare tenacity which holds him fast to his purpose, let what will intervene. He has a strength of physique which make this possible, and he is sober, measured, and never in a hurry. This dogged inflexibility, indeed, acts to his hurt, for it represses originality and recoils from innovations. Hence there is an appalling monotony—houses, furniture, decorations, implements, clothes, literature, everywhere and always upon the same plan, so that one Chinese city may stand as representative of all. Thus it is that, in spite of present efforts progressive ideas will be very slow in penetrating the length and breadth of the nation, though the result is certain in the end. As a workman, the Chinaman is neither efficient nor thorough; as a farmer he is second to none in skill; as a merchant he is to be wholly trusted in certain dealings and wholly to be doubted in others; as an official he is altogether to be avoided and condemned. He is credulous in some things and a skeptic in others. In short, he is a very human being akin to us all.

With Mr. Lloyd we enter upon a different world. He finds nothing essentially strange or mysterious in the Japanese, though they are a bit reticent and self-contained; but this is "possibly a result of heredity, derived from the bitter experiences of the past," that is, of the feudal times when quick punishment sometimes preceded examination. In China all towns are alike; in Japan, they differ as English or American towns differ. Over against the Chinese dislike of change is the Japanese readiness to adopt whatever is good, whether old or new, native or foreign. Without dwelling on Mr. Lloyd's book, we may summarize his characterization of the Japanese. They are frugal, industrious, practical, generous, high spirited, kind to all with whom they come in contact, religious (though this religion is hazy), brave, enduring. But adjectives are misplaced when applied to any mass of humanity, and the "Japanese cannot be put in a class by themselves, they are just 'average human'; they have their vices as well as their virtues, their shortcomings as well as their excellences."

With that judgment we may end, certain that it expresses the truth of the Chinese as well. As we cannot indict a whole people, neither can we praise it; and as we come to know any race, the disposition to judge the whole disappears and the individual takes his true place. We learn that the differences which seem so great to untrained eyes are far less important than is the fundamental unity which makes all races one.

The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. By Robert William Rogers. Pp. xiv +235. New York: Eaton & Mains. $2.

This volume, made up of five lectures delivered at Harvard University, is easy reading and gives, on the whole, a good cursory view of the subject, such as the ordinary intelligent student, not a technical scholar, can grasp. The lectures do not profess to contain any new material, the result of special research or discovery; but Professor Rogers is a competent Assyriologist, well versed in the literature of the subject, so that in general he presents the conclusions from the latest investigations.

The opening lecture, "The Recovery of a Lost Religion," is little more than a condensation of the first part of the first volume of the author's own "History of Babylonia and Assyria." The title of this lecture is rather misleading and the chapter itself scarcely a legitimate part of a volume on religion, being an historical account of excavations and explorations. Another point open to criticism is the illustrations, some twenty-six in all. Most of them are representations of Assyrian tablets, seven of the Creation and four of the Deluge. The ordinary object of photographic reproductions of tablets is to put the original text before the reader. But from the reproductions in this volume the text could scarcely be made out, nor could the readers for whom such a work is intended read the text, even if it were legible. One or two pictures would have been enough to enable the reader to see what an Assyrian tablet is like, and the author could have used the space thus gained to print valuable illustrations of another sort—statues, bas reliefs, monuments, seal cylinders, and the like—showing the gods and demons and the religious and magical acts and practices of Babylonians and Assyrians. On this, the archæological side of his theme, the author seems to be weak.

Among other illustrations (p. 91) are three tablets containing the name Yahawe (spelled elsewhere "Yahveh," an inexcusable combination of German and English). According to Professor Rogers's transliteration, the form of the sacred name known to us in the Hebrew Masoretic text was actually discovered on Babylonian tablets of 2000 B. C. (*Iaa've*, or *Iave*). Should not the name, however, rather be read *Iau* or *Iaum*, as, in fact, it appears according to Rogers's transliteration on the third tablet? Recent discoveries of Aramaic Jewish documents in Egypt and of Hebrew inscribed bowls at Gezer and Jericho would seem to show that Yahu (*Yhw*, a trigram, not Yahweh, a tetragram, was the name of the divinity in actual use among the Hebrews until and after the Captivity. This is also the form in which the name occurs in composition in proper names, even in the Masoretic Hebrew text. The form Yahweh, or Yahaweh, seems to be a special differentiation adopted later, possibly to prevent confusion of the God of Israel with the *Yahu*, or *Yahw*, of other kindred people.

Professor Rogers lays great emphasis on the similarity and relation of Jewish religion, Jewish myths, Jewish psalmody, and much more to the Babylonian, but at the same time warns the reader against the mistake which Delitzsch and his school have made in failing to note the still more important differences between the religious ideas and practices of Israel and those of Babylonia. In fact, the author's reiteration of the monotheistic, spiritual, and lofty character of Hebrew thought in contrast

to the polytheism, materialism, and superstition of the Babylonian religion becomes almost tedious. In dealing with the relation of Hebrew psalmody to the old Babylonian psalms and hymns, he enters what we think is a just protest against the present tendency of Old Testament critics to bring down all Hebrew literature, and especially the psalm literature, to a very late date. In this respect, as in others, the book is one of much interest for the student of the Old Testament as well as for the student of the ancient Babylonian and Assyrian religion as such.

Science.

Fish Stories: Alleged and Experienced, with a Little History, Natural and Unnatural. By Charles Frederick Holder and David Starr Jordan. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

With Rifle in Five Continents. By Paul Niedieck; translated from the German by H. B. Stanwell. With 32 full-page photographic plates, and 174 illustrations in the text. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

The American Nature Series provides, in its fifth branch, for "Diversions from Nature." It is under this heading that the volume of "Fish Stories," by Mr. Holder and President Jordan falls. As a document in the controversy precipitated a few years ago by John Burroughs, its main importance lies in its demonstration that a genuine scientific equipment does not of itself disqualify one for successful nature-writing, and that even when the exigencies of a good yarn demand that truth be thrown to the winds, the school children of the rising generation need not be fatally led astray, as the manner of some is. The reader who would distinguish the work of the individual authors is respectfully referred, in the preface, to "the well-known rules of the Higher Criticism." We shall not stop to solve the problem in detail, but wherever the reader sees anything like "the big dorsal sail-like fin of the sword-fish, gleaming, rippling in the sunlight like some gorgeous fabric set with turquoise, sapphire, and tourmaline," the hue of Mr. Holder's ink is evident. The attack on the "new school" nature writer which underlies the whole volume is in general impersonal, but in one chapter, "The Unnatural History of the Sea," the lance is hurled savagely at a definite object, "The Haunters of the Silences," by Charles G. D. Roberts. When the squid, with its tiny mouth, is made to swallow basking sharks, sawfish and swordfish for the delectation of children who are left to suppose that they are acquiring genuine facts of natural history, Dr. Jordan (we cannot stop to explain the rule of Higher Criticism which guides us in the attribution), thinks it high time for a vigorous protest. As an antidote to such tales, he closes the chapter with Holman Day's poetical tale of "The Shag-eyed Shark." But even Homer nods. Many an innocent reader of this very volume will lay it down under the impression that a St. Lawrence muskallunge may weigh two pounds and three-quarters before it has yet reached the length of twelve inches, in which case, it would be a "diversion from nature" somewhat suggestive of the obnoxious squid, after its dinner of basking sharks and swordfish. As a whole, however, the book is admirably done. It is interesting in every part, it teems with scientific fact clearly stated, and its facts and fictions do not overlap in that hazy borderland which marks the work of writers who try to elucidate nature with the equipment merely of the sensational journalist.

Mr. Niedieck's volume, recording the experiences of seven years of rifle shooting in most of the big game regions of the earth, naturally grows a little monotonous to any reader who is not an enthusiast. In his numerous accounts of absolute misses, and of wounded animals allowed to escape, one finds ample warrant for accepting the positive side of his story at its face value. He expressly disclaims any credit for scientific discovery, though the Berlin Zoological Museum seems to have profited to some extent from his collection of trophies, at least in his Alaskan hunting, where some sort of scientific credentials are necessary before trophies are allowed to be removed from the territory. It makes the intelligent reader a little restless to be solemnly informed that the sinking of a hippopotamus, after it is shot in the water, "is accounted for by the fact that his specific gravity is greater than the weight of the water he displaces." Mr. Niedieck follows his bent with no apparent regard for expense. We sometimes find a score or two of natives in his employ in various capacities, and for a trip up the White Nile he charters two sailboats, one of them carrying eight camels and two donkeys. The cheap and easily managed African and Asiatic native assistant, however, left him in no mood to appreciate the virtues of such help as he was forced to rely upon in Alaska. The idea of equality, brought in under the rule of the United States, he thinks, has ruined the Indian. The Russian did better, who used the knout, and where the knout failed converted the Indian to his faith and made him obedient by picturing to him the terrors of hell. But now "it has actually come to this, that in this country no one speaks of a gentleman—only of a man." One Indian, bearing the suggestive name of Dennis, "definitely disputed my right," he tells us, "to find fault with any of his work or give him any orders whatever. And these are utterly uncivilized creatures, who can neither read nor write nor speak good English, and yet think themselves our equals because they wear collars and ties and cowboy hats which cost twenty-four shillings, and, what is more, are paid sixteen shillings a day, with food provided!" This flagrant case was in British territory, and he thanks heaven that such a state of affairs is wholly unknown in other British colonies. "Canada, however, has been greatly influenced and spoilt by its close proximity to the United States. . . . There are only masters here, no servants." The photographic illustration of the book is in the main excellent and in solid value we are disposed to place it well above the text.

Coming almost at the same time with the announcement of Lieut. Shackelton's achievement in the Antarctic Circle, the publication (by Georg Reimer, Berlin) of "Die Russische Polarfahrt der Sarja," made in 1900-1902 under the leadership of Baron Eduard von Toll, is of special interest. The story is put together by the Baroness Emmy von Toll, from the diary of the intrepid explorer recovered after his death. The more or less *wissenschaftlich* text is brightened up with maps and fifty or more good illustrations from photographs. The narrative is eminently human, with the record of intense physical and mental suffering incidental to such a combat with the elements and such a protracted separation from home and friends. Baron von Toll first went to the Arctic in the expedition of 1885-87 directed by Dr. A. von Bunge; and in 1893 and 1899 explored for himself the New Siberian Island. The concluding chapters of the work sum up the considerable accomplishments of Von Toll, especially in the fields of geology and botany, and indicate that a mass of valuable material for several departments of science awaits working up at St. Petersburg. There are interesting references to De Long and Melville, and their work at Bennett Island, but it is odd that the details of the Baron's death are not given.

Dr. W. S. Bruce of the Scottish Oceanographical Laboratory has organized another Antarctic expedition, to leave England in 1911. The expedition is to be supplementary to the work of the Scottish National Antarctic and other recent Antarctic explorations, and the plans include extensive oceanographical working in the South Atlantic Ocean and in the Weddell and Biscoe Seas, between 40 degrees and 75 degrees south latitude, the mapping of the coast line of Antarctica to the east and west of Coat's Land, and an investigation of the interior of Antarctica. It is proposed to have a ship of 250 or 300 tons register, carrying about thirty-six men, including six scientists. The vessel is to be provided with all the most modern equipment for work in depths exceeding 3,000 fathoms, and several motor-sledges, light and easy to handle, as well as ponies and dogs, will be taken. Dr. Bruce, after setting up a winter station at or near Coat's Land, will dismiss the ship,

which, after landing stores and equipment for three years, and refitting at Cape Town, will proceed to New Zealand. The following season she will go on to McMurdo Bay or King Edward Land, in order to lay out caches and await the arrival of Dr. Bruce, who intends to attempt to cross the Antarctic Continent from Coat's Land to McMurdo Bay, or possibly King Edward Land. The programme includes a circum-Polar bathymetrical survey in high southern latitudes.

Drama.

THE PARIS THEATRE.

PARIS, April 3.

A few of the many plays which have appeared on the Paris stage during the winter deserve notice abroad, whether for the scandal of them or for literary merit. "Le Foyer," by Octave Mirbeau in collaboration with Thadée Natanson, unites both titles to attention in a high degree. Legal proceedings were needed to make the Comédie Française, where it had been incautiously accepted, finally resolve to produce it. The police had to intervene to keep order at the first representations; and its subsequent tour through the chief provincial cities has been accompanied by the same *succès de scandale*. From the beginning of his career, Octave Mirbeau has used his very perfect style to flagellate his literary masters and all who stand with them. He must have been unhappy at his highly respectable school, with its religious and conservative traditions. When it is not the clergy, it is *bourgeois* charity or business success, or, in general, everything that is looked up to in the respectable world, which he flays with the knotted, nail-studded whiplash of his language. His present hypocrite uses his wife, uses the orphan asylum over whose committee he presides, only to extort money for his own vicious pleasures. Of course, the hypocrite is Christian and Clerical; but these two qualities so little recommend a man publicly in France of to-day that the play seems an anachronism. Yet its production has been somehow followed by exaggerated, perhaps fabricated, scandals in real life concerning the treatment of children in two Conservative institutions—La Mettraie, where, in accordance with French traditions of parental authority, rich people have placed children refractory to ordinary and more humane schooling, with the countenance of precisely those Senators and Moral Academicians who have done most for the preservation of youth, rich or poor; and Orgeville for vicious, degenerate, and abnormal children, whom only prisons would otherwise receive, a colony founded by a Paris judge in memory of his father, whom the Commune shot among its hostages. The play, the prosecutions, and the press comments on both give the measure of the hatred against the Old France in the New.

Émile Fabre is another Aristophanes in French Athens; but his sombre satire, without being Clerical or Christian, has for its object those who "arrive" in the new order—"Les Vainqueurs," a play aided by the distinguished talent of the actor Gémier at the Théâtre Antoine. It follows the line of attack of his four previous pieces: Money is the root of all evil among men and women of to-day. His hero, a sorry one, has succeeded in all his combinations and is a member of Parliament on the point of becoming Minister, the goal of public life in France. Suddenly he is confronted by a shady money transaction of the past, in which, after all, he had played a part only half-consciously; and he averts ruin by sacrificing his wife, only to see his son die as the consequence when victory issues from his dishonor. Though not so strongly written, it is a more powerful play than Mirbeau's; and, without having had the aid of scandal for present success, it is likely to be more enduring in dramatic literature.

Two other of the great plays of the season are tinged with this acrid pessimism. "Connais-toi!" by Paul Hervieu, has all the qualities which brought this author into the Academy. Concentration of plot and doing away with all useless complication or talk, clearness of speech, and tense dialogue, all strike home the lesson which the hero learns —"Know thyself!" That is, when you set out to make others condone their sister's fault, you may find on the way many such sisters of your own (particularly on the French stage). "Le Scandale," by Henry Bataille is one of the most effective pieces of the season and perhaps the best written from the point of view of literature—and it is one of the most disagreeable. At the fashionable watering place of Luchon in the Pyrenees, a young wife, not evil, simply feather-headed, being left alone by her husband, manages to compromise herself heedlessly with one of those high-flying adventurers who infest such places everywhere on the Continent; and the play unrolls the successive epochs of his blackmailing and the attempt of forgiving husband and wife to stand up against the "scandal" of their provincial town. Henry Bataille, in poetry and prose, has won recognition as one of the writers who promises most for the future. He is not yet forty—is it already too late for him to escape the obsession of sex?

"La Furie" of Jules Bois also entered the Théâtre Français by the door of a lawsuit, but it turned on a mere question of contract. Costumes and decorations are imitated from the finds in the recent excavations of Crete; and the play is written, with infinite pains, in classical French verse. Yet it has neither the repose of Greek tragedy, nor the simplified unity of classic French pupils. Hercules is a citizen come home to teach wife and friends Pacifism and Free Thought. He finds war, within and without, and his wife not unwillingly in possession of the tyrant, whom he incontinently strangles; whereupon the fatal Egyptian woman hynotizes him and he slays wife and children. Euripides was doubtless an anti-Clerical, and Seneca would not have faltered at science; but the Hercules Furens of each of them would have found himself equally a stranger to this modern composite photograph.

"La Route d'émeraude" is also a play in poetry, with the gay, sounding verse to which we apply other sense adjectives like colored and warm and which we expect from Jean Richepin. Only the form is his; the matter is from the romance of Eugene Demolder, one of the chiefs of that Belgian literature which is now beginning to burst its local bounds. With many a Flemish detail, painters and models, gypsies and sea-captains, the hero wanders afar from his father's mill; but he is led back by a murder on his own part and a missed musket-shot intended to kill him on the part of another—and the gypsy model goes sailing away to Spain. It is the life which Richepin loved and which blocked his way to the Academy so long; and it has inspired him with the verse which won him his election at the same time as the appearance of this glorious, adventuresome play. "Beethoven" at the Odéon is a new kind of verse play by an almost new man, René Fauchois. It takes up the whole love life of the composer, who put at the head of one of his sonatas—*Durch Leiden Freude*. The succession of heartbreaks —through grief to joy—allows an orchestra to interlude the piece pleasantly with choice fragments of the hero's music. Naturally, the verse is not so good as Richepin's nor even as that of Jules Bois.

After all this serious or strenuous drama, it is a pleasure to wind up with pure light comedy—as pure as French comedy has been of late years, and admirably light, leaving the hearer without that bad taste in the mouth which so mixes sense metaphors with the critics. "L'Âne de Buridan" of Robert de Flers and Gaston de Caillavet, easily the day's masters of unalloyed humor, places the hero undecided between two charmers, like the scholastic ass, dying between equally attractive food and drink; an innocent girl decides him.

S. D.

The latest contribution to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is from the pen of Mark Twain: "Is Shakespeare Dead? From My Autobiography" (Harper & Bros.). The subtitle is fairly descriptive; for the volume contains considerable passages of

autobiography which are not vital to the argument, but which are sometimes rather amusing. The humor, however, it must be confessed, is occasionally somewhat forced. Otherwise the case for Bacon is presented clearly and forcibly. The main points are, of course, familiar; very little is actually known of Shakespeare's life, and that little does not show him as a great writer. The extraordinary acquaintance with the law displayed in his dramas can hardly be explained, while Bacon was a distinguished lawyer, to whom exact knowledge of legal terms was almost second nature. These points are elaborated with considerable ingenuity; but even then the book is rather insubstantial—a pamphlet expanded by means of large type and thick paper.

A notable contribution to the rapidly-growing Menander literature inspired by the recent discovery of extensive remains of four plays is the article "The Iambic Trimeter in Menander," by Prof. John Williams White of Harvard in the April number of *Classical Philology*. The laws which Menander observed in the construction of this verse are deduced from statistical exhibits of the facts furnished by the unbroken verses of the new text, and are discussed with the lucidity which characterizes the work of this scholar. Practically all the rhythmical vices which Menander is shown to have avoided are grimly illustrated by attempts upon the broken lines perpetrated by his modern restorers, to whom this study will bring welcome, if often humiliating, enlightenment.

Music.

WHY CONCERTS DO NOT PAY.

Rosenthal's advice to another pianist who complained that he was in need of money, "Give fewer concerts," sounds funny, but it also epitomizes the plain truth that too many concerts are given, at least in our large cities. A few artists, like Paderewski, Wüllner, Sembrich, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Gadski, can give recitals here and make money; but most of the others are still dependent on the support of piano manufacturers, and women's clubs. In the metropolis, recitals are given chiefly for the press notices, which, after being judiciously pruned, are reprinted in circulars. These circulars are necessary for success in the provinces; so, at least the singers and players are informed by their managers. Thus concerts are multiplied, and the supply far exceeds the demand. While there are some concert-goers who avoid the opera houses, the vast majority of amusement-seekers prefer the opera, and the greater the number of operatic performances, the more the concert halls are depleted. During the season just closing, no fewer than 259 representations were given at our opera houses; is it a wonder that the concert virtuosi from abroad are beginning to look on New York as no longer belonging to the "dollar-land"? It is a curious situation; the opera singers get rich here, the concert-givers poor.

Yet conditions are by no means so hopeless as they would seem. The neglect of concerts by the public is, in fact, largely a result of the attitude of the concert-givers toward the public. At the opera houses, the managers offer what people want to hear. In concert halls, audiences—if there are any—have to submit to what the singers and players themselves like, or what they think the public ought to like. Now, what the public does like more than anything else in music, is melody, and this is usually withheld altogether, or served in homœopathic doses, unless a composer happens to be in special favor with the conductors, like Beethoven or Tchaikovsky. There is Dvorák, for instance, a composer who bubbles over with lovely melody and piquant rhythms, and whose orchestral coloring is far more beautiful than that of Richard Strauss; yet, of his many truly popular works we never hear any except the "New World" Symphony. Rubinstein's music is always loudly applauded when the conductors, once in a long while, condescend to produce any of it. Grieg never fails to arouse enthusiasm, but to judge by our programmes one would think he had never written anything but his first "Peer Gynt" suite. These men are melodists *par excellence*, hence, they are tabooed; tabooed, also, are the melodious rhapsodies of Liszt which, at the end of a concert, would stir up the hearers and make them eager to come again.

In place of such melodious music, what do the orchestral conductors produce? The polyphonic puzzles and megatherian "tone-poems" of Richard Strauss, Max Reger, and their imitators, and the misty productions of Debussy, with their elusive tone "wraiths" from which melody is deliberately excluded. It is great fun to conduct and play such things—they show how skilled the performers are—hence, they are conducted and played all the time. Ferdinand Scherber, writing in the *Neue Musikzeitung*, speaks as if there were a regular conspiracy between contemporary composers and critics to banish from the concert stage everything that is easily understood and melodious. Modern music, he declares, has become a "sport" for professionals, a thing to interest only a small minority. It has driven to the variety shows thousands who would have gone to the concert halls, had their appetite for melody been gratified.

If a list were made of the pieces played by pianists in public, it would probably not exceed one hundred, and most of these are of two kinds, being either sonatas which the pianists think the public ought to be educated up to, or show pieces calculated to display their own digital dexterity. With the exception of a few dozen pieces by Chopin and Schumann, it is seldom that the players put on their programmes what might be called the heart music of a composer. How stupidly indifferent the professional pianists are to the wishes of the people was shown at the time when funds were being collected for poor Edward MacDowell on his sickbed. In all musical circles, throughout the United States, he was being talked about, and everybody was eager to hear specimens of his music; yet what happened? Of the foreign pianists, who come over here so eager to make money, Harold Bauer was the only one who paid heed to this natural curiosity; he played the "Eroica" sonata; beside him there was only Miss Augusta Cottlow. As soon as it became known that she made a specialty of MacDowell's music, she received requests for recitals from all over the country, and she owes her national fame to-day largely to her having thus played what the people—the best people—wanted to hear.

The givers of song recitals are even worse than the pianists. Their programmes in general bear out Maurice Renaud's assertion that "musicians do not love masterworks." One wonders, in looking at the average programme, what could have induced its maker to bring together such a hodge-podge of mediocrity and inanity. But the explanation is very simple. Vocalists seldom consider the intrinsic merit of a song; they seek something which is easy to sing and which brings out the most telling qualities of their own voices. Their one idea is to impress the public with their own wonderful accomplishments; it never occurs to them that the kind of people who are likely to attend a song recital would be infinitely more impressed by the genius of Goethe and Schubert, or Heine and Franz, as united in a song, than by their own vocal feats. They have now had an opportunity to realize that this is true, as shown by Dr. Wüllner. He, thank Heaven, had no voice to show off. He simply saturated himself with the great poems and the immortal music set to them, and he aroused a frenzy of enthusiasm. He came to give a score of concerts and gave four-score. *His* concerts paid; he will take back with him a small fortune.

"Mozart: Sein Leben und Schaffen," by Dr. Karl Storck (Stuttgart: Greiner & Pfeiffer), is a fairly successful effort to furnish the general reader with an analysis of the personal character and of the art of Mozart. The writer finds in the personality of the master the key to his music, and the book is accordingly a close psychological study. Storck, who is also the editor of the letters of Mozart, of Beethoven, and of Schumann, has probably done his best work in this new, attractive, and exhaustive work.

Art.

Storia dell' Arte Italiana. Da Adolfo Venturi. Vol. VI: La Scultura del Quattrocento. Pp. lii+1180; 781 half-tone cuts. Milan: Hoepli. 30 lire.

In previous notices of Professor Venturi's stupendous history, we have found that its qualities and defects lay in a peculiar and interesting attitude of the author. He follows well-travelled roads in the spirit of a pioneer. Where one expects the geographer, one finds the explorer. He undertakes his gigantic task light-heartedly as a constant adventure, and so throughout he retains his enthusiasm. He is, moreover, an explorer of taste, and if in his capacity as sentimental traveller he at times exaggerates the interest of his discoveries, that, too, is thoroughly in character. That he should often discover what has already been charted, that he should judge too quickly and positively is also inevitable under the circumstances. *Solvitur eundo* is a shade too much his ensign. Every page of the present volume testifies to alert and genial investigation, but one suspects that he prints about as quickly as he writes. On page 662, for example, the Riario tomb in Santi Apostoli, Rome, is by an anonymous imitator of Mino; by page 950 it has become, rightly, we think, a fine work by Andrea Bregno. Such revisions are better made before printing begins. We hasten to add that a procedure which in the volumes on painting is often trying is acceptable in the present volume. Italian sculpture has never had a Cavalcaselle or a Morelli. Since Cicognara, more than a century ago, there has been no such comprehensive survey. We are more inclined, therefore, to be grateful for what is afforded us than to dwell upon defects. Scholars will find in this volume a constant source of suggestion and contention, and they will know how to use it with the necessary reserves. The general reader needs a word of caution, perhaps, that this big tome looks more authoritative than it is.

That Professor Venturi should not know the few fine examples of Italian sculpture in America is natural. He is also much inclined to regard as negligible whatever he must take at second hand. Yet the museums of Boston and New York, and the Widener collection, Philadelphia—to mention only obvious examples—would have furnished him necessary items. In the same way, he is too prone to stigmatize as forgeries works which he knows only in photographs. Sometimes one fears he goes on a calculus of probabilities in rejecting terra-cottas outside of Italy. Whoever declares all exiled Renaissance terra-cottas in public and private galleries to be forgeries will err only in about one case in four. Is Professor Venturi content with this degree of accuracy?

To discuss in detail so extensive a work is, of course, impossible in the limits of a review. We may, however, briefly note points that may specially interest both the student of art and the general reader. The life of Bertoldo is one of the best in the book, abounding in new material. Professor Venturi greatly overpraises that industrious Lombard craftsman, Gian Antonio Amadeo. The triviality of Amadeo is so patent and so generally recognized that we need not argue it. Enough to say that his sculpture is that of a decorator, his architectonic sense *nil*, his decoration rather exuberant than fine. The invention of the lovely frieze of the Portinari Chapel, S. Eustorgio, Milan, seems absolutely beyond his powers. In its execution he may have had some part, as Professor Venturi surmises One must question also the attribution of the terra-cotta Pietà in S. Satiro, Milan, to Amadeo. The usual attribution to Caradosso is far more acceptable, for the work is plainly that of a transitional sculptor imbued with the dawning ideals of the Golden Age. Andrea Bregno, dominant at Rome in Sixtus IV's time; Giorgio da Sebenico, a vigorous Dalmatian sculptor in the Venetian tradition; Giovanni Dalmata —these are examples of interesting artistic personalities now first brought within the popular ken. Even the fairly experienced student of Italian sculpture will find that to page over this bulky volume is the equivalent of many exploring trips. In such fireside travels, the range of which we have barely suggested, Professor Venturi is always the learned and genial, if at times erratic, guide.

"Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting," by William Bode (London: Duckworth), is among the more recent importations of the Scribners. It is a translation of the second edition of "Rembrandt und seine Zeitgenossen." The encyclopædic director of the Kaiserfriedrichsmuseum never appears to better advantage than when he writes on the painting of the Netherlands, and these essays on Rembrandt, Hals, the Genre Painters, The Landscapists, Still Life men, Van Dyck, and Rubens are welcome in an English dress. Since the collection is already standard, it leaves the critic rather little to say. One might find that undue emphasis is laid upon Rembrandt's realism and his phantasmagoric quality insufficiently brought out. Many will feel that the great superiority of Vermeer of Delf, in his class, might have had fuller recognition. On the other hand, many will find it difficult to accept Dr. Bode's very high estimate of Wouvermans. With his many merits, the rather negative color and generalized textures of this artist seem to relegate him to a lower place. On the very disputable matter of Cuyp, Dr. Bode has almost persuaded us to regard golden mediocrity as greatness. This essay and that on Brouwer are perhaps the best in the collection. Certainly the keenest and most debatable portion of the book is the attempt to identify the early paintings of Van Dyck, particularly those which he executed as Rubens's assistant. In general Dr. Bode contrives to be true to humane criticism without being false to connoisseurship. The English version, by Margaret L. Clarke, is tolerable, but too often defective in idiom. "Sunday" repeatedly applied as an adjective to landscapes means, of course, "holiday" or "festal." The following sentence illustrates certain not uncommon defects of judgment in the author and of style in his translator: "Amongst the Teutons, art repeatedly reached a maturity which can stand comparison with the noblest art phases of the Greeks and Italians." But these are venial blemishes in a usually excellent book. About two score good half-tones, several from little known originals, give a special interest to this edition.

A. Maccallum Scott's "Through Finland" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a somewhat dry, but instructive reference book and guide for travellers. The illustrations are an important feature and give a good idea of the country. There are chapters on Art and Artists, Architecture, and Legends and Literature. The chapter on the architecture of Helsingfors is perhaps the most interesting. The author finds in the building there much that is related to Japanese and other Oriental style, sometimes grotesque, but "the expression of a national temperament, undisciplined as yet, without tradition and without experience, but gaining these as it develops."

Students of architectural style will be interested in the collection of façades and interiors, which is being issued by Nils Wasastjerna, one of the leading architects of Helsingfors. Many details support the above quoted verdict of Mr. Scott (Helsingfors: Helios).

The National Academy of Design has selected the following jury of selection for the winter exhibition of 1909: J. Carroll Beckwith, Edwin H. Blashfield, Howard Russell Butler, Walter Clark, Charles H. Davis, Frederick Dielman, Paul Dougherty, Frank V. Du Mond, Ben Foster, August Franzen, Daniel Chester French, William J. Glackens, Francis C. Jones, F. W. Kost, Will H. Low, Walter L. Palmer, Edward W. Redfield, F. K. M. Rehn, Robert Reid, W. T. Smedley, Henry B. Snell, C. Y. Turner, Henry O. Walker, Harry W. Watrous, J. Carlton Wiggins, Frederick Ballard Williams, and Cullen Yates. The hanging committee is made up of Elliott Daingerfield, J. Alden Weir, and Frederick G. R. Roth. The jury of selection for the annual exhibition of March, 1910, consists of Herbert Adams, John W. Alexander, Hugo Ballin, Gifford Beal, Emil Carlsen, F. S. Church, E. Irving Couse, Kenyon Cox, C. C. Curran, C. Warren Eaton, A. L. Groll, Birge Harrison, Childe Hassam, William H. Howe, William Sergeant Kendall, Louis Loeb, Herman A. MacNeil, J. Francis Murphy, Walter Nettleton, Edward H. Potthast, Henry Prellwitz, Leonard Ochtman, Will S. Robinson, Edmund C. Tarbell, A. T. Van Laer, Douglas Volk, and Irving R. Wiles. The hanging committee will be Gari Melchers, H. Bolton Jones, and Isidore Konti.

The National Academy of Design has elected twelve painters and six sculptors

as associate members. The painters are Miss Mary Cassatt, Reynolds Beal, Paul Cornoyer, Miss Lydia Field Emmet, George Bellows, Charles Noel Flagg, William J. Hays, George Hitchcock, Arthur Hoeber, Ernest Peixotto, Frederick J. Waugh, and Henry O. Tanner. The sculptors are Lorado Taft, Robert I. Aiken, Augustus Lukeman, Evelyn B. Longman, Attilio Piccarilli, and Henry M. Shrady.

Among the exhibitions in the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by a group of Boston artists at Macheth's, till April 29.

At an auction of the paintings of the late John T. Martin, held in this city last week, the following prices were paid: Vihert, The Canon's Dinner, $6,500; Schreyer, Wallachian Post, $7,100; Bargue, The Sentinel, $9,600; Diaz, The Bathers, $6,300; Daubigny, Twilight on the Seine, $13,100; Millet, Going to Work, $50,000; Troyon, Animaux à l'ahreuvoir, $25,100; Corot, La Charette, $30,000; Breton, The Reapers' Rest, $6,000; Knaus, the Christening, $8,900; Van Marcke, Cattle, $16,500; De Neuville, Charge of Dragoons at Gravelotte, $10,200. Mr. Martin had bought the Millet in 1882 for $14,000.

Edward H. Barnard, the landscape painter, died April 16 at Westerly, Mass., at the age of fifty-three. Mr. Barnard first studied architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, hut later became a student at the Boston Art Museum. He then went to Paris as a pupil of Julian, and each year of his stay ahroad he exhihited a picture in the Salon. Returning to America he opened a studio in Boston.

The death is announced in Edinburgh of W. Beattie Brown, the landscape artist, at the age of eighty-six. He had exhihited annually at the Royal Scottish Academy since 1848.

Finance.

History of the Bank of England. By A. Andréadès; translated by C. Meredith, with a preface by H. S. Foxwell. London: P. S. King.

With all that Englishmen have written concerning their greatest financial institution, it has remained for a Greek to write in French, and primarily for French readers, the first complete history of the Bank of England. Since the work had to be done by a foreigner, it is by all means fitting that an English translation should be forthcoming; and Professor Foxwell's appreciative, yet discriminating, introduction adds materially to the value of the volume.

Professor Andréadès traces briefly the development of banking in England prior to the establishment of the Bank, and then discusses the foundation and organization of that institution. He does full justice to the economic and political conditions leading to the creation of the Bank, but deals very imperfectly with the interesting and little-known literature upon the subject of banking that appeared in England between 1650 and 1700. The early vicissitudes of the Bank are then narrated, as well as its discreditable record during the period of the South Sea Company. He makes it clear that the Bank would have seriously compromised itself if its enemies had not secured the rejection of its proposals, and that it finally avoided disaster "only by breaking its word" and "using methods unworthy of a great establishment."

The history of the next seventy years is briefly sketched, and it must be said that the author has not treated adequately the relation of the Bank to the development of banking facilities in England. The critical period from 1793 to 1819 is more fully considered, the author, upon the whole, inclining to the traditional view that the policy of the directors was fundamentally unsound and at times positively reckless. It is at this point that Professor Foxwell takes issue with him, pointing out that the real cause of restriction was the "persistent demands" of the government upon the Bank, and that the critics have never given due weight to the practical difficulties of the situation. Discussion of what might have been is usually unsatisfactory; but Professor Foxwell is on secure ground when he shows that even the severest critics admit that, prior to 1808, there was "no substantial ground for complaint" concerning the policy of the Bank; and that thereafter, with the usury law forbidding a higher rate than 5 per cent., the Bank could not control speculation by the modern expedient of raising the rate of interest. Most of the troubles attending restriction, Professor Foxwell thinks, were due "to the rapid growth and reckless advances of the country banks," the Bank of England being "practically responsible for the solvency of this crowd of small, ill-managed institutions," but not daring to "call them to account, on peril of provoking a general collapse of credit." Some of the policies and many of the arguments of the directors Professor Foxwell is, of course, obliged to disapprove; but in the main he believes that their action was "guided by sound instinct." In the interest both of historical truth and sound economic theory, it is greatly to be hoped that Professor Foxwell will find opportunity to write a thorough account of this most interesting chapter of financial history.

During the twenty years following resumption, Professor Andréadès shows that the policy of the Bank was frequently far from prudent, particularly during the crises of 1825-6 and 1837-9. He then considers the Bank Act of 1844 and the discussions that led to its enactment. In this part of his field he does little more than give a competent account of main events, and manifests some desire to avoid subjects about which so much controversial ink has been spilled. He notes a growing tendency of economists and financiers to accept the conditions created by the Act of 1844, but observes also that Mr. Palgrave and others believe that it is necessary to strengthen the reserve of the Bank, in view of present-day conditions, and give greater elasticity to note issues. To this latter opinion Professor Foxwell strongly inclines. The "constitution and policy of national banks" he regards as "in some respects the supreme economic question of the day"; and he believes that "institutions wielding national resources and under the direction of men representing general public interests" are imperatively demanded by the conditions of modern finance.

A second and revised edition of "American Railway Transportation," hy Emory R. Johnson, has recently appeared (see the *Nation* Decemher 31, 1903, p. 532). The book is unchanged in its plan and scope, the need for a revision being found in the rapid advance which has heen made in railway practice and railway regulation since the appearance of the treatise in 1903. Statistics and bihliography have heen hrought down to date, and the State and interstate legislation of the last few years has heen summarized. The hook still continues to he the only available comprehensive treatment of the railway question in the United States.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aflalo, F. G. Sunset Playgrounds: Fishing Days and Others in California and Canada. Scribner. $2.25 net.
Allen, William H. Civics and Health. Ginn.
Baedeker, Karl. Central Italy and Rome. Scribner. $2.25 net.
Bell, J. J. Oh! Christina! Fleming H. Revell Co. 60 cents net.
Bernard, Auguste. Geofroy Tory, Painter and Engraver: Reformer of Orthography and Typography Under François I. Translated by George B. Ives. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Block, Louis James. The World's Triumph: A Play. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Broughton, Len G. Religion and Health. Fleming H. Revell. 25 cents net.
Bryan, James Wallace. The Development of the English Law of Conspiracy. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Clarke, John H. Vital Economy; or How to Conserve Your Strength. A. Wessels. 30 cents net.
Curties, Henry. A Bride on Trust. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50.
Danby, Frank. Sebastian. Macmillan. $1.50.

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Davis, Charles Belmont. The Lodger Overhead, and Others. Scribner. $1.50.
Denison, George T. The Struggle for Imperial Duty. Macmillan.
Dye, John T. Ideals of Democracy: Conversations in a Smoking Car. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Engineering Index Manual for 1908. Engineering Magazine.
Fletcher, Giles and Phineas. Poetical Works. Edited by Frederick S. Boas. Vol. II. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Fyvie, John. Tragedy Queens of the Georgian Era. Dutton. $4 net.
Geden, Alfred S. Outlines of Introduction to the Hebrew Bible. Scribner. $3.50 net.
George, Mademoiselle. Memoirs. Edited by Paul Cheramy. John McBride Co. $2.50 net.
Going, Charles Buxton. Star-Glow and Song. Harper. $1.20 net.
Gummere, Francis B. The Oldest English Epic: Beowulf, etc. Macmillan. $1.10 net.
Hall, Charles Cuthbert. Christ and the Eastern Soul. University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.
Jordan, W. G. Biblical Criticism and Modern Thought. Scribner. $3 net.
Jourdain, M. Old Lace: A Handbook for Collectors. Scribner. $4.50 net.
Kidder, F. E. Building Construction and Superintendence. William T. Comstock. $6.
King, Charles. Lanier of the Cavalry: or A Week's Arrest. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Library of Southern Literature. Edited by Edwin Anderson Alderman, Joel Chandler Harris, and Charles William Kent. Vols. I. and II. New Orleans: Martin & Hoyt Co.
Moore, Frank Frankfort. A Georgian Pageant. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Morgan, G. Campbell. Mountains and Valleys in the Ministry of Jesus. Fleming H. Revel.
Moss, James A. Officers' Manual. Fort Leavenworth, Kansas: U. S. Cavalry Association.
Myers, Cortland. The Real Holy Spirit. Fleming H. Revell. 50 cents net.
Robertson, A. T. Epochs in the Life of Paul. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Scott, Robert. The Pauline Epistles: A Critical Study. Scribner. $2 net.
Smith, F. Dumont. Book of a Hundred Bears. Chicago: Rand, McNally. 75 cents.
Thompson, Francis. Shelley. Scribner.
Tichenor, George C. Views on Revisions of the Tariff and Customs Laws. Printed by Henry D. Tichenor.
Urban, Wilbur Marshall. Valuation: Its Nature and Laws. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Wharton, Edith. Artemis to Actæon, and Other Verse. Scribner.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1909.

The Week.

When Senator Aldrich got Senator Bailey to admit, on Monday, that an income tax exempting all sums below $5,000 would be class legislation, he wore an air of triumph. Perish the thought that the Republican party should ever commit itself to anything that could be called class legislation! A protective tariff, for example, is always drawn with an eye single to the general good. If anybody could point out in the Aldrich bill one instance of a special favor granted to a woollen or cotton manufacturer from his own State, the Rhode Island Senator would move indignantly to strike it out. For he believes, of course, that every schedule seeks to diffuse benefits equally to all the people. That is why the persons directly interested work so hard, and pay out so much money and bribe right and left, in order to get their particular tariff taxes inserted in the bill. They are dying to bestow the blessings of protection upon the common people, and know that the only way to begin is to secure first the privilege of robbing them.

It was asserted on Saturday, at the meeting in New York of the Academy of Political Science, that professors of political economy who are also free-traders have long been practically debarred from our colleges. We do not suppose that this was intended literally. In fact, the prejudice of protectionists, in this particular, is not so violent as it was twenty or thirty years ago. They used then to cry out angrily about the teachings of men like Professor Sumner of Yale and Professor Perry of Williams, and in the case of the latter, at least, sought to have him removed from his chair. Such a thing they would scarcely attempt to-day. Some latter-day types of professors undoubtedly find more favor in the eyes of protectionist trustees and endowers. A devotee of "the historical method" who gets himself so bogged in the minutiæ of the Hanseatic League that he never flounders out to reach a modern log-rolled tariff; or a teacher who has some metaphysical theory of value in which, as in a fog-bank, he hides all practical details—upon such college men the protectionists naturally look with the tolerance of contempt. And even over the outspoken free-traders in our college chairs, they have ceased to get very much excited, since they have learned that selfishness and greed are auto-intoxicants, and are more powerful with the majority than any disinterested and national policy can be. Still, the old danger is there. No one can tell when a student under some sound and honest professor may be in a position to do something to carry out what he has learned. Mr. Taft was a pupil of Professor Sumner's, and has been heard to say, laughingly, that, of course, he had long since outgrown the purely theoretic teachings of that professor, yet that somehow they did have an uncomfortable way of sticking in his mind.

Senator Stone's advocacy of our withdrawal from the Philippines within the next fifteen years is gratifying proof that this question is not to be allowed to lie undebated because Mr. Taft is so certain that our flag can only be hauled down a century or so hence. No man of sense and weight in either party now rejoices in our conquest of the Philippines; they are never discussed, save with a sigh and a regret that Mr. McKinley could not have read our "manifest destiny" otherwise than he did. As for the Filipinos, Senator Stone but told the truth when he said that theirs is "one long prayer for independence." The bribes we have offered of schools and railroads and better municipal and provincial governments affect them little. The Assembly, which is rapidly losing official favor in Manila, because of its differences of opinion with those in the Governor-General's palace, is, at heart, wholly for independence. Now, the question for practical statesmen in Washington is whether the Philippine Islands should not be neutralized and then given a definite promise of freedom on a certain date. As Senator Stone justly said, nothing could so inspire the Filipinos to progress as such a promise. More than that, there could be no better way of making firm friends of them and entering into close trade relations for all time. Adam Smith wrote that the founding of a great empire "for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers" was "extremely fit for a nation whose government was influenced by shopkeepers," but for no other. We have attempted by overlordship, with much hesitancy and a total lack of legislative liberality, to make a trade conquest of the Philippines. Why not try the other tack of giving them what they want and earning their eternal friendship?

Mr. Carnegie and the Peace Society are quite within their rights and entirely practical when they urge the President of the United States to take the lead in exerting his influence on behalf of peace. Nothing in Mr. Roosevelt's Administration redounded more to his credit than his successful efforts to bring about peace between Japan and Russia. Must the present President await a war to work for international concord? Obviously not. The Society is correct in pointing out that the action of Germany and England in building Dreadnoughts contingent upon each other's programmes, is highly unsettling and leading to a veritable craze for Dreadnoughts among all nations—even Spain and Austria. The League for Peace, suggested by the late Prime Minister of England, ought to become a reality before the leading nations bankrupt themselves in their insensate rivalry.

Goldwin Smith's citation of our huge pension bills as a warning to Canada to avoid militarism receives added point from the action of the New York Senate. That worthy body has passed a State pension bill granting $6 a month to all soldiers who served in New York State organizations, irrespective of the question whether they served well or badly, were brave or cowardly, or are now rich or poor, strong or feeble. To provide the money, the State is to bond itself for two millions of dollars. Fortunately, if the Assembly concurs, this provision necessitates a popular vote at next fall's election. We cannot believe that so preposterous a measure will finally become a law. The Federal Government is now giving pensions to

every soldier of the Civil War; why must there be double pensioning? The bill must be written down as merely a final attempt to curry favor with the old-soldier vote. But Canada may well take warning from our enormous pension payments that the injury of war lasts for generations after its conclusion. Goldwin Smith is right in pointing out that the burden of the pensions rests upon "laboringmen who often have plied more dangerous as well as more beneficent trades." Even that, however, is not so bad as the general demoralization of public sentiment which results from these unchecked raids upon the Treasury and the degradation of patriotism by its outright commercialization.

Two Southern Senators showed in speeches last week how great are the difficulties before President Taft in his plans to break up the Solid South. Mr. Bailey of Texas urged in the Senate the political and economic reasons which incline the South to remain unbrokenly Democratic. But it was reserved for Senator Tillman, with his terrible but commendable frankness, to set forth at a dinner in New York the one controlling issue of race hatred. Without mincing his words, he declared bluntly what the South had done, and what it intended to do. People in the North, asserted Mr. Tillman, say that the South must "enforce the laws impartially; but we say we will not." The South Carolina Senator went on to explain that the negro had been deliberately disfranchised, the Fourteenth Amendment nullified, and that now the South proposed to "educate the North" to abandon all its worn-out notions about the abolition of slavery and human equality. It was in the same spirit that Toombs boasted he would crack a slave-driver's whip from Bunker Hill Monument. Such utterances as those of Tillman will, indeed, educate the North, if anything can. What shall it profit the Republican party to gain a few votes in the South and lose its own soul?

Last week's elections in Illinois and South Dakota are hailed as evidence that "the wave of fanaticism" has spent its force. Prohibition was, technically at least, an issue in most of the smaller towns and villages of the commonwealths mentioned. Only fifteen of the thirty-eight more important communities in Illinois expelled the saloon, and the rural districts were but slightly more inclined to no-license. The largest towns, like Joliet, went overwhelmingly "wet." South Dakota divided honors more evenly; but the no-license party only held its own there, the strong minority of the sixty-five balloting towns simply reaffirming earlier Prohibition victories. Contrasted with the Anti-Saloon League's Napoleonic marches everywhere else in the Middle West, all this looks like a sharp halt. Undeniably many voters are now pausing to weigh the promises of brewers and distillers, who in Ohio, for example, have joined with the reform clubs and Anti-Saloon League in securing the passage of a drastic excise law that is expected to drive the disreputable liquor dealer out of business. Wisconsin brewers and retailers are now asking that licenses be automatically annulled at the third violation of a very strict statute. And other States are being informed that the better element in the liquor trade wants a fair chance to prove that model saloons are possible. It is only natural that many voters in Illinois and South Dakota should listen to this request. They are not opposed to beer so much as to the way it is sold; and, if the traffic can be rid of its social and political infection, they may be inclined to make the trial before wrecking a great industry and depriving drinkers of the glass they think themselves entitled to enjoy.

If public schools ought to teach what the public wants, then Massachusetts has just put the finishing touch to the case for vocational training. During the past year the Commission on Industrial Education in that State tried to find out how many pupils in city grammar schools would, if the opportunity were at hand, at once seek instruction in trades and crafts. It was learned that, of the 49,201 pupils in the four highest grades in the thirty-six largest cities, more than 11,000 expect to leave school during the grammar course or at its end. The parents of such pupils in Lawrence, Lynn, Springfield, and Worcester were then asked personally whether they favored the establishment of a local industrial school. More than nine in every ten of 6,829 family heads, representing 9,982 children of industrial school age, answered affirmatively. The commission took special pains to consult with workingmen, who are exceptionally well organized in at least two of the four towns investigated. The answers seem to explode the theory that labor unions are opposed to vocational training. Probably whatever hostility is nowadays shown emanates chiefly from walking delegates and other leaders who see their power menaced by the multiplication of highly-trained laborers whose sympathies and sense of justice may be deeper than those of the union-made apprentice.

The specially interesting fact for Americans in the career of Sir Donald Currie, who has just died, is that abolition of the English coastwise navigation laws in 1849 gave the Cunard Company the idea of starting its Havre line, and so enabled him to demonstrate his rare organizing ability. Up to that time Great Britain had labored under precisely the same absurd, mediæval laws as disgrace this country to-day—prohibiting all foreign vessels from entering the British coastwise trade. So far from injuring British shipping, the abolition of this foolish restriction gave a great impetus to the entire business. Whereas the United States to-day is stolidly afraid to compete with foreigners for our harbor-to-harbor traffic, the English boldly said to their Dutch and French and Scandinavian neighbors: Come over and take our trade, if you can. Lower the rates, if you please; we shall meet your competition in one way or another, and our merchants will profit thereby. To-day, no one in England would dream of returning to the old laws, and Britannia rules the waves with her merchant ships. On the other hand, if American ship-owners are ever seen in the halls of Congress, it is because they are in search of subsidies which they imagine will take the place of energy, enterprise, and wise legislation.

The passing of Abdul Hamid is as unheroic as his life has been. In his own way, he fought to the last; but his weapons were guile, subornation, private and wholesale murder, and he ends his reign as a malefactor caught in the act. The new Turkey could not have become really new so long as the tie with an ugly past was preserved in the

person of the historic Sick Man of Europe, the Unspeakable, the Great Assassin, whose sinister figure not only dominated the Ottoman Empire, but, to the eye of the world, stood completely for it. The underlying motive of his reign of thirty-three years is said to have been one of fear, fear for his person and fear for his throne. When his elder brother Murad, after a few months of power, went insane, the reform party under Midhat Pasha, without waiting the year required by law, transferred the Khalifate to Abdul Hamid. Midhat looked upon the change as provisional. There is even said to be extant a letter in which Abdul Hamid pledged himself to abdicate in case of Murad's recovery. But to keep the throne he received conditionally, became the great object of the new Sultan's policy. To that end he built up the régime of personal absolutism, for a parallel to which we must go back to Tiberius and his government by delators. His native craft is said to have been displayed in the way he played off the Powers against each other. But how the empire profited thereby is hard to see. Bulgaria, Rumelia, Montenegro, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Cyprus, Egypt, part of Armenia—this is a sufficiently high rate of loss for the lapse of a single generation. Abdul Hamid's craft, then, was best displayed in keeping himself in power.

The very extreme to which the Sultan carried his personal rule turns out to the advantage of the Constitutional régime. In Russia, the Liberal elements had to contend not only against the Czar, but against a court party and a vast sluggish bureaucracy to which the Czar himself was very often a slave. But Abdul Hamid had tamed the Turkish bureaucracy. Of a court party there is, of course, no question. In a government by espionage, it is necessary only to crush the one man who holds all the threads, in order that the whole system shall fall to pieces. Abdul Hamid could plot, but he could not fight. That was shown by the mutiny of two weeks ago. He could bribe his guard to murder their officers. Had the troops run amuck and by a general massacre brought on European intervention, the Sultan's object would have been won. But Europe was not brought in, Abdul Hamid was left to fight the quarrel out with his subjects, and fighting in the open he did not understand. His fate was therefore sealed. The evil effects of his reign will long endure under his successor, Mohammed Reschad. In Asia Minor, for instance, the Sultan's order to slay and burn, once issued, cannot be easily stayed. That is why much turmoil is bound to come in the new Turkey, and why the world must be patient with the men who are to undertake one of the greatest housecleanings in history.

Foreign intervention in Persia appears imminent. Tabriz, which for many months has been held by the Constitutionalists against the Shah, is famine-stricken at last, and the capture of the city cannot be long delayed. Yet Europe knows too well what the seizure of Tabriz by the wild tribesmen making up the Shah's army will mean. There will be slaughter, and all the more pitiful because it will scarcely lead to the firm reëstablishment of the Shah's power. Wars in the unorganized Orient, in Persia as in Morocco, have a painful way of dragging out in an indecisive succession of ups and downs. The south would seem to be even in more complete revolt against the Shah than the north. Should the government's attention be directed away from Tabriz, the probability is that resistance would blaze out again. Such a condition of anarchy supplies Russia with the opportunity she has been waiting for. Her way has been made clear by the agreement with Great Britain which gives the Czar a free hand in northern Persia. Tabriz got its revolutionary alphabet from across the border in the Russian Caucasus, when that region was in active insurrection about three years ago. The revolution in the Caucasus is now dead, but Russia will be only too delighted to step into Persia to help quench the flames that are burning so close to her frontier.

The effect of such a step on internation politics might be important. German diplomacy would be pleased by the move. But not France. Frenchmen have been complaining bitterly of late that the much-vaunted and highly expensive Russian alliance has served them little in time of need. In 1905, when Germany dictated terms to the French government in the matter of Morocco, it was Russia's complete paralysis in Manchuria that furnished the occasion. Germany's recent *coup* in the matter of Bosnia-Herzegovina was made possible by the fact that Russia is still too weak to face an ultimatum. Frenchmen have been arguing that if Russia is to do her duty by the alliance, she must give up her policy of Asiatic adventure and turn her attention to her own internal condition and to her position as a European Power. To become mixed up in Persia—we know what a "temporary" occupation usually is—means that Russia will once more divert a great part of her military strength to Asia, and leave France more anxious than ever.

The British Premier now heads a Parliamentary committee to find out what basis there is for the naval scare. This step was probably decided upon before Lord Charles Beresford put forth the dark hint that there was dreadful trouble in the navy. British naval discipline seems to allow officers in high command to speak with a degree of freedom which in France, a few months ago, cost a vice-admiral his place in the active service. It is a subject which until recently has generally been regarded as outside the field of partisan politics. That emphatically is no longer the case. The Unionist party has attempted to make capital out of the fright. Bye-elections have been fought on it, and it seems almost to be replacing tariff reform as the issue on which the Liberals are to be turned out. It is still something of a mystery why Mr. Asquith and his First Lord of the Admiralty first raised the cry of "Fire." In any case, an authoritative pronouncement by an investigating committee will be of benefit to England's nerves and to the peace of the world.

Alarmist reports concerning the imminence of social war in France continue. The labor movement, we are told, is apparently merging into anarchism. The republic is declared to be in danger. We need not minimize the seriousness of the trades-union movement in France, in order to assert that much of this talk about onrushing anarchy is absurd. We must read such reports in the light of the fact that many Frenchmen find it almost impossible to think of the republic as not being in danger. Often the danger has been real, yet re-

publican institutions have managed to survive. At the very beginning, there was the danger of monarchist reaction. When Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Orleanists had reduced themselves to a state of deadlock, a new danger to the republic cropped up in clericalism; *voilà l'ennemi!* Then came Boulangism. Then came anti-Dreyfusism. Then came the Church once more, and its defeat in the Separation Law. Now come the labor unions, anti-militarism, and anarchy. It is no paradox to assert that in this latest danger, the French republic has much cause for satisfaction. For when the alarm turns to the fear of social revolution, it would mean that the old fear of reaction is pretty well gone. And that is quite true. Very few Frenchmen take the Monarchist parties seriously. In the elections, the Royalists and Nationalists have been rapidly approaching the vanishing point. If France is compelled to face serious social and economic problems, it is only what other nations are compelled to do. At least, the republic can take up the problem without fear of being stabbed in the back.

It is the practical aspect of the triumphs of Count Zeppelin, the Wright brothers, and other daring pilots of the sky, which has held the mind and fired the imagination of most people. But the matter has its interest also for the speculative intellect. The theoretical side is beginning to engage the attention of thoughtful men. The airship raises questions not only of commerce and of war, but of law, both private and international. As Europe is in advance of the United States in practical experiments in aeronautics, so she is in discussion of the changes which the conquest of the air is certain to bring about in local legislation and also in the law of nations. Last year the first book on this subject was published, "The Airship in Domestic Law and under the Law of Nations," by Prof. Friedrich Meili, professor of international private law in the University of Zürich. The author has a suggestive article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of April 9 on the new conceptions of law which the art and practice of aeronautics are bringing in their train. The automobile has affected private rights and the police power in many important ways, but it is obvious that the airship will cause many more and more profound modifications. Take, for example, the matter of trespass. Under established doctrines, a man's property in the soil extends to the stars overhead. But can he, then, cause the arrest for trespass of an aeronaut passing a half mile over his house or farm? Can he set celestial spring guns, or hire watchmen in captive balloons, for the effectual preservation of his especial section of the air from intruders? One sees that old ideas will have to be altered. Consider also the whole range of queries respecting actual damage caused by dragging anchors or ballast thrown overboard or by an unexpected and uncontrollable descent. The prospect of litigation over such things seems infinite, and settled legal principles appear inadequate to deal with these cases. Professor Meili's deliberate conclusion is: "As against the airship of the future, the protection afforded by existing laws safeguarding private rights is wholly insufficient."

Another long series of legal questions arises in connection with the liability of the owner or operator of an airship. When trade routes through the air are established, and goods and passengers are freely and regularly transported, is the law of common carrier to be applied? In case of accident to any of the airship's crew, is the doctrine of fellow-servant to prevail? It would seem that a whole new code of laws relating to the rights of passengers and of the personnel on airships will need to be enacted. Our Zürich professor therefore calls for a mixed commission, made up of jurists and aeronauts, to discuss the entire complex subject, and to recommend legislation. His own conviction is strong that, in the matter of damages for those wounded or killed on or by flying machines, the liability of the proprietor, or owning company, should be made absolute. It is, however, the status and treatment of airships under the law of nations which present the most urgent and puzzling questions. Something was done at the Hague Congress to regulate the use of military balloons, but that is a case aside. What we are concerned to know is not so much what the laws of war will have to say in the future about the employment and functions of airships, as what may be the international regulations for peaceful intercourse and commerce by means of aerial ships. We can already see how protectionist countries are shuddering at the thought that their tariffs may be made dead letters, and their custom-houses tenantless, by means of airy navies, stealing undetected into the interior. How can we compel an airship to come to anchor under a given cloud, or to discharge its freight at the top of a specified tower? Must all our custom-house agents become expert aeronauts, and cruise upon individual aeroplanes in swarms throughout our atmosphere, in order to prevent smuggling? Or will the very progress and triumphs of the science of aeronautics make the whole system of protection look more obsolete and senseless than ever, so that the nations may come the more readily to abandon it?

THE TARIFF MUDDLE.

The Senate persists in doing its worst with the tariff bill as it passed the House. Under cover of two or three improvements—as in the glove and hosiery schedules—Senator Aldrich has been quietly taking away one good feature of the Payne bill after another, introducing new classifications and changing ad valorem to specific duties—that way the tariff "joker" always lies—ripping the cotton schedules and silk schedules to pieces and re-writing them with all kinds of uncertainty and trickery. It is now announced that the Senate Finance Committee has completed the work of knocking out of the House bill all the remaining provisions that looked like keeping the Republican party's pledges. In the first draft of the Aldrich bill, iron ore was taken from the free list; now wood pulp is also to be taken from it, and hides, and coal, and oil. If this process goes on and is consummated, we shall soon be back to the Dingley bill, or worse. Such a measure as the Senate is slowly putting together will in no sense meet the expectations of the country, the promises of the party, or the demands of President Taft.

It is already plain that the leading Republican Senators have played the President false. They have pretended to favor and to further his plans for a revision of the tariff downwards, though all the time they were scheming to take care of their manufacturing friends by keeping the protective rates as high as ever, if not higher. It was trustingly said that, this time, Senator Aldrich

was going to take a "large view" of the tariff; that his main interest was in the finance bill which he plans to bring in next December, and to which he hopes to attach his name as to his monument of statesmanship. Tariff revision he was simply anxious to get done honestly and speedily, that it might be out of the way of the more important measure next his heart. But it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks, even if he wants to learn them. For so many years, and during the framing of so many tariffs, the watchword of schemers and plotters has been "see Aldrich," that the force of habit could not be broken. They have been "seeing" him for weeks past, and have been coming away saying with winks to their friends that they had "fixed" it.

Senator Hale appears to have been almost as potent as Aldrich in bedevilling the Payne bill. Apparently it is due to his insistence, and to the log-rolling combination which he got up, that the decision to take wood pulp off the free list, and to increase the duty on printing paper, was reached. The fact that the agreement involved taking hides from the free list, and so sacrificing one great interest of New England, appears not to matter to this New England Senator. Since Mr. Hale thinks that it will hurt Maine to have free wood pulp, he will fight to have it taxed; and he is perfectly willing to make an arrangement whereby everything else that is free shall also be taxed. And Senator Hale has in his hand not only tariff favors to exchange, but legislative favors with which to bargain. As Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, he has vast power to make or break other Senators. Also at the head of the Steering Committee of the Senate, and prominent on the Committee on Naval Affairs, he has a great amount of special legislation at his disposal. All these resources he is understood to be ready to use in order to carry his point in tariff matters. With two such men as Hale and Aldrich lending themselves to the underground conspirators, and interposing their huge bulk athwart the path of reasonable tariff revision, it is not surprising that the Senate bill is rapidly going from bad to worse.

What is to be done? Who will put a hook in the nose of this Senate leviathan? There are signs that the stand-pat Senators are presuming too much upon their brute power. Mutterings of revolt have been heard from within the Senate Chamber itself. Outside, there can be no mistaking the sentiment of the country. Even thoroughgoing Republican newspapers are saying openly that the Senate bill will never do. The day has gone by when a wicked tariff could be enacted in a corner, and no one the wiser. Public feeling is now much more sensitive on that subject, and public information more extensive. The embattled ladies of Chicago showed what could be done by organized resentment at proposed tariff taxes of an outrageous sort. All over the land, the forgotten consumer is ready to rise in similar protest, if the right leader presents himself. But who is that leader to be?

In our opinion, the President will have to take the lead, at one time or another, in one way or another. He is peculiarly the people's representative, in this matter, their directly elect. His pledge was explicit to summon Congress in extraordinary session to lighten the burdens of tariff taxation; and he cannot stand by unconcerned and see Congress, or one branch of it, going to work to make those burdens heavier. It will be necessary for Mr. Taft to declare himself. He may choose to make his position clear when the bill goes to conference, and may urge the House to stand firm against the greedy demands of the Senate. It may be needful for him to let it be known that he will veto the bill if its more flagrant outrages upon decency and denials of justice are allowed to stand. That would give even Aldrich and Hale pause, and might compel them to surrender on pain of seeing leadership in the Senate pass to other hands. Some way out of the muddle must be found. By the Senate bill, the Republican party is threatened not only with failure, but disgrace. We look to the President to show the initiative and vigor needed to avert the catastrophe.

HOW WARS ARE MADE.

Émile Ollivier, the Minister under whom France went to war with Germany in 1870, has now brought his reminiscences, which he has been publishing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, down to "The Preliminaries of the War." The article is especially profitable reading, at a time when the tension between Germany and England is almost what it was between Germany and France, thirty-nine years ago. For in these pages of the man who was thought to have entered upon a bloody war with *cœur léger*, we see how a government that really dreads the sword may be driven into drawing it, and we are shown what is the nature of the force which exercises that fatal compulsion. The fair inference from M. Ollivier's narrative is that it is not statesmen who make wars, in modern times, not soldiers, not monarchs or Presidents, but hysterical public opinion, an inflamed and foolish national pride, a reckless press.

In several respects, the facts which M. Ollivier here sets forth, most of them with documentary evidence, will serve to rectify historical judgment. It has been said that the Emperor Napoleon wanted war. His Minister shows how numerous and unusual were the steps which he took in seeking to avoid it. Some of these negotiations had been kept a secret to the present day—some of Napoleon's approaches to foreigners were not known even to his Minister for Foreign Affairs. The common story is that the French went into the war despising the military power of Prussia. Ollivier shows us a Council of State listening to the reports of marshals and generals, and never for a moment indulging in the delusion that the war would be a military promenade to Berlin. It is true that Le Bœuf thought the French army stronger than the Prussian, but never concealed his conviction that the struggle would be desperate, unless the French could first mobilize and win early successes; and Chevandier, the officer best informed about the Prussian military organization, warned the Council that it was vain to count upon anticipating Moltke. Thus with expert opinion divided, the Ministry averse to war, the Corps Législatif well in hand, the Emperor anxiously looking for a solution short of an appeal to arms, conditions in those early July days of 1870 certainly looked as if peace were possible, even probable.

What, so far as the French were concerned, brought on the war? What was it that at last frightened Eugénie and made her use her influence over Napoleon in behalf of war, on the ground that the dynasty would not be safe without it? It was, as Ollivier clearly shows, an explosion of public rage. The people

were, he writes, much less masters of their passions than were the Ministers, and burst into extravagant demonstration and wild threats. Lord Lyons, writing to his government from Paris, put the case exactly when he said:

> It is impossible not to perceive that the feelings of the French nation would forbid the government, even if it wished, to acquiesce in the accession of a Hohenzollern Prince in Spain.

It was even then apparent that the responsible authorities were being swept away by the mob. The Parisian newspapers were more powerful than Ministers. Bismarck once declared that the press had never yet made a war by itself—he said that before our war with Spain!—but at that crisis he knew how to drive the French press to fury, for his own purposes. One of the ways in which he did it, as Busch has revealed, was by sending articles to certain German newspapers, not supposed to be officially inspired, the aim being expressly to inflame the French as well as feed the war-spirit at home. In view of this historic instance, the attitude to-day of portions of the English and German press is more ominous than all the Dreadnoughts built or building.

This melancholy experience of the French government in 1870 has a parallel in that of the American government in 1898. President Pritchett has recently published in the *North American Review* his recollections of repeated conversations with Mr. McKinley, after the war with Spain broke out. Brought into close and confidential relations with the President, Dr. Pritchett often heard him declare that the war was wholly unnecessary. One phrase of McKinley's was that he could have obtained all that we desired of Spain "if they had let me alone." The yelling of the press, the insensate clamors of the people and of Congress, the bloodthirsty sermons and prayers of clergymen—it was they that made the war.

This is not to excuse Ollivier or Napoleon, nor to exculpate McKinley. The latter, in admitting that he was driven from his conscientious convictions by a howling mob, passed upon himself the severest condemnation. It is a statesman's business to see to it that he is "let alone" in the path of duty and honor, when fateful issues are at stake. He should not allow crazy people to have their way, except as they advance over his dead body. If President McKinley had been cast in heroic mould, or had had the courage to face temporary unpopularity, he could have taken that suppressed Easter appeal and promise of the Queen-Regent of Spain in his hands, and gone to the country with it in a way to have stilled the shrieks and prevented the war. But we cannot count upon Providence always providing a popular government with leaders of the stuff to defy the mob; and so long as we are exposed to the danger of weak and timid rulers, we must recognize also the peril of the mob-spirit, fed by and feeding irresponsible and conscienceless newspapers.

REFORMING NEWSPAPER READERS.

The problem of reforming newspapers has been so long discussed, with such meagre results, that it is a relief to hear of the reform of the newspaper reader being undertaken. That is the real home for this kind of charity to begin at. First catch your newspaper reader, and fill him with so deep a disgust at what is trivial and vulgar and sensational and indecent that he will make a powerful demand felt for better newspapers, and better newspapers you may have some hope of getting. The trouble is that this demand is, in general, left so feeble and inarticulate. That it exists at all, it sometimes takes an unusually shrewd editor to discover. One such, in a large city of the West, who had been placed in charge of a paper of the shrieking order, looked about him and perceived that there was a large element of university-trained men in that town who might like to be addressed as reasonable human beings. He urged the proprietors of his newspaper to leave off bellowing, and the result was a very gratifying increase of both prosperity and influence. Per contra, we know of another newspaper, in a city filled with cultivated people, which recently changed owners and lapsed into the yellow variety, with the consequence of displeasing and losing a great many readers, to the consternation of the new régime. These instances imply what could be done by means of newspaper patrons, if they could only be reformed.

A beginning of the work has been made on a modest scale in England. The English press has not yet fallen to our lowest levels, but is rapidly hastening that way. The same effects of sensational and childish methods of journalism are observable there as here. Those interested in education and social reform see the need of fortifying people against the intellectual vacuity and the moral disintegration which come from steady and unwinking reading of silly or coarse and reckless sheets. Accordingly, a first step has been taken by the Clubs' Industrial Association. This organization, situated in the north of England, has recently formed a "newspaper class" for working girls. The object is to teach them what papers to read and what to avoid, and also what parts of any given newspaper to give chief attention to and what to skim or skip.

The idea seems excellent, as driving directly at the great lack in all this business, which is the lack of discrimination. To vast numbers of people, all newspapers look alike. Print is print, in whatever guise it presents itself, and is a thing sacredly to be received. You will see clergymen and benevolent silver-haired ladies turn from reading a religious paper to a perusal of the *Devil's Own*, with no sense of jar or shock. In the universal flux of judgment and jumble of opinions, the power of making distinctions seems to have been lost. Long habit inures even young girls to displays of newspaper vulgarity which, in any other form, they would think repulsive. "It is only those ridiculous newspapers," they say. Now, the first aim of education is to seek to give the ability to discriminate, to know what is good and what is evil; and the responsibility of educated readers, who go on patronizing venal or demoralizing newspapers, is much greater than that of the unthinking and ignorant. The latter can, perhaps, be taught to be a little more fastidious, but what of those who already know, and who profess to be select in their taste and associations, yet who act as if they cared not how soiled are the papers which they take in their hands?

The discrimination which it may be hoped the reformed newspaper reader will exercise, goes further. It will deal not alone with the choice of the journal to read, but with that of what matter in it to read. There is a great amount of newspaper reading which can only be called slavish. People bury them-

selves in the pages and devour them from the first headline to the last personal item. An appalling dissipation of energy and dulling of the mind cannot fail to befall many in consequence. They exhibit an abject reverence for the printed word that is fairly Arabic; and they pore over the intellect-destroying columns with an intentness that is truly marvellous. A man ought to be trained, or to train himself, to look for his own in reading any newspaper. He should chiefly consider, as Coleridge did in reading the Bible, that which "finds" him. The proportionate amount of time to be devoted to mere news, to discussion, to literary features, to financial reports, to criticism in art or music or drama—all this is something which intelligent readers ought to be able to work out for themselves. Many of them, we suppose, do so; the others, and the blankly ignorant, may well appeal to the compassionate aid of reformers.

President Hadley of Yale was quite right in his recent contention that we cannot make great progress in improving the intellectual and moral tone of newspapers, until newspaper readers and patrons are improved. Until they learn to discriminate, journalism will find it easiest to be undiscriminating; until they insist upon measure and reason, exaggeration and clamor will continue to rule the columns, and brawling ignorance to give judgment all day long. These English reformers of the newspaper, who take hold of the business by the right end, are to try to teach people what papers are worth reading, and how to attain a consistent and useful point of view in reading them. There is neither copyright nor tariff to prevent the use of the same idea in this country, where the need of something of the kind is great.

THE PRETENSIONS OF SOCIOLOGY.

Much is heard in these times of sociology. The proverbial "man in the street," who is supposed to notice nothing apart from his business and sporting interests, save what in some way jostles him and thus intrudes on his attention, has heard of sociology as a science that understands all about society and its make-up, and that is thus able to say what is the correct thing. Even the vaudeville hall has heard of it, as a sociological treatise supplied the phrase "trial marriage," used as a refrain in the topical song, "No Wedding Bells for Me," with which all the music-halls resounded until it wore itself out. Those who do not stand in a merely impressionist attitude to life, and who attribute to scholarship the duty of acting as a conservator of mental and moral values, have also heard of sociology, and are puzzled by it. They find it appearing as a sponsor for schemes of revolutionizing the family, the home, and the state, and they feel both perturbed at the prospect and perplexed by the difficulty they have in reconciling such projects with the respect they feel for science. Disturbance of this character is augmented by a belief that sociology is a new science which is derived from Darwinism, and which hence possesses the authority belonging to a doctrine generally accepted as applying to all forms of life and to all institutions arising from the modes of life. An impression has been made to the effect that scientific grounds have been established for the opinion that marriage, family life, society, and government are mere accidental cohesions which may now be superseded by more rational arrangements upon principles expounded by sociology. Pretensions of this character are certainly made in the name of sociology, and it therefore becomes a matter of public importance to inquire what this new science is and what basis it has for its claim of authority.

I.

Sociology has no connection with Darwinism except by an imputed affiliation, which on examination is found to possess no better warrant than the tendency toward syncretism that always appears when a great scientific or philosophical system dominates the country of thought. There is, then, a strong propensity on the part of system-builders to bring their own possessions within the shelter of its massive parapets and bastions. In this way sociology has been annexed to Darwinism, but it does not belong there. The term was invented by Auguste Comte to designate those branches of "organic physics" which deal with human society. The volume of his "Philosophie positive" that introduced the word "sociology" was published in 1839—twenty years before the publication of the "Origin of Species." J. S. Mill, who was much influenced by Comte's speculations, started the use of the term in England, employing it in his own writings as early as 1843. Harriet Martineau's translation of Comte's works was published in 1853. She had great expectations of Comte's system, believing that in it students would find "at least a resting-place for their thought—a rallying-point of their scattered speculations—and probably an immovable basis for their intellectual and moral convictions." Both resting-place and rallying-point are still to seek. Profs. Albion W. Small and George E. Vincent of the University of Chicago, in their manual for the study of sociology, expressly warn students not "to regard Comte as an authority in sociology." They remark that "all that is of permanent value in the six volumes of 'Positive Philosophy,' and in the four later volumes entitled 'System of Positive Polity,' might be reported in a few paragraphs."

Darwin made no use of Comte's terminology, but this of itself is not significant, since he wrote strictly as a naturalist and never made the slightest attempt to formulate a system of philosophy. It is significant, however, that the term sociology has never commended itself to Darwinists, even when considering implications of the master's views on the origin and nature of humanity. Haeckel, whose systematic exposition was followed by Darwin himself with lively interest, took a survey of the field claimed by sociology, but he proposed an entirely different terminology, which will be found in Table I of his "Evolution of Man," 1874. It may be doubted whether the use of the word sociology as a term designating social science would have survived the impact of Darwinism if Herbert Spencer had not adopted it, which he did as early as 1859. In his "Autobiography" he referred to his borrowings from Comte rather regretfully:

> Save in the adoption of the word "altruism," which I have defended, and in the adoption of his word "sociology" because there was no other available word (for both which adoptions I have been blamed), the only indebtedness I recognize is the indebtedness of antagonism.

Darwin's "Descent of Man" was published in 1871, but his views as to the particular causation of the human species do not appear to have had any effect whatever on Spencer's preconceived ideas of social science. Spencer's "Study of Sociology" was published serially in England and in the United States in 1872, and in book form in 1873. It makes only a passing allusion to Darwin, and then only with respect to his services in demonstrating the indefinite modifiability of species, elsewhere mentioned as "one of the cardinal truths which biology yields to sociology." Spencer's system was always expounded independently of Darwin's views. It was Spencer's labors that brought sociology into vogue, but he seems to have shared the fate of Comte in that his system is now regarded as defective and inadequate. Small and Vincent inform the student that "Spencer's sociology ends precisely where sociology proper should begin."

II.

What, then, is sociology? It is impossible to say, save that it deals with social phenomena; but this affords no definition, as the same may be said of history, politics, statistics, and other

sciences gathering their data from observation of mankind. In his "Pure Sociology" Prof. Lester F. Ward mentions twelve definitions of sociology already in existence, and then he proceeds to add another of his own. What claim has any body of knowledge to rank as a science whose students have yet to arrive at some agreement as to what it is or as to how it is to be defined? Sociology has not yet established any claim to be accepted as a science. Leslie Stephen, in his presidential address at the annual meeting of the Social and Political Education League, London, March, 1892, thus summarized the situation: "It may be stated that there is no science of sociology properly scientific—merely a heap of vague empirical observations, too flimsy to be useful in strict logical inference." The situation has not improved since then. Writing in 1902, Professor Ward said:

> I do not claim that sociology has as yet been established as a science. I only maintain that it is in process of establishment, and this by the same method by which all other sciences are established. Every independent thinker has his system.

The latest official bulletin is probably that issued by Professor Small. In an article contributed to the *American Journal of Sociology*, July, 1908, he says:

> Whether or not there is, or ever shall be, a science of sociology, there is and will hardly cease to be something which, for lack of a better name, we may call the sociological movement. This movement clearly vindicates the sociologists.

This, of course, suggests the query, What, then, is the sociological movement? What vision has it of fresh fields of knowledge that suggests the need of a new science to garner the results of research? We are told that the movement is fundamentally "a declaration of faith that the closest approach to ultimate organization of knowledge which finite intelligence can ever reach must be a formulation of the relations of all alleged knowledge to the central process of human experience." But has not that been the object of philosophy ever since it originated in ancient Greece? At any rate, it is clear that this movement, this faith, on its own showing, has no right to rank as a science or to set up any claim of authority.

III.

Accepting for the present the plea of confession and avoidance that is offered by the exponents of sociology when its scientific pretensions are challenged, let us consider it as a movement. In this respect, too, on its own showing, it is quite bewildered. It does not know whence it starts, or whither it is going. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, in his "Sociology, the Science of Human Society" (1903), has to admit that the very nature of the subject which sociology proposes to treat is yet to be settled. He remarks that "society is the new world which is still waiting for its Columbus"; and, again, that "the nature of society is the profound problem whose solution is the key to all other solutions." Darwin has offered a solution of this problem, namely, that human society was evolved from brute society by stresses resulting from the group incidence of natural selection, so that human society was shaped by the life of the community precisely as bee nature has been shaped by the life of the hive, certain distinctive organs and capacities being developed in the individual, not primarily for individual advantage, but for the advantage of the community. Thus Darwin's theory coincides with Aristotle's doctrine that man is born a political animal. In any period before the formation of society, the human species did not exist, but at the most only simian species with potential capacity for humanization under appropriate conditions. All theories postulating the existence of natural rights enjoyed by man before he was united with his fellows in social and political relations, collapse at once if Darwinism be valid. And yet, on this fundamental point of trenchant importance as regards system and terminology, sociology is distracted. On the one hand, Prof. Franklin H. Giddings declares:

> There is hardly a single fact in the whole range of sociological knowledge that does not support the conclusion that the race was social before it was human, and that its social qualities were the chief means of developing its human nature.

On the other hand, Professor Ward rejects the conclusions of Aristotle and Darwin, holding in express opposition to them both that man was not originally a social animal, but "that he was descended from an animal that was not even gregarious by instinct, and that human society . . . is purely a product of his reason, and arose by insensible degrees, *pari passu*, with the development of his brain." No disagreement could be more radical than this. The Darwinists hold that socialization developed the human brain; the anti-Darwinists hold that the human brain developed socialization. No wonder, then, that, lacking any base of operations, the movement is nothing more than desultory roving in all directions.

The unsystematic character of the movement accounts for its marked tendency to fall into errors, that might be avoided by recourse to established science. Sir Frederick Pollock, in his "History of the Science of Politics," remarks that "after Burke it was impossible for any one in England to set up the Social Contract again, either in Rousseau's or in Locke's form, for any effectual purpose." But sociologists in America do that very thing. Sociological discussion of the nature of government reads like an ardent revival of Rousseau's political philosophy. Professor Ward, in his "Dynamic Sociology" (Vol. II, p. 212 *et seq.*), argues that government was originally a system of imposture:

> It is evident that man in a supposed unrestrained state, in which none of his own race have the power to deprive him of any pleasure which he may seek, and be able to secure, would be far happier than in a condition where half of his desires which might otherwise be gratified are forbidden that gratification by the laws of government.

What is this but Rousseau's state of nature? If Darwin be right, in this "unrestrained state" we should not find men at all; perhaps not even animals so closely akin to men as the anthropoid apes. But Professor Ward makes this hypothetical state of nature the basis of his argument:

> Having arrived at a rational conception of what kind of a being man was before any society existed—that is, before the essential conditions of society, populousness, existed—we are better able to understand how society and government should have come about.

If man was in a state of happiness when there was no government to restrain his impulses, he was defrauded in some way when government was instituted. Hence Professor Ward concludes that government is essentially a usurpation:

> It must have been the emanation of a single brain or of a few concerting minds, the special exercise of a particular kind of cunning or sagacity, whereby certain individuals intent on securing the gratification of the special passion known as love of power, devised a plan or scheme of government.

If this be so, then government is a thing to be got rid of as soon as possible. That is just what Professor Ward holds to be the end of social effort and the blessed consummation of the labors of sociologists. What men and women are struggling to attain is "freedom to do as their desires prompt them, and to be their own judge of the rightfulness and justness of their actions." Hence robust sociologists contend that we should all be as free to find our affinities as cats or dogs. Suggestions of trial marriage are made simply as a temporary palliative of an enslaving institution. The trouble with divorce laws is not that they are loose, but that there should be any laws at all. Human beings should be free to mate as they please, and separate as they please, like other animals enjoying their natural freedom.

We have here an instance of what is a striking characteristic of sociology. It gives a hospitable reception to notions examined, discredited, and rejected by established science. After a hard struggle political science has got rid of the noxious fallacies generated by French

ideology in the eighteenth century. They now reappear as doctrines propounded by sociology. And so, likewise, in other branches of science, sociology appears as an interloper, proclaiming that the work must all be done over again, and so it starts to rake the refuse heap. It is a whimsical situation. Sociology admits that it has really no scientific credentials, and yet it claims sovereign authority in the field of science. Prof. Edward A. Ross of the University of Nebraska, in his "Foundations of Sociology," says: "It aspires to nothing less than the suzerainty of the special social sciences It expects them to surrender their autonomy and become dependencies, nay, even provinces of sociology."

These remarks are made in discussing the "problem of coming to terms with the special social sciences, such as economics, jurisprudence, and politics," and it is anticipated that "the workers in long-cultivated fields will resist such pretensions." That is very likely—the more so since sociology invites them to turn back to old errors. In America, although not to any extent in Europe, sociology, considered as a scheme of methodology, has made some impression on scholars in established sciences. There was a time in this country (chiefly owing to Spencer's influence) when there was, perhaps, a preponderance of scientific opinion to the effect that the scheme was theoretically feasible, and that sociology would eventually be established as a comprehensive system of science. I myself held that opinion at one time, and, impelled by it, I read extensively in sociological literature. But I finally concluded that if Darwin was on the right track, sociology was on the wrong track. Political and social phenomena can never be fully interpreted as results of individual activities. The attitude of sociology is precisely like that which a biologist would adopt if he should endeavor to discover the causes of the formation of tissues by scrutiny of the characteristics of individual cells instead of by consideration of the growth and development of the organism that includes the cells and conditions their activities. The true cause of the difficulties which the exponents of sociology have in formulating it, is that in reality there is no basis for it as a science. All its troubles come from its primal trouble that its fundamental concept is an illusion. Hence it is doomed to error by its nature. In endeavoring to substitute its elaborate ideology for existing scientific system, it is not going forward, but backward. All of the material with which it attempts to deal, according to the various definitions given of its purpose, is already allotted to better advantage. Take from it what belongs to psychology, history, anthropology, ethics, civics, jurisprudence, economics, statistics and charity administration, and there is nothing left of value. So far as sociology differs from established sciences, it is an asylum for their castaways.

V.

In considerations like these one should bear in mind Huxley's wise observation that "there is no greater mistake than the hasty conclusion that opinions are worthless because they are badly argued." Sociology may be worthless, but the streams of sentiment from which its fogs arise are by no means worthless. Professor Small points out the thing that counts when he says that even if there is no science of sociology, there is the sociological movement. There is, indeed, a world-wide movement for social reform involving extensive readjustments of public order and of governmental function. Civilization is apparently engaged in the dangerous but periodically unavoidable process of exuviation, when old forms are cast and new forms are shaped. But in Europe this is a political movement, and if in the United States it is regarded as a distinctly sociological movement, American scholarship is at fault. If sociology lacks scientific validity, it can not give safe guidance to any movement and its invasion of the political arena is an added peril. Hence it is impossible to follow Professor Small's logic when he holds that the movement "clearly vindicates the sociologists." It may account for the activity of the sociologists and for the attention their projects receive, just as the prevalence of disease accounts for the activity of quacks, but it certainly does not vindicate them. Apart from the general futility of sociology considered as a science, the American brand of the article is exposed to especial condemnation from the aid and comfort it gives to charlatanry. Instead of inspiring caution, it encourages haste, levity, and sensationalism in dealing with social problems. The official address delivered at Atlantic City, December 28, by the eminent sociologist, Prof. S. N. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, is open to such charges. Among similar matter, he says: "No argument is good in a book or in a classroom unless it could convince the million readers of a daily paper and could find place in the campaign-book of a political party." Indeed! Thus sociology commends itself to people who mistake reverie for thought and feeling for judgment; who reach emotional conclusions from sentimental assumptions, and who impute to their projects the merit of their motives. We shall be lucky if we get through the present era of Jacobinism in ethics and politics without serious disaster.

In the ordinary course of scientific progress error is eliminated by discussion and concepts found to be invalid are discarded. If the invalid concept was of vital importance, then the terminology derived from it is also discarded and a new terminology is evolved. The process is illustrated by the way in which chemistry superseded alchemy. A similar fate seems to impend over sociology, but until the reconstruction of political science on Darwinian principles, now taking place, advances beyond the present stage of collection and verification of data, and has some generalizations to propound, sociology has its day. The matter might be left to right itself if sociology preserved the proper scientific habit of reserve as to provisional and tentative conclusions. But since it has gone into the forum to harangue the mob, it is the duty of whom it may concern to follow it there and to give notice that it possesses no authority whatever. If anything is urged in the name of sociology the fit rejoinder is that there is no such science.

Henry Jones Ford.

Princeton, N. J.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

"New England's First Fruits," London, 1643, is usually accounted the first of the tracts on the conversion of the Indians. It was issued anonymously, and efforts to learn the author have met with no success. Worthington C. Ford records his attempt in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and his conclusions have been accepted by capable bibliographers. The first president of Harvard College, Henry Dunster, was among the earliest to believe in teaching religion to the Indians in their native tongue, and in this preceded John Eliot by some years. As the second part of the tract relates to the college, it must have been prepared by Dunster, and his known interest in the Indians points to his authorship of the first part, which relates to their conversion. The third part was prepared in England, and by one who was closely connected with the trial of Mrs. Hutchinson and the antinomian troubles. From a comparison of title pages, and an examination of the names of the London printers of New England writings, Mr. Ford concludes that Hugh Peter and Thomas Welde, then agents from Massachusetts in England, were the writers, and that Welde was more immediately responsible for the issue. It is impossible to give the details brought forward in support of this view. The paper will repay study.

In a private library in Boston has been found a copy of the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," with a hitherto unknown title-page. As is well known, there are a number of different "bindings of the first edition," the variations occurring in the title pages. This copy purports to have been "Printed by S. Simmons, and are to be sold by T. Helder, at the Angel in Little Brittain, 1667." While this title answers generally to that described in the Christ's College catalogue as the eighth binding of the first edition, it differs from it in the very important matter of date, being two years earlier, and thus falling

into the year the poem was first issued. The volume has been in the family for more than fifty years, and bears no evidence of being manufactured. As in so many instances, the wire marks of the paper of the title are different from those of the paper in the body of the volume. Simmons did print an edition in 1668, but Helder's name is not on that issue. Can another copy of his 1667 imprint be traced?

Correspondence.

WHEAT CORNERS AND THE PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent attacks on Mr. Patten and his associates for bringing about the wheat corner, suggest the inquiry: Why is the wheat corner a bad thing? What harm does it do?

That it raises, for a short time, the price of wheat, is clear enough; but what harm is there in that? Exactly the same thing, only for a longer time, is done by the protective tariff. And we all know what a blessing that is! All duties that are protective—as distinguished from those that are for revenue only—depend, for their efficacy, upon their success in keeping commodities out of the country, so that United States citizens may thus be driven, as by a club, to buy in this country goods that are either dearer or of poorer quality than those made abroad. In this way the price of the commodity is raised by the tariff. That this raising of prices is a blessing to the community we all know; for such has been the teaching of Republican sages since the existence of their party. To go no farther back than twenty years or so—did not Benjamin Harrison explain to us then that "things can be too cheap," and that "a cheap coat means a cheap man inside of it?" And, if this be true, is it not equally clear that "a cheap loaf means a cheap man outside of it?" Undoubtedly it does. The second maxim follows irresistibly from the first. For, in these matters, there surely can be no distinction between food and clothing, or between outside and in. But, since this is so, what harm is there in Mr. Patten and his corner, and the consequent dearness of the loaf? What greater calamity can befall a community than to be made up of cheap men? (I may parenthetically remark, that, by logical inference from Mr. Harrison's maxim, we find that, as the air we breathe is, in dollars and cents, worth nothing whatever, it is clear that those who breathe this worthless atmosphere must, of necessity, be equally worthless themselves.)

From these dread calamities we have been rescued by those who, in order to provide revenue not for the Treasury but for themselves, have taxed food, clothing, and nearly every necessary of life, and who would undoubtedly tax the air we breathe, if there were any means of getting at it. Yet many Republicans in high office are foremost in denouncing Mr. Patten for doing, during the last few days, the very thing that their party has done since its foundation. Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, in speaking of the wheat corner, says: "Those who attempt to keep prices up at present rates expect to get their money out of the common people—the consumers." "Out of the common people—the consumers!" Out of whom, then, in the name of Heaven, have the iron men, the wool men, the sugar men, the plate-glass men—and all the other corrupt tariff beneficiaries expected to get—out of whom have they succeeded in getting—*their* money, for more than forty years?

I am no defender of Mr. Patten or his methods; but it is only just to say that, in bringing about the wheat corner, he has merely availed himself of his capital, and his superior skill and foresight. He has been guilty of no falsehood or hypocrisy. He has made no pretence of being actuated by any motive other than that of making money. And, lastly, he has not said that he wants the money merely in order to pay high wages to his employees. From this ancient and hoary lie—so frequently uttered by protectionist manufacturers, so necessary to allure the labor vote to the support of protection—Mr. Patten's record at least stands free.

And, so far as is known, he has resorted to no corrupt methods. He has not by making enormous campaign contributions, purchased from the government the power to levy a tax upon those "common people, the consumers," who are the objects of the tender solicitude of Secretary Wilson. It is true that there is a heavy tariff on imported wheat, but Mr. Patten is not the cause of that—it was in existence long before he was thought of—it was not imposed at his request. In fact, the wheat tariff was enacted merely to delude the farmer, so that, in the event of his complaining of protection on the commodities he is obliged to purchase, he can be told that his wares, too, are protected. The truth, of course, is that the farmer is not protected at all, as this country is still an exporter of grain.

In this fact lies, I think, the explanation of the support that has so far been given to the protective tariff—just as in the resentment occasioned by the wheat corner we may see the possible cause of that tariff's future downfall. The colossal and long-continued system of robbery known as protection is rendered possible only by the support it receives from the very victims who suffer the most from its oppression—"the common people—the consumers." They are plundered daily and hourly by taxes upon necessaries of life that are as important as wheat—yet there is, so far, but little evidence of discontent. But no tax has so powerful an effect upon the popular mind as the tax on grain. Other necessaries—other food, clothing, and even medicine—may be subjected to a tariff with possible impunity; but he who, in the hour of distress, levies a tax upon the staff of life, must reckon with a nation's fury. The mutterings of the last few days have shown what may be expected, if this country (no impossible event), should ever become an importer of grain, and the tax on bread, in some season of panic, thus come into active operation. It was under exactly such conditions that Great Britain, less than seventy years ago, was driven to the verge of civil war and revolution, when, as Hughes says, "In time, and only just in time, came the repeal of the corn laws." And, according to Herbert Paul ("Modern England," Vol. I, Introduction), "He [Sir Robert Peel] "thus [*i. e.*, by the repeal of the corn laws] saved England from the danger of revolution, then no vague or imaginary peril." The point to be borne in mind is that the whole protective system of England fell with its corn laws; for when the beneficiaries of those laws were deprived of the right to live at the expense of other people, they naturally refused to allow other people to live any longer at theirs. In this way, the whole protective tariff of England fell to pieces. Should our own wheat tariff ever become effective, and the people, in distress resembling the present, insist on its repeal, the history of the parent stem of the English speaking race may perhaps be repeated on this side of the Atlantic. In this way, the long expected relief may come at last.

Daniel Holsman.

Philadelphia, April 20.

THE "LOST LEAF" OF "PIERS THE PLOWMAN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of March 25 Prof. Carleton F. Brown of Bryn Mawr expresses his disbelief in my attempted solution of the textual difficulty in "Piers Plowman," A. V. 235 ff., and offers what he considers a simpler explanation. Having great respect for Professor Brown's opinion, and being anxious to keep clear of any undue bias in favor of my own suggestion, I have given careful consideration to his proposal; but I find myself wholly unable to accept it.

My hypothesis is that lines 236-259 originally followed line 145, so that the promise of restitution of fraudulent gains forms the conclusion of the confession of Covetousness. Professor Brown, on the other hand, believes that the emendation required is to make lines 236-241 follow line 253, which ends the confession of Robert the Robber.

Now, undoubtedly, it is for the text-corrector a simpler operation to transport a block of six lines to a place twelve lines distant than it is to transport a block of twenty-four lines to a place several pages distant. But this is not the sort of simplicity that matters. The really simplest hypothesis is that which assigns the simplest cause for the actual phenomena. No accident could be *more* simple than the misplacement of a whole leaf of MS.; and I doubt whether any equally simple cause could have produced a transposition of six lines to another place on the same page.

The important question, however, is not whether Professor Brown's explanation is simple, but whether it is adequate. I think it fails in three respects. In the first place, it leaves untouched the difficulty that the confession of Covetousness ends with a mere promise to deal honestly in future, without any mention of restitution. This is a very serious deficiency; the author of the B revision saw what was wanted, and proceeded to supply it. Secondly, Professor Brown's theory requires us to suppose that the poet, after having presented the confessions of the personifications of the deadly sins, ending with that of Sloth, suddenly introduces a new penitent, whose offences, according to the universal mediæval

classification, come under the head of Covetousness. My conjecture, if it be in other respects tenable, has the advantage of not imputing to him this grave fault of method. Thirdly, the whole point of the confession of Robert the Robber is that in his case restitution is impossible, and that unless God will accept his penitence without this condition, his situation is utterly desperate. In line 251 he says that as he knows no trade he cannot hope ever to earn the means of restoring what he has stolen. And yet, according to Professor Brown, only three lines further on he promises restitution!

On my view with regard to the original state of the text (and, I think, on no other) the motive for the introduction of Robert the Robber is perfectly obvious and natural. In the confession of Covetousness, one who has amassed riches by fraud expresses his repentance and his resolve to lead an honest life and to compensate those whom he has wronged. *He* clearly, if his repentance is genuine and if he adheres to his purpose, may reasonably hope for mercy. But then it occurs to the poet that a sinner in this kind may, by his neglect to learn any honest trade, have brought himself into such a condition that restitution is impossible. The case of this greater offender needs to be considered, and it is presented in the person of Robert the Robber. (He could not very well call him "Coveityse Number Two"!) The poet leaves his fate doubtful, though the mention of *Latro* suggests a ground of hope in the example of the penitent thief on the cross.

Professor Brown may perhaps reply that the poet brought in Robert the Robber after Sloth because the penitent thief was (as Professor Skeat remarks) "the stock example of an argument against wanhope, as resulting from sloth." But as nothing whatever has been said in the preceding lines about "wanhope" (*i. e.*, despair) as a consequence of sloth, the harshness of the transition is not greatly mitigated by this explanation. What does seem rather probable is that a recollection of the customary association of the story of the penitent thief with discourses on sloth may have been the cause of "Adam Scrivener's" mistake in arranging the poet's copy-slips.

I find myself unable to understand the objections that Professor Brown makes to my theory. The one which he specifies as the most formidable of all is that the promise in line 145 is inconsistent with that in line 241, if the two are assumed to be made by the same person. The inconsistency is not perceptible to me; but Professor Brown has failed to notice that I have suggested that lines 240-241 may be spurious, as they seem to be an echo of VII, 93-94.

Professor Brown's confidence in the correctness of his explanation has, he says, been confirmed by the discovery that it had been anticipated by Mr. T. D. Hall. I should not be surprised to learn that it had occurred to many other persons. Any one who had perceived the fact (which Professor Brown and I have learned from Professor Manly, but which Mr. Hall seems, much to his credit, to have observed independently) that lines 236ff. are not the sequel of line 235, might easily see that a *less* inappropriate place for them could be found on the very same page. It requires closer observation to see that the lines do not, after all, wholly suit the proposed context, and that a fitter place for them is to be found some pages back. Professor Brown differs from Professor Manly and myself in thinking that the omission of the confession of Wrath may be due, not to any accident in transmission, but to deliberate intention on the poet's own part. The question of the abstract probability of this need not, I think, be discussed. But I should like to call attention to one circumstance, that, in my opinion, absolutely forbids the supposition that William himself omitted the confession of Wrath, either intentionally or by oversight. The confession of Envy, as it stands in the existing form of the A text, is obviously incomplete. It does not include either a profession of penitence (for lines 105-106 are certainly nothing of the sort), or a promise of amendment. The confession can, I think, hardly have been left in this imperfect state by the poet, unless indeed he intended to imply that envy was a sin that was never repented of; and even if he did hold this curious doctrine, he would presumably have added some words expressly setting it forth. Now in the enumeration of the deadly sins, Envy is normally followed by Wrath, as we see in the B text of "Piers Plowman" and in Chaucer's "Parson's Tale." We are therefore met by the fact that the manuscripts of the A text omit the conclusion of one confession and the whole of that which might be expected to follow it. Professor Manly's assumption of a "lost leaf" (or leaves) completely accounts for this fact; and I do not see how it can be satisfactorily accounted for in any other way.

HENRY BRADLEY.

Oxford, April 13.

MOTH IN "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Moth's name in "Love's Labour's Lost" we have a pun that is a key at once to the diminutive size and to the unusual cleverness of the page. This pun has been obscured to us by the modern pronunciation of the page's name that identifies it with the insect moth. The pronunciation by Shakespeare was "Mote" (see Variorum "Love's Labour's Lost," p. 5, note). This pronunciation leads us by way of the word "Mot" to the solution of the pun. "Mot," now obsolete, from the Italian "motto," was in Shakespeare's day a synonym for "word, . . . jest, frump, scoffe, witty saying," as Florio informs us in his "Worlde of Wordes," 1598. Cotgrave, 1611, gives the allied French "mot" as "a motto, . . . also a quip, cut, nip, frumpe, scoffe, jeast."

We have contemporary evidence of this pun in a comedy, "Doctor Dodypoll" (Bullen, "Old Plays," Vol. III). This comedy, published in 1600, with its "Shakespeare echoes" (Schelling, "Elizabethan Drama," Vol. I, p. 137), has also a page in its *dramatis personæ*, a diminutive "wag" named Moth. It is in the spelling of this name that I find the strongest contemporary evidence of the pun. In the first pages of "Dr. Dodypoll" the name is consistently "Moth" (pp. 106, 107, 110, 111), but after twelve pages (after p. 112), "Moth" gives way, in the stage directions, to the full form, "Motto" (pp. 127, 133, 138, 139, 146, 152), and in the assignment of speeches to "Mot" (pp. 112, 138 [2], 140, 146), and to "Mott" (pp. 127, 133 [2]), and "Motto" (p. 138).

In the four passages in the text of "Love's Labour's Lost," where Moth's name is used (by Armado [Variorum], I, ii, 72; III, i, 135; and by Costard, I, ii, 152: III, i, 73), the knowledge of the pun adds significance to the words of the speakers. Two speeches that do not contain Moth's name, but that are directed to him, assume new significance in the light of the pun. One of these involves the single example of Shakespeare's use of "consonant" (V, i, 53). "*Quis, quis*, thou Consonant?" Holofernes inquires of Moth, with reference in his use of "consonant," to the play on words Moth has just made at his expense. It is in its radical sense of "sounding together" that the Pedant uses "consonant" here. "*Quis, quis*, thou punster?" Holofernes might have asked, if his taste in words had not led him to prefer the ink-horn term "con-sonant." The other passage, where indirect reference is made to the pun in Moth's name, is V, i, 39. Armado and Holofernes have just greeted each other with a pompous interchange of salutations. Moth and Costard express their opinion of these learned words as follows:

Moth—They have beene at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Costard—O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. *I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word;* for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus; thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

It is interesting to recall in this connection that Epiton, the page in Lyly's "Endimion" after whom it is thought Moth was modelled (Bond's Lyly, Vol. III, preface to "Endimion"), is referred to by the other characters of the play as Epi.

M. P. TILLEY.

University of Michigan, April 14.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In contrast with the intense devotion to the Roman method of pronouncing Latin shown in four contributions in your issue of April 1, I beg to call attention to the views of Prof. Charles E. Bennett of Cornell, as stated on pp. 75-77 of "The Teaching of Latin and Greek in the Secondary School" (1901), written by him and a colleague, Prof. George E. Bristol, for the American Teachers' Series (Longmans, Green & Co.). Professor Bennett in referring to the "pronunciation of Latin under the Roman system" says: "As a matter of fact, few teachers and practically no pupils ever do acquire a pronunciation of any exactness." He mentions the "deplorable ignorance" of the method among 1,200 freshmen and 200 teachers, college professors, and graduate students, and finally declared the entire movement a "universal failure," a "miserable failure," without any promise of better results.

It is impossible for me to reconcile this positive condemnation by this high authority with the rosy endorsement of those four gentlemen, one of whom, at least, is emphatic in claiming mastery of the method by the average student. I cannot believe there has been such vast improvement in the short space of eight years. It seems plain to me that one side or the other is mistaken. Not being a teacher of

Latin myself I have no testimony to offer, but I hope other instructors in that branch will bring additional evidence. It is of great importance to tens of thousands of present and prospective students.

C. MERIWETHER.

Washington, D. C., April 19.

"THE BIBLE AS LITERARY MODEL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the book of Ecclesiastes it is written—and it has ofttimes been quoted with a commendation which does not leave its authority entirely dependent on its occurrence in Holy Writ—that "there is no new thing under the sun." But the editorial in your issue of April 8 makes one sit up and take notice that in literary criticism this does not hold true. It is a far cry from Shelley to "Mr." Watson in more senses than one, but both arrived at the same opinion in regard to the literary splendor of the Old Testament, Shelley making the specific, and in his case significant, acknowledgment that he owed a great debt to it as a source of inspiration and a model of style. It is perhaps an even further cry from John Calvin to Canon Driver, but they too seem to have arrived at the same viewpoint on this question if on no other. It may be doubted if the writer of the editorial in question ever read that book once popular in several languages, "The Institutes of the Christian Religion," for just the reason that if he had he could not have called in question the value of a style formed on the Bible for "the orderly exposition of complex matters" and "close and sound reasoning." Its Latinity, of course, was not that of the Augustan age, but the Bible in the brain of the man who thought it out and wrote it down gave a new efficiency to an old and blunted tool; and when the same pen wrote it out in French, a new language just coming to literary use, it gave to it a keenness of edge and adaptation to high utilities which sent it on its shining way as a language of the highest capacity for exact expression. Something the same thing happened to the speech of Englishmen, not only in what John Wyclif did for it, but in the clarification of a tongue overcharged with Latin words and Latin idioms in that great epoch when "England became the people of a book and that book was the Bible." The Parliamentary oratory of the Puritan period is marked by the influence of the Bible on thought and speech; lofty conceptions of man, the commonwealth, and God, and "fine ability to marshal facts." And is it not true that we have always declared that the great state papers of our Revolutionary epoch were dignified by "a style formed by Shakespeare and the Bible"?

But it is scarcely a point to be argued. Is it not clear, however, that the same reasoning applies to Shakespeare? Let us admit that the style of the New Testament and of Shakespeare "is a style" (I concede that they are one and the plural is not demanded) "perfectly fitting the simple men who first used it," and be glad that no higher criticism requires us to replace those "simple men" in the one case by clever forgers of the third century and in the other by the accomplished inventor of cryptograms. It is scarcely a point to be argued, but it does not seem impossible to illustrate it. First by examples: such we find in Genesis in the quest of a wife for Isaac, and the story of Joseph; and in the writings of Luke in the walk to Emmaus, and the arrest and defence of Paul. Secondly, by results: it was but yesterday we were listening to those who in eulogizing Lincoln told how his style was formed on the Bible, and he who cites Gov. Hughes needs to be sure that he did not form his style as well as his character on the model of Paul's writings. And then there is the Epistle to the Hebrews, not a bad piece of argumentation in itself, opening with a rather striking marshalling of facts, and rising in the eleventh chapter to a height not easily surpassed.

But still it is easy to concede that in none of these writings is there to be found "a style which any man seeking literary distinction would dream of *aping*." No, that is not the kind of effort the style or substance of the Bible harmonizes with.

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., April 10.

[In order that our own position may be wholly clear, we reprint a passage from the editorial in question.—Ed. *Nation*.]

For winged words, for verbal felicity, for phrases that have passed into the life-blood of English literature, we must, of course, go on sending our youth to the Bible. It is doubtless a great quickener of the imagination. As an introducer of young minds to majesty of thought and expression, to the sense of mystery, to grandeur of soul, all that is asserted for it by enthusiastic teachers may be readily granted. But when we talk of literary models, we do not mean only those for poets and prophets. We do not expect all our young men and women to learn to write in the grand style. It is the simpler qualities of good composition of which they are most in need, and for those it is a mistake to commend the Bible so highly and universally as some college authorities do. If, for example, we were asked in what kinds of writing it is most desirable that the generation now coming upon the stage should acquire skill, we should say in orderly exposition of complex matters, in close and sound reasoning, in accurate description. Yet in none of these things does the Bible excel.

It is to put no slight upon the genius of the Hebrews who wrote the Bible to say that their talents did not lie in the directions we have just mentioned. Their work was other and higher, but not that. . . . The man who took the Bible alone for his literary guide, would get little aid in meeting this most indispensable need of a modern writer. That kind of thing simply is not to be encountered in the Scriptures. To find examples of this ability to marshal facts and compel figures to yield up their meaning, we must go to one of the Indian orations of Burke, or a budget-speech by Gladstone, or the legal argument of a man like the new secretary of war, Mr. Dickinson, before the Alaska Arbitration Court.

THE SUBJECTS FOR ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article, April 8, on "Great Art and Small Subjects" raises some significant questions that might well test the logic and the imagination of the greatest minds. Two thoughts came to me as I meditated on the article. The great catastrophes of life instead of stimulating the imagination rather deaden it. The effect upon the mind of such calamities as those of Lisbon and Messina is similar to great physical shock upon the nerves. Physical shock, if it is severe enough, deadens pain and renders feeling less acute. The very magnitude of these disasters and others which you mention outruns our powers of feeling and imagination. It is only when these elements of life are stirred that great art results. The flower has power to stir

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,

while the catastrophe robs man of power to feel at all. The mind is astonished, appalled, overwhelmed, and the imagination cannot even grasp the reality of the situation, to say nothing of endeavoring to clothe it in goodly apparel and cause it to walk before us.

The other thought was that great art is made out of those events and experiences in history and life which have to do with what has been done *for* man rather than what has been done *to* man. The accidents and the tragedies which have befallen men by force of nature or by the will of man call forth feelings of pity and horror. It is only when something significant in man's progress meets our view that the imagination is stirred. The service of one man for another, like that of Hallam for Tennyson or King for Milton, becomes for us the universal picture of the power of friendship. The high inspiration of flower, or sea, or mountain is passed on by the artist to other men in the hope that it too may become a similar power in other lives. Christian art both in painting and in music reveals the sweep of this truth of the inspirational and stimulating power of a great service *for* man.

It may be that some day, far distant, we shall know what part the great catastrophes of the world have played in the service *for* men, what beneficent part in a kindly order and economy of the world Messina, for example, has had. When that time comes, the mind will have the right estimate and view of the facts, and the imagination will be able to use them in making some great works of art—great in proportion to their significance and present incomprehensibleness.

WILFRID ASA ROWELL.

Beloit, Wis., April 15.

"A HOLY AND HUMBLE MAN OF HEART."

GEORGE RICE CARPENTER.

He was a brother to his friends, a friend
To all in need. He gave himself, as kings
Strew gold, in little daily helpful things,
Ungrudging, while there yet was life to spend.
Humble of heart and holy to the end
He lived; for in his soul were Pisgah springs
Whereon God's shadow fell, and beckonings
Of hopes which our mortality transcend.
Hardly we reached to that shy soul of his,
So like the tall Alps which he loved, aloof
Like them in quietness, high over earth.
Yet without scorn he met life as it is,

In service putting his high soul to proof,
Womanly gentle, lit by cleanly mirth.

Jefferson B. Fletcher.
Columbia University.

Notes.

Beginning next autumn D. Appleton & Co. will be the agents for the publications of the University of Pennsylvania.

The following books, not previously announced, will be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. next month: "Military Hygiene," by Major Percy H. Ashburn, U. S. A.; "Economic Heresies," by Sir Nathaniel Nathan; "Moncure D. Conway, Addresses and Reprints, 1850-1907," and "Charles Edward Garman, a Memorial Volume." The new edition of "The Life and Letters of George Ticknor," announced by this house, has been postponed until the early autumn.

One of the best reprints of the excellent Tudor and Stuart Library (Henry Frowde) is Wilson's "Arte of Rhetorique," edited by G. H. Mair, from the editions of 1585, collated with the unique copy of the *editio princeps* of 1560. Mr. Mair, in his introduction, discusses various matters connected with the history of English style, and for the most part wisely. He shows how the attempt of Wilson, Cheke, and others "to write as men spoke" was balked by the Latinism of the Elizabethans, and was not made good until the days of Dryden. On another point Mr. Mair, we think, is led astray by his patriotism. He observes:

> The historians tell us that Euphuism is older than Euphues, but they have failed to notice that the English study of rhetoric provides a much better indication of its origin than do the imagined influences of Italy and Spain. It is very easy to exaggerate the cosmopolitanism of literary effort; and an English source for this affectation is in the nature of things more likely than a foreign. Now, the recipe, so to speak, of Euphuism is to be found in "The Arte of Rhetorique."

It should seem on the contrary that Wilson's vigorous protest against the use of "ynkehorn termes" (p. 162) and against the oncoming flood of "French English" and "English Italienated" rather substantiates the notion of foreign influence than makes itself for Euphuism. It would be an interesting experiment to use Wilson's work as a text-book in a college class to day. We can imagine such a course, in skilful hands, as extremely valuable and provocative of piquant historical comparisons. The type in this volume, as in all the series, is an exact reproduction of Tudor and Stuart printing. We have noted only one misprint (p. 71), "greese" (with long s) for "greefe."

The Macmillan Co. issues a new edition of J. H. Lupton's "Life of John Colet," the friend of Erasmus, who, four hundred years ago, founded St. Paul's School. Some of the details of Mr. Lupton's account of the founding have been called in question, since his book was first published in 1887, but as a whole the work presents a scholarly and interesting picture of the great Oxford reformer.

Still two more volumes, XIX and XX, of the New York Edition of Henry James's "Novels and Tales" (Charles Scribner's Sons) bring us "The Wings of the Dove." In the prolix introduction Mr. James explains the motive:

> The idea, reduced to its essence, is that of a young person conscious of a great capacity for life, but early stricken and doomed, condemned to die under short respite, while also enamoured of the world; aware, moreover, of the condemnation and passionately desiring to "put in" before extinction as many of the finer vibrations as possible, and so achieve, however briefly and brokenly, the sense of having lived.

Thus it came about that "the case prescribed for its central figure a sick young woman."

In 1889 Francis Thompson, author of "The Hound of Heaven," wrote an article on "Shelley," which he offered to the Dublin *Review*, without success. The essay, found among Thompson's papers at his death, was again offered to the *Review* by the poet's literary executor, and this time was accepted. It appeared in the issue of July, 1908, and created something of a sensation. George Wyndham, for instance, sent to the editor of the periodical a letter, in which he called it "the most important contribution to pure Letters written in English during the last twenty years," and this extravagant sentence was, for commercial reasons, not withheld from the public. Now the essay, together with Mr. Wyndham's letter and notes by Thompson's friend and patron, Wilfrid Meynell, has been put out in a neat volume by Scribners. It is, in fact, well worth reading and preserving—a piece of lyrical homage to Shelley, more itself in the nature of poetry than criticism. "Even in his descriptive passages," he remarks, commenting on Shelley as the mythological poet of nature, "the dream-character of his scenery is notorious; it is not the clear, recognizable scenery of Wordsworth, but a landscape that hovers athwart the heat and haze arising from his crackling fantasies." And again he says that "if Shelley, instead of culling Nature, crossed with its pollen the blossoms of his own soul, that Babylonian garden is his marvellous and best apology." Those who admire this kind of metaphorical prose may agree with Mr. Wyndham. Others, while not withholding admiration, will take a more sober view.

No less an authority than Theodore D. Woolsey, is credited with the statement that Francis Miles Finch, author of "The Blue and the Gray," was the only poet that Yale ever produced. However that may be, the poet was not eager to rush into print. For the first time, a year and a half after the author's death, the collection of his main poetic works is offered to the public, under the title "The Blue and the Gray, and Other Verses" (Henry Holt & Co.). The volume contains "Nathan Hale," which is familiar to all the school children of the country, and many pieces which Yale and Cornell have sung for years. It is interesting to know, as is told in the notes, that the famous "Smoking Song" is the oldest of the collection—a college boy performance, written in 1848. "The Blue and the Gray" was composed in 1867, after the author had read a newspaper item telling how the women of Columbus, Miss., had strewn flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and the Northern soldiers. This sentiment of brotherhood stirred the soul of the Ithaca lawyer to write the poem which the *Atlantic Monthly* published in September of that same year. Strange to say, the noble feelings expressed in this piece were then challenged by many persons who refused to forgive and forget. Andrew D. White supplies by way of introduction a "Preliminary Word" giving a vivid account of Judge Finch's life and his services to Cornell University.

An unusually interesting collection of documents dealing with colonial affairs in the western Great Lakes region in the latter half of the eighteenth century is included in Vol. XVIII of the Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin (Madison: Published by the Society), edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. The volume concludes the series of documents connected with the French régime in Wisconsin, begun in Vol. XVI of the Collections, with a survey of the years 1743-1760, and covers also the documents of the British régime in the territory comprising the present State between 1760 and 1800. During the half-century and more from 1743 to 1800, Wisconsin was successively under the dominion of three great nations—France, Great Britain, and the United States—and was bordered by Spanish Louisiana, the domain of a fourth. The period embraced two extended wars waged to determine the question of sovereignty, and involved three distinct types of administration, the colonial paternalism of France, the military rule of England, and the beginnings of American control. These facts give the present volume a scope and interest that is unusual, and make available for students of Western colonial history a series of documents of great value. The Mackinac Register of Marriages, 1725 to 1821, is also included in this volume.

Bernard Mallet is his memoir of "Thomas George Earl of Northbrook" (Longmans, Green, & Co.) has filled a gap in the biography of Victorian statesmen. George Baring was assuredly not a man of the first rank, but both by his position and his character he was a noble specimen of the great Whig aristocrats of his time, and on at least three occasions he was so intimately connected with crises in the history of the British Empire that future historians cannot afford to overlook his biography. The recent English antipathy to things "made in Germany" must seem strange to the Barings, if they remember that their first English ancestor went from Bremen in 1717 to Exeter, as apprentice to a firm of clothworkers. But he and his son and grandson showed extraordinary ability at making money; money bought them into Parliament (the second John spent £40,000 on his elections); and in public life, not less than in commerce and banking, their successors have been men of mark. The German family of Baring is as thoroughly English as the Dutch family of Bentinck. Not the least interesting part of Mr. Mallet's book is that in which he sketches the Anglicizing process. Northbrook was Viceroy of India, 1872-76, making a reputation there as a business administrator, and as a friend of the natives. On his return he exerted a steadying influence during the Afghan flurries, was in Gladstone's Cabinet at the time of the Egyptian troubles, and of Gordon's expedition, and became one of the pioneer Liberal Unionists when Home Rule

split the great Liberal party in twain. As First Lord of the Admiralty he pushed forward the naval programmes which, imitated and expanded, now threaten to hankrupt every government with a navy. Mr. Mallet furnishes a sufficient description of Lord Northbrook's private life, showing him to have been stanch in integrity, sober in counsel, tenacious, and fair. In feature he was Yankee and not English, as the photograph on p. 150 indicates. Historians may regret that Mr. Mallet has not given an ampler account of Northbrook's relations with Gladstone, because it is evident that this might explain, even better than Mr. Morley did in his biography, the gradual elimination of several of his colleagues from the Prime Minister. Even before Home Rule cut them asunder, they were out of touch with their chief. Mr. Mallet writes a plain style, even a trifle stiff at times, but he spares eulogy and evidently purposes to tell the truth.

"The Book of the Divine Consolation of the Blessed Angela of Foligno" is a substantial addition to the New Mediæval Library published by Duffield & Co. Originally written in Latin at about the end of the thirteenth century, the work was rendered into Italian by Fra Arnaldo in 1510. It is now translated from the Italian into English by Mary G. Steegmann. Algar Thorold furnishes an introduction containing a few notes on the author and a rather Paterian appreciation of the saintly ideal. Readers may differ from Mr. Thorold in the degree of their admiration for the "pure and candid soul" of the Blessed Angela, but no student of mediæval culture can afford to neglect her religious testament, for it is a full and striking account of a typical penitence, conversion, and beatification undergone by a Tertiary Hermit of the family of St. Francis. When the holy woman first began to think of becoming a recluse, she was hampered by the bonds of this world; but in due time, as she says in her pious way, "by God's will there died my mother, who was a great hindrance unto me in following the way of God." Presently, also, her husband and children were providentially removed from her path in answer to her prayer, so that "I had great consolation of their deaths, *albeit I did also feel some grief.*" (The italics are ours, not Angela's.) After this, the Blessed Angela took eighteen distinct psychological steps to the embrace of God. Language is impotent to describe the mysterious bliss of the inner illumination which ensued. The high spiritual life was not, indeed, without its hours of gloom and apathy, but all the pleasures of the world were less than nought in comparison with the terrific ecstacies enjoyed by the celestial bride in the moments of divine favor. The insufferably realistic conceptions of the Crucifixion which turn our uninitiated eyes in horror from many a painting of the Middle Ages, have their counterpart and their explanation in the record of this fierce woman's meditations and visions.

Volume III. of Sir J. W. Redhouse's translation of El-Khazreji's "History of the Resuli Dynasty of Yemen," being volume III, 3, of the Publications of the E. J. W. Gibb Memorial (London: Luzac & Co.), contains the translator's annotations. These give a great mass of geographical, historical, biographical, and religious details, and, with an index, will be very useful. The editor, E. G. Browne, announces that the Arabic text, from a manuscript better than that used by Redhouse, will be issued shortly.

Among the best works which the centennial of Napoleon's conquest of Germany has produced, must be counted Paul Bailleu's "Königin Luise: Ein Lebensbild" (Leipzig: Giesecke & Devrient), which may possibly be the final and authentic life of this unhappy queen. It shows the same care as the author's other works; it is semi-popular, yet based on good sources, and finely illustrated.

Among those who have discussed the recent revolutionary movements in Turkey and the Balkans, probably no one is more deserving of a hearing than Dr. Vladan Georgevitch, the Minister-President of the last Ohrenovitch and the Servian representative in Constantinople. His book "Die türkische Revolution und ihre Aussichten" (Leipzig: S. Hirzel) brings an abundance of facts that would be known only to those behind the scenes; and notwithstanding his Bulgarian bias, he deserves credit for his objective presentation of the subject.

Some important volumes have been added to the series Beiträge zur deutschen Literaturwissenschaft, edited by Dr. Ernst Elster (Marburg: N. G. Elwert). Dr. Wilhelm Siebert's work "Heinrich Heines Beziehungen zu E. T. A. Hoffmann" is full of material not only for the literary student, but for any one who is interested in the two men as psychological types. Dr. Otto Draeger, in "Theodor Mundt und seine Beziehungen zum Jungen Deutschland," has chosen that group of German writers, who, during the revolutionary movements of the thirties, were officially labelled "Young Germany." Among them were Karl Gutzkow and Heinrich Laube. Dr. Draeger attempts to define the position of Mundt, whose wife Klara was the voluminous writer of pseudo-historical novels, "Luise Mühlbach." The eleventh book of the series is a study of Theodor Storm's art by Dr. Hans Eichentopf: "Theodor Storms Erzählungskunst in ihrer Entwicklung."

Keats has been made the subject of a little book of seventy pages entitled "Der Sensualismus bei John Keats" (Heidelberg: Carl Winter), by Sibylla Geest.

In the series "Aus Natur und Geisteswelt" (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner) is a history of German poetry which commends itself to the student for its brevity and conciseness, Heinrich Spiero's "Geschichte der deutschen Lyrik seit Claudius."

The collected essays of Betty Paoli, an Austrian writer known chiefly for her lyric verse, have been edited and furnished with a readable introduction by Frau Helene Bettelheim-Gabillon, and published by the Literarische Verein of Vienna.

Frau E. C. Dittmar's little volume, "Die Einwanderung gebildeter weiblicher Erwerbshedürftiger nach den Vereinigten Staaten" (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klassing), is prepared as a guide to Germans who think of emigrating to the United States. Frau Dittmar came to America thirty years ago, and for several years, as a journalist, she looked after the interests of feminine readers of the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* and answered some sixty to seventy letters a week from all classes seeking advice. Her total experience, therefore, has been peculiarly varied and extended.

The Speeches ("Reden") of Kaiser Wilhelm II, edited by Dr. H. Penzler (Leipzig: Reclam), have been brought out in three small volumes, covering the period down to 1905.

"Ferdinand Christian Baur, der Begründer der Tübingen Schule als Theologe, Schriftsteller und Charakter," by G. Fraedrich, is a "prize" work, published by F. A. Perthes of Gotha. It is an enthusiastic and yet critical account of one of the few theological leaders of the nineteenth century who have left a deep impression on thought. The volume also contains analyses of the character and work of the three recently deceased pupils of Baur, Adolf Hilgenfeld, Eduard Zeller, and Otto Pfleiderer. The index should have been more extensive.

The first volume (1651-1676) of the Correspondence of Bossuet, in the edition published under the patronage of the French Academy by Ch. Urhain and E. Levesque, contains hitherto unpublished letters with notes and appendices (Hachette).

"Le Mysticisme catholique et l'âme de Dante" is a small volume by Albert Leclère, doctor of letters of the University of Berne (Bloud). It is a useful supplement to treatises on the applications of scholastic theology in the "Divina Commedia," and has naturally more to do with the poet's own inner life.

"Bibliothèques," by Eugène Morel, treats in two considerable volumes, but from the point of view of the general reader, the development of public libraries and bookselling (Mercure de France). The first volume inquires what is read and bought in the two worlds, with special reference to France and Germany, without neglecting Australia and Japan. There is a separate treatment of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, the British Museum, and the Congressional Library of Washington, and briefer mention of other libraries of Europe and elsewhere. The second volume takes up in detail the era of the free library in England and the United States, with views of buildings, etc. The alphabetical index forms a year-book of 1,000 libraries, showing money spent, number of books, and circulation under general heads of law, medicine, music, theatre, social sciences, commerce, and all the rest. The volumes are sold separately (7.50 francs each).

"La Poésie latine," by Frédéric Plessis, professor in the University of Paris, extends from Livius Andronicus to Rutilius Numatianus (12 francs, C. Klincksieck). The author is a writer of literary merit, as well as eruditon, and was recently within a vote or so of election to the French Academy.

Jean Duchesne-Fournet, aided by eight specialists, publishes the results of the "Mission en Éthiopie (1901-3)": First volume, journey, economic facts, Abyssinian manuscripts; second, geology, anthropology, and ethnography, insects, and Abyssinian bibliography. The accompanying atlas has sixty-four maps and sketches (60 francs for the entire work, Masson).

The fourteenth volume of Archives marocaines, published by the scientific mission

appointed by the French government for Morocco, is made up of two theses for the doctorate of letters, which break new and interesting ground—"Judéo-Hellènes et Judéo-Berbères," consisting of investigations into the origins of Jews and Judaism in Africa (272 pages); and "Les Hébraeo-Phéniciens," an introduction to the history of the origins of Hebrew colonization in Mediterranean countries (206 pages). This book is the work of Nahum Slouschz, who is an assistant at the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres (E. Leroux).

In the Annales du Musée Guimet, Raymond Weill publishes "Les Origines de l'Égypte pharaonique," first part, second and third dynasties (8vo, figures and plates, 20 francs, E. Leroux).

The Unione Statistica delle città italiane has issued a second volume of the "Annuario Statistico" (Florence: Alfani e Venturi). It is edited by Prof. Ugo Giusti, head of the Florence bureau of statistics, and presents the most important administrative conditions in the chief communes of Italy for the year 1906-1907 in a series of well-arranged, comparative tables grouped under seventeen headings: meteorology; territory and population; building activity, including prices of land, rents, and workmen's houses; streets and parks; water and lighting; markets, public slaughter-houses, and prices of food; census of animals; education; libraries and museums; polls, military levies, charities, sanitation; expenditures; taxes; debts and loans; employees and pensions; strikes and labor bureaus; municipal ownership of public services; commerce and transportation; lotteries. The tables of migration and emigration, of pensions, and of the administration by the communes of unusual services are especially important. The municipal ownership of tramways has a logical development in the control of local steamboat service by the city of Venice. Other towns have assumed the distribution of electrical power, own pharmacies, workmen's houses, bakeries, grist mills, and even refrigerating plants. There are interesting details regarding the functions assumed by labor bureaus. The number of towns contributing to theatrical entertainments for the people and to orchestras and bands is noticeable. The almost universal lack of town statisticians and inexperience in gathering data have made the editor's work difficult, but the frank admission of the unavoidable deficiencies and limitations of these early volumes disarms criticism. The number of communes coöperating in this volume has increased from sixty-seven to eighty-three. Although the editor admits a large number of errors in the replies of some communes and inadequate explanations of marked differences in figures between successive years in others, the results are interesting and significant. The "Annuario" is a convenient, light quarto, which contains over three hundred pages, and an index of towns and one of subjects.

Charles Warren Stoddard, known as the "Poet of the South Seas," died at Monterey, Cal., April 24, at the age of sixty-five. He was born in Rochester in 1843 and early in life moved to California. For a time he was an actor, but he soon took up newspaper work and spent seven years as travelling correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. In 1885 he was appointed to the chair of English literature in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and remained there for two years. He went to the Catholic University of America in 1889, and there remained till his death. His skill in vivid description was shown at its best in "South Sea Idyls" (1873). William Dean Howells once said: "He produced the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean." Among his published works are: "Poems" (1867), "Mashallah: A Flight Into Egypt" (1881), "The Lepers of Molokai" (1885), "A Troubled Heart" (1885), "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes" (1894), "The Wonder Workers of Padua" (1896), "A Cruise Under the Crescent from Suez to San Marco" (1898), "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska" (1899), "In the Footprints of the Padres" (1902), "Exits and Entrances" (1903), "For the Pleasure of His Company" (1903), "Father Damien—A Sketch" (1903), "The Island of Tranquil Delights" (1904), "The Confessions of a Reformed Poet" (1907), and "The Dream Lady" (1907).

Samuel June Barrows, well-known as a student of penology, and active in many forms of philanthropy, died in this city, April 21. He was born in New York in 1845, and after a primary school education began to earn his own living in a machine shop. Later he practised stenography and worked as a reporter. In 1867 he became stenographic secretary to William H. Seward, Secretary of State. After studying at the Harvard Divinity School and the University of Leipzig, he was called to the First Unitarian Church of Dorchester, Massachusetts, where he stayed five years. Then he held the editorship of the *Christian Register* for sixteen years. He was secretary of the American delegation at the International Prison Congress in Paris in 1895, and represented the United States on the International Prison Commission in 1896. In 1900 he was appointed to the office of corresponding secretary of the Prison Association of New York. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Prison Association, a member of the International Society of Comparative Criminal Law, and the author of various reports on penology, some of which are "The Prison Systems of the United States," "The Reformatory System of the United States," and "Crimes, Penalties, and Misdemeanors," all published by Congress. He was also the author of a volume entitled "The Isles and Shrines of Greece," and of various historical monographs.

Julia Louisa Matilda Woodruff, widow of the Rev. Curtiss T. Woodruff, died in New York, April 21, at the age of seventy-five. She wrote largely on devotional and other topics, including the following publications: "Shiloh" (1870), "My Winter in Cuba" (1871), "Holden with Cords" (1876), "The Daisy Seekers" (1885), "Life's Sunny Side" (1886), and "Bellevue" (1891).

Dr. Whitley Stokes, professor of physic in Dublin University, and a notable linguistic scholar, has died at the age of seventy-nine. He was for a number of years in India, where he was active in codifying the laws, and wrote largely on legal subjects. He was, however, best known as a Celtic scholar, being joint editor of the series of "Irische Texte," the "Thesaurus Palæohibernicus," and the "Archiv für keltische Lexicographie." From his long list of publications the following may be named: "Irish Glosses" (1860), "Three Irish Glossaries" (1862), "The Creation of the World, a Cornish Mystery" (1863), "Goidelicon" (1872), "Middle-Breton Hours" (1876), "The Calendar of Oengus" (1880), "The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick" (1887), "The Old-Irish Glosses at Würzburg and Carlsruhe" (1887), "Urkeltischer Sprachschatz" (1894), "The Gaelic Marco Polo, Maundevile and Fierabras" (1898), "The Eulogy of St. Columba" (1899), and "Martyrology of Oengus."

THE GROWTH OF NATIONALITIES.

The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the late Lord Acton; edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley M. Leathes. Vol. XI: The Growth of Nationalities. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.

In this great work, which has now reached its eleventh volume, leaving only one more to issue from the press, we note with interest that the number of contributors to each volume seems steadily to increase, and that among these the number of writers who are neither Englishmen nor Americans also increases. The present volume consists of twenty-eight chapters, some of them divided into sections done by different hands. There are twenty-nine contributors, and of these ten belong to one or other of the nations of Continental Europe. This may be taken as a testimony either to the sedulous eagerness of the editors to secure the most competent men to write, each about his own country, or to deficiency of perfectly competent English and American scholars; for *prima facie* and *cæteris paribus*, an historical scholar who can use English as his own language and does not need to be translated, would as a contributor be preferable to a foreign scholar.

The general quality and character of this volume vary little from the last three or four of its predecessors. All the work is carefully and intelligently done; all conforms to the modern conception of scientific history. There is no attempt at those rhetorical embellishments which were expected from the historians of a century ago. The style, though generally level, is clear and business-like; only rarely, as in such a chapter as Archibald Ross Colquhoun's on South Africa, does it tend to lapse occasionally into the slipshod. In such a book we have no right to look for literary brilliance, which in the case of all but the very best writers would be pretty sure to mean some sacrifice of accuracy and impartiality to literary effect. Nevertheless, the feeling comes into our mind that in these later volumes we have rather less of that sort of good writing which consists in clear, short, forcible characterization of events

and persons and tendencies than we had in the earlier volumes; and particularly in those upon the renaissance and the Reformation. It may also be remarked that there is in some of the chapters somewhat less than we could desire of an effort to bring out the broad features of the period, as apart from the details. Since the material is practically infinite, and the details might be expanded to any extent, the function of one who undertakes to condense the narrative must be to select such incidents as belong to the main stream, and tended either to accelerate or to retard the movement of that stream. Such a history as this ought to avoid becoming a mere chronicle: every part should be pervaded by the sense that there were governing tendencies, and there should be an effort to place these in a strong light. This criticism, however, is not intended to apply to the whole book, but only to some of the less skilful writers.

The geographical range of the narrative extends in this volume further than in its predecessors, a significant indication of the relations into which Europe began in the nineteenth century to come with countries previously uncivilized. There is a chapter on South Africa and Australia, another on China and Japan. Thus a new kind of utility in such a history as this is revealed. Even an exceptionally well-informed man might find some trouble in ascertaining where he should look for an account of the Afghan war of 1839-42, or of the two Chinese wars of 1841 and 1857, or of the Japanese revolution of 1868. But in this large and well ordered scheme a place is found for all events of any magnitude anywhere, except, perhaps, in Persia, which does not seem to be brought, except by incidental mention, within the rays of this historical lamp. A little space might have been gained by the omission of some of the disquisitions on literary history. The chapter on French literature ("Reaction against Romanticism") and that on the Italian literature of the Risorgimento, both of them excellently done by Prof. Émile Bourgeois and Prof. Carlo Segré, respectively, are doubtless needed, because they illustrate the contemporary movements of French and Italian political life. But for the chapter on English literature, the same reason cannot be advanced, nor does that chapter, although well executed, really add to the knowledge of those who are competent to use the book as a whole, while the section of Chapter xxiv on Scandinavian literature would have been better placed in a later volume, where it could have been brought down to include the two most remarkable of Norwegian writers, who belong to the generation which is now beginning to pass away. These, however, are minor points. The volume, as a whole, is quite worthy of the series. Nor need we single out special contributors. To praise the work of Dr. A. W. Ward or that of the late Sir Spencer Walpole would be superfluous. The editors have done well in enlisting for the chapters on India and the Far East such eminent specialists as Sir William Lee Warner and Sir Ernest Satow, and we note with pleasure the appearance in Chapter xv ("Austria, Prussia, and the Germanic Confederation") of Prof. Heinrich Friedjung, the brilliant author of the "Kampf um die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland, 1859-1866."

The general title of this volume, "Growth of Nationalities," fitly describes the period, roughly from 1840 to 1871, which is covered by these 1040 pages. Four stages, or sub-periods, may be distinguished in the movement. There was that of the preparations for and premonitory symptoms of revolution which had begun in Italy and Germany, almost immediately after, and which were the natural offspring of, the breakdown of the Napoleonic system. There was the short and highly exciting period of active revolution, exploding and spluttering all over Europe, which began with the Sicilian insurrections in January, 1848, and the Parisian street rising of February 22, in that year, and virtually closed with the surrender of Venice in August, 1849, though the old order was not fully reëstablished in Germany till 1850, and the republic did not fall before Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* in France, December, 1851. The third period may be termed one of reaction, in which nevertheless the forces working afresh for or towards revolution soon showed themselves, and continued to gain strength from 1859 onwards. Last came the period of upturn, in which Italy shook off her foreign rulers (1859-60, 1866, 1870), while Germany obtained political unity by the extension of Austria (1866), and the establishment of the new Federal Empire (1870-71). This nationalistic movement was herewith by no means at its end. Moving eastward, it broke out in the Turkish Empire with violence in 1876, and led to the emancipation of Bulgaria in 1878, and, still later, to the emancipation of Crete, while, in the far North, the long dissensions of Norway and Sweden ended in 1905, with the separation of those two countries. How far Macedonia and Albania may, in like manner, secure autonomy, and what will be the end of the strife between the various nationalities in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, it remains for the future to show

The principle of nationalities has been, in fact, intertwined, through the whole of the last ninety years since the Greek risings against the Sultan began, with the struggle against arbitrary power. Neither of these parallel movements could have achieved so rapid a triumph as those years have seen but for the help of the other. Each of the nationalities which sought to unite as one people, and get rid of the stranger, sought also to be free from despotic rule. The passion for liberty so stimulated nationalism that men did not always realize that the two aims are not necessarily the same, though the enemy to be vanquished was, in most cases, the same. This appeared in the case of Germany. The Liberal party in Germany was also the national party. In 1848-9, it strove at the same time for a free Germany and a united Germany. But, when a united Germany was at last created, the work was accomplished by a state and a minister whose policy fell far short of that ideal of liberty which the earlier German patriots had conceived; and the spirit of nationalism has been so strong since 1866 and 1870 that far less effort has been made to popularize the government than was expected forty years ago. Nationalism is, in fact, under certain conditions, the ally rather of despotism than of freedom. A people eager to overcome its foes and assert its predominance may, when the choice between freedom and military strength is set before it, prefer military strength. That is no new phenomenon in history. So, too, a people may, in the assertion of its own nationalistic aims, be found willing to forswear in practice its theoretic love of freedom, and either to deliver itself up to a dictator for the sake of securing national unity, or to exercise a tyranny over vassal states, or perhaps over portions of its own territory in which men of a different race and speech strive in vain to make good their claim to be considered a nationality and to have at least a measure of autonomy conceded to them.

Little reference is made in this volume to the effect on the European struggle for free government of the events that were passing in America. Yet that influence was at one time of great moment. The triumph of the Northern States in the civil war profoundly affected opinion in Western Europe. The aristocratic Tories in England and the supporters of Louis Napoleon's monarchy in France thought in 1862 that "the republican bubble had burst," and when slavery vanished, and the Northern democracy not merely showed its strength but showed also that it could be clement in victory, and that its republican institutions emerged unscathed from the furnace of civil war, a great stimulus was given both to the democratizing party in England and to the republican party in France. Incidentally, the failure of the French Emperor's expedition to Mexico, which was due to vigorous action taken by the North

after the defeat of the Confederates, gave a shock to the credit of the Empire from which it never recovered. But that was less significant than the moral influence of the triumph won by the Free States in a war on which the attention of the world had for four years been fixed.

The present volume brings us to the threshold of that new period in which we are now living, and in which neither freedom nor nationality is the most conspicuous force directing the march of events. As in the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries, international as well as civil wars were waged in the name of religion, as in the latter part of the seventeenth and all through the eighteenth century they sprang, chiefly out of the dynastic ambitions of monarchs, as in the nineteenth century their cause was to be found in the struggle for internal freedom or for national union, so now the sources of discord between states, and still more the springs of political party action within each state, are chiefly economic. Material interests rule the world; and they are now the material interests either of whole nations or of large classes and sections, not merely of individuals or privileged groups. Freedom and political power are now valued very largely as a means by which material benefits can be secured. Modern industry is the child of applied science and the parent of international commerce; and commerce, which ought to be the pledge of peace, has by no means fulfilled the hopes entertained of it by the optimistic economists of fifty years ago. To describe these new forces which in one direction embody themselves in labor unions and socialistic efforts to turn government into an agency for production and distribution and which, in another direction, intensify the jealousy and suspicion of great nations competing for markets, and to show how they have become factors in history more powerful than ever before, will be a chief task—and it is no easy one—of the concluding volume.

CURRENT FICTION.

Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. By Jennette Lee. New York: The Century Co.

If there is anything we do not know about the American financier, his methods, his morals, his domestic habits, it is surely our own fault. Whatever the reformer and the "muckraker" have left unsaid, the playwright and the novelist have undertaken to say. And yet we have not yet had any really arresting compelling interpretation of this "man of the hour," any more than of that other timely figure, the political boss. These dominating types have called forth innumerable studies, many of them minutely faithful to the fact, but no single great portraiture. Is the fault with our literary and dramatic artists, or with their theme? Is it possible that these famous magnates of ours, who so distress us and upon whom we so pride ourselves, simply fail to offer any new material for interpretation, or even any old material of the first order? The captain of industry, the political bully, are not new figures in the world's history: why should we feign surprise at them? Their machinery varies, the scale of their operations varies (at least as regards the number of dollars or human beings affected), but their method, their morale, are as old as the hills. Are we really conscious of a difference, except in bulk, between a Rockefeller and a corner grocer? Do these physical enlargements, these dropsies of great wealth and of the crushing power which great wealth brings, actually enlarge our experience? Perhaps so, as the experience of the myriad toads in a puddle might be enlarged (and abbreviated) by the development of Brobdingnagian proportions, with appetite corresponding, on the part of some score or two of their number. But the prodigies would remain toads.

Simeon Tetlow is a toad whose magnification seems to have been quite artificial, or rather perfectly unreal. He is supposed to be a railroad magnate of colossal bulk—financially:

> The tiny, shriveled figure gave no hint of the power that ticked carloads of live stock and human beings to their destination and laid its hand upon roads half dead, or dying, or alive and kicking, sweeping them gently into the system, with hardly a gulp.

At forty-two he is president of the "R. and Q." road, and a nervous wreck. It is a pity we have not been made acquainted with him earlier, so that we might have beheld him in his prime and carried over some actual sense of his power into the spectacle of his weakness. One is situated toward him somewhat as toward the familiar hero of fiction who is said to be uniformly brilliant and witty, and who lets us hear nothing but commonplace chatter. Simeon Tetlow, in so far as we are given to know him, is the protégé and puppet of a marvellous office-boy with a dull face and an intuitive knowledge of how to manage Tetlow's affairs, from his diet to his business. This is not, as the publisher's note too sanguinely suggests, "the story of a Man and a Railroad": it is the story of a boy-hero and two invalids. Simeon Tetlow is but half a man as we see him, and his railroad is left a vague generalization in the background. John Bennett is the chief actor, and his feats are as probable as those of the heroes of Messrs. Oliver Optic and Henty. It is well enough for us to believe that in Tetlow's condition an honest boy may have come, to supply him with "hands and feet—almost, it might seem, lungs and a few other useful vital organs"; but brains and will are a different matter. We must again take exception to the publisher's remark that "the interplay of his slow, sturdy nature with Simeon's vivid one is full of insight and humor and delightful surprise." There is very little humor in the book, though a great deal of pretty and wholesome sentiment. A little strained, perhaps, is the prolonged suffering of Tetlow under the curse of the old switch-tender, who has been displaced for carelessness; a little obvious the device of the innocent child who brings about the lifting of the curse; but accepted as a novel of sentiment and not of commercial life, the story may be enjoyed for its fluency and sweetness.

The Wild Geese. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The announcement is made that this is the last novel to be put forth by Mr. Weyman; and it must be confessed that we are able to endure the thought with some composure. He has borne his part bravely in the heyday and through the decline of the historical romance; and with a score of popular successes to his credit, may now fairly leave what skirmishings remain in the hands of the younger generation. "The Wild Geese" is—the usual thing, only not quite so much so—a diminished echo of "Under the Red Robe" and "A Gentleman of France." It contains, that is, the same elements of love-making, political intrigue, and sword-play, but a notable falling off in spirit and swing. The action takes place in Kerry, in the reign of George the First. It is the darkest hour of Irish Jacobitism. The public observances of the Roman faith are forbidden, and Romanists are shorn of civil and political rights. In spite of conspiracies, duels, and dungeons, it is all a sufficiently amiable sort of thing to happen in a book: the only question is why it should be necessary for it to happen so many times in so many books. A hundred years ago historical romance was yet to be born, in the Waverley novels. The stream grows sadly dilute.

Whither Thou Goest. By J. J. Bell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

A sweet, simple story, sweetly and simply told, consisting of the old theme with variations, smacking less of the kailyard than one might expect of the author of "Wee Macgreegor." Richard Balmain is drawn to Ruth Lennox, first by her fortune, and then by herself; but the latter emotion fails to convince her after she has been told of the former fact by her aunt, a personage as devoid of the milk of human kindness as Bill Sykes, and infinitely more pes-

tilent, as she gives the police no excuse for cutting short her misdemeanors. After this revelation, the book is occupied by Ruth's gradual realization that, mercenary or not, Dick's wooing has been only too successful, and by the struggle between his love and his pride before he can return to her. Needless to say, love wins the battle, even before Dick learns that Ruth has lost her fortune, the original cause of all the mischief. Some of the minor characters are drawn with vigor and distinction, especially Dick's gentle but strong-spirited mother, and Miss Fitzroy, the suffragist.

Much Ado about Peter. By Jean Webster. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Ten light, deft, good-humored sketches of the life circulating about the stables and the kitchen of one of the American landed gentry are here made into a book which a person who has nothing else to do may read without effort, and even with mild amusement. Though the connection of the chapters with one another is by no means close, the rise of Peter from groom to coachman and his courtship of Annie, the maid, furnish a kind of unifving interest in the world of cooks, valets, gardeners, and stable-boys. Furthermore, the social and the serving worlds are linked together by an occasional implication that the young gentlemen and ladies who ride the fine horses and wear the fine gowns are not much wiser in the affairs of the heart than the men and maids who hold the bridles and do the ironing. The interest of the book lies mainly in the low-comedy characterization, and in the escapades of the high-spirited, unbridled children which family life of the character here suggested naturally produces. One cannot help feeling that if Miss Webster had kept Peter and his friends in their places, and had given the children the front of the stage, she might, with a little attention to plot, have written a fresh and continuously entertaining story of child-life. Certainly, if she does not wish her talent to run to seed she should not permit herself to make many more books in this fashion. Publishing volumes of sketches is a bad habit to form; it is extremely wasteful of material, and it betrays a lack of self-restraint and patient ambition.

France of the French. By Edward Harrison Barker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

France in the Twentieth Century. By W. L. George. New York: John Lane Co. $1.75 net.

France has recently fallen into the march of civilization and put forth a "Who's Who" of her own. Mr. Barker's volume may be best described as an attempt to clothe the skeleton structures of "Who's Who" with sufficient flesh for the uses of the average American newspaper office. This the author has done very successfully. Within some 260 pages he has brought together a surprisingly large amount of biographical information covering every field of contemporary French life. He has given to his sketches the added personal touch that bespeaks first-hand acquaintance with the material, and makes attractive reading. Names like Coppée, Richepin, Rostand, Deroulède, Bourget, Barrès, Anatole France, Jules Lemaître, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Delibes, Roux, Berthelot, Clemenceau, Combes, Deschanel, Delcassé, receive their page or half-page of detailed fact and characterization. Mr. Barker is not absolutely contemporary. He includes the men who have so recently passed away that their names are still the names of the present day. Thus it would appear at first that the best French painters, like the best Indian, are the dead. But Jules Lefebvre, Bonnat, Carolus Duran, Flameng, and Rochegrosse, among the living, are accounted for. The chapters on art, and particularly the one on architecture, are done with more care and intimacy than the rest. As a rule, the record of personal opinion runs sober and just.

The chapters on French character, on family life, and on "Lights and Shadows" deal in the main with the perennial problem of French morality. On that difficult subject much can be written, and has been written, and, on the whole, to little purpose. In the end it always amounts to this: that the morals and conduct of the French people are not quite those of Great Britain and America, but that the French are a very likeable people nevertheless. We regret to see Mr. Barker advance the old argument that Paris is not France, and that Parisian standards are not the national standards. But that is, after all, quite opposite to what the French themselves maintain. Historically, Paris has dominated France. If the capital draws to herself a steady supply of fresh material from the provinces, it is still admitted that Paris shapes this rough matter to her own form with astonishing thoroughness and dispatch. If Hercules can be fairly enough built up from his foot, a nation cannot complain if the outside world reconstructs it from its head.

Mr. George's "France in the Twentieth Century" is an exasperating book. It combines a certain amount of expert knowledge and occasional flashes of real insight with an astounding mass of splendid misinformation. It is written from the point of view of an ardent Jacobin and admirer of the French people. But its tone is hyperemotional and its logic is, to say the least, dubious. Rarely has a cart been put so squarely before the horse as when the low state of French personal morals is shown to arise directly from the prevalence of an immoral literature and art. Mr. George's general reflections on politics and society are gigantic in sweep and childish in effect. As to his facts, he tells us that "all European states have written Constitutions, a copy of which can be purchased by any man for a few pence"; that in France "the Premier is selected by the President from among the men who can command a majority in both houses"; and that the word "bloc" was coined by Waldeck-Rousseau, whereas M. Clemenceau is its universally acknowledged father. The author's power of generalization is exemplified in the following pronouncement:

> The French are a nation of individualists; they do not take kindly to group action. It is for this reason that they do not succeed in team games such as cricket or football; every man in the team plays for himself, and disorder naturally follows.

The Springs of Helicon. By J. W. Mackail. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.25.

The three essays here brought together are a revision of lectures delivered at Oxford by the professor of poetry, and they display both the strength and the weakness common to the criticism of the English universities. For weakness, they lack a certain driving power, a certain dynamic use of ideas; they leave one with the feeling that most things here have already been said, although never before, perhaps, quite so well said. For strength, they introduce one into an atmosphere of golden serenity, into a society where all matters of taste are settled, beautifully and forever. In weighing the advantages and disadvantages of such a style, we are inclined to place the balance strongly on the positive side.

To be more particular, of the three essays, that on Chaucer is, to our taste, the least interesting; the judgments seem to us firmer and more decisive in those on Spenser and Milton. Many passages in the Spenser could be pointed out in which the criticism is flushed with a poetic warmth of imagination. Such, for example, is the description of the portrait of Count Martinengo-Cesaresco, in the National Gallery, with the application of its motto — ἰοὺ λίαν ποθῶ, "Oh, I desire too much"—to the outreaching spirit of the renaissance. Other passages dwell lovingly on subtleties of form and style, as in the long analysis of the Spenserian stanza and of its various capabilities and limitations—where the critic is at his best. Others introduce elaborate comparisons, such, for example, as the novel, and somewhat strained, parallel of Spenser and Livy, which reminds one almost too forcibly that the author has written his

history of Latin literature. Still others show the writer's sensitiveness to the shifting currents of literary inspiration, as when he touches on the change that takes place toward the end of the sixth book of "The Faerie Queene":

> It occurs subtly and silently, like dawn overspreading the sky. But it means that the spirit of the poet, and of his art, has changed. The renaissance is tiring of itself; poetry is returning to life: and with the same movement life is returning to poetry. . . . It suggests a return . . . to the pleasant villages and farms, to the opener air, from the enchanted atmosphere, heavy and luminous, of courtly romance.

On the whole, Professor Mackail rather underrates the value of Spenser's linked sweetness, apparently under the desire of throwing into higher relief the work of Milton in passing from renaissance to true classical influences, and so bringing English poetry to its own perfection and to its place in the literature of Europe. To the further glorification of his hero he somewhat exaggerates the aloofness of Milton; and nowhere does he better manifest his skill in dressing up old ideas with fresh poetical imagery than in his brief description of the period:

> The confusion of English politics in the seventeenth century seems reflected in the confusion of English poetry. We cannot bring its progress under any single formula. It is difficult to discriminate between the poetry which represents the continuance of an earlier impulse and that which is a new beginning, a separate movement. We seem to wander in a dimly lighted undergrowth, in a close dungeon of innumerous boughs. When we emerge into daylight, it is to find ourselves in another world. Darkness had slowly fallen on the Elizabethan afterglow; from out of a sky spangled with a confused multitude of stars which succeeded it, there comes breaking and flooding in, slowly and inevitably, the *Aufklärung*, the blanched clearness of a new and modern day.

We have no desire to detract from the enthusiastic admiration of Professor Mackail for the great and lonely star of that period between afterglow and dawn, but we think he might have pointed more clearly to the harm suffered by English literature from the isolation of its greatest and most classical poet. Milton "stands wholly apart; he founded no school; he exercised no effect upon contemporary poets"—to Professor Mackail as to Wordsworth that loneliness would seem to be an enhancement of virtue. But loss is reciprocal, and if the age and ages to come suffered from this neglect, Milton also was led by it into certain astringencies of taste that he would probably have escaped in a more sympathetic society. His extreme individualism is not altogether a strength.

We cannot take space to linger over the many felicitous paragraphs of this third essay—the merit of Waller, the comparison of Milton's periods with those of Virgil and Dante and Spenser, the delicate, unexpected dramatic sense evinced in the speeches of "Paradise Lost," etc. In one point Professor Mackail's hero-worship has, we think, led him astray. He quotes the well-known statement of Edward Phillips in regard to Milton's estimation of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained":

> It [the later poem] is generally censured to be much inferior to the other, though he could not hear with patience any such thing when related to him.

To take these words, says Professor Mackail, as meaning that Milton thought "Paradise Regained" the greater of the two epics, is a "strange and obstinate misapprehension." Milton heard them with impatience, he thinks, because they were true. We submit that the traditional interpretation is more plausible.

But, in the end, Professor Mackail's work is rather to be valued for its general suavity of tone than judged in accordance with the correctness or originality of its separate ideas.

Science.

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Philadelphia, April 26.

The annual General Meeting of the American Philosophical Society, the oldest scientific body in the country, was held here April 22-24. The president, Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, and vice-presidents, Prof. W. B. Scott of Princeton, and Prof. A. A. Michelson of Chicago, recent recipient of the Nobel prize, took turns in conducting the sessions. Notable among the foreign visitors were the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, the British ambassador at Washington, and Prof. Christian Hülsen, a member of the Imperial German Arcbæological Institute of Berlin, who has been in charge of the excavations of the Forum in Rome. The following new members were elected: Louis A. Bauer, William Howard Taft, Washington, D. C.; Marston Taylor Bogert, Hermon Carey Bumpus, Dr. Alexis Carrel, A. V. Williams Jackson, New York; Edwin Brant Frost, Williams Bay, Wis.; Robert Almer Harper, Charles Richard Van Hise, Madison, Wis.; William Herbert Hobbs, Victor Clarence Vaughan, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Abbott Lawrence Lowell, Boston; William Romaine Newbold, John Frederick Lewis, Charles Bingham Penrose, Philadelphia; Francis Darwin, Cambridge, England; Hermann Diels, Emil Fischer, Berlin; Friedrich Kohlrausch, Marburg; Wilhelm F. Ph. Pfeffer, Leipzig.

The evening of April 23 was devoted to a celebration of the centenary of Charles Darwin, who was a member of the society, as was also his grandfather Erasmus Darwin. The British ambassador spoke as one having authority since when a student in England he had a personal acquaintance with Darwin. He gave a number of personal reminiscences and described the reception of the "Origin of Species," which was universally discussed not only among the educated classes but by the common people as well. Prof. G. L. Goodale of Harvard considered "The Influence of Darwin on Natural Science"; and Prof. G. S. Fullerton of Columbia, "The Influence of Darwin on the Mental and Moral Sciences." At the suggestion of Ambassador Bryce, the society cabled congratulations to two close friends and collaborators of Darwin, Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker and Alfred Russel Wallace, both members of the society and still living in England.

Among the scientific papers of general interest was one by Dr. L. F. Kebler on the unsuspected presence of habit-forming agents in beverages and medicines. He called attention to the fact that a large number of soft drinks contain not only a considerable amount of caffein, but, in many instances, small quantities of cocain. Cocain has also been found in agents intended for the treatment of the tobacco habit. The same pernicious drug has been detected in medicine used in the treatment of hay fever, asthma, and in relieving pain resulting from dentition in infancy. Morphine, opium, chloral hydrate, heroin, and codein singly or combined have also been found in many other medicines, particularly those intended for the treatment of epilepsy, rheumatism, asthma, gastric troubles, and ailments of infancy and childhood.

Dr. L. A. Bauer of the Carnegie Institution of Washington read a suggestive paper dealing with the connection between the various manifestations of solar activity (*e. g.*, sun-spots) and the so-called magnetic storms which at times affect compass needles simultaneously all over the earth, which even interrupt telegraph and cable lines, and which are usually accompanied by fine auroral displays. One of the most severe of these magnetic storms was that of October 30-November 1, 1903, which was violent enough to derange the mariner's compass at certain places by as much as three degrees, and which was said to have caused a temporary suspension of the electric car line in Zürich. The effects of this particular storm lasted for fully two months after its apparent subsidence, the earth's magnetic condition being below normal, until towards the close of the year (1903). Prof. George E. Hale, director of the Carnegie Solar Observatory at Mt. Wilson, Cal., has discovered that sun-spots are centres of violent cyclones.

But however intensely magnetic these whirling cyclones may be, a simple calculation shows that they are far too distant to affect appreciably our most sensitive magnetic instruments. Yet the various curves exhibited indicate indisputably that some relation exists between solar activity, as evidenced, for example, by sun-spots, calcium flocculi, solar eruptions, prominences, etc., and the earth's magnetic fluctuations. The variations in the solar and the terrestrial magnetic phenomena follow each other closely. One of the most important of the inferences drawn is, that an increase in sun-spot activity is accompanied by a decrease in the earth's magnetization, or that the magnetization superposed on the earth's magnetic field during solar outbreaks is opposite to that of the earth's own field. It appears questionable whether the earth's magnetism ever settles down precisely to its former condition after the occurrence of a magnetic storm. The facts are not yet sufficient to draw a definite conclusion whether solar activity and magnetic storms stand to each other as cause and effect or whether they are both effects of the same cause.

Saturday afternoon was set aside for a "Symposium on Earthquakes," and the following papers were read: "Introduction, Classification, Discussion of Volcanic Earthquakes; Description, with illustrations, of the Charleston, S. C., and Kingston, Jamaica, Disasters," Prof. Edmund O. Hovey, New York; "The Present Status and the Outlook of Seismic Geology," Prof. William H. Hobbs, Ann Arbor; "Conditions Leading to Tectonic Earthquakes, Instruments Used in the Study of Earthquakes, Suggestions for a National Seismological Bureau," Prof. Harry F. Reid, Baltimore. Prof. Reid declared that the work of a national bureau would be very varied. It should collect data regarding all felt earthquakes, and make a geological examination, in special cases, of the regions where earthquakes occur. The instrumental records from the whole country should also be collected and studied to throw light on the nature of the earth's interior, and to discover the centres of earthquake disturbances in the surrounding oceans. This would require the general coöperation of many departments of the government.

Edwin Swift Balch explained why in his opinion America should reexplore Wilkes Land. Lieut. Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., first announced to the world in 1840 the existence of a great Antarctic continent, along whose shores he sailed for a distance of 1,500 miles, a coast known as Wilkes Land. It has not been visited again. Sir James Clark Ross, Sir Clements R. Markham, and Capt. Robert F. Scott, R. N., no one of whom has been there, declare emphatically that Wilkes Land does not exist and should be expurgated from the charts. It should, therefore, be looked on as a patriotic duty for America to verify Wilkes's discovery and get a more careful chart of these shores. Besides geographical discoveries, many other branches of science would be benefited by an expedition to the Antarctic. None of our museums has specimens of the fauna or petrography, etc., of Antarctica, and such collections should be obtained. An expedition to verify Wilkes's discoveries would cost perhaps $100,000; and the best way to start it might be to form an Antarctic committee, composed of representative scientists and explorers.

A paper on "J. J. Rousseau, a Precursor of Modern Pragmatism," was read by Prof. Albert Schinz of Bryn Mawr. He said that Rousseau, like modern pragmatists, starts from the assumption that an idea in order to be pronounced true must yield results, but meaning by results, useful results, or still more precisely moral results. Rousseau, like William James, develops a conception of truth by which he tries to displace the intellectual or rational conception of truth and replace it by a criterion varying according to circumstances. The "sentimentalism" or "rationalism" which Rousseau opposes to the "materialism" of his time, corresponds exactly to the "expedient" or the "humane arbitrariness" which William James opposes to "divine necessity" of modern intellectualism. There is a curious parallelism in the evolution of Rousseau's thought with that of James; and this circumstance will help us to account for their conception of truth and philosophy.

The meeting closed on Saturday evening with a dinner at which nearly one hundred members were present. President Keen presided as toastmaster and the following toasts were responded to: "The Memory of Franklin," President Francis L. Patton of Princeton; "Our Sister Societies," the British Ambassador and President Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation; "Our Universities," President-elect Lowell of Harvard; "The American Philosophical Society," President Keen.

ARTHUR WILLIS GOODSPEED.

A posthumous work of Dr. E. T. Hamy treats of "Les Débuts de Lamarck," with discussion of the work of Adanson, Jussieu, Pallas, Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, Cuvier, and other naturalists, most of whom were the author's predecessors at the Muséum of the classic Jardin des Plantes (3.50 francs, Guilmoto). "La Crise du transformisme," by Félix Le Dantec, continues this biologist's severe criticism of the hypothetical methods of Weismann, and, from the strictly mechanical point of view, forms a restatement of Lamarck's essential theory as distinct from Darwin's. Naturally the book runs counter to De Vries's theory of mutations and to other doctrines which seem to have escaped from further reasoning into the realm of accepted traditions among most English writers. The influence of Professor Le Dantec's teaching on the younger scientific men of France ought to result in a different state of things.

Drama.

Tragedy Queens of the Georgian Era. By George Fyvie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

From the great mass of contemporaneous record—diaries, letters, memoirs, criticism, etc.—Mr. Fyvie has carefully extracted the various references to the personal and artistic careers of the most prominent actresses of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century, and put them in consecutive and convenient order. Thus he furnishes in one attractive and, on the whole, instructive book, information hitherto obtainable only in a long course of miscellaneous reading.

It was inevitable, perhaps, that it should be somewhat in the nature of a scandalous chronicle. The author starts out with the assertion that his object was biographical rather than critical, and many of his heroines were far more distinguished for their dramatic abilities than for their private virtues. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether it is necessary now to rehearse at length the gossip which has been public property for more than a century. Mr. Fyvie seems to have included Elizabeth Barry in his list—although she does not belong properly to the Georgian era at all—for the sake of dwelling upon her notorious connections with Rochester, Etheredge, and others. The publication of the rejected Otway's despairing appeal has more justification. That Barry was one of the chief ornaments of the British stage for a quarter of a century is unquestionable. Whether Otway really experienced all the agony he expressed is less certain. Anne Bracegirdle, who inspired passion in many hearts, counting Congreve, Lovelace, and Nicholas Rowe among her suitors, was much more circumspect in her conduct than most of her fair associates. She must have been a bewitching comedian, but her name will live, perhaps, in history chiefly on account of her attempted abduction by Hill and Lord Mohun and the trial of the latter by his peers for his share in the murder of the unlucky actor, Will Mountford. Of the official proceedings in this notorious case Mr. Fyvie gives some interesting details. Nance Oldfield, like Peg Woffington, has been made a heroine of modern comedy, and her name is therefore more familiar to the general public than those of many of her rivals. She shone both in tragedy and comedy,

and must have exerted a most uncommon personal charm, inasmuch as her notoriously irregular mode of life was no bar to her reception in respectable social circles, or at court, which possibly is less remarkable. Her popularity and her prudence were proved by the large estate which she left behind her and the valuable art collection which she owned.

The acknowledged preëminence of Susannah Arne (Mrs. Cibber), in such diverse parts as Juliet, Constance, and Lady Macbeth, justifies Mr. Fyvie's high estimate of her, but it was scarcely worth while to dwell for so long on the sordid story of her wedded life with the infamous Theophilus Cibber, or the endless squabbles between Covent Garden and Drury Lane. The quoted letters of Garrick and others are, however, illuminative of the period. The paper on Mrs. Pritchard, who stands second only to Mrs. Siddons, is an excellent one, and full justice is done to Mary Ann Yates and Mrs. Spranger Barry. The stress laid upon the "shrieks" of the latter suggests that her vigor was at least equal to her inspiration. Elizabeth Pope enjoys the distinction of being the last, and one of the best, of Garrick's Cordelias. One of the freshest chapters in the book is that devoted to Mrs. Inchbald, an actress of only ordinary capacity, but a woman whose varied ability, generous character, and high courage entitle her to remembrance. Mr. Fyvie's account of Sarah Siddons is full and adequate, but, of course, he has no new information, or estimate, to give concerning her. He would have followed a more dignified course, if he had imitated some of her other biographers in ignoring the wretched Galindo episode, which, at the worst, appears to have been only the result of mistaken confidence in a designing rascal. It certainly ought not to be treated as a significant incident, in a consistently worthy life. Julia Glover and Eliza O'Neill, who complete the list, are of lower artistic rank than most of their companions, but the latter is notable as the original of the Fotheringay in Thackeray's "Pendennis."

"The Writing on the Wall," by William J. Hurlbut, which was produced in the Savoy Theatre on Monday evening, has many of the characteristics of "The Fighting Hope," by the same author. In spite of its assumption of serious purpose, it is actually an inferior specimen of sensational and ultra-sentimental melodrama. Its violence and insincerity are emphasized by the artificial acting of Miss Olga Nethersole, whose indisputable natural ability is only discernible at rare intervals beneath the mass of her elaborate affectations. Briefly, the theme is the conscienceless greed of slum landlords, with an incidental attack upon the Trinity Church corporation; but the general treatment is so juvenile and inexpert in its unreasonableness and its platitudinous preachments—not to speak of its essentially undramatic quality—that the excellence of the object counts for little. Miss Nethersole plays the entirely theatrical part of a saintly and deeply wronged wife and devoted mother, whose only child is burned to death at a Christmas-tree festival which she has prepared for the tenants of one of the filthy warrens owned by her husband, whose avarice, in repainting old fire escapes instead of providing new ones, is responsible for the catastrophe. Manifestly there is here the material for an effective drama, and it affords Miss Nethersole—at the moment of her realization of the child's fate—an opportunity for one of those manifestations of agonized emotion in which she excels. At this crisis she approached the truth of nature more nearly than at any other time, and was correspondingly impressive. Throughout the rest of the play her mannerisms were fatal to all illusion. The only really notable acting in the representation was that of William Morris as the grasping landlord. His portrayal of a hard, strong man, suddenly shattered to his foundations by the fear of imminent ruin, disgrace, and punishment, and the loss of all that had made life dear to him, was exceedingly striking and able. Mr. Hurlbut has a sense of theatrical situation, but has everything to learn about the true principles of dramatic construction.

An experimental performance of a somewhat adroit translation of Brieux's "Les Hannetons," made by Laurence Irving, was given by Mr. Irving in the Hackett Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, to the evident pleasure of a special audience. The piece is an intimate and veracious study of the daily squabbles of an ill-mated pair, living in illegitimate union, of which the moral seems to be that such voluntary bonds, however lightly assumed, are apt to become intolerable, but unbreakable, fetters. This is, in its way, wholesome teaching, but the main object of the play is amusement, not instruction, and the cynical humor of it all, with the frequent flashes of characteristic Gallic wit, provoked much hearty laughter. But the tale is, in its essence, sordid, unsympathetic, and not well suited for general public entertainment. It was well played, on the whole, by Mr. Irving and his wife, Mabel Hackney, the latter furnishing a lively sketch of a vixenish and jealous temper.

Music.

OPERATIC MANAGEMENT.

The end of Heinrich Conried's troubled career suggests the reflection that few positions are so difficult to fill to the satisfaction of everybody as that of an operatic manager. He has to defer to the social element among his patrons as well as to the wishes of the music lovers. He has to deal with a large number of singers of various nationalities, each of whom clamors for special privileges. The unions to which the orchestral players, the chorus singers, and the stage-hands belong are all likely to harass him in turn, as they did Mr. Conried. He has to scour all Europe and America for new singers. He is likely to be stunned on finding that he has wasted a great deal of money on an artist who, while popular in Paris, London, or the cities of Germany, fails to please in New York. He has to arrange his repertory so as not to give the same operas too often on the same day in the week, or to deprive the subscribers of a certain week-day of the opportunity to hear this or that singer in a favorite rôle. He has to meet the assaults of all his artists, each demanding an advance in emoluments once a year; he is harassed hourly by the bugaboo of "sudden indisposition," which makes it necessary—though sometimes almost impossible—to change the opera at the last moment. In short, uneasy lies his head as if he wore a crown.

In addition to these general tasks and tribulations, Mr. Conried had troubles of his own. At one time he was almost paralyzed with fear lest his most profitable tenor should be ostracised. Another time a California earthquake upset his plans and changed a big surplus into a deficit. An upheaval of a different kind nearly frustrated his plans for "Parsifal," but luckily he won, and put $200,000 into his coffers. On the other hand, he lost the battle for "Salome," from which he had expected similar results; and this was one of the nails in his coffin. Overwork and other factors helped to undermine his health, and when he was asked to resign it was as much because of his impaired ability to discharge his manifold duties as because of the mistakes he was accused of having made. He had been chosen because of his success in managing theatrical and comic-opera companies, and in view of the fact that he knew very little about music or singing, it must be admitted he achieved some remarkable successes. His self-assurance was amazing. At a rehearsal of "Parsifal," when it was pointed out to him that his substitute for bells did not work well, he exclaimed: "Then Wagner composed that badly." He evidently believed with the German comic poet that—

> Bescheidenheit ist eine Zier,
> Doch weiter kommt man ohne ihr.

Operatic management used to be a much less difficult and complicated affair in the good old times. Then all a manager had to do was to find a popular prima donna and the problem was solved. When Catalani was remonstrated with for asking so large a sum that it became impossible to employ other artists of talent, her husband exclaimed: "Talent! Have you not Mme. Catalani? What would you have? If you want an opera company, my wife with four or five puppets is quite sufficient." Matters had already mended somewhat in the days of the doughty Col. Maple-

son; though Patti asked $5,000 a performance, he found it possible to engage a few other capable artists and a respectable orchestra; but he would have stood aghast at the demands now made on managers by operagoers. The subscribers of the Metropolitan to-day not only insist on having the names of the leading sopranos, contraltos, tenors, baritones, and bassos of the world in the prospectus, they want the scenery, the stage management, the chorus, and the orchestra to be as good as at Bayreuth or Munich. Admittedly, the success of the season just ended was due largely to the improvements of this kind made by Mr. Gatti-Casazza in the Italian operas, and in the German operas by Mr. Dippel who bought up the best players in town and searched all Germany for the best chorus singers.

Maurice Grau was the man who complicated the managerial functions in an unprecedented manner by abandoning the old plan of singing all operas in Italian. He engaged French singers for the French operas and German singers for the Wagner music dramas. It was a great step in advance, but it was a dangerous policy to pursue, for it made the public and the critics more and more exacting. If the Wagner operas were not done so well as at Bayreuth, Gounod so well as in Paris, Verdi so well as in Milan, the subscribers growled and wanted to know why—in fact, they expected all operas to be better presented here than abroad, and better they generally were, at least so far as the singing was concerned. When Mr. Conried entered on his duties he tried to degrade the prima donnas and tenors to a less commanding position, but soon found that this policy was suicidal. The best operas, with all-star casts, was what the public demanded, and if the cost was greater, who cared?

The growing fastidiousness of the public to which the manager has to cater, is illustrated in the case of Mr. Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House. He knew that such operas as "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Louise," "Thaïs," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" had been successful only in Paris. He concluded that their failure elsewhere had been due to their not having been interpreted in the genuine French spirit, so he imported a Parisian company, and found that, apparently, these were the very operas New Yorkers had been hungering for. So much has he been impressed by this circumstance that after a two years' trial he has decided to make French opera the mainstay of the next season, relegating Italian opera to a second place.

The latest problem has arisen from the growing competition in the operatic world. The leading singers refuse to sign, except for a given number of performances. But Mme. Tetrazzini, for example, draws full houses in only half a dozen operas and Mr. Hammerstein cannot ask his subscribers to hear her week after week in the same operas. Partly for this reason he built his opera house in Philadelphia, and is about to build one in Brooklyn; at these houses he can carry out his contracts with the singers without offending the subscribers. It is for the same reason that the Metropolitan Opera Company now performs not only here and in Philadelphia, but in Baltimore and Washington, beside promising aid to Boston. All this entails much additional work on the management—quite enough to keep two men busy.

"Les Chansons de Croisade," by Joseph Bédier, successor of Gaston Paris, with the collaboration of Pierre Auhry for the tunes, is a work of value in the history of crusaders as well as of music. Professor Bédier's name is enough to justify this unique excursion into a side field of erudition. Only 300 copies have been printed (10 francs, H. Champion).

Prof. Romain Rolland, who is becoming one of the most voluminous as well as competent writers on music, publishes "Beethoven," with twelve engravings, mainly portraits, in the Éditions d'Art, series of Thinkers (5 francs, E. Pelletan).

Marcella Sembrich will begin her farewell concert tour in the United States on October 18 next. She will also visit Mexico and Cuba in the first two months of next year.

For his farewell recital at Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon, May 1, Ossip Gabrilowitch, the Russian pianist, has arranged a programme of compositions by Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, Grieg, Josef Hofmann, Schioezer, and Gabrilowitch, the last-mentioned being the pianist's "Caprice Burlesque," opus 3. Gabrilowitch has been in this country the entire season, and his tour has taken him to the Pacific Coast and as far south as Texas. He will sail for Europe the middle of May.

Heinrich Conried, former director of the Metropolitan Opera House, died at Meran, Austria, April 27. He was born at Bielitz, Silesia, in 1855, and early made the stage his goal. After acting with some success in Germany, he came to America, and at first managed a small theatre on the Bowery. Later he took charge of the old Germania Theatre, then of the Thalia Theatre, and finally of the Irving Place Theatre. In all these places he maintained good stock companies, which were reinforced by the importation of distinguished German actors and actresses. He produced in an excellent way the best German plays, both classical and modern. His success in these theatres led to his appointment in 1903 as manager of the Metropolitan. His work as director of this opera house is the thing which has made his name most widely known. Perhaps his greatest achievement was the production of "Parsifal." Other novelties which he brought out were "Die Fledermaus," "Der Zigeunerbaron," "Fedora," "La Damnation de Faust," and "Adriana Lecouvreur."

Art.

A MUSEUM OF HORRORS.

The directors of the Museum of Industrial Art at Stuttgart have had the happy thought of exhibiting gross errors in taste (*Geschmacksverirrungen*). Instead of teaching by examples of what to imitate, the idea is to show the public and art students what to avoid. With German thoroughness, a catalogue of this display of artistic aberrations has been drawn up by Professor Pagaurek, under such various heads as wrong uses of material, fantastic treatment, freaks in decoration, and so forth. As the show is one of industrial art, it contains only monstrosities in that sphere: knock-kneed tables and all kinds of misapplied ingenuity in furniture, china, and ornaments, with wild extravagances in decoration. The whole is a kind of Dantean circle, about which the student and the apprentice are led in order to frighten them into the paths of artistic righteousness. What German youth most inclined to æsthetic debauchery would not be given pause by what is probably the *chef d'œuvre* of the exhibition—an iron stove in the guise of an antique suit of armor! The wicked—or the envious—might say that Teutonic taste leads the whole world of art in producing the thing that should not be. A kind of irresistible weakness for the bizarre, for over-ornamentation, for applying the methods of wood-carving to sculpture, seems, indeed, to trouble modern German art. The Empire suffers from a plague of inferior statues—though enriched also by some majestic ones—and if the Kaiser had wished to help out this Stuttgart exhibition, he could have drawn freely upon what is irreverently called his *Denkmalmarkt* in Berlin. But say what one will, we have in this holding up of a mirror to bad taste a brave attempt to do what other countries may as much need but lack the courage to undertake. If Germans make the artistic blunders, it is Germans also who have the critical detachment to assemble them where all may see and read the lesson.

Applause for this bold experiment comes from the land of impeccable artistic taste. Miguel Zamacois writes in the *Figaro* with enthusiastic praise of Professor Pagaurek's innovation, and expresses the ardent hope that Paris, and other large cities in France, may speedily have a "Musée National d'Art Répulsif et Anti-Exemplaire." He argues for this, not merely because of its benefit to art workers. He sees in the plan great possibilities of educating popular taste. It is not alone a question of teaching what not to admire, but of liberating the critical spirit and making discrimination necessary. The deadening thing about the ordinary museum

of art is that it lays a heavy hand upon the average visitor, making him a blind worshipper instead of an open-eyed observer and student. Most art collections have the air of official conservers of public admiration. They are to be viewed with humble thankfulness and devout awe, it being expected that the critical faculty will be left with the umbrella at the entrance. Somehow to waken the dormant judgment, so that it will not accept without question whatever works of art are held worthy to be put on exhibition—that, according to M. Zamacois, is the great need. To meet it, he would have the Stuttgart experiment widely imitated, and have professorships of the Ugly as well as the Beautiful. His final ideal is a splendid palace of art over the door of which might be inscribed: "Here one may discuss taste."

If such galleries could be made numerous, they would render museum-visiting a new thing. Instead of the solemn procession of overpowered tourists, sighing before every case or picture, "How lovely!" we should see alert people in eager debate, and should now and then catch the refreshing exclamation, "What a horror!" Of course, if the invitation were openly given to come and condemn, there might as easily be set up a conventional rejection as the conventional acceptance which we now have. Hence it might be well if the horrors were mixed with the triumphs, stimulating the public by leaving it to find out which is which. At all events, an occasional display of the misapplied and the distorted and the perverted in art would be wholesome.

"Van Dyck: Des Meisters Gemälde," edited by Emil Schaeffer (Stuttgart: Deutsche Veriags-Anstalt), constitutes the thirteenth volume of the excellent and deservedly popular series Klassiker der Kunst in Gesamtausgaben. The text of Schaeffer, though not inappreciative, regards Van Dyck as vastly overestimated by the general public. The reproduction of the pictures is excellent.

"La Cathédrale de Chartres," with thirty-eight engravings and two plans, by René Merlet, and "Le Château de Coucy," with thirty-six engravings and two plans, by Eugène Lefèvre-Pontalis, are two new volumes in the cheap series of Petites Monographies des grands edifices de la France (2.50 francs per volume, bound in supple cloth, H. Laurens). The previous issues dealt with the Abbey Church of Vézelay, the Château of Rambouiliet, and the Hôtel des Invalides. The editorship of M. Lefèvre-Pontalis, professor at the École des Chartes, is a warrant of competence in art and archæology; and no useless talk mars the clear explanations. Similar praise may be given to the rival series of Notices historiques et archéologiques sur les grands monuments (2.50 francs, D. A. Longuet), which publishes its second number, "La Cathédrale de Notre-Dame de Paris," with eighteen inset photo-reproductions and a plan, by Marcel Aubert, *archiviste-paléographe* at the Bibliothèque Nationale. The first number was devoted to the Basilica of Saint-Denis. In accuracy and completeness, these handbooks constitute a distinct advance beyond the guides of the past.

"Les Sforzas et les arts en Milanais (1450-1530)," an octavo book of more than five hundred pages, with engravings by Gustave Clausse, architect and member of the Royal Fine Art Academies of Italy, is a work of original investigation in art history of the renaissance (E. Leroux).

The British School of Archæology at Rome will begin in May a systematic study of the prehistoric remains in the island of Malta, whose Governor has granted special facilities. Here, as in Sardinia, several new examples of dolmens have been discovered recently, but the most important monuments are the large sanctuaries of Gigantia, Hagiar-Kim and Mnaidra, which seem first to have served as burial places, and then, according to Evans, to have become the seat of a form of hero worship. These investigations will be carried on by Dr. T. Ashby, the head of the school, assisted by T. E. Peet, while Dr. McKenzie continues the work in Sardinia.

At a meeting of the American School of Classical Studies held in Athens last month B. H. Hill spoke of the operations undertaken at Corinth which were devoted to the exploration of four chief centres—the ancient Agora, the fountain of Glauce, the theatre, and the fountain of Peirene. On the Agora site were discovered the foundations of a small sanctuary with remains of friezes, architraves, and cornices. At the extreme left was found a colonnade of fifteen Corinthian columns, the capitals of which bore a simplified form of acanthus ornament, with lions' heads, and claws and wings. Fragments of the pediments were also found in quantities, so that it is hoped that a complete restoration will be possible. Near the colonnade a stairway came to light which leads to a large temple situated sixty yards to the west. In the process of draining off the waters of the fountain of Peirene the excavators came upon walls of an aqueduct belonging to the early years of the Christian era. Four more chambers, or reservoirs, were laid bare, in addition to those unearthed in 1898. These are carved out of the rock and vaulted, and probably date from the period of Periander, who was tyrant of Corinth about 500 B. C. Four statues were unearthed among the early Christian débris. An important discovery is also the finding of the ancient way to Sicyon, which makes possible an accurate orientation of several remains on the site, since Pausanias mentions some buildings in their relation to the Sicyonian road. This evidence confirms the conjectural identification which had already been proposed by the excavators with regard to the Doric temple of Apollo, and the fountain of Glauce.

At a recent meeting of the German Archæological Institute in Athens, Dr. Dörpfeld gave an account of his discoveries at Leucadia, which he identifies with the Homeric Ithaca. Considerable quantities of earthenware, weapons, domestic implements, and smaller objects have been found in the course of the excavations. These show great similarity to the objects discovered at Zerelia by Mr. Ware, at Sesklos by M. Tsountas, and in the Second City of Troy. Dr. Dörpfeld thinks them the work of an Achæan civilization in northern and western Greece, contemporary with the Mycenæan age. The character of these remains is relatively primitive, both as regards their artistic value and their adaptation to practical needs; but this difficulty the excavator tries to explain by the theory that the realm of Odysseus was merely an outlying portion of the Achæan civilization.

At a meeting of the French Archæological School in Athens, M. Holleaux gave a summary of the explorations at Delos. Within the sacred enclosure, next to the temple of the Delians, which had already been identified, traces of two large edifices have been uncovered. To judge from the site of the remains and from their character, they seem to have belonged to two other temples. The building nearest the Temple of the Delians has been identified as the Temple of the Athenians. A large semi-circular marble base, with sockets for the reception of seven statues, has been discovered, indicating that this was the "Temple of the Seven Statues," as the Temple of the Athenians was commonly called. Moreover the architectural and sculptural fragments, of which a fairly large number have come to light, as well as some Attic inscriptions, leave no doubt that the edifice was the work of Athenians. The other building to the north of the Temple of the Athenians, M. Holleaux identifies as the "poros temple," mentioned in the inscriptions. Unfortunately, not a single stone of this building remains above ground. This fact is probably due to the nature of the porous stone, whose loose texture and friability make it easy to quarry for other buildings and less able to withstand the inclemencies of the weather.

The Groller Club will hold till May 8 an exhibition of the engraved work of the late Edwin Davis French. Among the exhibitors at the dealers' galleries in this city are etchings in colors at Brandus's.

From Bonn the death is reported of Ernst K. aus'm Weerth, for many years director of the Rhenish Provincial Museum. His archæological works include "Kunstdenkmäler des Mittelalters in den Rheinländern," "Bad der römischen Villa zu Alienz," "Mosaikboden von St. Gereon zu Köln," "Waldmalereien des christlichen Mittelalters zu Köln."

Mlle. Eugénie Hautier, a pupil of Robert-Fleury and Isabey, has died at the age of eighty-seven. She exhibited frequently at the Salon in the sixties, but since then had led a retired life

Another French artist whose death is announced is Jean-Henri Zuber at the age of sixty-four. He studied under Gleyre, and became a member of the Société des Artistes Français. Four of his pictures are in the Luxembourg.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Joseph H. Harper's Machinery Book for Boys. Harper. $1.75.

A Gentleman from Mississippi: A Novel founded on the play. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.

American Political Science Association Proceedings. December 28-31, 1908. Baltimore: Waverly Press.
Anderson, Lewis F. History of Common School Education: An Outline Sketch. Henry Holt.
Andreyev, Leonid. The Seven Who Were Hanged. Translated by Herman Bernstein. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. $1.
Bacheller, Irving. The Hand-Made Gentleman. Harper. $1.50.
Balzac, Honoré de. César Birotteau. Edited by Wilhelmine E. Delp. Henry Frowde.
Beeching, H. C. William Shakespeare, Player, Playmaker, and Poet. John Lane. $1 net.
Bell, Euphemia Young. Beautiful Bermuda. J. D. & F. R. Bell.
Boggess, Arthur Clinton. The Settlement of Illinois, 1778-1830. Chicago Historical Society.
Bohannon, Hattie Donovan. The Light of Stars. R. F. Fenno. $1 net.
Book of Good Cheer. "A Little Bundle of Cheery Thoughts." Edited by Edwin Osgood Grover. Chicago: P. F. Volland.
Book of Good Fellowship; "A Plate of Toasts." Edited by Edwin Osgood Grover. Chicago: P. F. Volland.
Buxton, Charles Roden. Turkey in Revolution. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Carlyle, Thomas. Love Letters of—and Jane Welsh. Edited by Alexander Carlyle. 2 vols. John Lane. $8 net.
Collins, James H. Human Nature in Selling Goods. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus. 50 cts.
Copper Handbook: A Manual of the Copper Industry of the World. Vol. VIII. Houghton, Mich.: Horace J. Stevens.
Cornish, Vaughan. The Panama Canal and Its Makers. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Davis, Michael M. Psychological Interpretations of Society. Longmans, Green.
Day, Lewis F. Nature and Ornament. I. Nature. The Raw Material of Design. Scribner. $2 net.
Dealey, James Quayle. The Development of the State: Its Governmental Organization and Its Activities. Silver, Burdett. $1.50.
Driver, S. R. Modern Research as Illustrating the Bible. Published for the British Academy by Henry Frowde.
Estabrook, Alma Martin. The Rule of Three: A Story of Pike's Peak. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25.
Faith and Works of Christian Science. By the Writer of "Confessio Medici." Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Greenwood, G. G. In re Shakespeare: Beeching v. Greenwood. John Lane. $1 net.
Hanks, Charles Stedman. Our Plymouth Forefathers: The Real Founders of Our Republic. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50.
Hays, Helen Ashe. A Little Maryland Garden. Putnam, $1.75 net.
Hewlett, Maurice. Artemision: Idyils and Songs. Scribner. $1 net.
Heazlitt, Clarence Watt. When Skies Are Gray, with a Rift or Two. Verses. Neale Publishing Co.
Henderson, Charles Richmond. Social Duties From the Christian Point of View. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.25.
Hueffer, Oliver Madox. A Book of Witches. John McBride Co. $2.50 net.
Hugo, Victor. Préface du "Cromwell." Edited by Edmond Wahl. Henry Frowde.
Hyde, William De Witt. Self-Measurement: A Scale of Human Values. B. W. Huebsch. 50 cts. net.
James, Henry. The Wings of the Dove. 2 vols. Scribner.
James, William. A Pluralistic Universe. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Johnson, A. E. Tom Browne, R. I. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
King Who Never Reigned: Being Memoirs Upon Louis XVII by Eckard and Naundorff. John McBride Co. $3.50 net.
Kuropatkin, General. The Russian Army and the Japanese War. Translated by Capt. A. B. Lindsay. 2 vols. Dutton.
Jerrold, Walter. Thomas Hood: His Life and Times. John Lane. $5 net.
Lamb Shakespeare for the Young. Macbeth; Romeo & Juliet. Duffield. $1 net each.
La Vie politique dans les deux mondes. Publiée sous la direction d'Achille Viallate. Deuxième Année. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Lee, Sidney. A Life of William Shakespeare. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Lincoln, Joseph C. Our Village. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Lloyd, Arthur Selden. Christianity and the Religions. Dutton. 75 cts. net.
Long, Charles M. Virginia County Names: Two Hundred and Seventy Years of Virginia History. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Lytton, Edward Bulwer. The Lost Tales of Miletus. Sturgis & Walton.
Mackaye, Percy. The Playhouse and the Play, and Other Addresses. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Marks, Jeannette, and Moody, Julia. Little Busybodies. Harper. 75 cts.
Maurier, Guy du. An Englishman's Home. Harper. $1.25.
Merrill's Story Books: Dick Whittington and Other Stories; Banbury Cross Stories. Selected by Frank W. Howard. Charles E. Merrill Co.
Miller, Irving Elgar. The Psychology of Thinking. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Nevin, Theodore W. Ralph Ranscomb, Banker. Neale Publishing Co.
Otis, Alexander. Hearts Are Trumps. John McBride.
Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by James A. H. Murray. Vol. VIII. Henry Frowde. $1.25.
Political and Economic Organization of Modern Japan. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.
Remensnyder, Junius B. Mysticism: Psychology, History, and Relation to Scripture, Church, and Christian Life. Burlington, Ia.: German Literary Board. 25 cts.
Rice, Alice Hegan. Mr. Opp. Century. $1.
Robertson, J. G. Milton's Fame on the Continent. Published for the British Academy by Henry Frowde.
Royall, William L. Some Reminiscences. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Schomer, Abraham S. The Primary Cause of Anti-semitism: An Answer to the Jewish Question. Israel Publishing Co.
Sismondi, J. C. L. Simonde de. Pavie et le Sac de Rome. Edited by Arthur Wilson-Green. Henry Frowde.
Stephen, Leslie. The Playground of Europe. Putnam. $1.50.
Stone, Cliff Winfield. Arithmetical Abilities and Some Factors Determining Them. Published by Teachers College, Columbia University.
Terreve, Retsel. A Man Without Principle? Baltimore: Lowenthal-Wolf Co. $1.50.
Thwaites, Reuben Gold. Cyrus Hall McCormick and the Reaper. Madison: State Historical Society.
Tracy, Virginia. Merely Players: Stories of Stage Life. Century. $1.50.
Traube, Ludwig. Vorlesungen und Abhandlungen. Edited by Franz Boll. Munich. C. H. Beck.
Tudor Facsimile Texts: Youth, Nice Wanton, Like Will to Like. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Voyages of Drake and Gilbert. Select Narratives from the "Principal Navigations" of Hakluyt. Edited by Edward John Payne. Henry Frowde. 60 cents.
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler. Poems of Progress and New Thought Pastels. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co. $1.25.
Wood, Sumner Gilbert. The Taverns and Turnpikes of Blandford, 1733-1833. Published by the Author.

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The Spy By GORKY

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1909.

The Week.

Every time a Democratic Senator is caught with protectionist principles on his person, there is great hilarity in Republican ranks. But the country at large fails to catch the full force of the joke. Senator Aldrich and his lieutenants take delight in "smoking out" the Democrats, as if the sole duty of a legislator were to show that his opponent is no less a fool or a rascal than himself. It is not Democratic opposition that has forced tariff reform upon the Republican party, but a popular upheaval that was strong enough to make the Republicans write revision into their last national platform, and their Presidential candidate pledge himself solemnly. From the Democratic party the country has long ceased to expect either efficiency or common sense. If Senator Aldrich shows the Democrats to be protectionists at heart, he merely proves that the Republican party has infected its rival with a lust for tariff plunder equal to its own.

It needed only the speech of Senator Scott of West Virginia last week to illustrate to the full the intellectual darkness which envelops the mind of the "standpatter." Why alter the Dingley act at all? We had great industrial prosperity after 1907, did we not? The Dingley bill was enacted in 1897, was it not? Then the Dingley bill caused the prosperity after 1897. We had hard times between 1893 and 1897, did we not? There was no Dingley law in that period, was there? Then the hard times between 1893 and 1897 were caused by the absence of a Dingley law. This being so, why change the law at all? Why not go on to the end of time, with that heaven-inspired measure showering prosperity on the American people? We are aware that we do not do full justice to the *ad captandum* argument, the misstatement of fact, and the mental ineptitude displayed by the Senator from West Virginia; but our brief summary will fairly reproduce his logical processes, and we refer to it here as an illustration of a state of mind which, we have some hope, is passing away with other ancient superstitions.

The time, we may suppose, will come when American schoolboys who read of such arguments being employed in Senatorial debate will smile incredulously, as they do to-day when told of the similar arguments over the divine right of kings. Senator Scott is interesting chiefly as a relic, and as such he may be worth preserving. That his instructive speech should have reached its climax in the exposition of the way in which the Wilson bill of 1894 caused the panic of 1893, was to be expected. A rude and annoying Senator of the opposing party, who volunteered to accept Mr. Scott's demonstration that the Wilson law of 1894 was the cause of the panic of 1893, provided the West Virginia Senator would extend his argument and admit that the Payne tariff bill of 1909 caused the panic of 1907, elicited no response. Yet that invitation may hereafter be accepted, if the Scott type of mind continues to be represented in the Senate. One can at least conceive some oracle, say in 1923, explaining how everything went well until, in October, 1907, on the sudden suspicion that, a year and a half later, protective duties might be revised, the Knickerbocker Trust Company closed its doors, the Westinghouse Electric failed, the New York banks issued Clearing House loan certificates, and the mills began to cut down production and discharge their hands.

The beleaguered missionaries in Asia Minor could receive no more cheering message than the news of Oscar S. Straus's reappointment as Ambassador to Turkey. Missionaries in that land of terror and bloodshed always speak of the halcyon days of Straus. The lately-deposed Sultan has found it easy enough to pull the wool over the eyes of the average Minister to his court, and Mr. Leishman—the retiring Ambassador—did not satisfy Americans with interests in Turkey, any more than did that curious Minister from Texas whose chief boasts were that he was a rebel who had never surrendered or taken the oath of allegiance, and that he could snuff out a candle at thirty paces four out of five times. Mr. Straus, however, always stuck to his contentions and to the Sultan like a leech, and missionaries and teachers everywhere in Turkey looked to him with confidence. The country is to be congratulated that, in this time of upheaval and revolution, it will be represented at Constantinople by a man so admirably fitted for the post.

W. W. Rockhill's transfer from Peking to St. Petersburg is another piece of good news, in refreshing contrast to one or two other recent diplomatic appointments. For some time past there has been a feeling that Mr. Rockhill was less interested in our trade relations with China than a man of different training would be. That some one else would go to Peking has been known from the beginning of Mr. Taft's administration. It would, however, have been a genuine misfortune if a man of Mr. Rockhill's long diplomatic experience and rare knowledge of Oriental languages had been dropped out of the service. At St. Petersburg his linguistic attainments and his knowledge of the Far East will still be of great value to him and to the country. J. W. Riddle, the present Ambassador to Russia, is another man with a rare talent for languages, who worked his way up after thirteen years of service at Constantinople, Cairo, Belgrade, and St. Petersburg, to an ambassadorship, and his retirement would be a cause for earnest protest were it not that the delicate state of his health has made the tender of his resignation something more than the usual courtesy to the incoming President.

That all the cities along the Mississippi, from New Orleans to St. Paul, are liable to attack and demolition in case of war with a foreign Power is the startling information that is now being disseminated. Not only this but many of the cities on the tributaries of the Mississippi, such as Council Bluffs and Sioux City on the Missouri, Cincinnati and Louisville on the Ohio, and many others, are in like danger.

This is the alarming news being spread from New Orleans to Washington. The Red River thrills with it, the Yazoo Valley is filled with alarm. The Mississippi delta is shuddering daily at the thought of a battleship bombarding its levees. It is fear of the deep wa-

terway which Congress is constructing that is causing this panic in the Mississippi Valley, and is leading Milwaukee's brewers to tremble, lest the warships, after passing the New Orleans forts in the best manner of Farragut, should sail on up past Chicago into the Great Lakes, picking up coal and food on the way from unsuspecting river transports. Now, the foregoing is not the plot of a new play entitled "An American's Home on the Mississippi"; it is a genuine statement of a propaganda to-day carried on in New Orleans in order to induce Congress to appropriate money "on a great scale" "for a powerful fortified naval base at New Orleans." We have always felt that this big-navy mania, this fear of conquest to which the Anglo-Saxon nations suddenly fall prey, was a species of madness. After hearing of New Orleans's fears for St. Paul's safety from naval attack, we are certain that it is nothing else than insanity—but calculated insanity.

The story of the Sugar Trust's stealings from the government and the restitution it has been compelled to make, brings out more than the old truth that corporations have no soul. It is also evident that some of our largest corporations have no face to blush with. For ten years and more the stealing went on, with the indubitable connivance of officers of the company who were powerful enough to stop the practice if they had so chosen. But here again men who would be horrified at the idea of theft in their private character, found it clever and legitimate to resort to the meanest form of theft, in behalf of the corporation they served.

The Constitutionalists in Turkey are determined not to repeat their error of last July. Mistaken clemency or mistaken caution made them accept a compromise with the old order. The cost measured in human lives has been revealed during the past three weeks in Asia Minor and elsewhere. The initial error is now being repaired. Abdul Hamid is removed from the scene, and upon those who aided him to stir up mutiny and massacre, stern punishment is being visited. Kipling and his school have popularized an argument against liberty for the greater portion of the human race. It consists in one word: "Oriental." When the East was created, the inhabitants thereof were doomed to servitude in perpetuity. Reaction naturally seizes upon the hackneyed argument: "In spite of Constitutions and Parliaments, the East will always be the East." This is own cousin to the argument that the iniquities of the Czar's rule are justified by the fact that when you scratch a Russian you find a Tartar. The Young Turk leaders seem to have accepted the charge of being Orientals with a certain grim humor. When Abdul Hamid's chief eunuch was hanged high on Galata Bridge for the people to gaze at, even as Haman was hanged, the desire to impress the Oriental mind was evident. When the murderers of a member of the Turkish Parliament are put to death on the precise spot where their victim fell, we catch a distinct echo of the Cadi of the Arabian Nights, who had transgressors hanged from their own door-posts. But that the Liberal leaders at Constantinople know the nature of the people they deal with is not to their disadvantage.

British capital, frightened by Mr. Lloyd-George's white apron, cups, and blood basin, is said to be contemplating a flight abroad. The rumor need not be taken seriously. In the first place, capital may be fugitive under hostile circumstances, but it has also the habit of fixity. When the Stock Exchange transfer tax was enacted in this State, we all remember how Wall Street was going to move across to Jersey City. In the second place, British capital, even if it would run away, scarcely has a place to run to. On its way across the Channel it may run full tilt into French capital migrating from the Paris Bourse, the inevitable outcome, according to the prophets, of the proposed French income tax. Should they both seek refuge in Germany, the Minister of Finance will welcome them with a broad smile and a knife behind his back. Capital need not deceive itself. The merry game of battleship-building has become world-wide, and wherever it shall go—Spain, Austria, Brazil, Argentina—capital will find finance ministers, chancellors, grand-viziers, and maghzens waiting impatient. Capital cannot run away. It must make up its mind to stay at home and fight. Capital, like labor, must fight against Dreadnought manias, against official incompetence and extravagance, against corporation stealing from the government. All these things must be paid for; and capital pays for them in high taxes as labor pays in high-priced loaves of bread.

The birth of a daughter to the Queen of the Netherlands is, of course, an event of political importance. Yet it is a question whether the natural and long-deferred desire of the Dutch has not tended to exaggerate the possible consequences of failure of issue to Queen Wilhelmina. Vast German ambitions were supposed to be contingent upon the death of Wilhelmina without a successor of her body. Holland has been regarded as essential to the Pan-Germanic ideal which contemplates a Teutonic Empire straight across Europe from the North Sea to the Adriatic. For commerce and war the Dutch harbors would be of tremendous value to Germany. Such an ideal, Germans may cherish or not, but the birth of an heir to the Dutch crown need not interfere with the plan, any more than the absence of a direct heir would have greatly facilitated it. The succession in the Netherlands is definitely regulated. If Wilhelmina had died childless, there were in Germany a number of heirs, second-cousins of Wilhelmina, and their children, to whom the crown would have legally descended. That the accession of a German prince would have brought nearer the danger of absorption by Germany by no means follows. It is almost a natural law for foreign princes to forget their nativity for the interests of the people over whom they are called to rule. Great Britain is not particularly Germanophil because the father of Edward VII was a German prince. If the Kaiser or his successors want Holland, they will have to take it by persuasion or by force in very much the same fashion, whether Queen Wilhelmina's children or her cousins occupy the throne.

In the new Italian Chamber there is one Deputy who will gain prominence as a compact and independent Parliamentary party of one. He is Don Romolo Murri, a priest, whose Radical activities, chiefly in connection with the National Democratic League, of which he is the founder, have brought upon him the penalty of major excommunication. Don Romolo advocates a sharper

separation of Church and state than is now the rule in Italy. The state is to abstain from further interference in the administration of religious funds, and the ecclesiastical properties under its care are to be distributed among associations similar to those contemplated by the French Separation Law. On the other hand, the state is to guarantee freedom of instruction, with the right to pronounce on the scholastic programme. Feeling has been aroused in Rome by Murri's refusal to lay aside his priestly vestments. No ecclesiastical penalty can deprive an ordained priest of his sacerdotal character, and the Church admits the new Deputy's right to retain his priestly garments, while deploring that he should choose to exercise that right. With the strengthened Socialists and Radicals bent on a vigorous anti-clerical policy, the strengthened Catholics bound to resist bitterly, and Don Romolo Murri as an ecclesiastical free lance, Church questions are sure to form an important feature of Parliamentary discussion in the near future.

How rapidly nations forget is illustrated in the case of Portugal, which has experienced during the last half year a succession of ministerial crises. It would be imagined that such a bloodletting as Lisbon witnessed in February, 1908, would sober the country's judgment and turn its serious attention to the crying need of reform. The murder of King Carlos and the crown prince was brought about by the King's attempt to rule as a dictator. But this in turn had been made almost inevitable by the hopelessly corrupt state of parliamentary government. Two political parties, almost equally matched, worked steadily together for the looting of the state. The "rotative" system prescribed that as soon as one party had had its chance at the offices and the bribes, it should make way for the other. The dictator Franco tried to break up this system, the King was assassinated, Portugal for a time hovered on the verge of republicanism, and then it went back to the hallowed system of coöperative plunder. Once more the party of the Regenerators is engaged in regenerating the private fortunes of its leaders, and the party of the Progressists is making its regular recurrent progress through the pockets of the Portuguese people. No attempt is made to conceal the fact that the good old times are back again. People in Portugal must be very much like people in New York, where Senator Depew is again making after-dinner speeches.

TIGHTENING THE TARIFF GRIP.

Developments in the Senate have now gone far enough to show what the leaders of that body are prepared to do with tariff revision. In a word, they would make the tariff rates higher than before, with the only chance of change in an upward direction; and would so complicate and strengthen the administrative machinery designed to harry the importer and oppress the consumer, that the last estate of those unhappy citizens shall be worse than the first. This conclusion is the only one that can be drawn from the duties in the Aldrich bill, averaging slightly above those of the Dingley bill, and from the other proposals of Mr. Aldrich respecting a maximum and minimum tariff, and his sweeping amendments to the administrative sections of the tariff act. The whole performance must finally shatter the confidence, or the hope, which President Taft has cherished that he could "do business" with Senator Aldrich. It is now seen to be true, what an ex-Senator said when told of the inclination of the Administration to trust Aldrich to revise the tariff downwards: "Aldrich could give Taft all the trumps, and as many other good cards as you please, and still beat him!"

That the Rhode Island Senator has all along intended to give the lie to Republican campaign pledges of tariff revision, has now become abundantly evident. He has made himself the very prophet of the "stand-patters." And as if to destroy any last lingering doubt concerning his attitude come the amendments which he introduced last Friday. In his provisions for maximum and minimum tariff rates, he has completely reversed the position taken by both the McKinley bill and the Dingley bill. In them, we had high duties, to be sure, but the promise was held out of getting them reduced in practice, by means of reciprocity agreements. To-day, however, the only possibility of alteration is upwards. We may think Aldrich's level of duties high enough in all conscience, but he proposes to have them increased by 25 per cent. all around, in the case of any or all countries which discriminate against our foreign trade. True, this increase is left to the discretion of the President, and we may be sure that Mr. Taft would not abuse it: but the maximum tariff is made more of as a threat, than the minimum tariff is as an inducement; and in any event, we cannot hope to get a trade arrangement or reciprocity treaty which will lighten the burden of tariff taxes. Aldrich's figures will be the irreducible minimum, if he can make them so.

In the same way, his new Section 3, relating to the methods of collecting tariff taxes, reveals a purpose to make the administrative machinery a still more ready means of injustice. It contains, for example, the proviso that the appraisers may, in certain cases, completely disregard invoices and affidavits, and fix as the legal wholesale price abroad "not less than the wholesale price . . . in the United States, in the open market, due allowance by deduction being made for estimated duties thereon, cost of transportation, insurance, and other necessary expenses." Still more threatening than this, is the quiet proposal of Senator Aldrich to create a Court of Customs, consisting of a presiding judge and four associate judges, at a salary of $10,000 each. To this court shall be taken all appeals from any Board of General Appraisers, and its judgments or decrees "shall be final." That is, recourse to other Federal courts is cut off. Many famous customs suits have been taken to the Supreme Court, and great victories won in the interest of the consumer; but if Senator Aldrich's plan is adopted, a man may have his property taken away from him by this Court of Customs, while his right to appeal to the highest judicial tribunal will be cut off. The intent is obvious. Like all the other tariff schemes, which men such as Senator Aldrich favor, the aim is to tighten the grip of the tariff upon the consuming public remorselessly.

This week's debate and voting in the Senate may easily be critical. The game of the high-tariff intriguers is to secure enough votes to pass their bill very much as it is, on the plea that the measure will be altered for the better in conference between the two Houses. It

is even said that the President has been urged to say nothing at present about the bad features of the Senate bill, in the hope that the conference will insist upon a really honest revision. But we hope that neither he nor any tariff-reform Senator is credulous enough to be taken in by this. If Aldrich can get his measure through, on whatever pretences, without serious opposition, he will lead the Senate conferrees to an unyielding battle with those from the House. The time to attack and check him is before the bill gets out of the Senate. Hence we welcome the statement that a dozen or so of revisionist Republican Senators from the West are to take the floor to expose and denounce the kind of tricky revision which Aldrich has devised. Only by meeting him openly and resolutely, and by refusing to vote for those exorbitant duties which he would levy, in defiance of party pledges and of all decency, can the hands of the Ways and Means Committee of the House be held up, and the way made ready for the emerging from conference of a tariff bill such as the country was promised, and strongly desires.

THE "COMMODITIES DECISION."

When Senator Elkins, in June, 1906, proposed an amendment to the Hepburn Railway Rate bill, forbidding a railway to transport from State to State any commodity (with certain specified exceptions) manufactured, mined, produced, or owned by such railway, he thus described its purpose. It was:

> To divorce transportation from production on the part of the railroads engaged in transporting coal they mined and sold in competition with other shippers, which was a great abuse. This abuse grew into a grievous wrong to independent shippers. I sought to correct this abuse by an amendment confining railroads to their legitimate business of transporting freight and passengers, and prohibiting them from engaging in the transportation of any commodity which they might own except for their own use.

The West Virginia Senator was undoubtedly prompted to his action by the independent coal producers of his State. They complained that conditions were most unfair and destructive to their business when the railways, on whose services the independent miner must depend to get his product to market, were themselves engaged in competitive coal production, and were favoring themselves in the matter of transportation. Quite apart from discriminatory rates, the railways would, it was alleged, find it inconvenient to provide the cars which the independent miner needed. Coal produced by the railroads had the right of way. The "commodities clause" was wholly directed towards the mining industry. It would have applied to such iron mines as were then controlled by the Great Northern Railway; but that company has since divested itself of its ore lands through transfer to a separate corporation and a contract with the United States Steel Corporation. Railways are not engaged in or connected with manufacture on any such scale as to make the "commodities clause" a matter of importance in that direction; and they produce on a large scale nothing but the articles referred to, barring timber, which is expressly excepted from the operation of the law.

The scope and purpose of the "commodities clause," then, are clear, and naturally the law was tested in the case of the coal-mining railways. When the government brought suit in the Federal Circuit Court, almost exactly a year ago, the Attorney-General contended that the prohibition affected coal in which a railway company had any interest, including coal produced by a company any of whose stock the railway held. Counsel for the railways argued that the "commodities clause" not only forbids transportation under such circumstances, but "absolutely outlaws . . . coal in which the railroad company originally had any such interest, no matter how many times the title to it changes within the State of Pennsylvania." On this assumption the argument proceeded that, since the railways could not divest themselves of their heavily-mortgaged coal property without great pecuniary loss, the effect of the clause was "the taking of the defendant's property, corporate rights, and franchises, without due process of law."

With this view of the case the Circuit Court concurred, Judge Gray's opinion of last September being that the clause "invades the right of the State by striking down the liberty . . . to engage in interstate commerce to the fullest extent as to all harmless articles, whether owned or not owned by the carrier, and deprives of their property these defendants, contrary to the letter and the spirit of the fifth amendment to the Constitution." On Monday the Supreme Court reversed the lower court's decision as to the constitutionality of the "commodities clause." It did so, however, by giving a very different interpretation to its scope. In this respect, the Supreme Court does not follow the argument of the Circuit Court, or that of the government, or that of the defence. It declares that ownership of stock in a manufacturing or mining company does not constitute ownership of the commodities produced, and cites prior decisions of its own to that effect. Therefore, the argument that property owned through stock investment would be taken from the railways without due process of law was irrelevant. As to the question of direct ownership of coal or other commodities by a railway company, the act merely provides that they shall not be thus owned while in process of transportation. In other words, the railway must in good faith sell products thus owned by it before transporting them—which involves neither hardship nor confiscation.

Attorney-General Wickersham points out that "the decision does not sustain the full contention of either the government or the carriers"; also that "it sustains the principle contended for by the government, that Congress has power to prohibit a carrier from carrying, in competition with other shippers, commodities which the carrier owns or in which it is interested." Indeed, Mr. Wickersham believes that, under the decision, Congress itself has the power, if it sees fit to exercise it, to extend the prohibition to products of companies in which the railway has merely a stock interest.

The probability or improbability of such action depends largely, we should say, on how the railways hereafter use the opportunities opened by indirect ownership. It may be made, by unscrupulous use, a real abuse and a grievance to both competing producers and the consuming public; or it may be so exercised as to conform to the principles of equity and fair play. For ourselves, in view of the extent to which power over traffic and prices has been extended in this country, through purchase of stock in one corporation by use of the credit of another, we cannot regard it as unfortunate that this particular weapon is left in the hands of the national legislature. The "industrial amal-

gamation craze" of 1899 and 1901, the Northern Securities incident, and the more recent exploits in the field of railway corporations by Mr. Harriman, are landmarks which at least impress on the public mind the value of a power reserved in the hands of the people.

THE ENGLISH BUDGET.

The finance of English Liberalism was confessedly put to its trumps in the budget laid before the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer last week. The financial record of the party had been better than of the Conservative Ministries immediately preceding. Until the demand for enormous sums for the navy, and the swelling expense of old-age pensions, disturbed the equilibrium of the budget, the Liberals had both remitted taxes and reduced the public debt. During the three years that Mr. Asquith was Chancellor of the Exchequer, the national debt was reduced at the rate of $75,000,000 a year. In 1903, the total was $3,800,000,000; it is now $3,480,000,000. This involves a diminution in the yearly interest charges to the amount of nearly $10,000,000. That was good financiering. But what the Conservative leaders had all along been hoping was, of course, that the Liberals would be driven into abandoning the policy of free trade. If only Mr. Balfour could see the Liberals make a beginning of tariff taxation, with incidental protection, his cup would run over. But that kind of net is spread in vain before any Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer. More sagacious as well as more honorable than our own Democrats, he recognizes party suicide when he sees it, and knows that it is better to fail, temporarily, with a sound policy, than to attempt to get on for a time by compromise, trickery, and self-stultification.

The figures for the current year were not so black as they were expected to be. During the last few weeks of the fiscal year, the revenue picked up surprisingly. At the same time, expenditures were somewhat held down. The net result was a deficit of about $7,500,000, much smaller than had until recently been thought certain. But it is the budget for 1909-10 that causes the difficulty. How to cover the increased expenditures of nearly $80,000,000 was the problem of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He could not dodge it, after the happy-go-lucky fashion of American public finance—letting the deficit go, and be hanged to it, or issuing bonds to pay current expenses, or putting up Senator Aldrich to guess that there will be money enough. Mr. Lloyd-George had to set it down in black and white, and show just what his new taxes will yield. In an unguarded moment, he once jested about robbing a hen-roost to get the financial eggs he might need. He might well have been reminded of what Montaigne says in his essay on "Glory":

> A man is not always at the top of a breach or at the head of an army. . . . He is often surprised between the hedge and the ditch; *he must run the hazard of his life against a henroost.*

Various small eggs, the Chancellor of the Exchequer can always put his hand upon through minor taxes. That he has done, here and there, in his budget. But it was all along evident that the main dependence must be placed upon the enlarged scope of old taxes. There are really, in England to-day, few "untapped" sources of funds for the Treasury. It is the land; it is inherited wealth; it is the tax on incomes, which alone furnish an elastic revenue. Accordingly, the expectation was strong that the Chancellor would be compelled to seek his eggs mainly in those nests; and he has done so. Added taxation of the land, in the shape of heavy levies upon freehold ground-rents in London and other great cities and a super-tax on large incomes are the resorts which the Chancellor has adopted. This plan has raised, in anticipation, the cry of "confiscation." It might, indeed, be the case that such taxes would bear very heavily, perhaps inequitably, upon the great landlords and the very rich. But there would be a kind of retributive justice in making them shoulder the new burdens, because they have been chiefly responsible for the increase of those burdens. By their insensate talk of war and artificial clamor for Dreadnoughts without end, they have pushed up the naval estimates abnormally, and it is only just that they should be made to foot a good share of the bills. If Lloyd-George could only find a way to make bellicose editors, too, put their hands in their pockets to pay for the folly which they have helped to blow so large, his justice would be fairly poetic.

Viewed purely as a measure of finance, the new English budget is capable and business-like. It goes straight to the point of raising the needed money by the necessary taxes. There is no artful attempt to conceal from the people the burdens which their representatives have voted that they shall bear. The Chancellor of the Exchequer simply comes forward remorseless as fate, to say to the House of Commons, and to the nation: "Since you have decided to spend such and such sums of money, I will show you how the uttermost farthing is to be got out of you." It is business applied to statesmanship. While the German government has struggled for months in vain to get through the Reichstag a tax-law to make income equal expenditures; while at Washington our system of taxation is left to guess-work and intrigue, with hugger-mugger the probable result, the English cling to their old successful way of making a responsible Ministry draw up a budget in which a tax is laid for every penny spent. Whatever else may be said of this, it is efficient finance.

Politically, the budget marks for the Liberals a decided lurch in the direction of the Radicals and the Labor party. The very taxes which make the City of London cry out in rage, fill the working classes and the Socialists with glee. To get at accumulated wealth by discriminating and depleting taxes, has long been their dream; and Mr. Lloyd-George has now made its realization seem much nearer. When we add that he has provided for labor exchanges, after the French model, and has outlined a scheme of state insurance of workingmen against lack of employment, we can see how strong a bid is made for the labor vote. With the Labor party split, as it now is, the Liberals may win some votes and retain some seats, as a consequence of their Radical budget. Yet their defeat is written in the stars, next year, or as soon as they step out or are turned out of office. They will have alarmed and alienated so many of their wealthy and middle-class followers that, as the drift of the bye-elections shows almost beyond a peradventure, the Conservatives will easily come back to power in the next general election. Thereupon, according to all precedent, all the Socialistic legislation of the Liberals will be, not repealed, but retained and extended by the Tories! It was so with the Irish land law, with the Harcourt graduated

inheritance tax, and there is no reason to doubt that it will be so as well with Lloyd-George's taxes on wealth and favors to labor. Mr. Balfour will be able to reconcile his opposition to them when out of office with his adoption of them when in power. "There were grave objections to these measures, but now that they are enacted, and the people are used to them, and even seem to like them, it is not expedient to expunge them."

RESEARCH AND RESULTS.

The trustees of the Carnegie Trust, at their annual meeting held in London recently, discussed at some length the results of the effort to encourage original research in the universities of Scotland. Mr. Balfour, for example, was amazed to find that the number of failures was so small. It was not an easy task, he declared, to catch the right man, and the number of men worth catching was not very large. He divided these eligible persons into two classes: those who had the gift and ambition, but not "the rare and overmastering" desire which forces one into this career. Such men must be taken early before they are absorbed in the necessary occupations of life. There was also a higher class, "those who seem born for research," to whom the penetration of the secrets of nature and history seems an overwhelming passion, from which they are scarcely to be diverted. To these men, said Mr. Balfour, it was all important, "not for the sake of the men but for the sake of the community, that they should have a chance of devoting their talents to that great work for which God undoubtedly intended them."

Mr. Balfour thus emphasized an idea to which Americans have hitherto paid but little attention. Before the Carnegie Institution of Washington was established, there was scarcely any organized effort to promote research. A few of our better equipped universities maintained chairs of research, and a few others tried to afford some leisure to those teachers who displayed special aptitude in this line; but with a growing population pressing hard on our educational resources, most colleges have been forced to lay on their faculties too heavy a burden of instruction. An occasional professor has deliberately slighted his classes in order to do work which has seemed more important, but such cases are exceptional. The average professor has stuck doggedly to his assigned tasks and relinquished one ambition after another, till failing strength has forced upon him the bitter truth that his *magnum opus*, his monument more enduring than bronze, has been a dream. Such failures contain a large element of the tragic; for, in proportion as the aim has been high, so must the consciousness of failure be galling. And this is one reason why every college faculty contains men who carry the scars of the balked and the disappointed. In many instances, doubtless, these men might have come far short of success even had they been offered an opportunity to become authors, to edit important historical documents, or to penetrate the secrets of nature; but most of them can justly complain that they have never had a fair chance.

The effect on our institutions of higher learning has also been depressing. The tendency has been to stiffen the traditions of intellectual mediocrity which are already too strong, to maintain a faculty which is content merely to go through the motions of teaching without actually inspiring our youth. We would not be thought to urge a faculty made up of investigators, for successful investigators may be poor teachers, especially of young undergraduates; but a faculty which contains few or no men of eager and inquiring mind inevitably stagnates. In far too many of our small colleges, East and West, teachers and students are doing nothing but whirl round in their squirrel-cages, with immense outward activity, but no actual progress. We complain that our undergraduates are absorbed in athletics, in social affairs, and in everything but study. Such diversions offer a peculiarly strong temptation to youth, and the only way to draw the undergraduate in the other direction is to make study itself attractive. This is not the same thing as making courses slipshod and easy; quite the contrary. The real method is to rouse ambition, to quicken, to energize; and for this task men of force and ambition are needed, men who, while they discharge their daily duties faithfully, still look forward and aspire to something beyond the routine of the classroom, and thus give their pupils an outlook into the world that lies outside the shaded streets of the college town.

We have been using the words "research" and "investigation," but they are too narrow in scope. In all fields, much interesting and stimulating work is always to be done that cannot, strictly speaking, extend the boundaries of our knowledge. In the natural sciences, there must be constant reorganization of data, and restatement of principles in the light of new experimentation—constant popularizing, not vulgarizing, of the results obtained in our laboratories. This, which was what Huxley undertook, is no dry mechanical process, but a challenge to the most ingenious of minds, a sure means of intellectual development. And in history and economics, in philosophy, and literature in all its branches, the same labor awaits the skilled hand. The classics of all tongues must be edited and criticised from the point of view of men and women of to-day, reinterpreted in the terms of modern speech. History must be rewritten for every generation. To these important undertakings, America could and would lend far more help, to the great advantage of the cause of education and our higher life generally, if we could entertain a larger conception of the function of a college.

THE NEW STAGE OF PRAGMATISM.

I.

It is one of the difficulties of coping with a philosophy of the flux, that no sooner have you come to grips with it than it flows into another form and eludes your grasp. To read the bold frontal attacks of Messrs. Schinz and Pratt* and then to find that the adversary in a simultaneous publication† has already slipped to one side, is to recall the Homeric wrestling match with the wily old man of the sea. No doubt he is Proteus still, and the contest is with the same foe, but the weapons must be changed and the grip altered. The chief concern of Professor Schinz is to lay bare the social *milieu* out of which Pragmatism has grown, and his conclusions touch the problem of democracy and aristocracy. His criticism of American life and literature from this point of view is extraordinarily keen. Professor Pratt is concerned more with the religious outcome of the movement

**Anti-Pragmatisme.* Par Albert Schinz, Professeur à l'Université de Bryn Mawr. Paris: Félix Alcan.

What is Pragmatism? By James Bissett Pratt, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Williams College. New York: The Macmillan Co.

†*A Pluralistic Universe:* Hibbert Lectures at Manchester College on the Present Situation in Philosophy. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

than with its social meaning. The new philosophy is to him a part of the scientific tendency of thought which, in the words of a distinguished biologist, describes the Moral Imperative as a "psychic correlate of a reflective, cerebro-spinal, ideo-motor process, the efferent end of which is organized into motor tracts coördinated for a specific action." Whereto Mr. Pratt remarks gravely that this method "has pressed its splendidly useful and illuminating formulæ too far, it has attempted to simplify too much, and in doing so it has become somewhat narrow, somewhat blind, and somewhat unempirical." And he adds: "To my thinking, the pendulum has now swung too far in the anti-intellectualistic direction." Both writers make easy work with the equivocations of Mr. James's last book on "Pragmatism." And indeed it needs no profound study to see the weak joints in a logic which undertakes to determine the inmost nature of things by what we regard as pragmatically useful in our own lives, and to prove that truth is actually created by what we think it expedient to believe.

There is something like the hilarity of sport in dragging out the inconsistencies, if not insincerities, of a philosopher who has tried to defend rationally a system which is professedly an attack on rationalism. For just that, and nothing more, is Pragmatism. It is easy to show that such a philosopher ought, so far as the correspondence of logic and reality goes, to be a complete skeptic. Well and good. But what will you do if, before the ink is fairly dry on your book, this Proteus of the lecture hall is before the world with a recantation of his errors and a frank retreat to just such logical skepticism as you denounced him for not confessing. In one sense, Professor James's Hibbert Lectures are consistent with his past; they are in the right line of development from that temperamental impetus which by his own theory is the source of every philosophy, however he may have sloughed off various inconsistencies to attain this position. As a matter of fact, the word Pragmatism scarcely occurs in these lectures, and the attempt at their end to tack on a theory of creating, or even discovering, truth by the "practical reason" is purely perfunctory. Their central point, their crisis, so to speak, is the magnificent repudiation of the whole process of metaphysics:

> I saw (he says) that philosophy had been on a false scent ever since the days of Socrates and Plato, that an *intellectual* answer to the intellectualist's difficulties will never come, and that the real way out of them, far from consisting in the discovery of such an answer, consists in simply closing one's ears to the question. When conceptualism summons life to justify itself in conceptual terms, it is like a challenge addressed in a foreign language to some one who is absorbed in his own business; it is irrelevant to him altogether—he may let it lie unnoticed. I went thus through the "inner catastrophe"; . . . I had literally come to the end of my conceptual stock-in-trade, I was bankrupt intellectualistically, and had to change my base.

II.

To such an inner catastrophe, not unlike one of the conversions he has described so luminously in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," he was brought after long struggling with the problem of reason and covering hundreds of sheets of paper with memoranda of his self-questioning. As the worldling under the stroke of heaven forswears the world, so now he is "compelled to *give up logic*, fairly, squarely, and irrevocably." The apostle to him in this agony was the young sage of Paris, Henri Bergson, to whom many others, indeed, in these times of perplexity are turning inquisitive eyes, and to whom Mr. James devotes one of the most brilliant of his lectures. To that lecture itself, or to G.-H. Luquet's "Idées générales de psychologie," the questioner must be referred who hesitates to plunge into M. Bergson's own uncoördinated works. Mr. James centres his exposition about the hoary and awful paradox which sets Achilles forever approaching and never overtaking a tortoise, since by the time he reaches the tortoise's first starting-point, the tortoise has already got beyond that starting-point to another, and so on *ad infinitum*, the interval between the two being endlessly subdivided but never obliterated—just as ½ plus ¼ plus ⅛ may be prolonged into an infinite series without equalling unity. The solution is a statement of the absolute divorce between reason and sensuous experience; the one is discrete, the other is concrete and continuous. To analyze actual experience into the terms of the intellect is simply to use words without meaning:

> You cannot explain [by abstract concepts] what makes any single phenomenon be or go—you merely dot out the path of appearances which it traverses. For you cannot make continuous being out of discontinuities, and your concepts are discontinuous. The stages into which you analyze a change are *states*, the change itself goes on between them. It lies along their intervals, inhabits what your definition fails to gather up, and thus eludes conceptual explanation altogether.

With this sling of metaphysical negation he attacks Mr. Bradley, the champion of monism, or abstract idealism, or pantheism, or whatever you choose to call it; and, believe me, he makes good sport with the doughty Goliath of Oxford. I confess that to me monism has always been merely another word for monomania, and I have followed Mr. James's sallies into the madhouse with a kind of gay amusement. The attempt to catch and hold the universe in a syllogism, denying thereby all our concrete experience, all our sense of multiplicity and change, all our knowledge of evil, denying life itself for an abstract unity of the reason, has been one of the tyrannous obsessions of metaphysics. Common sense might protest against monism as a madness, but common sense is apt to shrivel away under the frown of a supercilious Reason, and Reason declares there shall be no contradiction in the sum of our experiences. The only escape is to deny the validity of reason itself as the sole criterion of reality. To this liberation Mr. James has been guided, or has at least been confirmed therein, by the new luminary of Paris, and now proclaims his gratitude. His protest against the whole school of German intellectualism will find an exultant echo in many laboring breasts. It is in a very literal sense the "psychological moment" for such an authoritative utterance as this:

> The English mind, thank heaven, and the French mind, are still kept, by their aversion to crude technique and barbarism, closer to truth's natural probabilities. Their literatures show fewer obvious falsities and monstrosities than that of Germany. Think of the German literature of æsthetics, with the preposterousness of such an unæsthetic personage as Immanuel Kant enthroned in its centre! Think of German books on *Religionsphilosophie*, with the heart's battles translated into conceptual jargon and made dialectic.

III.

Macte virtute! we cry, and toss hats into the air. There is no hope in Kant or any of his followers, for, as Mr. James rightly asserts, both wings of modern philosophy rest on intellectualist logic, "the absolutists smashing the world of sense by its means, the empiricists smashing the absolute—for the absolute, they say, is the quintessence of all logical contradictions. . . . Neither impugns in principle its general theoretic authority." I, for one, am ready to follow any leader out of the Egypt of Kantian metaphysics, and I would not belittle the honor due to M. Bergson and to Mr. James as the Moses and the Aaron of this exodus. Yet a word of demur must be entered against so extreme a statement as that "rationalism has never [before] been seriously questioned . . . and Bergson alone has been radical." Such an avowal rouses the suspicion that Mr. James himself has not really looked beyond the circle drawn by the wizard of Königsberg, that he too stands entranced in the illusion of the present. Sometimes as I consider with myself how this illusion daily more and more enthralls and impoverishes our mental life by cutting off from it all the rich experience of the past, it is as though we were at sea in a vessel, while a fog was settling upon the water, gradually, as it thickened, closing in upon our vision with ever narrower circle, blotting out the far-flashing lights of the horizon and

the depths of the sky, throwing a pall upon the very waves about us, until we move forward through a sullen obscurity, unaware of any other traveller upon that sea, save when through the fog the sound of a threatening alarm beats upon the ear. Mr. James, who has pondered so well Bergson's analysis of the individual consciousness as a summing up of all the past, should have seen the application of the same definition to the general consciousness of mankind. He should have seen that Bergson's rejection of reason as the arbiter of reality was no new thing, but the old insight re-defined in the terms of modern psychology. Had he been more completely freed from the vicious circle of the present, he would have known that in denouncing Platonism as the type and source of rationalistic metaphysics, he had in mind not the Greek Plato, but a Plato viewed through Teutonic spectacles. The doctrine of reminiscence, and indeed of ideas themselves if properly understood, should have taught him that Plato's instrument of truth was an intuition far closer to the facts of consciousness than is any canon of discrete logic, and at one with the faculty of religious insight wherever and whenever this is found. The Neo-Platonists developed this method—while denuding it of vitality, making it "thin," as Mr. James would say—in their distinction between intelligence (νοῦς) and the non-intelligible One or the First Good. Henry More, in his tantalizing obscure rhymes, sought to unite this higher skepticism with Christian theology, as, for instance, in his "Life of the Soul" (ii, 98):

How then, said Graco, is the spirit known
If not by reason? To this I replied,
Only the spirit can the spirit own.
But this, said he, is back again to slide
And in an idle Circle round to ride.
Why so, said I, is not light seen by light?
Straight Graculo did skilfully divide
All knowledge into sense and reason right.
Be 't so, said I, Don Graco, what's this reason's might?

If then, said he, the spirit may not be
Right reason, surely we must deem it sense.
Yes, sense it is, this was my short reply.

And Pascal meant the same thing when he declared that "there is nothing so conformable to reason as this disavowal of reason," and that "the heart has its reasons, which the reason does not know." To this extent the insight of faith is in agreement with the commonsense of the street, in so far as to both the meaning of the world is given by immediate experience rather than by any metaphysical system; and they are both in agreement with the complete skeptic in so far as they all hold their judgment in a state of suspension (ἐποχή) toward the pretensions of reason to act as the final arbiter of reality: "The truth is Pyrrhonism," said Pascal. In this contrast to rationalism, saint and man of the world and skeptic are at one; they diverge on other lines. It has seemed worth while to point, in passing, to this kinship of Bergson's psychological superrationalism with the constant attitude of faith, because the aspect of Mr. James's work which most deserves censure is the encouragement afforded therein to the particular vanity of our age—a smart contemporaneity. He should have pondered the scope of his own pregnant sentence: "If we do not feel both past and present in one field of feeling, we feel them not at all."

IV.

With this reserve, we may regard the call from metaphysics to a philosophy of immediate experience as altogether wholesome. Abstract reason is not in its own field a false thing, nor is it without indispensable usefulness in the application of experience to life; nevertheless, not through it shall we come into intimate touch with reality, but through life itself; the truth for us is not what we have defined logically, but what we actually feel and will. It does not follow, however, that in accepting heartily this method we must equally accept Mr. James's statement of the relative values of what he reports as obtained by the method; we may even suspect that in his evaluation he slips into the very error from which he is so eager to save us. Consciousness, he says, is not discrete, or divided into discontinuous moments, as it is presented to us by the reason, but is continuous; nor has it any conformity with the static void of monism. Time and change are of its essence, and if we wish to *know* reality we must "dive back into the flux itself." His cry is like the command of Faust to leave the musty cell and throw one's self into the stream of the world—*Hinaus ins Freie!* There is a splendid exhilaration in the call. There is grave irony as well as stirring exhortation in Mr. James's personal appeal to his audience:

If Oxford men could be ignorant of anything, it might almost seem that they had remained ignorant of the great empirical movement towards a pluralistic panpsychic view of the universe, into which our own generation has been drawn, and which threatens to short-circuit their methods [of monistic dogmatism] entirely and become their religious rival unless they are willing to make themselves its allies. Yet, wedded as they seem to be to the logical machinery and technical apparatus of absolutism, I cannot but believe that their fidelity to the religious ideal in general is deeper still. . . . Let empiricism once become associated with religion, as hitherto, through some strange misunderstanding, it has been associated with irreligion, and I believe that a new era of religion as well as of philosophy will be ready to begin. That great awakening of a new popular interest in philosophy, which is so striking a phenomenon at the present day in all countries, is undoubtedly due in part to religious demands.

A pluralistic panpsychic view of the universe. That is to say: as our only knowledge is experience and our experience is an inner consciousness flowing with ceaseless change about endlessly differing sensations presented to it from without, so the truth of the world for us is not monism, but pluralism. We are *du réel dans le réel*, but this reality is an infinite group of interacting, interpenetrating forces, over which no absolute law can be found to govern. And as these forces, like our states of consciousness, are in a constant mutation, so, like ourselves, they may very well be, in part at least, other streams of consciousness, meeting and embracing and repelling one another. How else, indeed, can they have any meaning or reality to us? The universe may thus be panpsychic, and one of the most interesting of Mr. James's lectures is a revival of Fechner's animism, with his vision of the world-soul enveloping and nourishing the souls of men. For the proof of such a theory Mr. James goes to what he deems the facts of experience:

In a word, the believer is continuous, to his own consciousness, at any rate, with a wider self from which saving experiences flow in. Those who have such experiences distinctly enough and often enough to live in the light of them remain quite unmoved by criticism, from whatever quarter it may come, be it academic or scientific, or be it merely the voice of logical common sense. They have had their vision and they *know*—that is enough—that we inhabit an invisible spiritual environment from which help comes, our soul being mysteriously one with a larger soul whose instruments we are.

By such steps the pragmatist, now rather choosing to be called the radical empiricist, arrives at the belief in a deity, who is by no means the static timeless absolute of the monist, with its foreignness from all things human, but a mighty God above other gods, "having an environment, being in time, and working out a history just like ourselves."

V.

It is a seductive theory and has at least that quality of "thickness" which Mr. James, with his genius for phrase-making, contrasts with the "thinness" of idealism. It is charming, but then the dog that trails always at the heels of the pragmatist will have his bark: Is it true? Somehow one cannot be quite at ease in this new Zion, and, reading M. Luquet's analysis of Bergsonism, I seem to divine where the trouble lies. When we enter upon the study of psychology, says that expositor, we must begin by discarding the logic which we used in the sciences. In this field contradictories no longer exclude each other. Every state of conscious-

ness is at once an existence and a knowledge, the thing known and the knower, a part and the whole. Here identity and change, past and present, are simultaneous attributes of the same subject. And he continues:

> Hence we explain at once the exlstence and the falseness, at least relative, of the two opposed psychological doctrines called phenomenalism and spiritism. The latter sees in the ego an immutable substance which looks on with indifference at the unrolling states of consciousness; the former sees in the ego only a succession, a collection of isolated states of consciousness, of whlch the first has ceased when the second ls produced.

This truth explains, I surmise, something more than the two present modes of psychology. Is not this irreconcilable dualism of consciousness the source of the two opposing schools of philosophy, which, ever since Parmenides and Heraclitus set forth the paradox of absolute rest and absolute motion, unity and multiplicity, identity and change, have been at each other's throats? Logic demands the rejection of a contradictory; and as the temperament of a man leads him to dwell on one or the other phase of his inner experience, so, if he is a metaphysician, he forthwith sets out to build a rational theory of the universe on that phase to the exclusion of the other. What, at bottom, is this Pluralism of Mr. James, but the same ancient presumption of the reason which he has himself so shrewdly denounced. His feeling for flux and change and multiplicity is a reality, a great and desirable reality, set over against the monist's exclusive sense of unity; but is it the whole of reality? How can one recall the innumerable witnesses of religion, or hearken to the self-revelation of the poets, how can one look into the mirror of one's own life, and not perceive that the sense of something immutable and undivided exists in some way side by side with the sense of everlasting flux, that there is within us some

> . . . central peace subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation?

Mr. James does, indeed, throw out hints that he has caught the meaning of this dualistic reality of experience, but, like other philosophers, he soon cowers at the imperious command of reason, and tries to hide the nature of his own submission to one horn of the dilemma by merriment over the writhing of Mr. Bradley on the other; meanwhile common sense stands like *das Weltkind in der Mitte.*

And if the Pluralism of Mr. James is no true substitute for dualism, but a rejection of the one for the many, so his Panpsychism commits the other error of metaphysics in translating a fact of inner experience into a theory of the universe at large. The comfortable belief in these world-souls and commingled spirits and finite Jehovahs is even a projection of our consciousness of personal change into the void, just as the monist's absolute abstraction is born of his consciousness of personal unity. No doubt we are not alone in the universe. Forces beat upon us from every side and are as really existent to us as ourselves: their influence upon ourselves we know, but their own secret name and nature we have not yet heard —not from Mr. James, or Mr. Bradley, or another. Until that prophet has appeared, I do not see what better thing we can do than to hold our judgment in a state of complete skepticism, or suspension, in regard to the correspondence of our inner experience with the world at large, neither affirming nor denying; while we accept honestly the dualism of consciousness as the illogical fact. Reason, I should suppose, may be our guide in determining the relative values to us of our opposed phases of consciousness. The will may be no Will to Believe—for we know—but a power to make of this choice of values the motive of contemplative and practical life. And, if I have read correctly the lesson of the past and of the present, faith, I dare avow, is something that strikes deeper than the mythologies of religion, or the imaginings of a fevered Pragmatism; it is the voice from our own centre of calm, asserting through all the noise of contradiction: "I am the better self and the higher value, the stronger life and the finer joy." To many who have looked steadfastly into the meaning of their inner life, that "wider self from which saving experiences flow in" will seem to be indeed a *wider self* rather than any environment of ghosts; and they will feel that in this belief they have a firmer assurance of reality than is offered to them by the new mythology of Pragmatism or Panpsychic Pluralism. They will think that John Woolman uttered the truth of dualism and of religion when he said: "The necessity of an inward stillness hath appeared clear to my mind; in true silence strength is renewed."

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1906 the directors of the Virginia State Library made provision for the preparation of a Bibliography of Virginia. The period first taken up was Colonial Virginia and the report of the bibliographer, William Clayton-Torrence, covering the period 1607 to 1754, has just been printed. This is sent out as a pamphlet with the modest title "A Trial Bibliography," but an examination of the 154 pages, describing 219 books, pamphlets, and broadsides shows it to be a careful, accurate, and scholarly piece of work, hard to improve upon. The collations are moderately full; copies are located, so far as possible, in several public libraries, and references are given to earlier bibliographical works. Reprints are also referred to, and references are made to certain entries in the Stationers' Registers which, if ever printed, are not now known to exist. When we consider how many of the known pamphlets exist in one or two or three examples only it would be folly to say that those which have not been found were never printed. The historical, biographical, and bibliographical notes appended to many titles are especially interesting. The "Bibliography" as now printed ends with 1754. A note at the end says that descriptions of 230 additional titles, bringing the record down to 1776, had been prepared and that by a fire in the printing office the manuscript was destroyed. There is one early broadside, important because it is so early, which Mr. Clayton-Torrence seems to have overlooked and of which there is a copy in the British Museum, described as follows in the Fourth Series of William Carew Hazlitt's "Collections and Notes" (1903):

> Fort the Plantation in Virginia. Or Nova Britannia. London: Printed by John Windet. 1609. A broadside. B.M.
> An advertisement of an intended and approaching Voyage thither, and an invitation and encouragement to practical emigrants.

The late Dr. Alexander Brown discovered a transcript of this document in the Spanish archives, but was unable to locate a printed copy.

On May 12, 13, and 14 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city will sell the library of Mrs. Constance C. Poor of Tuxedo Park. The collection is chiefly notable for books on gardening and botany. Among the older works are Dodoen's "Newe Herball" (1578), Cook's "Manner of Raising, Ordering, and Improving Forest Trees" (1676), Cotton's "Planter's Manual" (1675), Gervase Markham's "Cheape and good Husbandry" (1631), Barnaby Googe's "Art and Trade of Husbandry" (1614). Important modern volumes are Sowerby's "English Botany," 13 vols.; Michaux's "North American Sylva," 3 vols.; Sargent's "Silva of North America," 3 vols.; Curtis's *Botanical Magazine,* 1787 to 1867, 93 vols.; and Paxton's *Magazine of Botany,* 1843 to 1849, 16 vols. A collection of fifteen autograph letters of Carlyle; Chaucer's Works, Kele's undated edition, also Islip's edition of 1602; and the Kelmscott Press Shakespeare, are other notable lots.

On May 11, 12, and 13 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city will offer the libraries of Dr. E. C. Williams of Chicago and R. N. Oakman, jr., of Brooklyn. Among the items are the first edition of Pope's translation of the Iliad (1715-20), with autograph receipt for the first payment, signed by Pope, inserted; Burns's "Correspondence with Clarinda" (1843), first edition; the first portion of the Catalogue of Robert Hoe's library, Early English Books, 5 vols.; and books from the Kelmscott Press.

On May 12 and 13 C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library and autograph collection of Franklin Webster Smith of Washington. Extra illustrated copies of Betterton's "History of the English Stage," and Charles James Fox's "History of the Early Part of the Reign of James the Second"; and a set of the Dunlap Society Publications are worthy of mention.

On May 10 and 11 Stan. V. Henkels will sell at Freeman's Auction Rooms in Philadelphia the library of the late John McAllister, jr., including a long series of Philadelphia directories, American almanacs and magazines, and a large collection of

pamphlets extending from colonial times to the civil war. As addenda, to be sold at twelve o'clock Tuesday, are eight New England pamphlets: Underhill's "Newes from America" (1638), lacking plan; Wood's "New England's Prospect" (1639), lacking map; and six of the very rare tracts by John Eliot telling of the conversion of the New England Indians, with the following titles: "New England's First Fruits" (1643), as usual without the errata leaf; "The Day-Breaking, if not the Sun-Rising of the Gospel with the Indians in New England" (1647); "The Clear Sunshine of the Gospel breaking forth up on the Indians in New England" (1648); "The Glorious Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England" (1649); "Strength out of Weakness or a Glorious Manifestation of the Further Progress of the Gospel among the Indians in New England" (1652); and "Tears of Repentance; or a Further Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel" (1653).

A most remarkable Caxton volume will be included in Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's sale of May 20 and 21. It is made up of five productions of Caxton's press: (1) "The Mirrour of the Worlde" (1481), (2) "Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers" (1478), (3-4) "Cicero's 'De Senectute' and 'De Amicitia' (probably published together, 1481), and (5) "The Boke named Cordyale" (1479). The volume is in old oak boards, probably Caxton's original binding, and the pieces are all perfect and in fine condition. The book was recently discovered in an old Manor House in the North of England. Among other books included in the same sale are "Robinson Crusoe" (1719), 2 vols., first editions; Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries" (1589); Quarles's "Emblemes" (1635), first edition; Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia" (1632), with the "True Travels" (1630); and several first editions of Tennyson, presentation copies to Sarah Hayword.

IN MEMORY OF SWINBURNE.

(Vale, vale, in æternum, vale!)

I.

April whispers—"Canst thou, too, die,
Lover of life and lover of mine?"
April, queen over earth and sky,
Yearns, and her trembling lashes shine:
Master in song, good-bye, good-bye,
Down to the dim sea-line.

II.

"This is my singing season," he cried,
"April, what sweet new song do you bring?"
April came and knelt at his side
Breathing a song too great to sing—
Death!—and the dark cage-door swung wide:
Seaward the soul took wing.

III.

Sleep, on the breast of thine old-world lover,
Sleep, by thy "fair green-girdled" sea!
There shall thy soul with the sea-birds hover,
Free of the deep as their wings are free,
Free; for the grave-flowers only cover
This, the dark cage of thee.

IV.

Thee, the storm-bird, nightingale-souled,
Brother of Sappho, the seas reclaim!
Age upon age have the great waves rolled
Mad with her music, fierce and a-flame;
Thee, thee too, shall their glory enfold
Lit with thy snow-winged fame.

V.

Back thro' the years fleets the sea-bird's wing:
Sappho, of old time, once,—ah, hark!
So did he love her of old and sing!
Listen, he flies to her, back thro' the dark!
Sappho, of old time, once!—Yea, Spring
Calls him home to her, hark!

VI.

Sappho, long since, in the years far sped,
Sappho, I loved thee! Did I not seem
Fosterling only of earth? I have fled,
Fled to thee, sister. Time is a dream!
Shelley is here with us! Death lies dead!
Ah, how the bright waves gleam.

VII.

Wide was the cage-door, idly swinging,
April touched me and whispered "Come":
Out and away to the great deep winging,
Sister, I flashed to thee over the foam;
Out to the sea of Eternity, singing
"Mother, thy child comes home."

. . . . . .

VIII.

Ah, but how shall we welcome May
Here where the wing of song droops low,
Here by the last green swinging spray
Brushed by the sea-bird's wings of snow,
We that gazed on his glorious way
Out where the great winds blow?

IX.

April whispers—"Canst thou, too, die,
Lover of life and lover of mine?"
April, conquering earth and sky,
Yearns, and her trembling lashes shine:
Master in song, good-bye, good-bye,
Down to the dim sea-line.

ALFRED NOYES.

Ewhurst, Rottingdean, Sussex, England.

Correspondence.

TENNYSON'S REVISIONS OF HIS POEMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The publication of the new Eversley Edition of Tennyson has called attention to many variant readings of the poems and reminds me of one that I discovered in the first American (1859) edition of the first four "Idylls of the King" ("Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere," as they were then entitled), which was printed from advance sheets, sent from England. Of two of these ("Enid" and "Vivien") six "trial copies," as the reader may know, had been printed in 1857, with the title, "Enid and Nimuë; the True and the False," only one of which is said to have survived—now in the British Museum. There is also a volume of proof-sheets at South Kensington, with the title, "The True and the False; Four Idylls of the King," dated 1859. It contains the poems, which, after further revision, were published in July of that year. In the authorized American edition (1859) a passage in "Vivien" (lines 148-151) reads thus:

She loathed the knights, and ever seem'd to hear
Their laughing comment when her name was named.
For once, when Arthur, walking all alone,
Vexed at a rumor rife about the Queen,
Had met her, etc.

This reading is found nowhere else, and the poet must have changed it before the London edition of 1859 was printed. There it reads:

She hated all the knights, and heard in thought
Their lavish comment when her name was named.
For once, when Arthur walking all alone,
Vext at a rumour rife about the Queen,
Had met her, etc.

Later the last lines were changed to the present text:

Vext at a rumour issued from herself
Of some corruption crept among his knights,
Had met her, etc.

The 1857 reading was:

She hated all the knights because she deem'd
They wink'd and jested when her name was named.
For once when Arthur, walking all alone
And troubled in his heart about the Queen,
Had met her, etc.

There are a few other slight discrepancies between the English and American editions, not recorded by any of the commentators, but hardly worth mentioning here. For the most complete and accurate collation of the *English* editions (including the 1857 proofs), the reader may consult Prof. Richard Jones's "The Growth of the Idylls of the King" (Philadelphia, 1895), in which I have detected very few omissions or inaccuracies.

Apropos of the "Idylls," there is a strange omission in the text of all the English editions, not excepting the one just edited by the present Lord Tennyson. In the "Memoir" of his father (Vol. II., p. 129) we are told that in 1891 the poet, "thinking that perhaps he had not made the real humanity of the King sufficiently clear in his epilogue" ("To the Queen"), had inserted "as his last correction" the line, "Ideal manhood closed in real man," after line 37: "New-old, and shadowing sense at war with soul." The "Memoir" appeared in 1897, and I inserted the line in

the next issue of my edition of the "Idylls," and also in the Cambridge Edition of 1898. It is probably through mere oversight that it has not appeared in the English editions printed since 1891. I wonder if any reader has noticed that in *one* edition of the poems (I think only one, in 1897), Lord Tennyson included the poem entitled "Kate," first printed in 1833, but suppressed until after the poet's death. Apparently, on second thought, he decided to add nothing to the collected works as last arranged by his father.

Morton Luce ("Handbook of Tennyson's Works," 1895), and R. H. Shepherd ("Bibliography of Tennyson," 1896; printed for subscribers only), neither of whom is invariably accurate, mention six short poems omitted in the collected editions. I have found three of these, and have added them to the successive issues of the Cambridge Edition; but the others (not referred to in the "Memoir") I have not been able to trace. They are "a stanza in the volume of his poems presented to the Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein by the nurses of England; lines on the christening of the daughter of the Duchess of Fife; and lines to the memory of J. R. Lowell." Can any reader of the *Nation* help me in finding them? The lines on Lowell were probably reprinted here, but I have hunted for them in vain during the last ten years.

It is not generally known that Edward Lear made some two hundred drawings illustrating many of Tennyson's earlier poems. No English publisher was willing to incur the expense of reproducing them; but in 1889 a few of them were used in an edition of three poems—"Lines to E. L. on his Travels in Greece," "To a Daisy," and "The Palace of Art"—of which only one hundred numbered copies were published (London: Boussod, Valador & Co.), all signed by the poet, with a special introduction from his pen. Later the entire set was bought by Dana Estes of Boston, and as many of them as could well be used for the purpose were copied by photogravure for the *de luxe* edition of Tennyson (12 vols., limited to 1,000 copies), which I edited (1895-98). This edition had been planned several years earlier with the approval of the poet and his son, who assisted in the selection of the illustrations (of which a dozen or more were connected with single poems in some instances), and gave me other valuable help in the work. These drawings by Lear are not mentioned in the "Memoir" or any other book or article about the Tennysons that I have seen, and I was surprised to find no allusion to them in the recent "Letters of Edward Lear." Neither have I met with any mention of the large painting by Lear which hangs in the hall of Tennyson's summer residence at Aldworth. It illustrates one of the stanzas in "The Palace of Art" which describe tapestry pictures so graphically:

> One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,
> And some one pacing there alone,
> Who paced forever in a glimmering land,
> Lit with a low large moon.

The picture *is* "all dark and red," with the full moon shining red through the twilight haze of the horizon; a solitary man striding across the foreground, and nothing else except a towering rock near the left side. The stanza is inscribed on the frame below. The painting was evidently hung in the broad, well-lighted hall, extending from the front to the rear of the mansion, because it was too large for the walls of any room. I am no connoisseur of painting, but the picture interested me greatly, and the more each time I saw it. The fifteen stanzas in the poem describing as many tapestries had always impressed me as remarkable examples of word-painting. Some of them have more of detail than this one—particularly that delineating a volcanic landscape:

> And one, a foreground black with stones and slags,
> Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
> All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
> And highest, snow and fire——

a four-fold view of plain, hill, and mountain, ending with the trisyllabic "snow and fire"—active volcanoes towering above the snow-line, painted no less vividly than concisely. This poem, as the reader knows, was first printed in the volume of 1832 (published in the winter of that year, but dated 1833), but some of these pictures were much altered in 1842, and some were omitted. The two quoted here were then as follows:

> Some were all dark and red, a glimmering land
> Lit with a low round moon,
> Among brown rocks a man upon the sand
> Went weeping all alone.

> One seemed a foreground black with stones and slags,
> Below sunsmitten icy spires
> Rose striped with long white cloud the scornful crags,
> Deep-trenched with thunderfires.

Throughout the book compound words generally omit the hyphen, as here. Two of the omitted stanzas may be added, as the book is in no American public or college library (Boston and Cambridge not excepted) that I know of:

> Or Venus in a snowy shell alone,
> Deepshadowed in the glassy brine,
> Moonlike glowed double on the blue, and shone
> A naked shape divine.

> Or blue-eyed Krimhilt from a craggy hold,
> Athwart the lightgreen rows of vine,
> Pour'd blazing hoards of Nibelungen gold,
> Down to the gulfy Rhine.

W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, Mass., April 28.

A WORD ABOUT CARDELIUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent's query in your issue of April 1 about the writings of Cardelius interests me, and I am glad to be able to inform him of the probable source of the quotation he has seen—though who could have taken the pains to translate even a slight portion of this little-known writer interests me—and I would in turn beg to know how the extract referred to may be obtained.

John or Joachim Cardelius was one of the most learned writers of the sixteenth century. He was a native of a small town in Franconia and son of a physician who is reputed never to have taken physic or to have been bled. At the age of ten our writer was graduated by his teacher as knowing more than he did; and thereafter the pupil succeeded to the master's perquisites. He had a peculiar affection for the classics, was a humanist in everything but his humanity, and wrote a vast quantity of Latin verses, dealing chiefly with the delights of learning, of which he was entitled to speak, and of marriage, of which he could have known nothing, since he is reputed never to have entered wedlock. One of his works best known in his day is on the virtues of garlic, another on the spread of polite literature among the peasant classes, and a third on the diseases that affect bookworms. Singly his works are very rare—*rarissima*—as is the collected edition also, printed by Mauretius and only mentioned, so far as I know, by Euges in his "Icon Illustrium Virorum," where our writer is spoken of as follows:

> Eo provectus est Eruditionis, ut communi Doctorum omnium consensu, peritiorem Linguæ Græcæ neminem, in Latina vero Lingua disertiores perpaucos, exactiorem autem nullum scriptorem habuerit Germania, sicut plurima ipsius monumenta testantur.

Robert Restieaux.

New York, April 15.

PLAGIARISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. T. M. Parrott opens his interesting communication in the *Nation* of April 15 by the somewhat wide generalization that "the idea that the first, if not the sole, duty of an author is to be original at all costs is distinctly modern. The very word 'plagiarism' was unknown to the Elizabethans." One of Professor Parrott's examples is Jonson. In Jonson's works (ed. of 1640) is an "Epigram to Proule the Plagiary":

> Forbeare to tempt me Proule, I will not show
> A line unto thee, till the world it know;
> Or that I have by two good sufficient men,
> To be the wealthy witnesse of my pen, etc.

This seems to show that Jonson knew the thing—when he saw it in another. Quite a little anthology might be adduced, in fact, from Jonson, and other Elizabethans, to show that—under such conditions—plagiarism was one of those airy nothings included in poetical nomenclature.

Antedating the Elizabethans, middle age literature is full of the literary scandals of authors

> Whom the lore of centuries, plus a hundred fights,
> Taught no great respect for one another's rights.

The lore of centuries indeed. Horace discusses the practice; Plutarch reprobates an instance of it in Epicurus (?), and Professor Parrott well shows that the Elizabethans knew their classics.

The Elizabethans, under the mellowing action of time, seem very fine people in their way, but "Victoria has thieves as good." Why Professor Parrott's undeserved slur on the "over-scrupulousness" of modern writers? Were it not invidious to select from such abundance of material, one might well adduce modern authors who could give spades and trumps to Alcyonius himself, who was accused of having burned the only known copy of Cicero on Glory that his own might not suffer by the discovery of his borrowings therefrom.

Bunford Samuel.

Philadelphia, April 27.

GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To your explanation (April 15) of the deplorable condition of the Anglo-German relations, I should like to add a word. It is undoubtedly true that between the

common people of Germany and Great Britain there is little if any widespread hostility, but undoubtedly there is considerable acerbity between the commercial and official classes of those nations. And the reason is not far to seek.

Judging from the tone of British newspaper and magazine articles as well as speeches in Parliament, the British have viewed with complacency, or at least without alarm, the growth of the German army and the military supremacy of Germany in Europe. No very serious objections have been urged against German colonial expansion outside of Europe. Birmingham and Manchester have felt the pinch of German competition pretty keenly, but if the people of Central and South America prefer cheaper German goods, *que voulez vous?* World commerce is free, and that is part of the game.

"But how about the German navy?" the British public is asking. "What will it be used for?" What is the need of such a tremendous navy? Why such a startling disproportion between the size of the German navy and the amount of German ocean-borne commerce? So long as the British navy has been supreme, no restrictions have been laid on foreign commerce except tariffs by the foreign countries themselves; but, supposing the German navy were supreme, would these free-trade conditions continue to be open to all competitors? Great Britain lives by foreign commerce—it is the breath in her nostrils, the blood in her veins, the food in her mouth. She lives by manufacturing for and trading with foreign countries; and it is an absolute prerequisite of her existence that there should be complete security on the ocean for her traffic and commerce. Present conditions of world-commerce demonstrate that with the British navy supreme all nations, great and small, may traverse the ocean in absolute security and unhampered in search of markets and trade; but, judging from Germany's commercial methods and her past economic history, is it certain that such conditions would last if the Germans were supreme at sea? And with changed conditions, what will become of Great Britain's foreign commerce, and, with her foreign commerce restricted or imperilled, what becomes of Great Britain? We in the United States could manage to worry along pretty comfortably even if all of our ocean-borne commerce were shut off; but under similar conditions Great Britain would die of inanition in six weeks. These are some of the problems agitating the British public at present.

Of course, it may be that the Kaiser is laying down new Dreadnoughts merely in a spirit of facetiousness, and the feverish activity of German naval ship yards is all a huge joke. If so, the most excruciating part of the joke lies in the fact that it seems as if Germany in 1912 would have more Dreadnoughts in her navy than Great Britain. Add to this that Austria, Germany's ally, has taken to building Dreadnoughts, that the Russian navy is a minus quantity, that the French navy according to recent revelations is unfit—and the joke becomes positively killing. Meanwhile, Germany placidly assures Great Britain of her earnest desire for peace. According to our humorists Englishmen are slow to see a joke of any sort, and clearly Anglo-German diplomacy has a large task ahead of itself to convince the British public that there is nothing serious in the present German naval programme.

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, April 19.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the interests of accuracy kindly allow me to correct an error into which Prof. Arthur W. Goodspeed fell, in his account, in your issue of April 29, of the recent meeting of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia. Prof. Christian Hülsen, secretary of the German Archæological Institute in Rome, is credited by many of us as being the greatest among Roman topographers of the present day; but he is a German, and *l'Italia farà da se.* The gentleman who "has been in charge of the excavations of the Forum in Rome," as well as of other things, is Commendatore Giacomo Boni, who should not be deprived of any of his well-deserved credit, even in the popular mind. E. T. M.

University of Chicago, May 1.

Notes.

Longmans, Green, & Co. have ready for early publication, "Five Months in the Himalaya," by A. L. Mumm, formerly secretary of the Alpine Club; and "The Basis of Ascendancy," by Edgar Gardner Murphy.

The Yale Publishing Association has in press "The Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia, 1906-1907," by Dr. Hiram Bingham. The author gives the results of explorations made by him over the route traversed by Bolivar in the celebrated march of 1819 and on the battlefields of Boyaca and Carabobo.

Next autumn A. C. McClurg & Co. will give us two books of political memoirs, one "The Diary of James K. Polk," the other Adlai E. Stevenson's "Something of Men I Have Known." Polk's Diary was used by Professor Garrison in writing the seventeenth volume of "The American Nation," and James Schouler also made use of it, but it has never been so well known as its historical value is said to warrant.

The April issue of *The American Journal of International Law* opens with an elaborate eighty-five page study by Alejandro Alvarez, Councillor of the Chilian Foreign Office, "Latin America and International Law." He finds during the entire period since allegiance to the European home governments was severed a determination to foster and perpetuate the idea of Latin-American solidarity, however the realization of that determination may have been interrupted by contests between certain of the so-called republics. The editorial comment sets forth the exact status of our controversy with Venezuela. Due emphasis is laid on the first decision of the Central American Court of Justice, the interposition of that court in the dispute between Honduras on one side and Guatemala and San Salvador on the other, without either of the litigants having made a request for such action, resulting, as the editorial declares, in preventing the outbreak of war. The judgment of the court is given, in a literal translation. The editor also comments on a real diplomatic triumph—that of M. Isvolsky, Minister of Foreign Affairs for Russia, in proposing a mode of solving the Balkan question, which has met the approbation of Bulgaria, and of the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin. The details of our remission of a part of China's indemnity for damages growing out of the Boxer troubles of 1900, are also given, and the preliminaries to what is likely to be a final settlement of the Newfoundland fisheries controversy. The Supplement presents the treaties that affect the Panama Canal. The number is noteworthy as exhibiting triumphs of diplomacy in averting the peril of war.

Sturgis & Walton of this city have been brave enough to bring out a new edition, neatly printed and bound, of "The Lost Tales of Miletus," by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. We should be interested to know how many readers can be found to-day for these rhythmical experiments in rhymeless stanzas. The poems sound pretty thin when compared with the richer work of William Morris in "The Earthly Paradise."

A timely reissue for this season, when the flood of travel to Europe is beginning, is "The Playground of Europe," by the late Sir Leslie Stephen (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The handsome typography and binding are uniform with those of other volumes by Stephen published by the same firm. This book, as many of our readers will remember, is made up of papers on Switzerland and the Alps, most of them written when this enthusiastic Alpinist was a young man. The illustrations are excellent half-tones.

A fourth edition of Baedeker's "United States, with Excursions to Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Alaska" has just been issued (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The excursions to Cuba and Porto Rico appear for the first time in this volume. There are thirty-three maps, as compared with twenty-five in the third edition, and forty-eight plans, as compared with thirty-five. The handbook on the United States is perhaps not so well known as those volumes of the series which treat European countries, but, like all the rest, it is crammed with useful and interesting information.

Largely through the instrumentality of the graduate schools in our greater universities, the history of the United States, especially during the eighteenth century, is being rewritten in monographs on particular periods, districts, or movements. Of such works one of the most important which has recently appeared is Dr. E. P. Tanner's "Province of New Jersey, 1664-1738," which forms Volume XXX of the Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. It is a monument of painstaking research. Its 700 pages give us the most minute and scholarly account yet produced of any colony during a similar period. Dr. Tanner seems to have exhausted all printed and accessible manuscript material on the subject, which is primarily "an account of the political institutions of New Jersey during the period of her executive union with New York." One wonders, however, whether some light might not have been thrown on certain

features of the work by consulting the Journals of the Lords of Trade and Plantations, preserved in Philadelphia. The field covered is one of much interest, and no little difficulty, and his careful discussion of the proprietorships and the land systems of East and West Jersey will be welcomed by all who have had to do with those troublesome questions. By far the larger part of the study is, of course, devoted to the administrative aspects of the province. He has chapters on the Governors and their powers; the Council, its personnel, its legal position, in administration and in legislation; the General Assembly and the conflict between Executive and Legislature; the judicial, financial, and militia systems; the Church of England; and concluding chapters on the proprietorship under royal rule. The critical apparatus, and the elaborate index, are good. Such work has much to commend it. And not the least of its uses is that some day, on the basis of these studies, we may come to a better understanding of those political and administrative situations which underlay and led up to the American Revolution. Then we may hope to have adequate histories of that most important event.

A formula book of English official historical documents is in process of publication by the Cambridge University Press under the editorship of Hubert Hall of the Public Record Office. Mr. Hall originally planned this collection as an appendix to his "Studies in English Official Historical Documents," but as the work increased in bulk, he finally decided to issue it as a separate publication. The first volume, which has now appeared, contains diplomatic documents, 225 in number, dating from the eighth to the nineteenth centuries. They are classified in groups and in some instances, for example the nine instruments illustrating the passage of the Connecticut charter through the seals, form a continuous series. The documents were transcribed by the seven members of Mr. Hall's seminar in the London School of Economics, Mr. Hall selecting the specimens and assuming all the responsibilities of editorship. The work is admirably done and its usefulness is beyond dispute. The only previous "Formulare Anglicanum" is that of Thomas Madox issued in 1702, a collection almost entirely legal in character and much more limited in scope. Mr. Hall proposes to issue a second volume to contain formulas of surveys, inquisitions, accounts, and a few selected judicial records. When completed, the work will be a helpful introduction to the still youthful science of diplomatics.

"When Railroads Were New," by Charles Frederick Carter (Henry Holt & Co.), is the outcome of the conviction that no satisfactory account of railway beginnings is available to the general reader. To admit this contention is to overlook the classic writings of Charles Francis Adams and the standard histories of individual systems such as Smalley's "History of the Northern Pacific." Upon all of these the author has evidently drawn in his attempt "to gather the floating fragments of railroad history having a human interest into a coherent narrative." Yet there is not a word of acknowledgment or a bibliographical reference. That he has cultivated his field assiduously is clear from the abundant harvest of new and fugitive material which he has garnered. Amid such an array of matter one expects to find occasional errors in dates and points of fact, but these could be more readily forgiven if the finality of statement, so prevalent throughout the book, were supported by the evidence. Such evidence seems called for, when we are told, for example, that Peter Cooper antedated Stephenson in the invention of the multitubular boiler and the artificial draught. Yet the author with his keen sense of the humorous and the dramatic, traces in a most entertaining way the struggles of the idealists to overcome the conservatism of capital, the opposition of vested interests, and the prejudices of the blind and the ignorant, and, barring his all too frequent descent into flippancy and slang, presents his material effectively. We follow the pioneer days of the most important seaboard railways, of the "incubator" roads of the Middle West, and the romantic construction of the Pacific lines whose completion was celebrated by processions, feasting, and the driving of golden spikes. Finally we reach the prosaic birth of the Canadian Pacific, brought to life in an undemonstrative business-like fashion—at the completion of which its general manager only remarked, "The last spike will be just as good an iron one as there is between Montreal and Vancouver. Any one who wants to see it driven will have to pay full fare."

F. Frankfort Moore comes to the study of the eighteenth century—"A Georgian Pageant" he calls his book (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—as a child of Erin and as novelist. The combination is rather piquant when you consider that his subjects are Fanny Burney, the Thrales, Dr. Johnson, The Gunnings, Goldsmith, Sheridan, the Rev. James Hackman, and others who flutter about that lively company of British and Irish folk. You feel the touch of the novelist and dramatist in the very opening scene, which discloses Fanny Burney in Kew Gardens pursued by mad King George. The account of that famous adventure is vivid enough in Miss Burney's Diary, but Mr. Moore can tell you just what gestures she made, and precisely what lines of verse "flashed through her active brain," with the divination which has always been the prerogative of his school. As for the child of Erin, his huge indignation against any one who has smiled at the two Gunning girls or their masterful mother, or hinted that they had a brogue, his outcry over poor Boswell's contempt of Goldsmith, his rage with Johnson and Mr. Thrale—a hundred little touches throughout the book tell where his heart lies. "Where is there an element of romance in the story of the Gunnings?" he exclaims; "they were by birth entitled to the best, and by beauty to the best of the best. As it was, the one only became the wife of a contemptible duke [two dukes in succession], the other of a ridiculous earl. It may really be said that they threw themselves away." It is not their romance Mr. Frankfort really means to deny, for, as a trained novelist, he is careful to wring the full measure of that element of interest out of their story; his quarrel is with those who, like Walpole, saw anything odd in this capture of England from Castle Coote, County Roscommon. For Goldsmith the converser, Mr. Frankfort makes out a strong case; undoubtedly the sneers of Boswell & Co. were due in part to their priggish inability to understand a right Irish humor, but it is hard to believe also that Goldsmith did not at times talk like poor Poll. The evidence is too strong. The curious thing is that Mr. Frankfort stumbles into the very same pitfall when he denounces Johnson's conversation, failing to catch the note of British humor in the doctor's exaggerations. Of all Mr. Frankfort's chapters the truest seems to us to be that on the tragic story of Mr. Hackman and Miss Reay. Here his training enables him to analyze as interesting a psychological problem as ever confronted a novelist. He should, however, have given his reasons for accepting the whole of that correspondence as authentic. Altogether his book is more entertaining than the average writing of the kind on the comedy of the eighteenth century.

The motley multitude of wonders ascribed to the Virgin during the age of faith and fancy is represented in the New Mediæval Library by a selection mainly from the thirteenth century collection of Gautier de Coinci, translated into English by Alice Kemp-Welch, under the title, "Of the Tumbler of Our Lady and Other Miracles" (Duffield & Co.). Though these stories are told quite simply and briefly for religious edification only, several of them contain matter which should be attractive to mediævalizing poets. The first, by the way, was elaborated by Edwin Markham no longer ago than 1907, into an unusually meritorious Christmas poem, called the "Juggler of Touraine." There is considerable diversity in the marvels here recorded—a knight whose place in a tournament is taken by Our Lady, a violin player to whom the image of the Virgin bows, a monk who dies in an actual odor of sanctity, with five celestial roses in his mouth—but these are all, so to speak, conventional and orthodox miracles, such as might have happened to any well-regulated devotee. There is nothing here to illustrate the curious vulgar extension of the Virgin's benefactions to an interposition, sometimes grotesque and profane, in the affairs of bakers and tapsters, the desperate crises of pious thieves, and the predicaments of religious but very worldly sinners. That play of a primitive and untutored credulousness which, as in the apocryphal New Testament, credits a divine being with a purposeless and even immoral display of power, is to the general student not the least instructive aspect of popular mediæval literature. For it was but one step from the credulity of the ignorantly devout to the skepticism of the free-thinker who, in derision, fabricated burlesque miracles easily mistakable for originals. A future volume in this series might well be devoted to the highly interesting group of ambiguous legends clustering about the Virgin.

The Proceedings of the Bostonian Society, just published, contain the annual address of the president, J. F. Hunnewell, on the historical museums of Europe, the most noted of which is that in Zurich, where in some sixty rooms "over sixteen hundred years of national history are illustrated." The one in Munich is the largest, its nearly one hundred halls showing the great

length and variety of Bavarian history from the rudest to the most civilized ages. S. A. Bent proves satisfactorily and with many interesting facts the mythical character of the commonly accepted story that Mary Chilton was the first passenger of the Mayflower to step upon Plymouth Rock. The portraits of two colonial patriots, James Otis and Samuel Adams, with sketches of their careers, add value and attractiveness to the publication.

Alfred P. Schultz's "Race or Mongrel" (L. C. Page & Co.) is one of those curious but well-meant productions which cannot be commended without serious qualification, yet whose reading is not devoid of stimulus and profit. Upon the foundation of a brief and fragmentary outline of the history of ancient nations is reared the theory that the fall of nations is attributable to promiscuous intermarriage with alien stocks, and that the one sure source of national strength and perdurance is racial purity. What tells in the struggle for survival is not government, or institutions, or education, or religion, but blood. The inevitable result of indiscriminate racial mixture, as Mr. Schultz constantly asseverates and tries everywhere to show, is the production of a mongrel type containing in itself no power of development or perpetuation, and doomed to extinction. In proof, we are pointed to the history of the Hindus, the Greeks, and the Romans, and of the present South American whites, "bastards of incompatible races, the descendants of two, three, and more cultures that have nothing in common, of races that belong to different periods of development" (p. 163). On the other hand, the Jews, whom Mr. Schultz apparently thinks of as likely to possess the earth, and the Anglo-Saxons in Europe and America, owe their ascendency and permanence to abstention from intermarriage, save under rigid conditions of selection, with alien races. The particular lesson of all this for us is that the United States should rigorously restrict immigration, shun with horror the absorption of alien neighbors like the Mexicans, and see to it that the foreigners who come to us be allowed for a generation the free use of their native language as a safeguard against too rapid assimilation. To show the incompleteness of Mr. Schultz's survey of human progress would be to elaborate a treatise on anthropology and sociology; and we cannot but fear that his book, notwithstanding the crude vigor of its language and the undoubted suggestiveness of its observations, will be classed by students as an extreme and one-sided presentation of an interesting and vital subject.

Three volumes of Richard Dehmel's works are issued by S. Fischer of Berlin: "Lebensblätter," "Betrachtungen über Kunst, Gott, und die Welt," and "Der Kindergarten." Hitherto Herr Dehmel has contented himself with printing his thoughts at random; and it is only in his collected works that one sees how prolific and vigorous a writer he is. In his "Lebensblätter," for example—a rather unfortunate title, since Dehmel himself once issued a volume of poems under the same name—there are a dozen good short stories, modern German in spirit, and yet having much of the old-time mystery and magic about them. The best are "Die drei Schwestern," "Der Werwolf," and "Der lächelnde Erbe," all infused with poetic fancy. Dehmel's "Betrachtungen" disclose the thinker, but not the man of such sober, dry thought that no one but an abstract philosopher will read him. He wishes to reorganize men's ideas about beauty, nature, the purity and preservation of language, the moral training of children, public discourse, the relation of personality to art, and the value of art to the masses. He sees the humor in even the most serious of situations, and knows that if he can make others see it also, he will the more easily convince and convert. In remarkable contrast, as coming from the same author, is the volume of stories, poems, and plays designed for the kindergarten world. Here are quaint jingles and rhymes, suggesting sometimes Mother Goose, but more often Stevenson or Eugene Field, A particularly charming poem is that which pictures the revolving, starry heavens as "The Great Merry-go-Round." Here also are simple plays, such as little children may easily produce, designed to awaken in the expanding mind, perhaps, some of that same curiosity for the stage which Goethe early experienced. How the author of the more serious essays could put and keep himself so effectually in touch with the young would be, perhaps, a mystery if one did not perceive that he finds in child life and children, the beginning of human development, a theme of absorbing interest not always vouchsafed to those who have become sobered and burdened with prosy affairs.

The recent action of the Prussian government in admitting women to the universities on an equality with the men and the thorough reorganization of the secondary schools for girls in the kingdom are producing fruit in the shape of books treating the historical and the theoretical phases of the problem. One of the best of its kind is that of Dr. B. May, "Die Mädchenerziehung in der Geschichte der Pädagogik von Plato bis zum 18 Jahrhundert" (Strassburg and Leipzig: Josef Singer). The author confines himself to a discussion of the theories that have been urged in reference to the education of women, but does not take up the practical attempts to realize these ideals. In the Grecian age he deals chiefly with Plato and Aristotle; in the middle ages largely with Jerome and Vincentius of Beauvais; in the period of the renaissance, with the Hispano-Dutch humanist John Louis Vives; in modern times with such men as Erasmus, Luther, and Fénelon. Unfortunately the book closes with the end of the seventeenth century, and hence ignores the even more interesting period that begins with the eighteenth. The book has the merit of being a systematic summary of what has so far been found scattered through many works.

Under the title, "Religionsgeschichtliche Erklärung des Neuen Testaments," Prof. Carl Clemen of Bonn has published an exhaustive and thorough study of the dependence of early Christianity upon the non-Jewish religions and philosophical systems (Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann). He has collected with utmost pains the assertions of such dependence from Philo and Celsus to the latest phase of the "Babel und Eibel" controversy, which was brought so prominently to general notice by the lectures of Professor Delitzsch and the theological fulminations of the German Kaiser. With the greatest care he has examined the large number of suggested parallels between early Christian views and expressions and other Oriental religions, cults, and philosophies, determining by careful criticism whether dependence existed, and in which direction and to what extent. Every phase of Christian doctrine and each item in Christian history is compared with similar topics in non-Christian literature. His conclusion is that in the preaching of Jesus and the Synoptic Gospels direct or indirect influence is to be found only in particular expressions, metaphors, and parables. In some of the speeches of the Acts, on the contrary, he asserts direct dependence upon the current Greek philosophy, especially Stoicism. Yet all in all the Christian system is declared to be independent and original, foreign sources having affected only the periphery of Christian literature, not the essence of the faith itself. The result of the most careful comparative study of Christian origins Professor Clemen believes will be an apologetic gain, revealing the non-Christian source of some of the conceptions which have been an incubus on the Christian faith and leaving its essential message in clearer light. The method of the investigation is fair, cautious, and impartial. The student will find an abundance of salient material gathered from widely scattered sources. In this field, where vague and general assertions have been abundant and hasty conclusions rife, such thorough criticism was much needed, and the interests of sober and unprejudiced truth will be served by wide use of Professor Clemen's study.

Of the French works which have been called out by the approaching Calvin centenary in July one of the most important and most able is Prof. C. Doumergue's "Jean Calvin: Les hommes et les choses de son temps (Lausanne; Bridel). The author draws from many sources, from the letters of Calvin especially, but also from other documents. As the subtitle indicates, the work is really a history of the thought and the civilization of the age of Calvin. Nowhere else is the historical setting of the Geneva reformer more fully described. Indeed, it may be an open question whether Doumergue has not, by the very abundance of materials, crowded the person and the work of Calvin into the background. Of the five volumes that are to constitute this set, the fourth, entitled "Le Programme," and the fifth, "La Lutte et le triomphe," are yet to appear. Those that have been issued are called "La Jeunesse de Calvin," "Les Premiers Essais," "La Ville, la maison et la rue de Calvin." Each is handsomely illustrated. Thus far there has been a little too much special pleading for the hero.

It is proposed to establish at Columbia College a library of English literature in memory of Prof. George Rice Carpenter. A nucleus for the memorial already exists in the form of several volumes gathered together by Professor Carpenter for the use of students in English and comparative literature. It is expected that a separate room will be set aside for the collection when it has attained sufficient size. A committee has been formed to take charge of the matter, composed of Profs. William T. Brewster, Wilson Farrand, Jef-

ferson B. Fletcher, G. C. D. Odell, and Ashley H. Thorndike, together with James G. Croswell, Frederick P. Keppel, secretary, and John B. Pine, clerk of the board of trustees.

The following appointments have been made for next year at the American School of Classical Studies in Rome: Guy Blandin Colburn, A.B. (Brown University), Ph.D. (University of Wisconsin), acting professor of Latin in Iowa College, to the fellowship of the Archæological Institute in Classical Archæology; and Henry H. Armstrong, professor of Latin in Yankton College, to be a research associate of the Carnegie Institution in Classical Archæology.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, United States general agent of education in Alaska since 1885, died at Asheville, N. C., May 1. He was born in Minaville, N. Y., in 1834, and after graduation from Union College and Princeton Theological Seminary, he was ordained as a Presbyterian minister. For some time he engaged in teaching and in mission work among the Indians, and for more than thirty years he had given special attention to Alaska. He introduced the public school system into that Territory, and he was indefatigable in his efforts to improve social and intellectual conditions there. He was author of "Education in Alaska" (1872), "Hand-book on Alaska," "Alaska and Missions on the North Pacific Coast," and since 1886 of annual reports on education in Alaska.

Caleb Benjamin Tillinghast, since 1883 State Librarian of Massachusetts, died at Boston April 28. He was born at West Greenwich, R. I., in 1823, and before taking up library work he had tried both school-teaching and journalism. He had been chairman of the Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission and the Committee on Publication of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and treasurer of the Massachusetts Board of Education.

The Very Rev. John Marshall Lang, principal of Aberdeen University since 1900, died at Aberdeen May 2, in his seventy-fifth year. He had been moderator of the Church of Scotland. His books are "Heaven and Home," "Life: Is It Worth Living?" "The Last Supper of Our Lord," "Homiletics on St. Luke's Gospel," "Central American Faiths," "The Anglican Church," "The Expansion of the Christian Life," and "The Church and Its Social Mission."

The death is reported from Edinburgh, in his eighty-seventh year, of David Lewis, a well-known temperance reformer. He wrote a "History of the Temperance Movement in Scotland," "The Drink Problem," "The Drink Traffic in the Nineteenth Century," and "The Drink Trade."

Karl G. F. von Reinhardstoettner, professor in the Technical High School of Munich, has died at the age of sixty-two. He was an authority on Portuguese, writing a grammar of the language and a history of the literature.

Stephen von Kotze, a Berlin writer of marked and humorous individuality, has died at the age of thirty-nine. His works include "Australische Skizzen," "Ein afrikanischer Küstenbummel," and "Im europäischen Hinterhaus."

The death is reported of Paschal Grousset, a journalist of note and a member of the French Chamber. He was born sixty-four years ago in Corsica. In 1869 he was appointed by Henri Rochefort editor of *La Marseillaise*, and during the Commune acted as delegate for foreign affairs. After the establishment of the republic he escaped to England, where he lived until 1881. Under the name of Philippe Daryl he wrote for *Le Temps* on English topics and translated English novels into French. Under another name, André Laurie, he published a number of romances and books of travel.

Anthony Jannaris, who was for many years prominent in the political affairs of Crete, died suddenly April 26, on the steamship Majestic, bound to New York. Dr. Jannaris was born in Crete in 1852; from 1883 to 1885 he was headmaster of the Public Gymnasium of Canea; in 1889 was appointed lecturer in Greek literature at the University of Athens, but he gave up this position in the same year and returned home to take part in the insurrection. For his share in this movement he was proscribed by the Sultan and fled to London. The next six years he spent in an investigation of the history of the Greek language, working in the British Museum. Returning to Crete, he was elected a member of the Cretan Assembly, and in the troubles of 1897 he acted as correspondent of the London *Times*. After various other vicissitudes he became in 1907 inspector-general of public education in Crete. He wrote numerous books and articles in various reviews. Among his more noteworthy works are grammars and dictionaries of the Greek language, studies of Cretan folklore, critical notes on Longinus, and a translation into English of St. John's Gospel as read by the early Christians.

THE EMPIRE OF THE MONGOLS.

The Mongols: A History. By Jeremiah Curtin; with a Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. Pp. xxvi+426. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

The Mongols in Russia. By Jeremiah Curtin. Pp. xx+448. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

When two years ago the pen dropped from the tired hand of Jeremiah Curtin, the distinguished linguist, ethnologist, and traveller, he left nearly ready for the printer a series of three volumes dealing with that great nomad race of Central Asia that seven centuries ago burst its desert bounds and made the yellow peril such terrible reality to Western civilization. These writings have since been prepared for the press by Mrs. Curtin, his companion and partner in all his journeyings and undertakings. The first volume came out about a year ago; the second has just appeared. The final volume, embodying a personal study of a typical Mongol tribe, the Buriats, is promised for an early date. We learn from Mrs. Curtin that it was the author's intention to include still another volume, on the history of Tamerlane and the Mogul emperors. With this in view, preparations had been made for an additional two years' sojourn in Persia and India, when the illness which proved fatal intervened to prevent the completion of the plan. Before taking up these books in detail, we may note that the term Mongol appears to be of Chinese origin, and is properly applied to a group of closely cognate pastoral tribes centring in Mongolia between Lake Baikal and the Gobi desert. They are a part of the great Turanian, or Tatar, stock, which includes also the Manchus, Turks, and, with considerable Aryan mixture, the Finns and Magyars.

"The Mongols" is really a history of Jinghis Khan, the founder of the short-lived Mongol Empire, and of his immediate successors; all that belongs to the earlier period is summarized in a few short paragraphs, while the long period of decadence after 1412 is dismissed in some twenty lines. The conquest of Russia is barely mentioned, and Timurleng (Tamerlane) and the Mogul Empire of Delhi have been reserved for another volume. Temudjin, known in history as Jinghis Khan, the son of a petty tribal chief, was born in 1161 on one of the head-streams of the Amur River, in what is now Russian territory. Through cold-blooded murders and skilful alliances he managed to secure recognition as Khan, or, lord, of his native tribe, by the time he was forty years old, and four years later, after a series of rapid victories in Mongolia and China, he assumed the title of Jinghis, "The Mighty." From that time until his death his one object was the subjection of the known world to his own rule, and this object he systematically prosecuted for over twenty years with almost unvarying success, every conquest being a ruin and desolation, every pledge a treachery, and every victory a stupendous massacre of almost unimaginable atrocity. With these nomads every man was a warrior, and the army was simply a group of marching tribes. A single illustration of Mongol warfare will suffice. At Nishapur (1221) they began by laying waste the whole province of which the city was the capital. The siege was then pressed, with the help of three thousand balistas, three hundred catapults, four thousand ladders, and seven hundred machines for throwing burning naphtha. The city was finally taken by assault, the daughter of Jinghis leading one of the storming parties. In the ensuing four days of slaughter every living thing—excepting a few hundred skilled artisans reserved for future service—was destroyed, even to the cats and dogs. Every prostrate body was beheaded, and three pyramids were built, of men's, women's, and children's heads. Fifteen days were occupied in utterly razing the city, after which barley was sown upon the ruins.

At his death in 1227, Jinghis left to his son and successor a greater extent

of empire than had ever before been ruled by one man. Under Kubilai (Kubla Khan, 1259-1294) the Mongol Empire reached its highest magnificence. After him came swift decay. In 1368, the now degenerate Mongols were driven out of China by the founder of the Ming dynasty and later on were made tributary. All of their tribes are now subject either to China or to Russia.

Nearly one-half of the second book is taken up with the history of Russia, previous to the first Mongol invasion. This portion is chiefly a wearisome record of the conflicts of rival cities, the history of the Russian state beginning in 862, when the citizens of Novgorod, weary of anarchy and invasion, invited Rurik, the Norseman, to come and rule over them. As a member of the Hanseatic League, "mighty Novgorod" rose to greatness, but in the end (1478) all the Russian cities were brought under the central authority of Moscow. In 1224 the news came from the south that the terrible warriors of Jinghis had swept across the Ural and were ravaging the territories of the Polovtsi Tartars, a remotely kindred people, who had occupied the Black Sea country nearly two centuries before. In response to the cry of the Polovtsi, "To-morrow they will strike you," the neighboring Russian princes marshalled their forces against the enemy, but were totally defeated on the banks of the Kalka by the Mongol host under Subotai and Chepé. The Prince of Kief and two others were crushed to death under a platform of heavy planks upon which their barbarous captors sat and feasted while their victims were in their death tortures. Then the Mongols retired, as suddenly as they had appeared, to the mystery of their own deserts. In 1237, the full Mongol flood came upon Russia. The invasion was led by Batu, grandson of Jinghis Khan. To his demand for tribute, the Russian princes gave brave, but injudicious, refusal. One city after another was taken by storm —Riazan, Kolomna, Moscow, Vladimir, Tver—their treasures seized, their buildings burned and levelled, their people slaughtered by tens of thousands, and their principal men crucified and flayed alive. Nothing could withstand the fury of the yellow barbarian. The next year Batu built his capital at Sarai, near the mouth of the Volga, and established the famous khanate of the Kiptchak, or Golden Horde—a name chosen from Mongol symbolism—which stretched from Turkestan to the Dnieper and for nearly two centuries dominated the whole of eastern Europe.

Batu's reign marks both the summit and the ebb of Mongol power in Europe. With his death about 1255 begins the decay that follows inaction among races bred only to fighting. Within the next century the Mongols exchanged their heathenism for the religion of Mohammed. In the meantime intestine feuds were wasting their strength, while Russian power was steadily consolidating under the leadership of Moscow. In 1380 Dmitri of Moscow, at Kulikovo on the Don, routed a great army led by the Khan Mamai himself. From that time on the Mongols, in spite of temporary successes, lost ground, and the last remaining Mongol khanate in Russia was extinguished with the annexation of the Crimea in 1783.

Besides the main story, the second volume affords interesting light upon the origin of the conflict between Russia and Poland, the struggle between Rome and Constantinople for ecclesiastical supremacy in Eastern Europe, and the Germanizing of the Baltic provinces in the name of Christianity by the Knights of the Cross. Paganism lingered in Lithuania down to the close of the fourteenth century.

While the story of the Mongols is new to most readers, and is here vividly told, the style of the narrative, for want of the author's final revision, is somewhat too terse and abrupt for easy reading, suggestive rather of annals than of a rounded history. The lack of notes, bibliography, or reference to specific authorities, in both volumes, and the omission of an index to the second, are serious deficiencies, due also to the fact of the author's untimely death, and not in accord with his usual careful custom. It is to be hoped that all these defects will be remedied in the proposed third volume. Each volume is accompanied by a map and portrait of the author.

CURRENT FICTION.

Fraternity. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This latest book of Mr. Galsworthy's, like several of its predecessors, seems wilfully to leave the artistic sense of the reader unsatisfied. It has, strictly speaking, no hero or heroine, no climax, and no conclusion. Like "The Island Pharisees," it is seething with the leaven of humanitarianism and is full of unanswered questions. The general interrogation of the work is summarized in three lines from the "Electra" of Euripides printed on the title-page:

Brother, brother, on some far shore
Hast thou a city, is there a door
That knows thy footfall, Wandering One?

A sensitive skeptic, outraged by social injustices, haunted by the persistent dream of universal brotherhood, Mr. Galsworthy appears ready with Carlyle and Ruskin in his later period to let the "devil fly away with the fine arts" till that question is answered. Till a new light breaks for suffering humanity, there is no joy for the artist in painting pictures or writing novels. Indeed, till some solution is found for our social problems, no deep and true book can possibly have a hero, a climax, or a conclusion. Meanwhile, the artist has a great preparatory work to perform to shatter the complacent egotism of the contented, and to send to them in visions of the night a dream of the New Eden. To this extent, then, "Fraternity" is a purpose novel allied in spirit and general intention with many of the novels put forth in the Revolutionary Era of fair hope. But it is distinguished from them by a great difference which makes it faithfully representative of the sober wisdom gained by a century of disillusionment: though it yearns with the old ardor toward the divine idea of Social Justice, it betrays the new and almost tragical uncertainty as to her whereabouts.

We have perhaps emphasized rather too much Mr. Galsworthy's sacrifice of art to life. In spite of his desire to make fiction serve a higher master, he has produced a book which, even judged purely on its artistic merits, must rank as one of the most notable of the day. When one compares it with his earlier novels, such as "The Villa Rubein" and "The Island Pharisees," one is astonished at his development in breadth, variety, subtlety, charm, and sympathy. In his recently published "Commentary," a volume of brilliantly suggestive character sketches, we noted his unusual power of symbolizing an entire class or social stratum by one keenly observed, significantly delineated individual. The same power is exerted on a larger scale in "Fraternity," and with much more dramatic effect. Here is a whole social world—the fine-grained, unpractical literary man, his brother the man of facts and action, the gross man of wealth and business, the strenuous young physician, the decrepit butler, the model, the street-sweeper, wives, children, and infants—each member intimately, unmistakably himself or herself, and yet somehow clearly standing for every man and every woman of that stamp. What brotherhood exists in this world, what strivings toward it, what indifference to it, what repulsion from it—such is this study of the novelist. He has not simplified the problem; it is life in its complexity that he envisages—life with its immortal prejudices and its immortal egotism. Some of the characters, too, are touched with the fever of fraternal love. But at the end of the book the literary man wears the wan smile of Hamlet. "It is a disease to smile like that!" comments the young physician. "Your prescription," is the retort, "in this case has not been too successful, has it?" And the Laertes of the story can only reply, "I can't help it if people will be d——d fools." There

is one old man, however, feeble-minded, lost to his own time, a Maeterlinckian figure, whose prophetic eyes have seen the glory of the New Jerusalem on earth. Stepping into the night, he utters one cry, "Brothers!" A policeman passing on his beat lifts his lantern and peers into the darkness: no one is there. That is one of many touches of grim yet tender irony which lend a peculiar fascination to this picture of a segment of modern life.

The Actress. By Louise Closser Hale. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mrs. Hale has given us in this book that refreshing and unusual thing, a wholesome glimpse of stage-life seen from the inside. The picture she presents is neither framed by the proscenium arch nor caught by a surreptitious eye at the crack of the stage-door; standing among the hard-working, warm-hearted servants of the public whose labors we applaud so lightly, we realize the drudgery of what seems so spontaneous. Glamor enough, however, mingles with the grind, to make Rhoda Miller, the heroine, scorn the humdrum round of domesticity pressed upon her notice by her suitor, Aaron Adams, one of those characters whose strength, tenderness, and general desirability are so obvious in fiction and so easily overlooked in real life. Rhoda goes to England and scores a tremendous success, which falls far short of filling Aaron's place in her heart; thinking that her deserted swain has found consolation, she endeavors in vain to do likewise—here Mrs. Hale indulges in a deliciously funny stab at the Artistic Temperament in the composer Meurice—and finally collapses in the severe illness that is the last resort of heroines hard pressed by the burdens of their own folly. Of course, Aaron appears to gather her wasted form in his strong arms, and she gladly exchanges the world of make-believe for that of reality. The book abounds in clever character-drawing, the descriptions of English society being particularly well done.

The Girl and the Bill. By Bannister Merwin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This story almost exceeds the speed limit. A girl and a five-dollar bill are the leading racers and are never lost to view, but their attendant train of persons and things grows to bewildering length. There are stolen papers, cryptograms, refrigerator prisons, and hollow Chicago tree trunks. There are sleuth-houndings in Japanese, Portuguese, and American styles. There are international sluggings, ranging from yellow jiu-jitsu to the good old-fashioned universal monkey-wrench, and the futile but patriotically cow-boyish attempt to throw from a launch a lariat over a gentleman in a neighboring motor-boat. There are an intrepid girl and an engaging man, accomplished detectives both. And there are world-important diplomacies. All this and these, with much and many more, are whizzed before the reader as the recorded contents of a day and a quarter—almost less time than it takes to tell it. Out of the whole emerges a very good, readable story, violating probabilities, as it should, but dealing mercifully with sensibilities.

Uncle Gregory. By George Sandeman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This story possesses the peculiar interest and fascination that always accrue to a book, as to a person, that can suggest depths of significance below what meets the casual glance. If these depths are a baffling puzzle even when their presence is recognized, the interest is so much the greater. It may be that Mr. Sandeman is guiltless of symbolic intent, and has sought merely to give us the round unvarnished tale of a wealthy Peer Gynt who wished to have only the memory of his shiploads of Bibles preserved for posterity. Whatever the intention of the book, its impression is of a strength disproportionate to the expressed subject matter, and we feel that there is real weight in the question so often asked by those laboring at the elusive biography: "What is the real Uncle Gregory?" They severally apprehend him as a grown-up child trying to embody his sister's ideal for him—a saint—a demon—an epitome of the spirit of his time. One can but wish that the author had brought to his climax some such sledgehammer force as we feel in Chesterton's "Man Who Was Thursday," a book of somewhat similar effect; but he evades the questions he has raised, and closes the book, as it were, with an interrogation point.

The M.P. for Russia: Reminiscences and Correspondence of Madame Olga Novikoff. Edited by W. T. Stead. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50 net.

It is perhaps unjust to say that these volumes disappoint expectations. One knew of Madame Novikoff's reputation, and of the conviction of many of her English and Continental contemporaries that she was a woman of great ability and of extraordinary charm; yet to say that these are not conveyed by this record may amount to no more than to confess that personality eludes the printed page. But the editing is at least in fault in that it leaves many things obscure that should have been cleared up—for example, the precise nature of Madame Novikoff's relations with the Russian government—and in general tends to give the reader an intolerable deal of Stead to a pennyworth of Novikoff. The main facts in her career, however, are put in relief: her ardent and life-long Pan-Slavism; her whole-souled championing of Russia abroad, particularly in England, where she lived for a part of each year for many years; her remarkable mastery of English, and her conquest of many warm friends and admirers among the best of her day in England—Carlyle, Froude, Kinglake, Tyndall, Gladstone. But when we come to the proof in cold type of her uncommon graces and brilliant wit, it largely vanishes. After all, we have to take it on credit. What so many capable observers experienced in their own persons, cannot have been so mythical or so exaggerated as these pages would make it seem.

Madame Novikoff's greatest successes in England were won in those years when Beaconsfield called her by the title now given this book. During the preliminaries of the Russo-Turkish war, while it was raging, and throughout its fateful sequels, she was "M.P. for Russia" in the sense that she wrote books and articles and kept up a voluminous correspondence and maintained a salon in London, all for the purpose of correcting English prejudices and leading to that better political understanding which seemed to be established after Gladstone's return to power in 1880. Later, she was not so happy. The war with Japan and the following political developments in Russia were terrible blows to her. "Heaven save us from a Constitution," was her cry, and she dreaded a Parliament as devoutly as Froude. Thus the break-up of autocratic Russia seems to leave this autocrat sad and puzzled, at the end of her days. And her proud cry, "The Future is ours," rings pathetically now.

From the old public issues treated with such prolixity and vanity by Mr. Stead, the reader turns to the human intercourse here outlined. Kinglake appears at his best in the letters of his that are printed. Froude in his was coldly kind and politically askew. Gladstone writes as a tremendous man of business. With Disraeli, Madame Novikoff, naturally, never got into close touch. She has some good stories of his habitual resort to flattery, from the Queen down, in order to gain his ends. She was talking with Gortschakoff after the Congress of Berlin. He said: "I cannot complain of Beaconsfield. He called on me no end of times and was most complimentary. He told me, among other things, that whenever he hears a *bon mot*, he always says, 'Oh, it is not so good as what was said by Prince Gortschakoff'." Madame Novikoff frankly rejoined: "Prince, I must tell you that Lord Salisbury said not long ago that Beaconsfield's power lay in his shameless habit of flattering everybody." Gortschakoff protested, but *un peu tard*, one fears, that he was not

easily taken in by flattery. Charles Villiers is quoted as authority for another story in the same vein. When the Queen published what Villiers is strangely made to call her "Reminiscences of Life in Scotland," she sent a copy to members of Parliament:

> We were evidently expected to offer madrigals and burn incense. . . . We were all in a fix. Dizzy alone never lost courage. "This production," he wrote, "can only be compared to Shakespeare, or to the Gospels." I remained silent, while he went on, as if speaking to himself. "Yes, it wants a lot of courage for serving such a dish, and an exceptionally robust health to assimilate it!"

The Moral System of Dante's Inferno. By W. H. V. Reade. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15.

This is the most exhaustive analysis that has ever been made of Dante's morals. For five hundred years critics have discussed why the poet condemns sinners to an upper or a lower circle of hell, contrary to the popularly accepted enormity of their wickedness. To link Brutus and Cassius, who regarded themselves as martyrs to patriotism, with Judas Iscariot, the supreme embodiment of treachery among Christians, has seemed a paradox to many a student of Dante. But nobody has been able to maintain that the verdicts in the Divine Comedy were haphazard or arbitrary: for there is no other masterpiece in the world in which every part has been so carefully adjusted to the whole, and where literally every word has been so charged with significance. Mr. Reade's task is to discover the rules which guided Dante's verdicts.

He begins, very properly, with an examination of two modern theories which may be regarded as both representative and weighty—those of Witte and of Dr. Edward Moore. Having disposed of these, he goes back to the two great bodies of moral teaching—Aristotle's and Thomas Aquinas's—from which Dante drew directly. With patient elaboration, he compares their systems piecemeal, virtue by virtue and vice by vice, and so is able to show not only which of his masters Dante followed in each particular case, but also the general attitude towards life of the Greeks and of the supreme Catholic dogmatist. He traces, further, the origin of such of Dante's verdicts as correspond with neither the Aristotelian nor the Thoman model. His fundamental division of sins into those of Force and those of Fraud, for instance, Dante borrowed from Cicero. The Christian theology naturally led to a whole tribe of sins which Paganism took no notice of.

Mr Reade's treatise, therefore, may interest also students of comparative morals who are not primarily concerned with Dante. It could scarcely be more careful, thorough, or open-minded. We think it would be well, however, if he had translated his many extracts from St. Thomas, putting the original text in the footnotes. And he might assist the readers of his intricate arguments by summing up briefly and very clearly the points that he has demonstrated, chapter by chapter. Like many learned controversialists, he sometimes seems to forget that most of us read not for the sake of the controversy, but to learn its results. Howbeit, he has produced a work which every exhaustive student of Dante will turn to and which will not need to be undertaken again on so elaborate a scale.

Madrid: An Historical Description and Handbook of the Spanish Capital. By Albert F. Calvert. With 453 illustrations. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Madrid is not a typically Spanish city. The traveller visits it to see the Prado and the Royal Armory, but not to see Spain. In no other great Continental capital, to be sure, may one see ox-carts in fashionable thoroughfares, mule teams in the service of royalty, men wrapped in capas, and women whose street costume includes a fan in the hand and a rose in the hair. These touches, however, are by way of suggestion only. One must wait for some day when the city is *en fête*, when the promise of a great *corrida* has roused the national passion for the favorite sport and filled the Alcalá with a stream of eager humanity, to realize that at heart Madrid is Spain. In this volume of the Spanish Series, Mr. Calvert proves that, while Madrid cannot compete with her older sisters, Segovia, Burgos, Seville, Cordova, Granada, Toledo, and Avila, in antiquities or local color, the spirit of modern progress which has made her a prosperous capital has not destroyed her charm for even the traveller of the romantic school. One could not ask for a better supplement to the more practical details of the guide-book. The work is accurate, sympathetically just, complete without being tiresome, and profusely illustrated. It contains a chapter of general impressions, a brief history of the city, descriptions of the court, society, art, literature, and the drama, churches and public buildings, including the Escorial, La Granja, and Alcalá; an excellent guide to that marvellous collection of arms and armor, so little of which, curiously enough, is of Spanish workmanship, and last but not least two chapters on the bull-fight.

For those who wish more detail, special volumes of the series are devoted to Goya, Velasquez, the Prado, Spanish arms and armor, the Escorial, and the tapestries of the Royal Palace. No other country lends itself to a series of descriptive volumes as does Spain, for Spain is not one, but many, countries; and its people, from the Basque to the Andalusian, many peoples. Travellers will do well to economize space in other directions, if necessary, and include Mr. Calvert's volumes in their outfit.

Science.

The Home Garden. By Eben E. Rexford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

The Summer Garden of Pleasure. By Mrs. Stephen Batson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $3.50.

Works on gardening written by optimists are pleasanter to read and much more profitable to use than those which are prepared by the unsuccessful and pessimistic. Some of the smaller treatises on the art of managing plants appear to have been the outcome of disappointment: the writers having failed to make their gardens pay either in money or pleasure, vent their vexation in the construction of delusive books. "The Home Garden" is the sober production of a successful gardener who has reaped fair crops of wholesome and kindly fruits of the earth. How far one can trust the author in estimating the attractiveness of gardening for boys is a doubtful matter. Our experience does not wholly confirm the confidence which is here expressed in the alluring nature of weeding with the aid of the latest improved tools. After giving a good account of certain labor-saving appliances, the author proceeds:

> Nine boys, I venture to say, can be made to take an interest in the garden where the implements I have mentioned are used, where one could be induced to work in it with simply a hoe and spade. Boys, like men, have a horror of pulling weeds, and the writer of this cannot say that he blames them for it, for he can easily remember the time when he would rather take a whipping than weed the garden for an hour. He very much doubts if he would have a garden now if all the work in it had to be done in the slow, hard, old-fashioned way.

This book does not deal at all with the decorative floral features of gardens, but solely with the modest plots of vegetables and small-fruits which can be managed without too much trouble by a person with scanty leisure and good courage. The directions for the management of the soil and most of the plants are plain and sensible, and cannot carry any beginner far out of the way. Moreover, the author wisely calls attention to the disheartening features of gardening which confront the beginner after the rosy dawn of the seed-bed has begun to grow gray with the coming of blights and insect pests. The actual danger from these enemies is lessened by the modern methods of spraying and by the judicious selection of va-

rieties of resistant character. The advice to choose from the too enticing catalogues only the old-established and approved sorts, instead of the newer and untried, is sound and always safe. The author might also have called attention to the desirability of selecting only varieties which are suited to the particular latitude and exposure of the garden. Plants which are adapted to Maine may not be so good for southern Pennsylvania. The little book is complete, as far as it goes, and does not refer the reader for necessary information to another book in the same series. In short, this treatise is a convenient, untechnical, but not encyclopædic, aid to beginners. Although it is very small, it ought to have an index.

"The Summer Garden of Pleasure" is an English work which endeavors to justify its existence by an apologetic preface. The author tenders counsel to the "amateur who gardens on the level," whatever that may mean, and "who longs after color schemes as ardently as do his brethren with larger powers." To illustrate her views of color distribution, the author makes intelligent use of some exceedingly impressionistic paintings by Osmund Pittman. Much of the advice is presented in an uninteresting manner, but it is all made easily accessible by the device—costly in printing, but very useful—of marginal headings for the paragraphs. The best part of the book is that which is devoted to the management of the flower garden in the midsummer season, in order to prevent complete banishment of attractive flowers when the shadow of autumn is about to fall. The suggestions are, of course, better adapted to the exigencies of the English gardens than to ours, but with a few amendments many of the ideas may be carried out here. There will be considerable difference of opinion as to the artistic effect of some of the combinations depicted in this book, since a few of them appear to have been introduced as examples of what to avoid, but many are quiet and restful enough, even for a Japanese.

Longmans, Green, & Co. announce as soon to be published "The Fundamental Principles of Chemistry," by Wilhelm Ostwald, authorized translation by Harry W. Morse.

"Les Phénomènes psychiques et supernormaux," by Dr. Paul Joire, treats observation and experimentation in such matter from the point of view of a professor at the Institut Psycho-physiologique of Paris (8vo, 22 figures, Vigot Frères). "Le Cœur humain et les lois de la psychologie positive," by Antoine Baumann, is, like the other books of this author, an excursion where science and philosophy meet (Perrin).

"Le Rationalisme comme hypothèse méthodologique," by F. Maugé, is a philosophic treatment of theory which underlies science, in two parts: first, the rationalist hypothesis and experimental method; second, the conditions and principles of systematizing in the sciences (617 pages, Alcan).

The recent publication of the official documents in the case of Galileo has led to the preparation by a Catholic scholar, Dr. A. Müller, S.J., director of the astronomical observatory on the Janiculum in Rome, of a work of some two hundred pages treating the new phases of this old controversy, "Galileo Galilei und das kopernikanische Weltsystem" (Freiburg-im-B.; Herder). A further work on this matter, by the same author, is in course of publication, "Der Galilei Prozess (1631-1632) nach Ursprung, Verlauf und Folgen." Naturally this monograph presents the matter from the point of view of the Catholic Church.

"Unsere Kultur" is the title of a readable scientific volume by Prof. Albert Geyer (Giessen: E. Roth), designed to give a popular view of the development of modern life. The author cannot forget that he is more German than *Weltmensch;* he credits Bell with a part in the development of the telephone, but only after the Germans had previously made some progress; and in the history of steam navigation he passes by unknown Fulton altogether, beginning with the steamboats on the Rhine, 1816, the Oder, 1825, and the Danube, 1833.

Simeon Snell, president of the British Medical Association and one of the leading ophthalmic surgeons of England, died at Sheffield last month. He had been professor of ophthalmology at the University of Sheffield, and had edited the *Quarterly Medical Journal.* Among his publications are: "The Electro-Magnet and Its Employment in Ophthalmic Surgery," "Miners' Nystagmus," "School Life and Eyesight," "Prevention of Eye Accidents in Certain Trades," and "Eyestrain as a Cause of Headaches."

Charles Bell Taylor, an eminent ophthalmic surgeon, died at Nottingham, England, last month, at the age of eighty. He obtained his medical education at the University of Edinburgh and Paris. He was the author of "On Diseases of the Eye," which has run through several editions.

Drama.

The Playhouse and the Play. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

In "The Playhouse and the Play" Percy MacKaye has collected the various essays on the theatre which he has written during the last two or three years. Most of them have been read before different universities, clubs, or associations, and all have been published in full or in part. It is well that they should be offered in this convenient form, for—and this will be admitted even by those who do not agree with all his conclusions—they are full of interesting and pregnant matter. The following passage in one of them may be quoted as the common text of all:

In theatrical amusement we are concerned with public happiness. Real happiness means education; real education means happiness. And in regard to our drama there can be no sounder, no more enlightening conviction than this truth: that by whatever name we choose to call it, the influence of our theatres is a colossal, a national influence in forming the taste, the moral will, the mental capacity of our people.

In common with all other thoughtful students of the theatre and its possibilities he laments that so potent an engine of civilization should be delivered into the hands of commercial speculators, barred from the performance of its highest functions, and often degraded to the basest uses.

Comparatively few persons ever stop to think of the actual influence of the theatre, for good or ill, upon public tastes and morals. Mr. MacKaye quotes some facts and figures which throw much illumination on this subject. Beyond doubt, the influence is enormous, and, as matters now stand, more often mischievous than beneficial, or even innocuous. The question is how existing evils are to be remedied and the potential benefits of the theatre to be brought into operation. Mr. MacKaye's one solution is endowment. He even makes the rash statement that without endowment no effectual art can live, a dogma that would scarcely bear the test of examination. In his enthusiasm he imagines a civic theatre—apparently some ideal development of the ancient classical prototype—in every considerable city, capable of doing a large part of the work that churches, schools, and universities do now; an institution representative of all that is intellectually and morally best in the community, an unfailing source of incentive and example. It is a pretty dream, but, like most enthusiasts, Mr. Mackaye, with his soaring vision, overlooks the sordid financial, political, and other practical difficulties in the way.

There is the gravest reason for mistrusting the possibilty of a sound and enlightened administration of a theatre by public officials. What might be accomplished by private generosity and altruistic effort is another question, which need not be considered now. Mr. Mackaye is right in his assertion that the theatre will never reveal its highest powers, until it is run in the public interest and not wholly as a commercial speculation. But it may be pointed out that public interests and private gain are not necessarily or invariably incompatible. Plenty of money has been made before now in the higher walks of literature, art, and the drama. Mr. Mackaye's dictum that "the rational aim of theatrical business is to ignore the rational aim of dramatic art" is by no means universally true. Even in this country, over and over again, the best plays have proved the most profitable. A great part of Edwin Booth's fortune was made out of Shakespeare. Mr. Man-

tell, a far inferior actor, is doing well by following—*longo sed intervallo*—in his footsteps. In the dramatic business, as in others, it often pays to supply the finest stock, and some dim perception of this fact is beginning to dawn, apparently, upon one or two of our managers. Being simply commercial men, they cannot, as Mr. Mackaye points out, be expected to risk their money in what they believe to be a losing venture, but for the same reason, they would readily abandon a policy threatening to be ruinous. The present talk among them of repertory theatres is not without significance. It is the lack of competition, not the want of endowment, that is stifling the theatre. Half a dozen really independent theatres in the hands of duly qualified managers, with artistic impulses and some capital behind them, might do as much towards a theatrical revival as any endowment.

The strong interest in everything pertaining to the drama which is noticeable in German letters to-day is responsible for the attention which is now drawn to Ludwig Tieck's writings on the subject. For it was Tieck, as artistic manager of the theatre of Dresden, and as one of the translators of Shakespeare, to whom is due much of Shakespeare's popularity among the Germans. It was Tieck, too, who, when he settled in Berlin in the forties, succeeded in having Sophocles's "Antigone" and other classical tragedies performed. The little book which calls attention to his work in behalf of the theatre is Dr. Erich Drach's "Ludwig Tieck's Bühnenreformen" (Berlin: R. Trenkel).

Dr. Alfred Schaer is the author of a book of 127 pages containing an interesting historical investigation: "Die dramatische Bearbeitung der Pyramus-Thisbe Sage in Deutschland im 16. und 17. Jahrhundert" (Leipzig: W. Schäfer).

"The Great John Ganton," an adaptation of Arthur J. Eddy's story of the Chicago stock yards (see the *Nation* of December 10, 1908, p. 580), by the young English dramatist, J. Hartley Manners, was produced in the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening. The play may or may not please the general public—it undoubtedly possesses certain elements of popularity—but is a crude, loquacious, melodramatic, insignificant piece, which may be dismissed with brief notice. Pretending to have a serious object in the exposure and denunciation of corrupt, tyrannical, and unscrupulous business methods, and the evils of gambling in Wall Street and elsewhere, it deals mainly in sonorous platitudes and extravagant incident, without reaching any definite conclusion. From first to last it is intensely but not skilfully or effectively theatrical To the solution of current problems it contributes nothing, and it has no value as a picture of life or manners. In the central figure of John Ganton himself, inconsistent as it is in more respects than one, there is a certain amount of vitality, and the character suits the personality of George Fawcett, an experienced actor, who plays it with humor and some emotional force. On him the future of the piece depends.

The London Play Actors seem to have made a somewhat remarkable find in "Chains," a realistic drama of the English lower middle class, by Elizabeth Baker, who is said to have had no experience of the theatre. Her topic is the awful monotony and drudgery of the treadmill existence led by tens and hundreds of thousands of men dependent solely upon clerical employment, without hope of progress, rest, or change.

Olive Logan, lecturer, actress, and author, died at Banstead, England, April 27, at the age of seventy. She was born in Elmira, N. Y., and after some experience as a lecturer, went on the stage. She was author of several books, including "Women and Theatres" (1869), and "The Mimic World" (1871); she wrote a comedy, "Surf," a dramatization of Wilkie Collins's "Armadale," and a metrical translation of François Coppée's "Le Passant," produced in London in 1887.

Music.

Beethoven's Letters. By Dr. A. A. Kalischer; translated with Preface by J. S. Shedlock. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50.

When the question of bringing out an edition of Haydn's complete works was being discussed, some years ago, Brahms expressed the opinion that only those things that were really of interest should be printed. Of the others it would be sufficient, he thought, if a dozen copies were made by hand for distribution in the largest libraries where students might have access to them. One cannot but think that such a plan should be adopted with regard to the printing of letters by famous men. Here we have a collection of Beethoven's in two volumes, 925 pages altogether, yet all that was really worth reading could have been easily held in one volume of 400 pages. What earthly use is there in printing notes like this?—"Do tell me if I can speak to you this evening about five o'clock. The matter is pressing." Or this—"His high-born von Smeskall is requested kindly to say where one can speak with him to-morrow." There is a great deal of that sort of thing, and the result is that few even of those who purchase such books have the courage or time to read them through.

Beethoven speaks of himself as being "fearfully lazy" as a correspondent. His output of letters certainly was a mere bagatelle as compared with the numerous and voluminous epistles of Schumann, Wagner, or Liszt. There are altogether 1,220 in these volumes, and most of them are very short, containing, like the two specimens quoted, things that we now usually confide to the telephone. That they make up so many pages is explained by the fact that most of them are followed by comments (often longer than the letters) by the German editor and the English translator. Dr. Kalischer declares that he was engaged for a good twenty years on his task; during that time he examined over six hundred autograph letters to correct the printed versions, and he found many new ones, some of exceptional length, to add to those which had previously appeared. His notes are accurate, illuminating, helpful, and Mr. Shedlock, who has translated both the comments and the letters admirably, contributes more useful matter.

It is with Beethoven's letters as with his compositions: the longer they are, the more they interest us. Being, as he says, lazy as a correspondent, he never sat down to pen a long letter unless he had something on his heart. It is when he talks to or about his publishers, his spendthrift nephew, his incorrigible servants, his critics, his growing deafness, that he grows confiding and entertaining—unwittingly, for he never dreamed that any of these letters would be seen in print. Regarding the trouble with his ears, he wrote in 1800: "Please keep as a great secret what I have told you about my hearing; trust no one, whoever it may be, with it." This remained his attitude for years; the malady was slow in developing, but by 1817 it had reached a stage which induced him to write to Nanette Streicher:

> Now a great request to Streicher; ask him in my name to be kind enough to prepare a pianoforte especially adapted to my weak hearing. I want the tone to be as strong as possible.

A surprisingly large number of these letters, and not the shortest by any means, are jeremiads about servants. These are always amusing; they show the great composer from his most human side. "I came here with an impaired indigestion, and a terrible cold—the former through that archpig the housekeeper, the other from a beast of a kitchenmaid." "Such people," he declares in another letter, "cannot be governed by love, but only by fear; I see that now quite clearly"; and in harmony with this suggestion is his statement regarding one servant: "I threw at her my heavy chair which stands by the bed; for that I was at peace the whole day." He finally seeks consolation in this philosophical reflection: "We shall not fare better with other servants." His feelings were easily ruffled, and he often wrote as if he had been badly treated even by his best friends. With his publishers he had many a tiff. He complains of the engravers "who pick us poor composers to death"; of the many errors in the printed pages because his frequent requests for proofs had been neglected. He tells the head of the great firm of Breitkopf & Härtel that if he had his wish, said publisher "would have to wander about

in penitential garments made of hair for all the wicked things that he has done to my works." In another mood he writes to the same man:

> You as a more humane being and a more cultured head than all the other publishers of music ought not to pay poor terms to the artist, but rather help him on the road to accomplish undisturbed what is in him, and what one expects from him.

"As you are neither Jews nor Italians," he writes to another firm, "and I neither of the two, we shall no doubt come to an agreement."

The critics fare much worse than the publishers; in fact, they are castigated almost as severely as the servants. In the early period the critics were inclined to make sport of Beethoven's artwork. "Advise your critics," he wrote to a publisher in 1801, "to exercise more care and good sense with regard to the productions of young authors, for many a one may thereby become disspirited who otherwise might have risen to higher things." But the culprits continued to ply their nefarious trade. "In what a mean way are critics allowed to pounce upon us," he writes in 1803; "I am treated infamously." Eight years later he again complained of being "reviewed in a shameful manner," but looked at the matter more calmly: "It may give one a little prick like the sting of a gnat, and then it becomes quite a little joke. *Not forever; that you cannot do.*" What the critic had said was:

> In quartet writing the aim should surely not be to commemorate the dead, or to express the feelings of one in despair, but by soft, pleasing play of the imagination to refresh and gladden one's heart.

Dr. Kalischer tries hard to prove that the famous letters to the "Immortal Beloved" were addressed to the Countess Guicciardi; he declares that Thayer's attempt to "palm off the Countess Brunswick as the Immortal Beloved must now be regarded as having totally failed"; but since this was written, La Mara has proved in "Beethovens unsterbliche Geliebte" (*Nation*, February 18, p. 177) that Thayer was right. On the other hand, one gains the distinct impression from reading Dr. Kalischer's two volumes that the equally famous letters to Bettina Brentano are not genuine. He himself thinks there were "interpolations"; but when read in connection with the other Beethoven letters they seem so different in style and thought from all the others that one cannot but suspect that they were altogether the products of that woman's imagination.

These beautifully printed volumes are adorned with many interesting facsimiles and portraits.

Henry W. Savage asserts that "The Merry Widow" has been an unprecedented popular success. First produced in Vienna, on December 30, 1905, it had had up to the first of April, 1909, 1,503 performances in America, 1,365 in England; total number of performances everywhere, about 18,000. It has been sung in 422 German cities, 135 English, and 154 American cities. It has been translated into thirteen languages and produced in thirty different countries, including Turkey, Persia, Japan, China, Hindustan, and Siberia. New York paid a million dollars to hear it last year; Chicago paid $364,000 in twenty-six weeks; Boston, $250,000 in eighteen weeks this season. More than 3,000,000 copies of the "Merry Widow" waltz have been sold in Europe; and in America the music publishers sold $400,000 worth of "Merry Widow" scores and selections in twenty-three months. Up to April 1, 1909, three American companies played to gross receipts of $2,694,000.

Art.

A Century of Archæological Discoveries. By A. Michaelis; translated by Bettina Kahnweiler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

In viewing the collections of Greek and Roman antiquities which almost every important city in Europe now possesses, or in visiting the ancient sites of classic lands, it is sometimes difficult to realize that the work which produced these museum collections and unearthed the remains of these cities has been almost entirely accomplished in the last century. A few exceptions, such as the discovery of Herculaneum and of Pompeii and occasional finds by private individuals, still belong to the preceding period, but most of the material now at our disposal and the gradual building up of a science of archæology are entirely due to the labors of the last ten decades. "A Century of Archæological Discoveries," therefore, gives us practically the whole history of archæological excavations, from the tentative and fortuitous efforts of earlier explorers to the carefully planned, systematic excavations of to-day. The picture is necessarily sketchy; yet, considering the size of the volume, it is very comprehensive, because not only have the actual finds been recorded, but the more important discoveries in the examination of the material have been noted, so that the achievements of the scholar as well as those of the explorer have been embodied.

Of the record as it stands archæologists may well be proud. At first the remnants of past civilizations were treasured purely for their artistic value. But gradually their vast importance in shedding light on the history and life of the people by whose hands they were produced was recognized, and a systematic study of the material began. The result is that we have now not only a fairly complete and coördinate picture of the artistic development of these people, but in some cases past history has been actually reconstructed. Thus, thanks to the spade and the critical acumen of the Cretan explorers, we are in possession of more knowledge of the civilization of prehistoric Greece than the Greeks of the classical period had themselves. Moreover, the importance of illustrating and verifying written history by the material remains now at our disposal is being more and more recognized.

A book describing in concise form this evolution of the science of archæology had been much in request, and Professor Michaelis's work, which appeared in 1906, entitled "Die archäologischen Entdeckungen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts," was welcomed on all sides. The translation into English is a matter for sincere congratulation, because the book is addressed, as the author expressly says, not so much to the professional archæologist (who would be more likely to understand German), as to all those "who have preserved an interest in and love for ancient art." The subject, indeed, is presented not in a dry and technical manner, such as a great specialist with expert knowledge often uses, but in a fresh, narrative style which combines accuracy and scholarship with the personal element of enthusiasm. We are indebted to Miss Kahnweiler not only for a good translation—as any one who has tried rendering a German scientific work into English will admit—but for the addition of illustrations, such as plans of Olympia, Delphi, the Athenian Acropolis, as well as of the most important sites and monuments, which add much to the usefulness of the volume. There are also several interpolations; for instance, a brief mention of the recent discoveries of the British School at Sparta, which bring the discussion up to date.

The chief criticism is that the work is a little one-sided. Professor Michaelis himself admits that he has devoted most space to the German excavations, mainly because his facilities have been greater in that direction. In fact, German investigations—even the more recent ones—have been faithfully recorded here; Dr. Dörpfeld's theories regarding the theatre, the old Athena temple, and the Enneakrounos are all clearly stated. The excavations of the Englishmen Cockrell, Layard, and Newton have also been fully treated; but those of later date, carried on by the British and American Schools, are too cursorily mentioned. Crete, too, comes in for a very small share, considering the far-reaching importance of the discoveries there. A few additions would remedy this defect, and it is to be hoped that in a future edition this amendment will be made.

From the *Fine Art Trade Journal* of London we have received the "Art Prices Current" for 1907-8. The record is limited to

the sales at Christie's, but, as the editor of the volume observes, any other system of inclusion and exclusion would introduce a confusing personal element, while the volume of business at Christie's is so predominantly large as to indicate fully the tendency of prices.

In the series of monographs Die Kunst, edited by Dr. Richard Muther (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.), the fiftieth volume, just published, "Das Fest der Elemente," attempts to show not only the use of the so-called elements, fire, water, earth, and air, in landscape gardening and pyrotechnics, but the relations which they bear to man's reading of nature. The comparisons between the specimens of this art from the renaissance period and from modern times are interesting and suggestive. The author is Dr. Oscar Bie, the editor of the *Neue Rundschau*. The book is profusely illustrated.

"L'Esthétique des villes," by Émile Magne, treats successively of street decoration and movement, of processions, markets, bazaars, fairs, cemeteries, of outer manifestations of water and fire (lights), and of all that goes to the artistic constitution of the Cité Future (352 pages, Mercure de France).

"Die deutsche Landschaft: Deutsche Charakterlandschaften in farbigen Bildern," by Prof. Ernst Liebermann (Hamburg: Gutenberg-Verlag), is a work to be completed in eight series of five sheets each, at five marks a series. The first two series have already appeared. This enterprise, which endeavors to offer artistic quality at a low price, deserves to be commended to all lovers of German landscape, and particularly to those school and college teachers of German who believe in pictorial aid for quickening the imagination of their students. If they prefer an artist's individual impressions to the unemotional accuracy of the camera, they will derive pleasure from these successful reproductions, in the rich but subdued original colors, of the paintings of the well-known Munich master. Of the different pictures, each of which can be bought singly, the following are perhaps the most typical and attractive: Thüringer Landschaft, Buchenwald, Rudelsburg, In den Vorbergen der bayrischen Alpen, and Felder. Least successful is Eifellandschaft. The pictures are uniform in size (six by eight inches), and loosely mounted on black cardboard two inches wider on all sides. They may thus, even without further framing, be effectively displayed on the walls of the study or classroom.

It will be no new observation to those who have followed the recent tendency of this *genre* of painting to say that in the forty-second annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society, now holding at the Fine Arts Galleries, the old-fashioned thin washes are scarcely to be seen. Ben Foster's Glimpse of the Sea, and H. Bolton Jones's Early Snow, hanging together in the Vanderbilt room, stand out conspicuously in this respect, and make one regret that the clean transparency and the light decorative value of the old style have been so generally discarded for methods that imitate without equalling the heavier and richer effects of oils. There are a few other pictures in this manner, but they are for the most part insignificant. Perhaps, the most striking of these—although it is by no means a pure example—is George Wharton Edwards's Springtime in the Village, a large field in clear colors, crossed by two diagonal paths. In the contest with oils, the new, carefully-worked method is most successful in the winter scenes. In a number of these—*e. g.*, Charles Mente's Mill Stream, and H. Bolton Jones's Winter, the latter a pastel—the fuzzy texture of snow is represented better than can be done with the hard surface of oils, and the reflected shadows have a softer, less repulsive gleam. Another group, chiefly pastels, imitates well the glowing greens and deep blues of stained glass. Notable among these are Charles Warren Eaton's Cypresses, Reynolds Beal's Middlehope Valley, Gustave Cimiotti's Trooping Clouds, and Frederick Crane's Afterglow. From these, it is an easy transition to such pictures as the Warwick Castle of Gifford Beal, with its large masses of solid, almost unshaded green, and the Lake Como of Charles Warren Eaton, with its heavy mass of ultramarine. For the rest, we can mention only The Village Green of Florence Francis Snell, showing a small group of children in a green common, closed in by two converging lines of red houses; a group of pleasant out-of-door sketches, by Frederick Freer; a charming little view In a Swiss Town by Emma Lampert Cooper; The Buzzards' Roost of J. C. Nicoll, showing a mound of ruins in a yellowish green field; an excellent lifelike portrait of Enid Yandell, the sculptress, by Albert Sterner; and the little Puerto del Sol of Edward Penfield. Not the least interesting part of the exhibition is the collection of etchings, prints, and drawings in the Central Gallery. In technique, the work in this department is even more satisfactory than the brush work; the only drawback to full enjoyment is the monotony of the subjects chosen. Here the romantic etchings of Joseph Pennell and Ernest D. Roth stand out with some distinction. The same may be said, for other qualities, of the refined prints of Charles F. W. Mielatz, showing glimpses of New York streets and parks. For pure decorative charm the colored plates of George Senseney have a unique character; they would hang well in boudoir or hall. Altogether the exhibition compares well with its recent predecessors, and, if not so impressive as the more pretentious displays of the Academy, is at least free from the loud monstrosities that hurt the eye in the usual collection of oils.

The chief interest of the summer exhibition, just opened at the New Gallery, is in the new departure made by the management. The objection to the methods of the artists who have taken possession of the New Gallery is the same that was made a year ago (*Nation* of April 9, 1908, p. 340), when the Allied Artists' Association was founded: anybody who subscribes has a right to exhibit—a plan which is bound to be fatal to the quality of an exhibition as a whole. The important difference between the two groups is that the subscription to the Allied Artists is very small, and gives a chance to the young and struggling, while the subscription to the New Gallery is very large, and gives a chance only to those who have arrived either popularly or financially. This year's exhibition is an excellent proof of the point. At a glance, it may look better than in previous years, simply because fewer pictures are shown and the walls are less crowded. But in the merit of the pictures there is no improvement whatever, and, after the first glance, the absence of any reason for the collection to have been brought together beyond the need of the artist to sell, is but too apparent. Work comes from the Academy, from the International, from the various other groups and societies, which have their own exhibitions at other seasons or in other places. There are a few survivors of the old Burne-Jones period, but they seem only sad witnesses of the day and a movement that have passed. There are several members of the Glasgow School that first dawned upon London at the last exhibition of the Grosvenor, and that now, as a school, has ceased to exist almost as completely as the "neo-primitives" of the previous generation. There is no possibility of coherence in the meeting of all these different elements, nor is there enough distinction in individual work to make up for the lack. J. J. Shannon and George Henry are probably reserving their best portraits for the Academy; C. H. Shannon had more important work in the last International; the principal landscapes are by Frank Walton, Mark Fisher, and Mr. Peppercorn, who show in half a dozen other galleries. Water color is almost entirely absent, black-and-white holds but a small place. The sculpture is not remarkable. Altogether, the exhibition does not promise great things in the future from the new method and management.

At the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, the international jury in the annual art competition has announced the following awards: Medal of the first class (gold), with $1,500, to Edmund C. Tarbell, Boston, for his painting Girl Crocheting; medal of the second class (silver), with $1,000, to George Sauter, London, for his painting The Bridal Morning; medal of the third class (bronze), with $500, to Bruce Crane, New York city, for his painting November Hills; honorable mention to Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, Philadelphia, for her painting, In Rittenhouse Square; to Arnesby Brown, Cornwall, England, for his painting, The Gate; to E. A. Hornel, Scotland, for his painting Amusement; and to Stanhope A. Forbes, Penzance, England, for his painting, The Village Industry.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings and drawings by Max Weber at Haas's, till May 8; and paintings by Chase, Melchers, Hassam, etc., at Montross's, May 8.

Theodore Minot Clark, who from 1881 to 1888 was in charge of the department of architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, died in Boston April 29 at the age of sixty-four. He was born in Boston, and was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1886. Among his writings are "Rural School Architecture" (1880), "Building Superintendence" (1884), "Architect, Owner, and Builder before the Law" (1894), and "The Care of a House" (1903).

We have to report the death of two French artists, Lionel Le Couteux, an etcher of high repute, at the age of sixty-one, and Alfred Robaut, a lithographer and

writer on art subjects at the age of seventy-nine.

From Venice comes the news of the death of Prof. Franz Wickhoff, the art-writer, at the age of fifty-five. He wrote largely on the literary influences in art, publishing the "Wiener Genesis," "Sachis Restauration der sterhenden Mutter des Aristides," and "Dürer Studien."

Finance.

THE PROBLEM OF THE RAILWAYS.

It has been pointed out, as one cause for the stubborn maintenance of the higher price of railway stocks, that the dividends paid by the companies, even during the worst months of last year, were large enough to provide a handsome margin to the buyer on borrowed money, over and above what he had to pay for interest. Such a stock as Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, for instance, pays 7 per cent. per annum. Its price has lately been about 150, at which the holder would net about 4¾ per cent. Baltimore and Ohio, paying 6 per cent., and selling around 114, would yield 5¼ per cent. With call loans obtainable and renewable at 1 or 2 per cent., the margin on such holdings will be 2 to 4 per cent. Even with Reading, whose price of 145 makes its 4 per cent. dividend yield barely 2¾ per cent., there is a surplus over the recent cost of call money in Wall Street.

This sort of calculation is not final. The price of money might go up to 6 per cent., which would more than wipe out the margin over dividends. The market value of the stock might go down when the holder wished to sell; it would certainly do so if the money rate should rise. Or the dividend rate itself might be reduced. All such considerations suggest the larger question, What is to happen to these railways and their stocks in the more distant future? Waiving the possibility of fluctuations in the money market, the main issue, after all, relates to railway finance, the maintenance or increase of the dividends. And this in the last analysis must depend on the future movement of traffic.

In reply to an inquiry regarding present conditions, the chief of an important Western railway system has lately had this to say:

> Our business is not what it should be. The backwardness of the season is largely to blame. No disposition is being shown to anticipate good crops. The usual mainstay of the railroads at this time of year, freight made up of manufactured products, reflects only hand-to-mouth buying.

This statement will probably sound odd in view of the recent statements as to monthly earnings. A number of important companies published last week their gross receipts for March and the nine months of the current fiscal year. These are the principal changes from a year ago:

	March Gross.	9 months Gross.
Erie	+$619,885	—$249,280
Union Pacific	+ 812,231	+1,031,027
Southern Pacific	+ 629,845	—5,217,919
Atlantic Coast Line	+ 322,647	— 235,000
Northwestern	+ 472,443	+ 545,379
Rock Island	+ 210,125	+ 432,308
Southern Ry.	+ 507,423	— 578,948
Atchison	+ 871,202	— 103,442
Balt. & Ohio	+ 543,801	—4,916,803
Kansas City So.	+ 36,219	— 443,707

Here is decided improvement, the gain for March alone, in a number of the companies, equalling or exceeding the whole of the nine months' decrease. But the gain of March was made in comparison with one of the leanest months of the immediate after-panic depression. If the March comparisons are made, not with 1908, but with 1907, the result will be somewhat different. These are the changes from the corresponding month of the pre-panic period, two years ago:

	March Gross.	9 months Gross.
Erie	—$172,915	—$1,532,707
Union Pacific	— 42,556	+ 2,853,046
Southern Pacific	— 178,751	— 3,081,417
Atl. Coast Line	+ 147,917	— 309,479
Northwestern	— 298,042	— 2,880,083
Rock Island	— 156,273	+ 1,738,344
Southern Ry.	— 345,373	— 2,582,240
Atchison	— 160,983	+ 713,969
Balt. & Ohio	— 683,827	— 7,430,870
Kansas City So.	— 51,297	— 135,541

We are not, then, so far on the upgrade yet as the comparison with 1908, taken by itself, suggested. How soon the rest of the lost ground is to be recovered will naturally depend, in the first instance, on the increase in traffic moving over the railways, a matter which, in its turn, hangs on the question of general trade revival. This second consideration, again, rests first on the recuperation from the effects of the break-down of credit; but, second, on the outturn of the crops. Wall Street often amuses itself with arguing that a deficient grain crop, sold at unusually high prices, is as much of an industrial blessing as a moderate crop sold at average prices, or a "bumper crop" with prices below the lately prevailing level. However this may be with other interests, it is not so with the railways. A hundred million bushels less produced upon the farms is a hundred million bushels less of freight. For the crop results, we shall have to wait. Another factor in the recent improving earnings, which may or may not be permanent, is the higher freight rates. Since July 1, last year, local and through rates, in the South and West especially, have been increased all the way from 3 to 60 per cent. on coal, iron, steel, lumber, grain and grain products, packing-house products, and scores of other commodities. The fixing of these higher rates was justly objected to, last year, as uneconomic and unfair to the consumer; but they were made. There are only two obstacles in the way of their remaining—compulsory revision under the auspices of the Interstate Commission, and competitive rate-cutting by the companies themselves. The increase will also test the force of the prediction, made by shippers' associations when the rates were raised, that the contemplated advance "would retard the return of normal conditions."

"Railroad Promotion and Capitalization in the United States," by Frederick A. Cleveland, will be issued soon by Longmans, Green, & Co.

Harper & Bros. have brought out in book form Victor Morawetz's plan for solving the currency problem, "The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States." The views of Mr. Morawetz received so much, and well-deserved, attention when they were first published, that it is unnecessary to review them at length now. His proposal is, in substance, that the national banks be authorized "to issue notes upon their joint credit, and to control the uncovered amount of these notes by the joint action of the Secretary of the Treasury and of a managing board, or committee, elected by the banks." That by this, or some similar plan, our currency system could be improved at points where it is most defective, we cannot doubt; our only doubt is as to the desire or ability of Congress to enact a rational currency law. Two features of Mr. Morawetz's presentation of his case are worthy of special commendation. He appreciates, and clearly explains, the fact that banknotes are in certain essential particulars unlike bank deposits; principally because by means of notes banks can indirectly increase the proportion which their reserves bear to their demand liabilities. The second noteworthy point is that, unlike many denizens of Manhattan Island, he maintains that the establishment of a central bank is not desirable or practicable in the United States. No one, in fact, has ever stated the reasons more forcibly and succinctly than Mr. Morawetz.

"Compilation of Laws Relating to Trust Companies of the United States," published by the Trust Company Section of the Amer-

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ican Bankers' Association, is one of the most useful works yet published under the auspices of the American Bankers' Association. It covers a variety of subjects on which there has been insufficient light, and cites the important statutes of each State bearing upon trust company operation. An index at the end of each State section is a good feature. The compilation was made by Benjamin J. Downer of the New York bar, assisted by Philip S. Babcock, secretary of the Trust Company Section of the American Bankers' Association.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, Ada Woodruff. The Strain of White. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Baedeker, Karl. The United States. Scribner. $4.50 net.
Barwell, J. W. Science, the Mind, Revelation, the Heart of God. Chicago: Jacobs & Holmes.
Bayley, Harold. A New Light on the Renaissance: Displayed in Contemporary Emblems. Dutton. $4 net.
Bithell, Jethro. The Minnesingers. Vol. I. Translations. Longmans, Green.
Borodine, Myrrha. La Femme et l'amour au XIIe Siècle, d'après les Poèmes de Chrétien de Troyes. Paris: A. Picard.
Brebner, Percy. A Royal Ward. Little, Brown. $1.50.
Cabot, Oliver. The Man without a Shadow. Appleton. $1.50.
Cleveland, Frederick A., and Powell, Fred Wilbur. Railroad Promotion and Capitalization in the United States. Longmans, Green. $2 net.
Collins, J. Franklin, and Preston, Howard W. Key to New England Trees. Providence: Preston & Rounds Co. 40 cts.
Crandall, Charles H. Songs from Sky Meadows. Outing Publishing Co. $1 net.
Crawford, F. Marion. The White Sister. Macmillan.
Darby, Mrs. That Affair in Philadelphia. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1909.

The Week.

Senator Dolliver has been most usefully applying a little Western bluntness and honesty to the tariff debate. His exposure of the way in which the cotton and wool schedules have been dictated by the very men who hope to make money out of them, and of the tricks and devices and robberies with which they are stuffed, has been most effective. And the ridicule which he poured upon Senator Aldrich was refreshing. The nettled Rhode Island Senator retorted, of course, that Senator Dolliver was only a Democrat in disguise, had private grievances to avenge, and had got his information from wicked importers; but that is only the usual abuse visited upon a Republican who dares to tell the truth about the tariff. What the country wants to know is, not what Mr. Dolliver's motives may be, but whether the facts are as he states them. Is it true, as he says, that the manufacturers who disgusted the Ways and Means Committee with their hoggish demands, went to Aldrich and got permission from him to write their own clauses in the tariff? Is it the fact that the effect of the Aldrich bill would be to condemn the masses of the people to pay more for poorer clothing? If tariff rapacity is proposing to palm off shoddy and cotton as all wool, it is well that the nation should know it. For Aldrich to insinuate personal grudges and party disloyalty is of no use either to him or his cause or his clients. What has to be done is squarely to meet Senator Dolliver's charges.

It is, we think, mainly in this same line of exposure of tariff facts that the most is to be expected from a Tariff Commission, if we ever get one. The New York Chamber of Commerce has gone on record in favor of the commission plan, and business opinion everywhere seems to be veering to it. There is a certain promise of usefulness in the project, but let no man delude himself into thinking that we are going to have the tariff taken out of politics immediately, or get anything like a non-partisan or scientific framing of customs duties. Until Republicans learn new methods of electing a President and carrying Congress, and until a number of their influential leaders pass from the scene, we shall have the tariff kept in politics because the politicians believe it pays to keep it there. Yet an able and honest Tariff Commission could serve as a kind of perpetual blister upon high-tariff backs. It could collect information and exhibit correct inferences, showing just how tariff stupidities work and how tariff robberies find their victims. As a means of rousing popular indignation, as well as instructing public opinion, and possibly even of shaming Congress into doing something to cure demonstrated evils, a Tariff Commission might have a valuable function.

Already the Sugar Trust stood before the country as about the most despicable thief that ever sneaked and pilfered and lied, but its action in sanctimoniously discharging its seven employees who have been indicted for complicity in its frauds upon the government, sounds an even lower depth of meanness. These subordinates must have acted under orders. It was not into their pockets that the stealings from the public revenues went, but into the pockets of the rich officers and owners of the Sugar Trust. This was the irrefragable conclusion arrived at by both judge and jury, when the test case was tried. Hence for the Trust now virtuously to dismiss from its service mere tools, with the protest that it is "anxious to punish the guilty," while not a word is said or a step taken by the chief beneficiaries of the larceny, is to stamp it as not only without a soul, but without ordinary perceptive faculties or common decency.

Fashions in battleships change as certainly as the style of women's hats. When Ericsson brought out the Monitor a revolution was at hand not only in the change of materials and the use of armor, but in the effort to show nothing above water, except a "cheese-box on a raft." This style lasted for some years and remains to-day the best. But the English navy reverted to its high sides, iron walls succeeding the wooden that made Britannia mistress of the seas—and our own Navy Department imitated the British when it began to rebuild the navy in 1882, and has been imitating it ever since. But now after the world cruise of our fleet, the fashion is changing again. Bow ornaments, some of the boats, and deck-houses are to go. "Much of the material," it is reported to-day, "which has hitherto made the main deck of a battleship an overcrowded platform has been placed below deck out of sight and range." Thus does the whirligig of time bring its revenges. We may yet live to see the new and monstrous masts that disfigure our craft disappear, and genuine honor paid to Ericsson by returning to his plans. In these days of artificial ventilation hundreds of feet underground, there can no longer be the excuse that the monitors cannot be made habitable for their crews. Naval engineering has solved far more difficult problems. And Ericsson's truth, that a fighting ship should show as small an above-water mark as possible, remains irrefutable.

"Recall" elections threaten to become epidemic on the Pacific Coast. Not to be outdone by Los Angeles, Estacada, Ore., is about to recall, on petition of 50 per cent. of the voters, both the Mayor and Council. Meanwhile, Los Angeles herself, having got the habit, cannot leave it off. The new Mayor is at loggerheads with the Civil Service Commission, and has called upon its members to resign. As they have shown less alacrity than Falstaff in sinking, Mayor Alexander has asked the Council to remove them. In case the Council does not agree, it is proposed to force it to action by "recall" proceedings against recalcitrant members. To this it is retorted that, if such a course is attempted, the Council will compel a "recall" election on Mayor Alexander himself. At this rate, Los Angeles promises to involve herself in a "recall" carnival which will eclipse the Seattle Exposition in magnitude and variety before the summer is over.

We bespeak for Gen. Sherman's family letters in the May *Scribner's* a wide

reading in the South, where the strong feeling against that General shows few signs of diminishing. Sheridan has been forgiven; Grant is mildly sneered at. But mention of Sherman still opens floodgates of bitterness. He was a purloiner of silver; his soldiers spared neither women nor children; he burned towns that had not offended and cities that had surrendered, and he spared not even the convents occupied by women of his own religious faith. Well, Gen. Sherman always admitted that his was a ruthless military hand. What Sheridan undertook to do in the Shenandoah valley, to impoverish it so that a crow flying across it must take his rations on his back, Sherman did wherever he went. He was bound that the South should know war in its worst forms, and thus bring irresistible pressure to bear on the Confederacy. When he cut loose on his March to the Sea, both policy and necessity dictated his sweeping clean the country that he passed over:

> They no longer call my army "Cowardly Yanks," but have tried to arouse the sympathy of the civilized world by stories of the cruel barbarities of my army. The next step in the progress will be, "for God's sake spare us; we must surrender." When that end is reached we begin to see daylight. . . .

Now, the man who wrote this was at heart no barbarian, no hater of the South. He had lived there for years—a fact which gave him not only unusual knowledge of localities, but also of Southern character. He yielded to no one in admiration for the pertinacity and bravery with which the South fought, and he records that sentiment in these letters. He opposed the introduction of negro troops into the army because he knew how such action would humiliate the South. He took the best care of the families of three rebel generals, Hardee, McLaws, and G. W. Smith, when they were directly entrusted to him, and he complains in Savannah that "the women here, as in Memphis, are disposed to usurp my time more from curiosity than from business. They had been told of my burning and killing until they expected the veriest monster. . . ." But most striking of all is this passage from a letter of June 26, written in the field near Marietta, Georgia:

> To realize what war is, one should follow our track. . . . Though not conscious of danger at this moment, I know the country swarms with thousands who would shoot me, and thank their God they had slain a monster; and yet I have been more kindly disposed to the people of the South *than any general officer of the whole army.*

Whatever else may be said about these letters, their frankness and their clear evidence that Sherman entertained no illusions about himself, was to be caught by no political net, and knew exactly what were his greatest military achievements, make them exceptionally valuable as historical material.

It is certainly a vexing state of affairs in Porto Rico which led to President Taft's message to Congress Monday. The Porto Rican Assembly has refused, both in the regular and in an extraordinary session, to vote the money necessary to carry on the government of the island. It is not a question of withholding certain appropriations, or of directing how given supplies shall be expended, but of denying the funds absolutely necessary to keep the courts and the schools open. This is too much like that childish spirit which has now and again been manifested in Cuba, and which leads a political party, or a public body, to say that if it can't have its own way, it "won't play with you any more." The Porto Rican Assembly, of course, desired to bring the Council to terms in certain matters in dispute between them. But it must find some means of doing this other than paralyzing the entire government. To attempt that, is not to exercise the power of the purse; it is to act out of spite and recklessness. The readiest way of meeting this foolish obstinacy is by some such amendment to the Porto Rican Act as President Taft proposes—namely, to legalize appropriations on the basis of the preceding year, whenever the Assembly declines to vote them for a coming twelvemonth. That would both meet the case and would be better than Bismarck's method of making his own military budget, after the Prussian Parliament had refused to vote it.

No more fitting memorial to Dr. William T. Bull could be found than the great research fund which is to be raised in his name. But this skilled surgeon's death under the very disease which he had fought in so many a clinic should be looked upon only as an occasion for doing what ought to have been done, had he lived. Less for honor to the departed than out of mercy to sufferers living and yet unborn, the campaign against hidden and remorseless scourges should be pushed to the last outpost that money, science, and heroism can reach. Every day a new cure for cancer or some other malignant disease is heralded, and on the next surgeons shake their heads, while trusting patients grasp at the empty promise in a last desperation. Every day the keenest, wisest expert guesses—and gives up. To end the tragedy, the half-million dollars which the memorial committee seeks would be a trifling sum. Even though it does not bring us to the full solution of all the mysteries, it will help to carry us farther on the way. Its income will not have to be spent for hospitals, instruments, or other accessories, but wholly for investigations under the eyes of our first specialists, many of whom will serve as unpaid advisers.

Despite the recent split in the English Labor party, a Labor candidate was elected to Parliament last week in the Attercliffe division of Sheffield. This constituency in 1906 returned a Liberal, who had 6,523 votes to 5,736 for his Conservative rival. In the bye-election just held, there were four candidates, and a great breaking up of the electorate. The Labor party led the poll with 3,531, next came the Conservatives with 3,380, the Liberals followed with 3,175, while an Independent Conservative had 2,803. If the Conservatives had stood together, it is clear that they would have won the seat; but the really significant thing is the inability of the Liberals and the Laborites to combine, as they did in 1906. Should this divisive force persist in the next general election, the triumph of the Conservatives will be all the more certain. Keir Hardie and three other prominent Labor members of Parliament resigned a few days ago from the National Administrative Council of their party, on the ground that its control was falling into the hands of avowed and extreme Socialists. But so far as Sheffield goes, this breach in the party has not affected its voting power.

Mr. Asquith has added Welsh disestablishment to the list of his burdens. The bill to that purpose which he introduced into the House of Commons a few

days ago, has strong backing, of course; so strong, in fact, that the Ministry has been accused of taking up the measure largely for the purpose of stirring up Nonconformist zeal in general support of the government. But opposition is making itself felt. A Royal Commission has been taking testimony on the subject. From the commission's figures, the government argues that an established Church which counts less than 180,000 adherents, as against nearly 600,000 members of other churches, presents a situation analogous to that which compelled disestablishment in Ireland. The accuracy of the government's figures has been questioned. However, the principal argument against the bill is that it calls for disendowment as well as disestablishment. That is, the Church in Wales is not only to lose its future income from the state, but is to be deprived of its ancient holdings, which are to be used by the state for secular purposes. Such a measure would place the Anglican clergy at a decided disadvantage, as compared with the free churches which have built up endowments for the support of their ministry. The former would have to be provided for afresh. Yet it should not be hard to arrange a compromise. Nonconformists may argue that a disestablished church cannot hold on to property acquired as a state church in the past. But on the sins of the past England has never been hard.

Rumors of the approaching fall of the Stolypin Ministry, the dissolution of the third Duma, and the return of the extreme reactionaries to power, flow in steadily from St. Petersburg. There have been writers who tried to show that the Czar is not the weak creature he is popularly believed to be. But given the opportunity, Nicholas II, ruler by the grace of God over one hundred and fifty million Russians, seldom fails to show that he does not know his own mind and his own interests. Otherwise it is impossible to understand how there can be talk of dismissing the man who in less than three years may be said almost to have saved the Czar's Empire for him by quelling a revolution and inducting the nation into the difficult forms of constitutional practice. The kind of order that M. Stolypin has restored is, naturally, the old Russian brand, the "order" of the scaffold and the knout. But that he has succeeded is attested by the very fact that his enemies, the reactionaries, should consider themselves sufficiently out of the woods to start plotting against him. Everything is possible in Russia, where political intrigue, to attain its own ends, stops short of nothing. The Azeff affair has shown the police of St. Petersburg working at the assassination of governors-general and grand dukes, when it suited the interests of the police.

The Shah took nearly half a dozen oaths of fealty to the first Persian Constitution before he revoked it. There are more substantial guarantees behind the new Constitution which he proclaimed last week. Foreign intervention is now a fact. Russia is in occupation of Tabriz, and if England has not been active, it is because the situation in southern Persia, which falls within her sphere of influence, has not become sufficiently serious. Unchecked optimism as to the future of Liberalism in Persia is not yet in place. A Constitution upheld by Russian bayonets is reasonably certain to turn out a pretty tame Constitution. But, on the other hand, it shows how firmly the principle of political liberty has taken root even in the benighted Orient, that Russia should find it politic and necessary to urge any kind of Constitution upon the Shah. The heroic stand made by the Nationalists at Tabriz proves that the fatalistic, stubborn temper of the East may be turned to the uses of a good cause as of a bad one, of liberty and progress as of reaction. It is easy for Western Europe, from the safe anchorage of Parliamentary habit, to sneer or feel discouraged at the pitiful flounderings of the Orient's infant Parliaments. We are apt to forget that such pangs invariably accompany the birth of institutions.

The reëstablishment of the Constitution in Persia should help the Liberal cause in Turkey. Partisans of the old régime may argue, of course, that the Constitutionalists have brought foreign intervention upon Persia, and will do the same for the Ottoman Empire. But against this is the argument of established fact. A Constitution there is in Persia; the Shah tried to do away with it on the ground that it was irreconcilable with the Moslem faith, and his Moslem subjects rose up against him. This supposed incompatibility of Islam with free institutions is worked pretty hard these days. The Koran stands for absolutism; the Mohammedan believer will die for the Koran; therefore, etc. But the "therefore" does not follow by any means. We must take it for granted that the Moslem, like the Christian and the Jew, is primarily a human being. As such his religion shapes itself to his human needs and aspirations. There is no Sacred Book which has not been "interpreted" in accordance with certain elementary requirements of the practical reason. Give the Liberals in Turkey a free hand for a score of years, and they will bring up a generation that will find in the Koran every sanction for Parliamentary government. It is fair to argue that the Turkish nation may be too ignorant, or too poor, or too much torn up by racial feuds to be fit for Parliamentary government. But to cite the Koran as an insuperable barrier to liberty is absurd.

Alfred H. Harrison, the Arctic explorer, reaffirms in the *Nineteenth Century* his belief in the success of any Arctic expedition which is willing to sit down on the ice and drift with the leisurely Polar current. He proposes to place on the ice, off Pulen Island, in October of this year, or in 1910, three years' supplies, after careful transport down the Mackenzie River, and then to await results. According to calculations based on the voyage of casks placed within the circular drift current, Mr. Harrison feels sure that he will float right across the centre of the Arctic Ocean within easy striking distance of the Pole, and will finally emerge in the neighborhood of Spitzbergen, where additional supplies will be awaiting him. The history of Arctic travel convinces him that the ice in itself has never presented any insurmountable difficulty. Of all those who have made regular ice-journeys, but one party has perished. The real cause of the many disasters has been, not the endeavor to make well-equipped ice-journeys, but the attempt to reach land in the summer, when compelled by lack of food. He insists that his party can, when drifting, be made perfectly comfortable in Eskimo houses, and that if he gets his provisions safely cached on the ice, the attainment of the Pole and the exploration of the unknown region "are merely a matter of slow and steady advance."

A NEW POLITICAL ALIGNMENT.

It was no mere chance that ten Republican Senators from the West were found voting with all the Democratic Senators from the South, in a division in the Senate last week. That junction was a temporary sign of permanent and deep-seated political sympathies. It has had many manifestations before, and, unless all signs fail, will have even more striking ones in the future. Several other Western Republican Senators are restless. Six or seven in addition are reported as ready to unite with Southern Democrats when certain test votes on the tariff are taken. It is a kind of tacit political alliance which cuts across party lines, because the things which these groups of men in different parties have in common draw them together more powerfully than mere traditional partisan names and policies are any longer able to keep them asunder. We may have before our eyes the forming of a new alignment which will be critical in our future political history.

Any one can see that the West and the South have many interests and ideas in common. Certain divisive questions, like slavery and its sequels, may serve to keep them apart, but when the force of such issues is spent, the natural tendency to union asserts itself. Physically, the two sections are close to each other, and the natural lines of communication and trade unite them. The Mississippi still flows from the Northwest to the South. And in recent years, railway development has been pushed as notably in lines roughly parallel to the river, as at right angles to it. Moreover, the improvement of Southern harbors, like Galveston and Newport News, has tended to make the great commerce flow as do the rivers. And in addition to this natural and acquired linking of trade, there has been a marked drawing together of West and South in political conceptions, in that instinctive attitude of the masses of the population, which makes up the true driving force in politics. The two regions are alike in being radical politically, and in being more like each other than either is like New England or the East in general.

In 1896, this inherent identity of feeling between the South and the West had a formidable manifestation, and was nearer to proving its political mastery than at the time we liked to think. Mr. Bryan staked his all, in the Presidential campaign of that year, on winning enough Western States from the Republicans to make up, with the Southern, an electoral majority. The plan was shrewdly conceived, and was not so far from proving successful. Bryan carried a list of Western States that included Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming. It is foolish to dismiss that array as merely "mining camps." The silver question was, of course, the great issue, and was what defeated Bryan; but behind silver, even in that campaign, stood the mightier political force of class antagonism, a spirit of sectional revolt which was at the same time a spirit of sectional unity. And it is no insignificant circumstance that, to-day, Republican Senators from some of those Bryan States—Nebraska and Kansas, for example—are standing shoulder to shoulder with Southern Democrats. With free silver shelved, the old *idem sentire de republica* is declaring itself again.

This time, too, the ostensible issue is not the deep and effectual reason for the union. Westerners are snapping party ties on the question of the tariff, partly because they resent its burdens and injustices, but more because they are jealous of New England wealth, and of the capital of New York and the Middle States, which appear to them to be using Senator Aldrich as an amanuensis to write out tariff dictation. The revolt is really that of the radical West and South against the conservative East. It was no casual thing that Western Senators pointed out and denounced the dominance of New England Senators in the Finance Committee of the Senate, and in other powerful committees of that body. There spoke a sectional distrust and dislike which may be prophetic of a sweeping readjustment of parties, before many years have passed.

That it will surely come, we should not think of being so rash as to predict. But its possibility lies open to the gaze of everybody. The breach may not occur over the tariff. Senator Aldrich has such glittering bribes in his hand that he may be able to buy the needed votes. But with the tariff either out of the way or in the way, the tendency we have indicated remains, and will have to be reckoned with. That it has entered into the remote calculations of President Taft, is not at all impossible. His openly conciliatory policy towards the South, his announced intention of travelling extensively in the West, his advocacy of the income tax, by which both South and West have long sworn, may be without special meaning, yet they are the kind of thing a far-sighted President, looking to his own succession, would be apt to do if he saw, or thought he saw, the forming of a political alliance that would shatter and destroy old party combinations.

FINANCE AND RESPONSIBLE MINISTRIES.

After months of discussion in the Reichstag, in the press, and by the public, the German financial muddle is apparently worse than ever. A sane and comprehensive plan of rescuing the Empire from its embarrassments seems as far off as in December, though the impatience of the country grows daily. A group of prominent men has petitioned the Reichstag to do something quickly, for the deficit does not stand still while the politicians wrangle. The Chancellor and his Finance Minister are wholly unable to find the way out. They are paying the penalty for having conceded so much hitherto to certain favored interests, primarily the landowners and the manufacturers. These pampered classes have become so accustomed to believing they own the government that they angrily resent any effort to compel them to bear a larger burden of taxation, the proposed heavy inheritance taxes in particular.

In this respect, the situation at Berlin is analogous to that at Washington. The protected manufacturers and "standpat" politicians are infuriated at the idea of any reduction of the profits made by the beneficiaries of our tariff, and are endeavoring by hook or by crook, by this cleverly concealed joker or that innocent-looking specific duty, to trick both the public and those leaders, like Mr. Taft, who desire a little mercy for the ultimate consumer. Have they not bought and paid for the Republican party's success, with the understanding that their purses shall be well filled in return? It is precisely the same in Berlin. The Prussian *Junker*, the capitalists who own thousands of acres of land, the nobles who have reserved for themselves a great majority of the choicest

positions in the army, the navy, and the civil service, are outraged that they should be asked to pay the heaviest taxes. It matters not to them that the enormous deficit is the result of policies they have so long dictated, or that true patriotism would prompt their coming now to the rescue. They have planted their feet like so many stubborn mules, and balked—thus far so successfully that the imperial German nation presents to the outside world the extraordinary spectacle of being unable to regulate its own budget and make its income meet its outgo.

It is not only Von Bülow's having in the past bound and delivered himself into the hands of the favored classes that has made it possible for them to block the way; it is the absence of a responsible party Ministry. When the crisis between the Chancellor, the Kaiser, and the Reichstag arose last autumn, the Radicals pointed out that this was the opportunity for the Reichstag to refuse to vote supplies, unless it obtained the right to decide what Ministers should supervise expenditures. But the Reichstag committee to which this Constitutional question was referred produced nothing. Now, however, Von Bülow himself must see that on his side there would be advantages were he the chosen Prime Minister of a really strong party. His ill-assorted "block" fails him when he most needs it, so that the belief is growing in Berlin that he must again dissolve the Reichstag and take the chance of further Socialist successes—or ask the Socialists, whom the Kaiser has branded as traitors, to help him pass the inheritance-tax proposals. So far is he from being master of the "block" that it seems to have mastered him. And it can only add to his and the country's intense mortification to see how Mr. Lloyd-George is grappling with his problem, across the Channel. Indubitably, the new English budget is in some aspects Socialistic and revolutionary; but it has been presented by a virile leader, strong in the consciousness of a great party behind him—and, most important of all, unhampered by protected industries. He can lay the burden of taxation squarely upon those best able to afford it. The rich landowners may wriggle if they please; they hold no mortgage upon Mr. Asquith's Ministry.

This lack of direct Parliamentary responsibility in Germany again affords a parallel with our own plight. We have no system of budget-making, no scientific effort to present annually estimates of expenditure and of income. In the current tariff debate, Senator Aldrich has met all questions as to how he can pay the increased expenses of government with a possibly decreased revenue, by the cheerful promise to cut appropriations. This is one of the good intentions with which the road to the financial Inferno of nations is paved. Just twelve years ago, Speaker Reed wrote that Senator Allison agreed with him that "never in our experience has there been such a rush on their part [the public's] for appropriations as now, when income is too small by fifty or sixty millions." Billion-dollar Congresses create an appetite that grows with feeding at the government trough, and that is not readily checked even in bad times or by a startling deficit. Reckless extravagance makes the nation reckless of its credit, and absurdly overconfident that the way out of any difficulty can easily be found.

"I welcome any discussion," wrote Mr. Reed in the same private letter, "which would create responsible government somewhere." Certainly, there is no responsible government anywhere in Germany. The Chancellor is chosen by the Emperor; his sympathies may be with any political party, with several, or with none. If the Reichstag rebukes him, and the Kaiser is willing, he tries to bribe a new coalition to give him what he wants. But the day of reckoning has come in Von Bülow's present helplessness. The only question is whether he shall dissolve Parliament, or whether he can buy, beg, or compromise his way to some half-hearted, half-way scheme of financial reform.

THE FRENCH STATE EMPLOYEES.

The Parisian postal and telegraph workers, by organizing themselves as a trade-union which claims, under the law of 1884, the right to strike, bring squarely before the French Cabinet and Parliament a problem which the government has hitherto been content to attack through diplomacy and political manipulation, but upon which it now must definitely legislate. The situation in France is serious but as yet there is no cause for the cry of revolution. In the first place, it remains to be shown just how strong the sentiment is behind the labor leaders who have issued this defiance of the government. Dispatches from Paris agree that the state employees are not a unit in seeking a clash. Many oppose the idea of a general strike. Some are even opposed to the formation of a syndicate or trade-union. "Others believe that a congress representing all classes of employees alone would be qualified to decide the question." From the haste with which the new union was organized and publicly announced, it would be almost as correct to say that the French postal clerks and telegraph operators have had a union formed for them, as that they have formed themselves into a union. The project seems to have been launched by a number of leaders who have been deliberately baiting the government and who have been suspended from the public service.

Nevertheless, the question whether the servants of the state shall have the right to hamper or completely block the service of the state has been put and must be answered. The French Chamber has been dallying with bills on the subject. It must now get to work in earnest. The question as usually treated has two aspects: the trade-union phase and the revolutionary phase. Shall the state employees be allowed to strike? And shall the state employees be allowed to revolt? The second phase is the more prominent in the public mind. In the campaign which the noted General Confederation of Labor is conducting against the government and against the entire social system of the present, the state functionaries have been counted upon to play an important part. But from the practical point of view, this revolutionary aspect may, for the time at least, be put aside. When it comes to revolution, there is no longer any question of right or wrong. If the state employees in France have come to look forward to a general strike as a means of subverting the existing social order, they may prepare for that great event just as well through their present organization into mutual benefit associations as through unions formally endowed with the right to strike. We must take it for granted, therefore, that the impelling cause in the present agitation is still predominantly a peaceful

one. If the men in the post-offices and telegraph bureaus desire to strike, it is probably for the good old reason of securing higher wages, easier hours, and improved conditions of labor.

The problem is one that confronts every government that has gone extensively into the employment of labor. It confronts the governments of Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia, as well as of France. All but the first have had the question on their hands in more or less acute form. In Russia, the great railway strike of 1905 forced a Constitution from the Czar. In Austria, a few years ago, the imminence of a general strike wrested from the government a grant of universal suffrage. The Italian railways have had years of chronic disorder, in the course of which the theory of the "pacific" strike—the strike which consists in doing one's work as dilatorily and as badly as possible—was carried to a high state of perfection. Prussia alone has been untroubled, because in Prussia alone the iron military discipline keeps the government service—schools and municipal bureaus, as well as railways and post-offices—free from every kind of revolutionary taint. But neither the historical tradition of France nor the spirit of the French people admits of rigid Prussian discipline. Democratic principles must be allowed free play at the cost of an explosion.

How far is the present French government willing to go? M. Clemenceau has left no doubt of his position on the specific question of state employees and the right to strike. In Parliament and out he has rejected the claim as absurd. It would make the servants of the state its masters, and put tremendous power into the hands of individuals responsible to no recognized organ of the state. A little more than a week ago, at the unveiling of the Gambetta monument at Nice, M. Clemenceau summed up the case of order and common-sense against the advocates of revolution, philosophical and other:

> A nation cannot live on philosophy. Society cannot halt in its path at the command of an individual to make way for the fallible prophets of the future. The present has its rights, and the present means the ordered life of every citizen within the framework of the law. Undoubtedly, there are in democracies, as in every other form of government, crises of varying duration and intensity. Too many men have been spoiled by a régime of violence for the rational enjoyment of freedom. Their difficulty is to see that one who would impose respect for his personal liberty on his neighbor must begin by imposing on himself respect for his neighbor's personal liberty. How much worse, then, does the evil grow if the servants of the state, representative of the power of the state, prove false to their primary duty, abandon their posts, and turn against the nation the power which was confided to them for its service! A society that would tolerate such a condition of things would go down to its destruction in the midst of universal contempt.

Issue, therefore, has been clearly joined between the Clemenceau Ministry and the extremists among the labor leaders.

The way out seems to lie, as we have said, through legislation which shall specifically prohibit the right to strike, while conceding to public servants an increased share in the shaping of administrative policy in so far as it concerns their own condition. That the unions shall dominate their superiors is out of the question. M. Clemenceau has declared that Ministers must continue responsible to Parliament, and not to their employees. But, after all, in every democracy, a minister, a mayor, or a commissioner is responsible in measure to every subordinate of his who has a vote. In this country, we sometimes hear of bills being passed because the letter-carriers or school-teachers insist. In lieu of this indirect system of self-government among government employees, France might well hit upon some direct form of coöperation between government employees and their superiors.

HAMMOND LAMONT.

With the deepest sorrow and an overwhelming sense of personal loss, we record the death of Hammond Lamont. Such qualities as he possessed make his friends feel that silence and bowed heads are the best form of tribute. Especially under the first shock of his unexpected and untimely end, cut off, as he was, cruelly in the meridian of his powers and usefulness, are his associates inclined simply to say:

> What else in life seems piteous any more,
> After such pity?

Mr. Lamont had an intellect that ranged free and wide. His mental vigor was what first impressed men making his acquaintance. Penetrating, incisive, clear, and sane, his reason was a fine organ of truth. His favorite studies and largest attainments were in English literature, of which he possessed extensive knowledge, kept in order by a judgment of extraordinary balance and clarity. In educational matters, he was thoroughly versed. His writings upon the problems of school and college and university compelled attention; and his advice and assistance were often sought by college authorities. Known by a multitude of university men, he was prized by them all. But Mr. Lamont had also read eagerly and thought deeply about all the great questions that press upon a modern man with a soul above the clods. In politics, in morals, in that mystery and awe of existence which we call religion, his active mind had sought out fact and built up conviction. And his intellectual honesty was so complete, his detection of fallacy and delusion so instant, his hatred of sham and lies so absolute, that for him the discovery of the truth was the same thing as embracing it, his translation of thought into motive and action being instinctive and instantaneous. It would never have been necessary for a Socrates to bid Mr. Lamont "follow the argument." He was always following it to the end, sweet or bitter. It was this intellectual stanchness of the man, combined with his firm-fibred character and loyalty to friendship, that bound like-minded men to him with hooks of steel.

Mr. Lamont was the son of the Rev. Thomas and Caroline D. Lamont. He was born in Monticello, N. Y., in 1864, and prepared for college in Albany. Entering Harvard with the class of 1886 he was graduated as one of its first scholars, a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, and Ivy Orator of his class, besides having made a reputation as a remarkable undergraduate journalist. To newspaper work he naturally turned on graduation, spending two years in Albany journalism and two years as a member of the staff of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. When, in 1892, President Eliot visited Seattle, his attention was attracted by Mr. Lamont's able reporting of his address in that city and by other evidences of unusual ability. Mr. Eliot at once offered him an instructorship in the English department at Harvard, which position he held until called to the department of English at Brown University as associate professor, and, from 1898 on, full professor of rhetoric. He then accepted in 1900 the position of managing editor of the *Evening Post*, which he held for six years with marked success. His regular contributions

to the editorial page were distinguished by their lucid style, their information, their original humor, and keen irony.

Despite his unsparing journalistic labors, he never lost his interest in the subjects in which he had taught. He edited several well-known college text-books, and published, in 1906, a book entitled "English Composition," which is largely used in the high schools of the country. Shortly before his death he had received most flattering offers from Williams College and from one of the best-known Middle Western State universities to return to the professorial career, and he had, during his connection with the *Evening Post*, declined similar offers from Brown University and Cornell.

On July 1, 1906, with the retirement from the editorship of the *Nation* of the late Wendell Phillips Garrison, Mr. Lamont succeeded him, and applied himself to the new duties with his customary vigor and enthusiasm. Readers of the *Nation* need not be told what admirable qualities he imported into this work.

Death came on the evening of May 6, as the result of an operation to which in advance no great importance was attached. It proved, however, to be so serious that he was unable to rally from the shock. Such consolation as those who mourn him may derive from the thought that his life was filled with militant and honorable striving, they may lay to heart without a single mental reserve. But we know not to-day what healing there is for those who are struck down by his remediless loss, and the tragedy of his end.

FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, May 1.

"Les Unis," by Édouard Rod, is well written, like all the many novels of this distinguished author (Fasquelle). He no longer shows us a world of inherited Calvinism. The "united ones" of his story are the daughters (and their consorts) of a fanatical reformer who rejects for them the subjection of conventional marriage and puts in practice the free unions of the good time coming. He is not conscious that his own rigid moral ideas have their efficiency from that traditional society which he wishes to revolutionize. So, when his sons-in-love and not in-law follow their unrestrained selfishness, profiting by the freedom, which he thought was to regenerate the world, only to ruin and destroy his children's happiness, the stroke is appalling. It is impossible not to see in the defeated patriarch the image of the late Élisée Reclus (though, of course, not of his family). He joined with undisputed eminence in science a social fanaticism which made him the chief prophet of the Anarchist movement. No failure of his disciples to come up to his own moral principles (inherited, by the way, from Calvinist generations) could trouble the fatuity which made him willing to smash the existing world for some non-existent future dreamed of in his philosophy. M. Rod, in likely examples, shows the outcome of such efforts. The story is of intense interest—and it starts up questions than which none can be timelier.

"Le Talion," by Victor Margueritte, like others of the novels of this author and his brother, tells of unhappiness resulting from marriage and from love not legalized and of the revenge which comes from the child (Fasquelle). In the old ideas, marriage was sacred precisely because it protected the lawful child of lawful parents. If the count could be made, how many marriages are there nowadays which do not make for happiness precisely for the same old reason? Why, then, barrow up our feelings by imagined exceptions? And, even if the revolution in laws which the Margueritte brothers seem to desire could be brought about, might not what they regard as freedom come to be worse slavery, particularly for mother and child? Paul Margueritte, who is no longer writing in collaboration with his brother, publishes a volume of stories—"La Lanterne magique" (Plon)—which raise no such moral questions, although they deal with love in a way not usually open to the young person.

"Le Mariage de Mademoiselle Gimel, dactylographe," by René Bazin, accompanied by two short stories, makes up another volume of this writer who so amiably discredits the exclusive meaning long attached to French fiction. It will be all the more sympathetic to Americans, inasmuch as it introduces the girl typewriter into French literature (Annales politiques et littéraires). Another view of marriage—more modern, not so Christian, as old-fashioned folk might say—is that exemplified in "Les Anxiétés de Thérèse Lesieure" (Plon), by Étienne Bricon. The banker's daughter has never had to face the realities of life; and her mixed ideals are not fulfilled in the dull garrison town where she comes to live as a lieutenant's bride. A desperate flirtation—*liaison*, we used to say—with an aristocratic captain does not mend matters. So she begins a correspondence with the sentimental novelist most in fashion. He certainly gives very commonsense spiritual direction; but his penitent finds out that he needs guidance himself because of some uncomfortable actress who has crossed his vision. Naturally, in another's case she sees clearly; and the book, after a first moral alarm, reasons out virtue's excellence in such letters as only French men and women can write.

"Le Reste est silence" (Stock), by a new writer, Edmond Jaloux, is noteworthy from its perfect style and its treatment of a new idea in these love stories. It is the child's impressions of unhappy things which go on before him, beyond all his comprehension. He knows only that his mother is beautiful, that his father is *brave*, but that there are doings of his mother which he must not tell his father. Then the storm breaks before his wondering eyes; and at last the beautiful mother, who has disappeared, comes back broken and humbled, crying out as she kisses frantically her child what she might have known all along from David's psalm in her prayer-book—"All men are liars!"—but mentally reserving, the child must think, the lawful husband whose bravery she has taxed so heavily.

In violent contrast with this delicate shading of a child's impressions of love and life which he cannot understand, we have two roughly brushed pictures of American love as seen by Frenchmen quite as uncomprehending as the child, and with added prejudices and who-knows-what humiliating memories. "Incivilisés" (Juven), by Harry R. Tremont, strikes its keynote in its title. "The author lived long in the United States, where the savory and exact notes which he took enable him to show American women and girls as they are—bold, flirtatious, perverse, and wild." *Merci du peu!* Xavier Torau-Bayle publishes a more neutral novel, "Une Française aux États-Unis" (Mathot), which from the nature of things ought to have pathos.

"Autour de l'amour," by Gaston Rageot, who is a professor and philosopher as well as story-writer, tries in touching examples to prove a startling thesis: Love, which so preoccupies French talk in literature, drama, and life itself, scarcely exists in the modern heart. "We live under the easy rule of adventure and pleasure, which have killed sentiment and even gallantry."

Hate, which is a passion quite as much as love, enters into a number of the new novels. "La Fourmilière" (Flammarion) is by Lucien Alphonse-Daudet, a younger son of the great novelist, who is fain to write, like all the rest of the family. The "ant-hill" is the native provincial town of a painter, who thinks to find refuge there after great sorrow; but he is wounded and stung by village spite until he does away with himself, leaving by will his château and lands to the King of Prussia to revenge himself on his country-

men. "Sœur Marie-Odile" (Lemerre) is an idyll only shadowed by local hates, with its further dark gloom from disappointed love suddenly illumined by final peace in the convent. The author, Charles d'Ollone, must have known from childhood the scenes he portrays; and his poetic feeling will reach those tourists who have wandered from the lake of Gerardmer to the forests of Alsace and the mountain shrine of St. Odile. "Les Deux Routes" (Perrin), by Paul Tany, shows how the modest and working artist reaches glory and love at last after many meritorious days, while the other—the *arriviste* who would trample every one down in his efforts to find a short cut—ends up properly in Bedlam. In "Les Demoiselles de la poste" (Plon), by Paul Bonhomme, we leave the provinces and Bohemia for the every-day life of towns. That the joys and sorrows of post-office and telephone girls should be made the subject of a French novel, without any of Zola's un-Naturalism, is a sign of many good things, not the least of which is the advance of French society toward sane democracy.

"Le Soldat Bernard" (Fayard), by Paul Acker, is a novel which is not a romance. It is full of urgent timeliness—the thrilling conversion to patriotism of an anti-Militarist during compulsory military service, with what he feels during the attacks of striking workmen on soldiers protecting society as it is. S. D.

Correspondence.

THE "LOST LEAF" OF "PIERS THE PLOWMAN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Two recent letters in the *Nation* (March 25 and April 29) on the text of Passus v of "Piers the Plowman" have reopened a question to the solution of which I should like to contribute some new material. As the whole matter now stands the original hypothesis of Prof. J. M. Manly of the University of Chicago was criticised by Dr. Henry Bradley of Oxford, who presented an alternative theory. This, in turn, was criticised in the *Nation* by Prof. Carleton F. Brown of Bryn Mawr, who offered still another explanation for the condition of the text. In his final letter, to the *Nation* of April 29, Dr. Bradley disposes of Professor Brown's theory, and reverts to his own radical modification of Professor Manly's. I shall try to show that Dr. Bradley's theory is nevertheless unsound, and that Professor Manly's is the most acceptable.

Very briefly, the Manly theory, as stated in *Modern Philology*, January, 1906, is an attempt to account for two gaps or breaks in the text of Passus v of Version A of "Piers the Plowman," one gap after line 106, the other between lines 235 and 236, according to Skeat's numbering. Seven of the 129 lines between the two breaks are spurious, thus reducing the number to 122. According to the theory, these lines occupied the inside two folios (four pages) of a quire, and the breaks before and after were occasioned by the loss of both halves of the leaf next to the innermost.

Dr. Bradley, in the London *Athenæum*, April 21, 1906, argued that the author wrote his first draft on loose sheets or scraps of paper or parchment. One of these, holding lines 236-259, was shifted from the end of Covetousness (line 145) to its present position, where it was copied in by the scribe of an archetypal manuscript. Another sheet, containing the end of the account of Envy and all of Wrath, was lost from between lines 106 and 107. At first sight, indeed, this seems a most tempting suggestion, but there are a number of considerations which render its acceptance impossible.

For one thing, we have little evidence concerning mediæval methods of original composition. Did authors then compose on scraps or in books? The manuscript of the Ormulum, which is the only one I know of that is the (probably) first draft in the author's hand, is made up in such a way that the first quire must have been sewed together before being written on. The other quires were folded together and then filled with writing, in accordance with the regular custom of mediæval copyists in making up manuscripts. Some of the author's changes and additions, however, are on small scraps, which were inserted and sewed in later. It therefore seems that the one author whose practice we know composed in a book, and added his afterthoughts on scraps. If Dr. Bradley's "shifted-leaf" argument tries to avail itself of these inserted scraps, Dr. Bradley must account for the loss of the end of Envy and all of Wrath, as well as for the shift of what seems to him to be the continuation of Covetousness and the sequent Robert the Robber, on the ground that these passages were not in the first draft, but were afterthoughts of the author.

Furthermore, as the account of Covetousness stands in lines 107-145, it forms a complete discourse, rendering unnecessary any further development or addition. In Passus V every complete account of a sin includes a confession, a repentance, and a vow. Covetousness in his turn confesses several varieties of cheating in trade; swears to cease from "that sin" of "regratery"—*i. e.*, "never wickedly to weigh or to use wicked bargaining"; and promises to go with his wife to Walsingham, and to pray the Rood of Bromholm to bring him out of debt. The account thus agrees in structure with all the other complete presentations, and it is therefore unnecessary to assume that it is incomplete. But Dr. Bradley believes that Covetousness is rich, and therefore ought to make restitution. I find nowhere in the description of this sin in this poem any indication that he is rich. In fact, in his last line he says he will pray the Rood of Bromholm to bring him out of debt, implying that no other expiation is needed, or perhaps possible.

Still further, as Professor Brown points out, there is an obvious inconsistency between the vow just paraphrased and the one in line 241, in which whoever is speaking says, "I schal seche Seynt Treuthe er I seo Rome." This inconsistency does not appear to be rightly dismissed with the statement that "it is not perceptible," as Dr. Bradley says it is not to him. It has seemed considerable to several unprejudiced persons of recognized judgment with whom I have discussed it. A vow to undertake a conventional mediæval pilgrimage followed six lines later by a vow to undertake the highly spiritual pilgrimage to the shrine of Truth before seeing Rome—*i. e.*, before undertaking a conventional mediæval pilgrimage—both indulged in by the same person, would appear to involve almost a contradiction. Dr. Bradley himself seems to wish that the second vow were not there, for he suggests that the two lines containing it "may be spurious, as they seem to be an echo of vii, 93-94." This attempt to remove the inconsistency rests upon pure assumption. Lines 241-242 are attested in the critical text by all the evidence.

In order to support his own theory as opposed to Brown's, Dr. Bradley suggests and replies to a possible argument of Brown's. It might be contended, he says, that Robert belongs after Sloth, because the penitent thief is "the stock example of an argument against wanhope, as resulting from sloth." But, replies Dr. Bradley to the hypothetical objection, "In the preceding lines nothing has been said about 'wanhope' (*i. e.*, despair) as a consequence of sloth." He has failed to notice that in line 225, in advising Sloth, Vigilate says, "Beware of wanhope, who wishes to betray thee." The hypothetical objection to the Bradley shift is therefore in full force.

Dr. Bradley points out the direct inconsistency involved in Professor Brown's proposed transposition of lines 236-241. There is additional, and even stronger, evidence in lines 242-243, where the poet says that Robert looked on Reddite, and, because there was not wherewith, he wept full sore.

There is no doubt that lines 236-241 belong before the confession of Robert the Robber, and not after it. But it does not seem to me that they are therefore to be understood as being joined more closely in sense with the end of Covetousness, rather than with the beginning of Robert. Professor Manly, in his first article, has already suggested that they are the last part of the introduction of Robert. In what setting then do they probably occur?

Only four of the six sins in the A version are developed *in extenso*. Three of these receive a direct suggestion to repentance, or even as to the form of the vow. Repentance urges Envy, Gluttony's wife warns him, and Vigilate, the veil, tells Sloth to say, "I am sorry for my sins," etc. It looks extremely probable therefore that some one may be doing the same thing for Robert, and may be telling him in what words to make his vow. We may tentatively go even further, and attribute lines 236-241 to a speaker named "Reddite," upon whom Robert then looks in line 242. Compare the fact that "Vigilate" and "Reddite" are both Latin imperatives.

Therefore, in view of (1) our ignorance of mediæval methods of composition, (2) the lack of necessity for supposing the account of Covetousness to be incomplete, (3) the inconsistency involved in the shift, (4) the stock appropriateness of the thief's following Sloth, and (5) the appositeness of lines 236-241 as the last part of the introduction of Robert the Robber, Dr. Bradley's proposal is almost certainly to be regarded as impossible.

None of the later discussions have attached true significance to the combination of *two* gaps in Passus v, one before line 236, and the other after line 106, with which the uncompleted confession of Envy comes to an abrupt close. In his last letter Dr. Bradley uses the break after Envy to controvert Brown's contention that the poet may have intentionally omitted Wrath. In a discussion with me, Prof. W. A. Neilson has pointed to clear evidence that the poet did not intend to leave Envy impenitent, in lines v, 59-60, which begin the account of Envy: "Envy with heavy heart asked for shrift, and, full of care, began to show his guilt." Professor Manly's theory has the advantage of accounting for both breaks on the same hypothesis, without involving any contradictory shifts of parts of the text. Furthermore, it has the added confirmation of some calculations which he and I originally worked out independently, and to which I later furnished some additional material during an examination of the manuscripts of the A version.

These calculations involve the number of lines in the poem preceding the first break. Between the two breaks are 122 lines, or an average of 30½ per page for four pages. If we divide the number of lines in the poem preceding the first break by 30½, will the answer bring us to the end of the second folio of a quire? For this is necessary in order to support our theory of the lost third and sixth folios. In the critical text of version A there are 1,026 lines before the first break. Adding five titles to passus, and six Latin lines, we get a total of 1,037 lines. In mediæval manuscripts the writing invariably begins at the top of page 1. If we suppose two full quires of sixteen pages each plus four pages of a third quire before our first break, the 1,037 lines will fill the thirty-six pages at 28 and 29-36ths lines per page, or 29 lines per page for 29 pages, and 28 lines per page for 7 pages. That is to say, we must accept an average of a little less than 29 lines per page for 36 pages, and then jump to an average of 30½ lines for four pages. If we examine almost any middle English manuscript of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, we shall find that such a fluctuation is a common thing. For example, of manuscripts Trinity College, Cambridge, R. 3. 14, Harleian 6041, Trinity College, Dublin D. 4. 1, and University College, Oxford (all A-text), each exhibits occasional fluctuations of from three to five lines per page, with a steady average. Consequently, we may adduce this striking piece of confirmatory evidence in favor of Professor Manly's theory: The number of lines in the poem preceding our first break fill two quires of eight folios each and the first two folios of the third quire. Then comes the first break, involving the loss of one folio, containing the end of Envy and all of Wrath. Then come the inside two folios containing the 122 lines between the breaks. Then we have a loss of another folio, containing, perhaps, more of Sloth, and the introduction and development of Robert the Robber. After this break we resume the continuous poem.

THOMAS A. KNOTT.

University of Chicago, May 1.

ENGLISH EXAMINATIONS FOR COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our academic halls must soon be overwhelmed by the annual inundation of English examinations—character sketches of Antonio and Bassanio, dissertations on the moral taught by the "Vision of Sir Launfal," and comparisons of "Sweet Auburn" and Camelot, of Will Wimble and Benjamin Franklin, of Brutus and the Ancient Mariner. A few dozen candidates out of thousands will discuss such topics as these intelligently, because they are prodigies; many will misquote or misinterpret opinions of text-book editors and instructors, which impressed them particularly (and we all know how often it is the unessential that the pupil remembers); a vast majority will flounder around in a sea of facts and fancies, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere; and all this because they can not write on the kind of subject about which they have something to say.

At the age when a candidate goes up for college examinations he is far more concerned with the living world about him than with the world of books. He can tell you all about what he has heard, or seen, or done, and often tell it very well. He can write vividly and enthusiastically of a school contest, a cruise, a hunting trip, a quaint foreign city he has visited, perhaps of State or national politics. To him the old fisherman he met on the Maine coast last summer is infinitely more vital than Dr. Primrose; and the chances are he can write about the former much more skilfully than about the latter. Yet seldom in a college examination does he have opportunity to tell of what he has himself observed. He is required to write a character sketch, or a criticism of style, or an abstract of a plot, or to describe a scene in a novel. His facts are all second-hand; and a story about a story, or a description of a description, is rather distantly removed from real life.

It is because a candidate is so seldom allowed to write on the sort of subject which he can treat best that to some the entrance examinations may appear to do *the greatest injustice to the greatest number*. We drill our pupils in narration, description, exposition, and argument; we assist them to do original work, to think and observe for themselves, as they will always have to do. We teach them that the principles of composition have a direct, practical bearing on every line they write throughout their lives, in business letters, or essays, or what not; that the real purpose of all their practice is to acquire the power of stating effectively whatever they may wish to say of their daily observations and experiences. And we try to train them accordingly. But the examination says: "Don't tell a story which you really know something about from experience; don't even tell a story of your own age and generation; but narrate briefly a long narrative of Tennyson's about some people who lived, or very likely did not live, about fourteen centuries ago. Don't describe anything you ever saw; but, instead, describe Scott's description of the storming of a castle in a country which you perhaps never visited, and in a period seven hundred years before you were born. To show what you can do in exposition, in an hour's time sift your thoughts, analyze the situation, group your facts, and write a treatise on the differences between life in Camelot at the time of King Arthur and in London at the time of Queen Anne. (Oh, for the inspiration of a Mark Twain and a John Richard Green!) Write a careful analysis of the character of Lady Macbeth, or Shylock, or Brutus. To be sure, great thinkers have given to the world their opinions of these characters, slowly evolved from long and painstaking study. We allow you one-half hour. What do you think of Poe's style? It is assumed, of course, that you are a competent literary critic."

In some such light the examination must appeal to the poor candidate, who has no choice but to struggle with such questions, and pass in his paper as a specimen of the very best writing he can do; and all the time he knows he could do vastly better if he were only given a chance to write on topics within his grasp. But there is no way out of it; that paper, which so misrepresents his real powers, which almost inevitably represents his worst, helps decide whether or not he enters college.

A careful inspection of entrance examinations in English for several years past reveals a large proportion of questions demanding criticism and analysis of character. Now, intelligent criticism or analysis of persons and situations is a pretty sure sign of maturity. And yet a candidate fresh from a secondary school is expected to show an insight into character and a judgment of persons and things which comparatively few older people possess.

Not only does the average examination seem unfair to the candidate in that it gives him little opportunity to exhibit his best work; but also, it is in defiance of a cardinal reason for thorough instruction in English composition. I suppose, there is no higher aim in the teaching of English composition than that stated by President Eliot, as one of the main processes or operations of mind which systematic education should develop in the individual, namely, "the function of making a correct record of things observed." The usual examination question does not encourage or allow a statement of things observed by the candidate, except indirectly, through the eyes or minds of others. Rather, it encourages or requires him to state what Scott, or Dickens, or Shakespeare observed, or, parrot-like, to repeat scraps of what some critic observed in Scott, or Dickens, or Shakespeare.

Not that the college entrance examinations would be better, if all questions on reading were omitted; far from it. A part of the examination should test the candidate's knowledge of literature, and literature should become as much a portion of the pupil's life as possible. But this part of the examination should be primarily a test in literature. A part should be devoted wholly to a test in composition; on subjects, too, which involve careful observation and which reflect the life and experiences of the writer. Many a boy who cannot give an effective picture of Torquilstone Castle can write a most vivid description of his home town. The objection may be made that it would be difficult to make out questions for such a test; that they would either not be broad enough to include all candidates, or so broad as to permit the use of composi-

tions previously written with care and memorized. But by allowing a choice of several questions, as at present, and by a little ingenuity in framing them, these difficulties would be easily overcome.

Harvard has already taken steps in the direction of allowing a candidate to write on subjects outside his reading in English classics. In recent Harvard entrance papers, beside the usual type of question on books read, are optional questions on school sports, science, popular government, and history; and in an examination for anticipating freshman English appears the topic for composition, "Describe the most interesting house you know." It is to be hoped that this is only the beginning of a movement to test candidates not so much on what somebody else said about something as on what they themselves have to say.

GEORGE BANCROFT FERNALD.

St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass., May 3.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers may perhaps form a more intelligent judgment upon the question how Latin should be pronounced in schools and colleges, if they bear in mind that the same studies that are pursued by some students with a view of becoming specialists and experts are taken up by others for the sake of intellectual discipline, or merely in order to acquire serviceable information. All will agree that a student who has only a limited time to spend upon a subject, and who, accordingly, can at best acquire only a superficial acquaintance with it, should take it up in the way that will enable him best to profit by his study. Thus while the classical scholar must make himself familiar with all the peculiarities of all the dialects, and with both customary and exceptional usages, men in pursuit only of a good general education had better move along the lines that will most promptly bring them to some acquaintance with the thought of the ancients and with the literature in which it is expressed.

The scientific advantages promised by the Roman pronunciation the English pronunciation necessarily forego.s. But although the English mode, like that of most modern languages, is full of inconsistencies and irregularities, it conforms to the received pronunciation of the Latin words and phrases that form so conspicuous a feature in English speech and literature. These include the many familiar quotations in common use and the technical language of the law courts, hardly less current, as well as the hundreds of proper names of persons, towns, countries, rivers, and mountains. Even Greek names are spelled and pronounced, in good society, in spite of Mr. Grote and his somewhat pedantic followers, as if they were Latin. This pronunciation conforms also, in the main, to that of the very large number of English words, constituting from a quarter to a half of the language, that are derived directly from Latin, and to that of our scientific nomenclature, in which even the words that are manufactured immediately from Greek materials are regularly regarded as having come into English through Latin, and, like the classical proper names just mentioned, are made to conform, however arbitrarily, to a Latin spelling and an English pronunciation.

Under these circumstances it would seem as if it might be wise to adhere to the traditional pronunciation with elementary classes. The students, comprising a majority of the men and women in both schools and colleges, who take up Latin, as they do algebra or astronomy, because they regard a subject of so much historical importance as an essential element in a liberal education, are content with moderate attainments. It would seem unnecessary to force upon them an exotic orthoepy which they do not need, and which may prove, as it has often been found, a real hindrance. The more historically accurate and strictly scientific "Roman" manner of speaking might be reserved for the smaller number who are minded to take up advanced Latin. At that stage of progress, they would quickly and easily acquire it.

In these days of electives, the choice of studies, in schools as in colleges, lies mainly with the students, and the more that is done to remove obstacles, the more students will be attracted to these humanities, and civilization leavened by their spirit.

W. R. W.

Milton, Mass., May 1.

JOHN COTTON'S INFLUENCE ON VANE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter in the *Nation* of April 8 upon John Cotton and Sir Henry Vane, Dr. Henry M. King takes exception to a statement of mine in a paper on John Cotton read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, to the effect that Vane was influenced by Cotton's views of church government—what was known as "the New England way." I observed that the influence of those ideas upon Vane and the men of Cromwell's army is brought out in such books as Borgeaud's "Rise of Modern Democracy in Old and New England." Dr. King says that Borgeaud makes no allusion to any influence of Cotton on Vane. It is true that he does not specifically name Vane among the English independents influenced by the New England views of church government, as he does not mention the men of Cromwell's army specifically influenced by John Cotton. But he devotes half a dozen pages (pp. 82-88) to the influence altogether of "the New England way" in shaping the new independent party in England, in which Vane was prominent, singling out John Cotton and Thomas Hooker for special mention in tracing this influence. The fact of the influence is indisputable; and Cotton was indisputably the most conspicuous and influential exponent of "the New England way," viz., independency. It was as "the New England way" that independency was constantly referred to in England in the period when "the agreement of the people" came into being.

J. Wingate Thornton, in his "Historical Relation of New England to the English Commonwealth," says with entire warrant:

> The polity of the strong men, Goodwin, Owen, Peters, Vane, Milton, Cromwell, and their fellows, to whom under God was confided the immediate future of England, was moulded in the freer life and thought of New England, by their correspondents and fellow workers, Cotton, Williams, and their fellows.

This was brought out much more fully, though not more clearly, by Hosmer, in his "Life of Sir Henry Vane," than by Borgeaud; and in his pages (164-170) those who are interested can study more carefully the reasons for viewing Vane as "a principal channel" of the influence of New England independency to England, and for Thornton's judgment that it was "in Cotton's study" that Vane was trained in the cardinal principles of independency. When he came to Boston to live with John Cotton, he was not an independent, and when he went back to England he was. The inference would seem to be simple. "Preceptor" of Vane—viz., preceptor in "the New England way"—the term applied to Cotton by Mr. Adams in his inscription on the Cotton monument, is certainly warranted; as it is also certain that the learner advanced far beyond the teacher.

With Mr. King's observations upon the relative merits and influence of Cotton and Vane as concerns toleration, I should not be disposed to take issue; but that subject was not with me under discussion.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Philadelphia, April 28.

THE POETS OF YALE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would be interesting to know when was made the remark with which you say in your issue of April 29 that Theodore D. Woolsey is credited, "that Francis Miles Finch, author of 'The Blue and the Gray' was the only poet that Yale ever produced." Woolsey could hardly have said so in the later sixties, for by then Stedman had become recognized and so had Sill and Weeks. Perhaps Woolsey did not last long enough to know "Ye Lay of Ye Woodpeckore," and of course he did not know the poems of another living Yalensian, of the class of 1890, whose work is arousing much hopeful expectation.

A statement as to Yale or any other university "producing" poets, "must give us pause." If Woolsey wanted to say that so far as the atmosphere of Yale was influenced by the corporation and faculty of his time, it was not favorable to the production of poets, many who knew it well would not be apt to differ with him. Stedman and Sill were both requested by the faculty to remove themselves from the atmosphere, though Sill was allowed to come back. Weeks's relations with the powers were little, if any, more congenial than those of the other poets. Stedman and Sill both survived to happier days, but I believe that neither of them was ever invited to the faculty of Yale, despite the fact that Sill's influence at the University of California was perhaps the most inspiring educational influence of the time, and is vibrating still.

About the same time, Noah Porter was elected to succeed Woolsey, and Gilman was left at the University of California until the Johns Hopkins trustees gave him the recognition for which those of his own alma mater were too blind.

A SURVIVOR.

New York, May 1.

[The remark attributed to the late President Woolsey apropos of F. M. Finch was printed in the Ithaca *Journal* and the Cornell *Alumni Press*, in a note announcing

the poems. The responsible author of that note is an old member of the Cornell faculty and a friend of Judge Finch, who has known about the remark "for thirty years," but cannot recall exactly when and where it was made. It might therefore be considered as an oral tradition among the old friends and colleagues of Judge Finch at Cornell. Perhaps the query of "Survivor" will bring more definite information.—The Reviewer.]

BUDDING GENIUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What greater reward has the teacher of English than to discover in some one of his students unmistakable signs of budding genius? Such reward was mine this morning after class, when I found scribbled on the back of a freshman theme the following soul-effusion, evidently composed under the inspiration of my lecture on "Means of Securing Variety in Sentence Structure":

On heart and soul grave deep and fast
This splash sublime,
Whose memoried radiance shall outlast
The doom of time:

And through eternities unseen
For light suffice—
Because there may not be this green
In Paradise.

I think that is pretty good for a freshman. Addison Macaulay Scraggs.

Pisgah College, May 3.

P. S. A colleague suggests that the stanzas may have been copied. He thinks he recalls having seen "This splash sublime," or something like it, in one of the May magazines. But that is absurd.

A. M. S.

MASTER CARDELIUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am pained indeed to find from your issue of May 6 that the only person who cared enough for the memory of the master (for such he is to me) Cardelius to answer the inquiry concerning him, has fallen so grievously into error, and has apparently endeavored to enliven his reply with quips which in their content show the lack of respect and appreciation so lamentably common in these later days.

Master Joachim Cardelius flourished, to be sure, in the sixteenth century, but he was neither a native of Franconia nor the son of a physician. Frankenau—the native place of Master Joachim—does not become Franconia by translation or transliteration, however much the prejudice of a New Hampshire or French Canadian bringing-up may have impelled your informant so to think. Moreover, his father, far from being a physician, was the village barber. It is generally known, of course, that the gentlemen of this profession, now so sadly lowered, combined in the period of Master Joachim surgery of the flesh with regulation and adornment of the skin. The allusion to bleeding—the commonest form of medicinal practice then—may have well led to confusion in reading the passage hastily in Zedter, "Gross. Vollständ. Universal Lexikon" (Halle, 1702 and ff.), from which your correspondent seems to have compiled his information. This source of information, I may add, is notoriously incorrect. A supplement to it was planned, for which a further and more faithful account of Master Joachim had been written by his disciple Andreas Keinmensch. This supplement, however, ceased publication with the volume ending at Caq, and the learned world has been since left at the mercy of the errors in the earlier edition of Zedter. Keinmensch's manuscript, however, still exists in the archives of his native town, Rothenstein; and it is devoutly to be hoped that your correspondent or some one else may translate it in full or at least make public more of it than I possess in the transcript made by me some forty years past. It is not within my strength nor within my rights to claim further space in these columns to devote to more detailed criticism of your correspondent's information, but I cannot close without a word in reference to the absurd statement that Master Joachim wrote a treatise upon garlic. To one who admires and reveres the mental and physical personalities of northern Europeans, a man who devoted himself to such a subject could be little less than anathema, and a pestilent pedant. The word which has been translated as garlic should be rendered as sorrel—common or garden sorrel—a herb now much neglected for its savor, but formally highly esteemed and much used.

Harmon Karl.

Detroit, Mich., May 8.

Notes.

At an early date we are to have from the Harpers a book of dramatic verse, by William Dean Howells. It is called "The Mother and the Father."

Houghton Mifflin Co. has just completed its Warwickshire edition of the complete works of George Eliot, consisting of 25 volumes, illustrated with 169 full-page photogravure pictures from photographs and drawings. Besides the novels, this edition includes George Eliot's Essays and the two-volume biography by Cross.

Sir Harry Johnston has arranged with Methuen & Co. to publish a volume on "The Negro in the New World." The work, some chapters of which have already appeared in the London *Times*, is the result of the author's recent journeys in the United States, West Indies, and Tropical America.

Mrs. Piozzi, whose marriage to the Italian singer raised such a tempest in the circle of Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney, is to have a monument in Tremeirchion Church, where she was buried in 1821. This memorial is due to O. B. Fellowes, whose grandfather was her executor.

For the general reader, there is no better book on the subject than "The Panama Canal, and Its Makers," by Vaughan Cornish (Little, Brown & Co.), not merely because it is the most recent, but because it is the work of a British geographer, who has taken the pains to get the most authoritative information, to supplement and vivify it by personal observations, and to put it into a clear and compact form. The diplomatic history of the enterprise, the rival plans and engineering difficulties, the success in sanitation, the labor question, and the commercial possibilities are all briefly and competently discussed, without the sensationalism and bias that vitiate much of the current literature of the subject. Mr. Cornish is naturally most interested in the geographical aspects of the canal, especially its effects on trade routes and the civilization of the tropics. He emphasizes the fact that "the Panama Canal will not bring any port in Australia or the East Indies, nor any ice-free port in Asia or Asiatic Islands, nearer to any European port." But since the United States is not able to compete in international commerce, owing to the expense of constructing and operating American steamships, he thinks there are some grounds for the opinion that the canal is being built with American money for the use of Europe and Japan. He finds the American women on the Isthmus looking happy though somewhat bored, and the children, on account of their open-air life, seeming to thrive better than in the cities of the United States. He concludes that modern sanitary science has opened the tropics to the permanent occupation of the white man even as a laborer, but thinks that the Mediterranean races will be superior to the Anglo-Saxon for tropical colonization.

A volume on "The Christian Minister and his Duties" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) bears on its title page the name of the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, one of the most honored Presbyterian divines of England, now principal emeritus of Westminster College, Cambridge. For fifty years Principal Dykes has served honorably in the pastoral office, and for twenty years he was a successful teacher of homiletics and practical theology. His lectures on the usual themes of that department of ministerial education are distinguished by sanity of view and force of utterance, with especial attention to historical treatment. One notes a wise perspective in his counsels, the result of sympathetic and wide study of many forms and ages of Christian activity. Particular attention is paid to the principles and methods of the conduct of public worship in non-liturgical churches.

A bird's-eye view of the present endeavors of Protestant missionaries and missionary organizations is afforded by Edwin Munsell Bliss's "The Missionary Enterprise" (Fleming H. Revell Co.). After a brief history of early Christian and mediæval missions, and the first attempts of the Roman Catholics and Protestants, the rapid development of the modern missionary movement in its various phases is traced with care, and the extension of Christianity in the chief missionary fields is outlined. The failing of most concise sketches of this sort is too great abundance of detail, owing to the temptation to omit nothing which has a claim to importance. Dr. Bliss has been a life-long student of his subject, and is a trained writer and observer. His skill is exhibited in this volume, in which the large facts and salient principles are brought to due prominence, notwithstanding the extent of field and fact which he covers. His volume will serve to spread intelligence as to the ambitions and purposes which underlie the efforts of the more statesmanlike propogandists of the faith, and the substantial

and permanent results which missionary effort is assuredly accomplishing.

A sincere and gracious tenderness attached to all words and deeds of the late Charles Cuthbert Hall, president of the Union Theological Seminary, and one finds this gentleness in appropriate setting in the posthumous volume of sermons to children, "The Silver Cup" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The discourses appear to have been spoken when Dr. Hall was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn at special afternoon services for children and youth. The book is prefaced by four stanzas of a hymn "Levavi Oculos," which might well find a place in a hymnal for children. The same spirit attended President Hall's second series of Barrows Lectures on the Haskell foundation of the University of Chicago, now published under the title, "Christ and the Eastern Soul" (The University of Chicago Press). With rare tactfulness and grace Dr. Hall undertook to discover "elements of sublimity in the Oriental consciousness"; and while maintaining "the distinctive moral grandeur of the Christian religion," he sought to demonstrate to his Eastern hearers that it is their privilege not only to accept Christianity, but also to aid the West in understanding and realizing it, in a manner in which it has not yet heen appreciated or comprehended. He says:

> The Oriental consciousness has the gifts that the world needs to offset its strenuous externalism and guide it back to the secret place of the Most High. The Contemplative Life, the Presence of the Unseen, the Aspiration for Ultimate Being, Reverence for the Sanctions of the Past, are the four gospels with which a Christian East may reëvangelize the West; giving it hack the spirit of the first days; coöperating with it to lead the world out of its confusion, grossness, and sin, into the peace and purity of Jesus Christ.

A new text-book on methods of pulpit discourse is "The Preacher: His Person, Message, and Method," by Prof. Arthur S. Hoyt of Auburn Theological Seminary (The Macmillan Co.). Dr. Hoyt's counsels are discreet, if not brilliant. His ideals appear in the following sentences:

> Over against a sensational pulpit, with its worldly standards of immediate and tahulated results, is placed a spiritual service tested by spiritual measures and motives. Above the superficial sway of eloquence is exalted an instructive pulpit that comes from the growing knowledge of the Gospel and of life, and results in a stahle, balanced, and comprehensive Christianity.

For nearly a hundred and fifty years the Brick Presbyterian Church has occupied a position of commanding influence in the religious life of the city of New York. The founders of the old church on Beekman Street included representatives of the most substantial families of the colonial city, and from that time to the present the Brick Church has held the allegiance of many of New York's most worthy men and women. It has been fortunate in its clergymen. While, perhaps, one would not go to its roll of pastors for the most brilliant pulpit orators, there is not to be found there, with, perhaps, one exception, the name of a single man who has not exerted deep influence upon many individuals. The history of the church, therefore, has an interest far beyond the circle of those who are personally concerned in it. It has been well told, with evident sympathy and personal loyalty, in a dignified volume of over five hundred pages, by the Rev. Shepherd Knapp, for some years one of the assistant ministers, "A History of the Brick Presbyterian Church in the City of New York" (New York: Published by the trustees of the Brick Presbyterian Church). The fortunes of the Church of the Covenant, intimately connected with those of the Brick Church, are narrated, and, of course, the work in this city of the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke and Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock.

According to the natural prompting of our local circumstances, the work in anthropology in our country has heen mainly done by investigators who were more interested in Arizona than in Hellas, in the Zuñi than in early Minoan culture. The Committee for Anthropology in the University of Oxford has attempted, on the other hand, to rouse interest in their subject by attacking it from the classical point of view. "Anthropology and the Classics" (Henry Frowde) contains six lectures delivered before the University by as many men of distinctly classical learning. Arthur J. Evans describes the diffusion of pictography throughout Europe; Andrew Lang, the anthropological elements in Homer; Gilbert Murray, certain of these elements in the non-Homeric epic tradition; F. B. Jevons summarizes many points concerning Græco-Italian magic in ancient times; J. L. Myres treats of anthropological details and views in Herodotus; and W. Warde Fowler discusses the ritual of *lustratio*. The lecture by Mr. Myres is by far the most philosophical of all in its method, and especially in this year of Darwin celebrations it might open the eyes of our present-day scientists to read Mr. Myres's account of the existence in the early Greek philosophy of a theory of the distinct biological evolution of man from a lower type of animal life. The other lectures of the series are more picturesquely objective. It is amusing to notice that this consultation of doctors could not pass without professional disagreement, Dr. Lang scoffing with wonted light gayety at the theory of a "Bowdlerized" Homeric tradition of manners and morals, and insisting that the Iliad and the Odyssey are "prehistoric, the flowers of a brief age of Achæan civilization, an age when the society of princes and ladies had a taste extraordinarily pure and noble," while Dr. Murray thereafter patiently reaffirms his doctrine of expurgation. We should like to believe with Mr. Lang in all the romantically white purity and high courtesies of his early Achæan troubadour courts, but it is hard to do so. Classical scholars will be interested to note that Mr. Warde Fowler has surrendered the belief, set forth in his "Roman Festivals," that the running of the Roman *Luperei* around the *pomerium* on each fifteenth of February was a true *lustratio urbis*.

The Versammlung deutscher Philologen und Schulmänner holds its fiftieth ("jubilee") meeting at the University of Graz (Austria), September 28-October 1, 1909. The association is, however, older than the number of its approaching session might appear to imply, for during recent years it has met biennially instead of annually. In recognition of this fiftieth meeting, it is proposed to form a fund by voluntary contributions, the income of which is to be used in the furtherance of classical and archæological research in such ways as the association may determine at its Septemher meeting. It is thought that Germans resident in America, and Americans who as students have enjoyed the hospitality of German universities, may be glad to share in this undertaking. Contributions may be sent to Prof. Elmer Truesdell Merrill, at the University of Chicago, who will forward the amounts and the names of donors to the committee of the association.

Two more volumes are needed to complete the new sixth edition of "Meyers Grosses Konversationslexikon." The eighteenth volume, *Schöneberg—Sternbedeckung*, which has just reached us, shows that increasing emphasis is heing laid on industrial and technical topics, always a strong feature in this work. There are long articles on the sulphur and soda industries, sixteen pages on stenography, a full account of typewriting machines, and a survey of the most important street railway systems of Europe and the United States. Under this heading we find New York city described as a *Grosstadt* of four and a half million inhabitants counting in "the suburbs Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, etc." Brooklyn, of course, holds to New York by closer ties than the cities across the Hudson, whose people do not count in the four and a half millions. Under "Staten Island," we are told of Fort "Wadson," presumahly Wadsworth. The volume is exceptionally rich in colored plates, of which two go with Protective Coloration (*Schutzeinrichtungen*). The history of Sweden is hrought down to 1908.

Karl Knortz, the German-American educator, who by numerous books and pamphlets has interpreted American writers to Germany, is the author of a little book, "Der Pessimismus in der amerikanischen Literatur" (Vienna: Lumen Verlag).

Interest in Jean Paul produces at intervals some new interpretation of his personality and work. The latest attempt in German is "Jean Pauls Æsthetik," by Dr. Eduard Berend. It is a book of nearly 300 pages in Dr. Franz Muncker's series, Forschungen zur neueren Literaturgeschichte (Berlin: Alexander Duncker).

Among the many replies provoked by Prof. Ernst Haeckel's "Welträtsel" and the propaganda of religious monism, one of the most interesting is the recent work of J. Hauri, "Die Welträtsel und ihre Lösung" (Berlin: C. Skopnik). The book consists of a series of semi-popular lectures, following closely the topics discussed by Haeckel. Hauri develops a *Weltanschauung* from the point of view of a Christian idealism. The work will be of service in acquainting the reader with the leading philosophical and religious problems of the times.

Whoever has tried to wade through the 1,600 pages of letters and memoranda attributed to the wife of Schiller, and edited by E. Urlichs, at Stuttgart, 1860-65, will appreciate the service just rendered by Ludwig Geiger in selecting only the most important of these documents and publishing them (Berlin: Hans Bondy), in one handy volume, entitled "Charlotte von Schiller und ihre Freunde." Geiger has taken only the most readable material and arranged it to illustrate Charlotte's youth and married life, Schiller's death, Goethe, and Charlotte's widowhood; and he has add-

ed literary notes. There is a lengthy introduction giving a vivid and sympathetic sketch of Charlotte and her famous husband at Weimar, and a good index.

"Kultur und Erziehung: Vermischte Betractungen," by Wilhelm Minch (Munich: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung), is a volume of essays by the author of an earlier collection of "Vermischte Aufsätze." Herr Minch raises questions of interest to English and American, as well as to German, schoolmasters. He discusses the value of travel, points out the difference between knowledge and education, and the changes in educational ideals. The fault that he finds with the more celebrated schools of England is that they serve but a limited number, and that their courses hold too closely to the civilization of the Greeks, the Romans, and the English. The result is that even persons of the upper circles, while travelling widely and knowing the round earth very well, usually have but a limited knowledge of the world of intellect, and correspondingly limited and preconceived views of life. In sport, of course, the English excel the Germans, both in enthusiasm and participation; but sport will not make up for all other deficiencies. It is a question, for example, whether, as suggested by Wellington, English victories in war have been due mainly to exercise and development in English sport; the Germans have won a few victories also, while never enjoying such aristocratic facilities for play as are found at the English universities and colleges. Herr Minch does not accept the results thus far attained in America in coeducation as conclusive proof that the problem has been solved here. On the contrary, he sees several reasons for still separating boys and girls, at least during certain years. He argues that the physical and mental equipment of the two sexes is not the same, that revision of courses designed for one sex is frequently necessary if the other sex be admitted, and that in this age of specialization it is more or less a contradiction to generalize by offering equal curricula. Nevertheless, American influence has made itself felt somewhat in lower classes of the German schools, where, for some time, boys and girls have been taught together.

Dr. Rudolf Unger, in his "Philosophische Probleme in der neueren Literaturwissenschaft" (Munich: Spiegelverlag), unfolds a new programme for the modern study of literature, urging that the exclusively philological method which has prevailed at the universities, and which alone has been recognized as scientific, should be at least supplemented by a method which emphasizes leading tendencies in the literary world, and their bearings on the personality and thought of an author.

Mrs. Augusta Jane Evans Wilson, the author, died Sunday from heart disease, at her home in Mobile. She was born at Columbus, O., in 1838, and in 1868 was married to Col. L. M. Wilson, a well-known banker of Mobile. In 1856 she had produced her first book, "Inez." This was followed by "A Tale of the Alamo," "Beulah," "Macaria," "St. Elmo," "Vashti," "Infelice," "At the Mercy of Tiberius," and "A Speckled Bird." Her last production was "Devota," published in 1907.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Randall Waite died May 6, at the age of sixty-two. After a course in Hamilton College, Dr. Waite became a member of the staff of the Utica *Morning Herald* Poor health compelled him to travel, and he went to Italy in 1871, where he founded the Italian Young Men's Christian Association in Rome. Soon after his return from Italy Dr. Waite was ordained a minister in the Congregational Church. Civics occupied much of his attention, and while editing the *American Magazine of Civics* he lectured frequently on the subject. He also occupied places on the directorates of many financial concerns.

Dr. Benjamin Bausman, one of the most widely known ministers of the Reformed Church in the United States, who was pastor of St. Paul's Reformed Church of New York, died May 8, at the age of eighty-five. Dr. Bausman was a trustee of Franklin and Marshall College; was president of the board of managers of Bethany Orphans' Home, and for many years edited various Reformed Church papers. His published works include "Sinai and Zion" (1860), "Wayside Gleanings in Europe" (1878), "Bible Characters" (1893), and "Precept and Practice" (1901).

The death is reported in his seventy-fifth year of Dr. Marcus Dods, principal of the United Free Church College, Edinburgh, since 1907. He contributed articles on religious subjects to "The Encyclopædia Britannica" and to various periodicals. His works include: "The Prayer that Teaches to Pray," "The Epistles to the Seven Churches," "Israel's Iron Age," "Mohammed, Buddha, and Christ," "Handbook on Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi," "Isaac, Jacob and Joseph," "Handbook on Genesis," "Commentary on Thessalonians, "Parables of Our Lord," "Why be Religious?" "How to Become like Christ," and "The Bible, Its Origin and Nature."

IRELAND AND THE COLONIES UNDER THE STUARTS.

Ireland Under the Stuarts and During the Interregnum. By Richard Bagwell. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $10.50.

After three hundred years of controversy, the history of Ireland, especially during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has begun to come to its own in the hands of scientific historians. It is a result for which we may well be thankful. Stripped of passion and prejudice, the account of the English conquest and colonization is one of the most important and instructive in the modern field. Interesting in itself, it has additional interest in that it is a part of the history of England, and is related to the history of America. It is a grim and terrible story which, more than twenty-five years ago, Mr. Bagwell set himself to tell. In three earlier volumes, "Ireland Under the Tudors" (1885-1890), he recounted the beginnings of the English occupation, and carried the narrative through the reign of Elizabeth. In the present work, he takes up two more chapters, the exploitation under James I and Charles I, the rebellion and subjugation of the Irish under Charles I and Cromwell, ending with the Restoration.

Only by plantation did the English conceive that, after the rebellion of the earls, they could make a "civil people" of their subjects, and secure the substantial fruits of their occupation. During the first half of the seventeenth century, in consequence, that process went on beside the plantation of America, and, with allowance for differing conditions, by not dissimilar means, until the troubles at home interrupted the movement. Then came the reaping of the whirlwind in the rebellion of 1641, and the long, cruel, and confused contest, which ran parallel with the civil wars in England. Affected strongly by them, and influencing English affairs no less powerfully in turn, the Irish struggle threatened, at times, to wrest control of the island from King and Parliament alike. Complicated as affairs were by an almost incomprehensible confusion of interests, royal, parliamentary, native Irish and settler, Papal and Continental, not until the stern discipline of parliamentary forces found foothold in Ireland did order begin to emerge from chaos. The policy of Thorough may have been the only solution of the difficulty, but it was enforced at a great price. Before those parliamentary columns, the Irish confederacy, the gallantry of Ormond, and the silent courage of O'Neill, the disunited opposition of lesser chiefs, the resistance of the cities, the guerrilla activities of the broken bands, one by one were beaten down. From Dublin around the coast to Galway, the Cromwellians slowly and irresistibly crushed out all opposition and completed the conquest of the island beyond all power of the natives to throw it off. It was the triumph of organization and union over their opposites, the victory of a nation over tribes, of an early modern civilization over one still largely early mediæval. Thereafter came the expulsion of those who had taken part in the rebellion, from the lands east of the Shannon, and the entry of the Commonwealth adventurers to take their place beside the older English and Scotch settlers. In that fifty years, the line of English landlordism was pushed across the island, and the foundations of modern Irish conditions and history, and no little English history and politics beside, laid in conquest and confiscation. This is the tale that fills these pages.

There is scarcely any similar period or movement which has been the subject of more bitter controversy and recrimination. The English conquest of Ireland was, in many ways, not unlike the Norman conquest of Great Britain five centuries earlier. It differs, of

course, in details, and in the large matter of transplanting the conquered landholders. But it differs still more in that it took place in the brighter light of modern times, and in that the defeated race, numerous, able, aggressive, and largely irreconcilable, still resents and resists. Had the English been Catholics, or the Irish Protestants, political, social, and economic antagonisms might not have been embittered beyond compromise. Had the tribal chiefs been more enlightened and less selfish, they might have made more effectual resistance. Had the people been less loyal to their leaders, the whole issue might have been otherwise. Yet to state the condition is merely to sum up the result. Divided from England as Ireland is by the sea and by so many causes of dispute, reconciliation, much less assimilation, seems as distant as ever.

Here, then, is delicate ground not merely for the politician, but for the historian, and no one realizes this more keenly than Mr. Bagwell himself. "No party," he says truly in his preface, "will be pleased with the present work." Yet in those words lies the book's greatest value. With what may be called the moral issues, the adjudication of right and wrong, which to so many means merely rights and wrongs, with the distribution of praise and blame, he has little concern. In so far as possible he has allowed the actors to reveal themselves in their own words and deeds, himself refraining from controversy, almost from comment. He adduces the evidence. Whatever judgments the reader passes must be his own, whatever quarrel he has must be with the facts. There are no purple patches in the narrative, however many there may be in the deeds recorded. The story is restrained often almost to the impersonal colorlessness of a chronicle. The account is developed by piling detail on detail. In the main, this is enough to give interest and direction. In the case of Wentworth's government, for instance, the result is vivid and convincing. But in the confusion of the later wars one sometimes longs for more guidance.

The critical apparatus is full, and, since a large part of the material upon which Mr. Bagwell's study is based is to be found in print, or in easily accessible manuscripts, one may, without great difficulty, test the accuracy of his statements. In the most disputed part of his period, that of the Rebellion of 1641, he follows and amplifies Miss Hickson's work, as against its assailants, like Mr. Dunlop. In short, it can no longer be said with truth that there is no adequate and scholarly history of Ireland during this period. One may regret the absence of certain maps which would be useful to the reader, and the inadequacies of the indexes; one may note certain obscurities or omissions in the text; one may wonder at the lack of reference to the work of Continental scholars; yet, when all is said, Mr. Bagwell has enriched the history of Ireland and historical literature generally, and one may well echo his expressed hope that he may be spared to finish his study of the final settlement between the Restoration and Revolution.

Acts of the Privy Council of England. Colonial Series. Vol. I; 1613-1680. Edited by W. L. Grant and James Munro, under the general supervision of Almeric W. FitzRoy, Clerk of the Privy Council. London: Wyman & Sons.

Among the publications of the British government few are likely to be of greater importance for colonial history than the projected series of "Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial," the first volume of which is now issued. When completed, in five volumes, bringing the subject to 1783, the work will take its place beside the Calendars of State Papers and Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission as an essential part of the student's equipment. It will not furnish any great amount of new information regarding the internal history of the colonies, but it will give a point of view and a survey of policy that have never before been attained. During our colonial history executive control was in the hands of the King, his ministers, and advisers. The nature of this control can be learned only from the records of the organs that exercised it, viz., the Privy Council, the Secretaries of State, the Commissioners of the Treasury, and the Commissioners of the Admiralty. Though it might have seemed desirable in the past to know something of these organs and their work, the fact remains that such knowledge has not been possessed by those who have written on colonial history. This neglect may be attributed in part to indifference and in part to the fact that the material has been remote and to a certain extent inaccessible, much of it lying intermixed with other data, partly or wholly irrelevant.

The Calendar of the Acts of the Privy Council, edited by Mr. Dasent, closes with 1603, and the British government has decided not to continue it. We are indebted to Mr. FitzRoy for the plan of carrying on the work along colonial lines. Knowing that the records of his office after 1603 were more important for colonial than for domestic or foreign affairs, he obtained the consent of the Treasury to issue a series of volumes containing pertinent portions of the Register. Since the Treasury was unwilling to meet more than the expenses of printing and binding, the cost of transcribing and editing had to be defrayed through public and private agencies in England, Scotland, Canada, and America. Thus the work has somewhat the character of an international undertaking. The labor involved may be inferred from the fact that the original Privy Council Register for the years 1613 to 1783 consists of a hundred large folio volumes, often difficult to handle even with an index.

A scrutiny of this first volume leaves a favorable impression of the scope and variety of the work of the Council, and of the amount of time devoted by men of distinction to the difficult task of solving colonial problems. Even Charles II, usually characterized as indolent and prone to shirk business, appears in a new light. He was unfailing in attendance and deeply interested in these affairs. Though there are no entries here that show the part he took in discussion, yet the fact that he corrected with his own hand letters sent to the Governors would indicate that he was more than a passive listener.

The King and his Councillors had but one idea before them: to promote the welfare of all colonial and commercial undertakings. They encouraged settlement, watched the growth of the plantations, and sought to stimulate the production of whatever would be of value to colonies and mother country alike. They settled disputes, adjudicated private claims, and gave relief. Throughout the period here covered the Councillors invariably acted as honorable men, always hearing fairly and justly both sides of a case, consulting outside boards and individuals, and finding in the end the best remedy that they could. That they were influenced by the accepted doctrines of the period, in controlling colonial industry and commerce and placing definite restrictions upon freedom of movement and trade, is no cause for criticism. They were but adopting a policy advocated by all statesmen of the time and deemed fundamentally important in view of the intense commercial rivalry existing among the maritime states of Europe. England and its incorporated companies must be protected against aliens and private traders, colonial products must be brought to the mother country, and the oaths of allegiance and supremacy must be taken. Yet, where possible, rules were relaxed and exceptions made in the interest of colonial trade and the plantations, and in not a few instances the Council deemed colonial welfare of greater consequence than the welfare of the people at home. Even the principles of the Navigation Acts, which can be studied here in their development, were certainly not in the beginning antagonistic to colonial prosperity, and the acts themselves are seen to be rather a culmination than a cause. From the point of view of modern trade conditions we may feel inclined to find fault with some of the premises, but from the point of view of the seventeenth century the Englishman would

have had the better of the argument. He was working to make England, and not the colonies, independent, and as far as that end was sought he was amply justified in the results.

In two or three years all the data will be in the hands of students. We may not anticipate the final judgment, but we believe that the printing of these records will distinctly enhance the reputation of the Council as a governing body for the colonies.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Inner Shrine. New York: Harper & Bros.

Anonymity is a card which may be played with considerable effect by the modern editor or publisher, since our present habit of publicity insures against its being played too often. As a serial in *Harper's*, "The Inner Shrine" has reaped a harvest of curiosity somewhat out of proportion to the actual merit of the performance. "Who wrote it?" is a question of such burning importance to us that we incline to lose sight of the comparatively tame question, "What does it amount to?" It must be said that the commercial or editorial sponsor commonly does what he can to encourage us in this weakness: he is but human, and he likes his commodities to "go." For example, Harper & Bros. have taken the trouble to affix to advance copies of the present novel, for the eye of the hardened reviewer only, numerous speculations as to its authorship. A lady from California guesses Mrs. Humphry Ward, whereupon the authorities magnanimously admit in black type that Mrs. Ward is NOT the author. Heavily leaded, too, is the passage from that eminent critic, the Boston correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat:* "It is quite on the cards that in the early years of the twentieth century we have seen the dawn of a new novelist of unquestioned power. . . . Is it Mrs. ———?" and so on.

As a matter of fact, "The Inner Shrine" is by no means worth all this pother. It is a cleverly constructed bit of popular fiction, and no more. Its style, in a superficial sense, suggests an amalgam of Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Wharton: it has the trick of the sophisticated school. Essentially, it is a rather vulgar story of a group of persons, none of whom is free from one or other sort of pusillanimity. The flavor is Franco-American: scandal and the fear of scandal are the chief motives of the composition. A Frenchman traduces a Frenchwoman, and is called out by her American (Parisian-American) husband, who commits suicide under cover of the duel. She has been a heartless coquette, though not technically a guilty woman. She comes to America, and is on the way to a second marriage when the old lie pursues her. Her lover, an aristocratic New Yorker of crude perceptions and boorish manner, accepts the slander without question, and casts her off. She is all meekness, rather admires him, Jane-Eyre-like, for his stupid brutality, and, of course, marries him in the end—after the French villain has been put through the necessary paces, and the American Rochester has remembered to say that word without which no woman in fiction is content to be won. If the free gift and placid reception of insult, base suspicion and slavish fear of one's own set, the manners and morals imputed by gossip-mongering journals, really characterize our best cosmopolitan society, how shall these traits be palatably set forth in fiction unless with the aid of a certain superficial fastidiousness? There are interesting situations in this story, there are even brilliant bits of dialogue, but there is little in its actual content, whether of incident or interpretation, to arouse anything approaching emotion in the reader who looks upon fiction as a responsible art.

Little People. By Richard Whiteing. New York: Cassell & Co.

Like "A Poor Man's House," (see the *Nation* of April 15, p. 387), "Little People" is upon the border-line between fiction, and sociological speculation. Mr. Whiteing's Little People are the poor in spirit, the obscure, the unsuccessful, the inarticulate who chiefly inhabit this world. He approaches this order, not in a spirit of pity or condescension, but with respect and even a kind of envy. Many of them do not succeed, are not "heard of in the papers," because they are not ruthless enough, or because they are ruled by a natural instinct of quietism. It is the "Ratepayer," who succeeds—which is Mr. Whiteing's term for the Philistine, the "practical" man. A particular Ratepayer figures a good deal in these papers—a person with whom the writer represents himself as having grown up, and whose career he traces fragmentarily as an awful example of what the normal idealism of childhood may come to in process of what we call breeding and education. A number of sketches, not quite stories, adorn the casual discourse—episodes in the lives of various "Little Peoplers," which would not be chosen by the ordinary story-teller as especially promising, but which give point to this tribute to modest and contented ineffectiveness. Several of them are ironical, like the story of the youth who (from philanthropic motives) wishes to get himself sent to a mad-house. He tries various eccentric and outlandish behaviors in vain, but succeeds as soon as it occurs to him that the way to antagonize society is to act reasonably. There is the incident, too, of the poor old drudge who is killed by having to undergo a fashionable rest-cure. But it is all very good-natured. If there is anything for which the writer feels contempt, it is the stupid self-absorption of the Ratepayer, whom success has taught to believe "in nothing but the right to do as he likes in everything, with lawyer, doctor, and parson to stand by and save him from the worst." On the other hand, if there is any class which he admires, it is what may be called the aristocracy among the Little People—those among the naturally capable who prefer the life of quiet independence. "This is the true Bohemianism, and the only kind that counts, with liberty, not license, for its end and aim. The Bohemianism of the pot-house is a dead thing: it was hindrance and enslavement, and it had to go. . . . Freedom for the finer impulses, that is the thing: and of all these, grossness is the enemy. So also is the cut and dried." If this is not a great book, it is an unusually attractive one by reason of its unaffected gentleness and optimism.

Hilary Thornton. By Hubert Wales. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

One lays down this book with a sense of distaste, despite its manifestly high ethical intent. It seems to represent the inherent unwholesomeness of modern introspection, focussed upon the unpleasant possibilities of marriage; it is a congress of Horrible Examples. Not one of its uncomfortable men and "virile" woman (save the mark!) but makes shipwreck of life matrimonially. There is an unpleasant insistence upon the physical, interlarded with wearisome strata of speculative philosophy; on the whole, it seems one of those unfortunate but unavoidable expressions of the morbid moments that punctuate the growth of the race as of the individual organism. It is comforting to realize that such states are essentially abnormal, and that despite the outcries of the overstrained nerves of society, sanity and poise continue to hold sway at the heart of things.

The Glory of the Conquered. By Susan Glaspell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This "Story of a Great Love" reminds one that all magnitude is relative, and that every man may whittle his own measuring-stick. Ernestine, who paints very well, marries a famous young bacteriologist, Karl Hubers. They idle away eighteen months honeymooning in Europe—a curious thing for a scientist to do, who is supposed to be on the verge of a great discovery—and then join the faculty of the University of Chicago. After bitter misfortune, Karl dies and Ernestine, who had given up her painting to help him in his investigations, picks up her brush again,

producing a portrait of the departed which critics praise highly—and there's the end. Now, if this is a great love, every hamlet knows greater ones. Ernestine had sacrificed only her art work, a mean thing beside the good name, well-being, and honor which many a woman has given up for another's sake. And there is no visible reason why she should have altogether abandoned even that. Only when measured by its emotional intensity can her love be called great; in this dimension it is truly gigantic. Kisses crackle interminably, the air is murmurous with plaints, and freshets of tears descend whenever anybody looks into anybody else's eyes, or the cook burns Karl's flapjacks. Whoever can appreciate this point of view will find the story well told, even excellently told at times; and possibly be so captivated by its lachrymose lights and shadows that she will even overlook the utter superfluity of Georgia, Joe Tank, and some other characters.

As Others See Us: A Study of Progress in the United States. By John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Mr. Brooks has had the happy thought to collect and classify the opinions of the United States and its people expressed by European travellers during the last hundred years, as a basis for some interesting reflections on the progress of American society. Irritating and humiliating, often, as were the observations of Mrs. Trollope, Harriet Martineau, Dickens, and others, they afford at this distance a good deal of aid in understanding the social life of the time, in determining wherein we did differ from the accepted standards of Europe, particularly England, and in measuring the distance which we have traversed since the "period of the newness." And what was said by these better known and more widely read critics was repeated, with slight change of manner or emphasis, by the scores of less distinguished writers who found us interesting enough to visit and describe.

One cannot but be struck by the constant iteration, during the first half of the nineteenth century, of certain damning counts in the dreary indictment. That our roads were bad and our inns intolerable; that our cooking was a menace to health and our table manners extraordinary; that the American voice, particularly with women, was an instrument of torture never to be forgotten by one who had suffered it; that we were a nation of braggarts and claimed a monopoly of wit and humor; that our scenery was overrated, our culture crude and provincial, the good elements in our society a weak imitation of Europe, our politics hopelessly corrupt, our newspapers impossible, and democracy itself a more than doubtful experiment—such were the depressing conclusions which well-nigh every visitor felt compelled to draw after never so brief an acquaintance, if, indeed, he had not already drawn them before starting on his trying and hazardous journey. Mr. Brooks, who surveys the catalogue of national sins and shortcomings with imperturbable good humor, does not deny that American society has often been vulnerable; but the marshalling of extracts in the pages of his interesting volume is of itself sufficient to show the grotesqueness of much that otherwise sensible people said about us. After the civil war, however, he notes a change. Our achievement in preventing a disruption of the Union and then in restoring peace, and especially the return of the army to civil life and the payment of the war debt, made a profound impression abroad; and those who hitherto had thought our future more than doubtful began to take a new interest in us, and to study us with something more suggestive of intelligence and open-mindedness. The "American voice," to be sure, is still to be dreaded, and our houses are prevailingly over-heated; but comments of this sort, joined to the inevitable descriptions of Niagara and the West, give place more and more to discussions of our progress in education and public spirit, of the better workings of party politics, and of such national problems as the negro and the trusts. Here, naturally, Mr. Brooks is on more familiar ground, though his comments on some of these recent observers, especially Mr. Bryce and Professor Münsterberg, are not the least interesting of his pages.

Mr. Brooks is so frankly an optimist, so skilful in confronting the hostile or doubting critic with facts that have been overlooked, and withal possesses so wide a range of social observation, that one rises from a perusal of this volume with a heightened sense of our national soundness and a more cheerful confidence in our national future. If he errs at all, it is in the direction of ever-friendliness, but every student who is familiar with the books which Mr. Brooks cites must admit that the provocation is great. The volume is one that should be widely read if for no other reason than that it is delightful reading.

An Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion. By Frank Byron Jevons. [The Hartford-Lamson Lectures on the Religions of the World.] Pp. xxv+283. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The Hartford-Lamson Lectures of the Hartford Theological Seminary are designed to give students intending to be foreign missionaries a knowledge of the religious customs and ideas of the peoples to whom they are to go. This is the first foundation of the sort in this country; the purpose is excellent, and the selection of Dr. Jevons as the first lecturer was a happy one—he is well known as an able writer on early religion. His attitude in these lectures toward non-Christian religions is catholic: he urges students to recognize what is good in every religion, and to show the superiority and finality of Christianity by pointing out that it gives in perfect form the conceptions that in other faiths are imperfect. The subjects he treats are immortality, magic, fetishism, prayer, sacrifice, morality, Christianity, all of which he discusses with freshness and felicity of exposition.

He has dealt with these subjects in former works, and here repeats views expressed by him elsewhere. In several cases he appears to lay undue stress on logical definitions, and his statements are not always self-consistent. Religion he defines as "the worship of the gods of a community by the community for the good of the community," and he accordingly denies that fetishism is religion, on the ground that it is an individual, selfish, anti-social cult. But this definition is arbitrary and narrow—it is based on a certain form of religious worship, and ignores other well-established forms. If religion is a practical relation between man and superhuman powers, then fetishism is a religion. The demand of the fetish-worshipper, though generally for harm to his enemies, is not always of this character; and when it is so, it is not less religious than a psalmist's prayer for the destruction of a personal foe. Obviously in any religion an individual may put up individual petitions, "but," Dr. Jevons adds, "we may safely infer that the only prayers that the god of the community is expected to hearken to are prayers that are consistent with the interests and welfare of the community." This is by no means the case—a man does not always think of the community when he prays, and he will not pray unless he expects the gods to hear his prayer and answer it favorably. In like manner Jevons rules out magic. The much-discussed question of the relation between magic and religion cannot be gone into here; it is a question of definition, but we know that magical procedures have sometimes been approved and adopted by the established religion of a community. In regard to the origin of sacrifice, Robertson Smith's theory (to which there are serious objections) that it was a sacramental eating of sacred (that is, divine) flesh, whereby the worshipper secured communion with the deity and forgiveness of sin, is here expounded. Dr. Jevons, however, extends the meaning of "sacrifice" so as to include worship; Christian sacrifice, he

says, is holy living: "that is the sacrifice Christ showed us the example of; that is the example which the missionary devotes himself to follow and to teach."

The recent discussions of Höffding, Hobhouse, and Westermarck, in which morality is declared to be independent of religion, are vigorously criticised by Dr. Jevons. Justice, he rightly says, is a social matter, and an offence against the custom of the community is an offence against the law of the god who is the guardian of the rights of the community. On this point there seems to be no necessity for debate; the disputants on both sides will, probably, agree that men's ethical codes are derived from social intercourse, that the code of a god is always that of his circle of worshippers, and that the god, as superhuman chieftain, enforces this code —that, in a word, religion and morality, though distinct in origin, are always united in human life; the gods, like men, are never without their ethical codes, and so religion may be expected to support and stimulate morality. If God is the moral ideal, the love of God is devotion to this ideal, and thus Dr. Jevons's conclusion—that the love of God is the basis and end of society—finds its justification.

The Greatness and Decline of Rome. Volume V. The Republic of Augustus. By Guglielmo Ferrero; translated by the Rev. H. J. Chaytor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

In his initial volume, Signor Ferrero explicitly stated his intention "to continue the narrative down to the break-up of the Empire." But with no explanation whatever, the author has forsaken his task when hardly past the threshold, for he introduces the present volume with the statement that it "completes my study of the 'Greatness and Decline of Rome.'" Under the circumstances, the title should have been altered to suit the fact, since not even the first part of its promise has been fulfilled, to say nothing of the second.

The author has a method of expression more widely attractive than is usually attained by writers in this field, as was evidenced by the newspaper publicity given to his recent lectures at Harvard, Columbia, and the University of Chicago. The rumors, however, that this brilliant sally would prove to have rendered obsolete the patient lifetime labors of earlier scholars on the same ground have never gained credence with those who have given much careful attention to the subject. We say "brilliant sally," for patient and exhaustive historical investigation in the field of ancient history is not the task for which the author's activities in the past would furnish a suitable equipment, and the readiness with which he has turned back after putting his hand to the plough may well indicate that the field is not congenial to his tastes. The work is continually suggestive of an overpowering belief on the author's part that Roman history *must* have illustrated certain principles of social development assumed to be active in all races and all times. Within certain limits, this is true enough, but those limits are easily passed. For instance, the principle that "the average of mankind, under average conditions, are neither particularly good nor particularly bad," is rather heavily strained when it is called in to discredit such evidence of Julia's enormities of unchastity as the public revelations by which Augustus himself justified the severity of her punishment. As it happened, Julia was neither of the average of mankind, nor under average conditions, and so with native qualities which should have made her particularly good in various lines of praiseworthy effort, she did become particularly bad under the untoward conditions forced upon her. Julia's fortunes were, perhaps, of less importance to Roman history in general than the space given to them by the author would indicate. We cite the matter only as one illustration of an unsafe dependence upon theoretical assumptions, which must be regarded as seriously affecting the trustworthiness of Ferrero's work at many points. Again and again he himself feels the want of any valid documentary support for direct statements made in the text, and admits the situation in a footnote, only to build upon this rickety foundation in subsequent paragraphs as if it were of unquestioned solidity. For example, the assertion on page 272 that Augustus "showed his hatred of Tiberius on every occasion" is admitted in a footnote to be merely a supposedly necessary inference of hatred from the fact that the failure of Augustus to recall Tiberius from his semi-exile at Rhodes was contrary to the public interest; but this sweeping inference is followed later, first by the statement that Augustus had for him "nothing but sullen hatred," and again that "his animosity had grown more bitter with age."

As to Augustus himself, the main thesis of the book is that the government of Rome under Augustus was thoroughly *republican*, not monarchical at all, and that as a matter of fact he had no intention whatever of trying to establish a monarchy. So far from wanting to nullify the Senate as an effective part of the governmental machinery, he devoted a large portion of his energies during the greater part of the successive terms for which he was chosen as "President" (be careful not to speak of his reign) to one desperate effort after another to restore that body to its former prestige and responsibility. In his oft-reiterated insistence on these points, the author hardly seems to realize that he is not breaking new ground, just as he does not realize that he is not original in his attention to the economic factor in his work as a whole. If there is anything new, as compared with the work of various others, it is rather in the extreme to which these points are pushed, and we can only say that these extremes are not adequately supported. The terms republic and monarchy are, of course, extremely elastic. Augustus was at no time a monarch if the word be pressed to the point of complete absolutism; but to convey the idea that he was the freely chosen "President" of a republic of the same fundamental type as that of the United States is to go still farther from the truth toward the opposite extreme; and that is just what Signor Ferrero does in the text of this closing volume, and briefly in the preface to the new American edition of Vol. I, where his American readers are flattered with the statement that they are better able to understand Roman history than European readers because of this basic similarity. The application of ancient experience to modern problems is, of course, one of the most useful features of historical study, but it is just the point at which the careful teacher must exercise the most rigid control of his assertions and implications. *Quod utinam Ferrerus ipse fecisset*, as Quintilian said of another writer whose brilliancy was more conspicuous than his care.

Socialism in Local Government. By W. G. Towler, with introduction by H. M. Jessel. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The author of the book is secretary of the London Municipal Society, organized in 1894 to oppose the "Progressive-Socialist" policies of the County Council. By municipal Socialism he means, of course, the "municipalization of local public services," which both the Fabians and the Municipal Society regard as the shortest and easiest road to collectivism. His purpose is to demonstrate that "municipal trading is a failure" and "perilous to the welfare of the nation."

The origin of municipal trading may perhaps be traced to ordinary "business motives" on the part of municipal authorities, but Mr. Towler has no difficulty in showing that many of its latest developments are due to the "quiet work of the administrative Socialist." If doubt could have existed, the utterances of responsible leaders of the progressivists and the vaticinations of irresponsibles, like Bernard Shaw, establish the fact beyond question. The rapid growth of municipal undertakings, reproductive (*i. e.*, commercial) and unreproductive,

is shown by the increase of municipal debts in England and Wales from £164,879,000 in 1884 to £482,983,000 in 1906.

Mr. Towler compares the prices and quality of service under municipal management with those under private, without coming to a very definite conclusion (pp. 94-95), except that consumers may be paying in the form of rates a part of the cost of some branches of service, and that since the municipalities do not yet have the field to themselves, they feel in some degree the stimulus of competition. This stimulus, however, would be removed if municipalization should ever triumph in all parts of the field. Even as things stand, Mr. Towler finds evidence of unsound business methods, lax administration, and somewhat more actual corruption than is usually supposed to exist. Most serious of all are the holding out of bribes to municipal laborers, and some "deterioration in the character and ability of municipal councillors." Upon all these subjects—as upon the financial aspects of municipalization—there is need of further investigation by some competent authority; and for ten years past, Mr. Towler charges, the effort to secure such investigation has met the "desperate and successful resistance" of the municipal traders. Until such inquiry is had, the financial results of municipal trading cannot be precisely determined.

Partial inquiries, however, have ascertained that municipal accounting is inadequate, that accounts are not uniform, and that the returns do not show the true financial position of the undertakings. The Return of 1903, the most complete available, shows a small surplus (£378,000) upon all municipal industries; but Mr. Towler maintains that this surplus would disappear if certain expenses paid out of rates had been included, a sufficient allowance had been made for depreciation, and the rents or taxes that might have been received from private companies had been taken into account. Municipal traders are divided in opinion concerning the desirability of operating industries at a profit—Bernard Shaw considers such a policy "childish"—but it is tolerably clear that at present the question has merely theoretical interest.

As an alternative policy to municipalization, Mr. Towler proposes public regulation of companies operating under properly guarded franchises. In France and Germany he finds precedents for this policy, as well as in the British Gas Acts; and he regrets that, after the establishment of the Local Government Board in 1871, Parliament did not develop a model franchise policy which would have secured good service at reasonable prices and at the same time offered all necessary inducements to private capital. Certain it is that in this direction, and not in mere criticism of the methods and results of municipal trading, the opponents of municipal Socialism must seek effective weapons.

Egoists: A Book of Supermen. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is a little disappointing to compare the brilliant and grandiose vision of the "superman" which haunts the popular imagination with Mr. Huneker's classic representatives of that imposing and preposterous character—the vulgar "little pot-bellied" Stendhal; Flaubert, the "mouther" with the hopeless impediment in his expression; Huysmans, "the Schopenhauer of the cook-shops," with his sublime "tragedy of the gastric juices"; Barrès, Nietzsche, Stirner, Hello—all, or nearly all, gravely defective, marked in one way or another more or less conspicuously with the stamp of ineffectuality. What comfort is to be got out of them at all must be sought in their "egoism," in which at least there are but few and insignificant shortcomings. Indeed, if Mr. Huneker's intention were not of that semi-quizzical sort which delights to baffle conjecture, it would not be unreasonable to suspect a little gentle irony about the lips of his wide and desultory criticism.

But however that may be, his criticism is patently disembarrassed of prejudices. Ibsen he esteems a "lofty thinker, moralist, and satirist." If a subject is only "interesting," its quality is of no particular importance. As long as it is not dull, it may be anything, for all he cares—odd, fantastical, uncanny, morbid, lunatic. "The immortal quartet in nineteenth-century fiction" comprises la duchesse Sanseverina, Madame Marneffe, Emma Bovary, and Anna Karenina. Difference, too, is a kind of distinction. And his favorite authors, if they are not all a little mad, are more than a little "different." They are, each in his own way, "the perfect expression of romantic and anti-social individualism." Naturally, among other lumber, he has rid himself of leading ideas and general principles. His criticism is essentially a criticism of surfaces, intersecting by some critical necromancy in points.

Travelling as he does without baggage, he has great lightness, versatility, and assurance. He is never at a loss, but always ready to alight and be off again in a twinkling. He is not even hampered by the restrictions of composition, for he has none to speak of. He is nothing if not casual. His best things are invariably by the way. Baudelaire was "a poet of ideal, spleen, and music"; Edmond de Goncourt, a "sublime old gossip"; Renan, "a cork soul"; Huysmans, "a Hamlet doubting his digestion." In his passage he sets in circulation a little air of irresponsibility, which is, no doubt, vastly refreshing and exhilarating after the stagnation of serious criticism. His characterization of Hello is excellent in its kind. He frequently draws blood, but he seldom dissects. He never gets to the bottom of anything, never touches the nerve that galvanizes the whole man. His criticism is a kind of fine spray; he atomizes, rather than anatomizes, his author. His subject diffuses in the warmth of his hand into an impalpable vapor, instead of condensing into its more stable elements. You are surprised to find so small a residuum at the end. So of Anatole France:

> An art, ironical, easy, fugitive, divinely untrammelled, divinely artificial, which, like a pure flame, blazes forth in an unclouded heaven . . . *la gaya scienza;* light feet; wit; fire; grace; the dance of the stars; the tremor of southern light; the smooth sea—these Nietzschean phrases might serve as an epigraph for the work of that apostle of innocence and experience, Anatole France.

Such is the *procédé.*

Science.

The Life of a Fossil-Hunter. By Charles H. Sternberg; with an introduction by Henry Fairfield Osborn. [American Nature Series.] New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.60 net.

Any book for which Professor Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History is willing to stand sponsor by an introduction, is worthy of attention from readers interested in palæontology. One therefore takes up this volume with an expectation of good things that is not disappointed. The vast and unique fossil fields of North America, under the inspiring and directing genius of Profs. E. D. Cope and O. C. Marsh and their able associates and successors, gave birth to a new occupation—that of the professional fossil-hunter. On the honorable list of the devoted pioneers of this new vocation, says Professor Osborn, "is the author of this work, who by his untiring energy has contributed some of the finest specimens which now adorn the shelves and cases of the great museums of America and Europe. . . . His is a career full of adventure, of self-sacrifice, worthy of lasting record and recognition by all lovers of nature." Mr. Sternberg seems to have had a real "calling" to what became his life-work. Even as a boy, he used to cut out shells from the limestone strata of his native region near Otsego Lake, New York. At the age of seventeen, as an emigrant into the opening frontiers of Kansas, he found that the neighboring hills, topped with red sandstone, contained the impressions of fossil leaves like those of our existing forests. He had fallen upon a formation which belongs to the Dakota group of the cretaceous period. Its

sedimentary rocks had been laid down during the close of the "age of reptiles" in a great ocean whose shore lines entered Kansas, and, extending northwesterly to Nebraska and Iowa, passed on to Greenland. This circumstance, recalling the vivid impressions of boyhood, led the youth to determine to make it his business "to collect facts from the crust of the earth, that thus men might learn more of the introduction and succession of life upon the earth."

Thenceforth, young Sternberg collected and prepared fossil leaves with an enthusiasm and inborn skill that has persisted until now. His first collection was sent to Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution, who greatly encouraged him. In 1872, a personal interview with the eminent palæobotanist, Dr. Leo Lesquereux, confirmed and directed his pursuit. But it was not until the winter of 1875-76, while a student at Kansas State Agricultural College, that he received the final impulse that launched him upon the career which this book records. An expedition was then and there forming under Professor Marsh for collecting American fossil vertebrates for Yale University. Sternberg vainly applied for a place on this expedition. Then it occurred to him to write Professor Cope of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. The response came promptly, enclosing $300 for an outfit, and bidding him go to work. Thus began a connection that continued for a number of years, indeed, until early death cut short Professor Cope's remarkable career. Among the most entertaining pages in the book are those which cover the author's relations with that distinguished naturalist. Those were the days of the keen rivalry—at times, perhaps, too hotly pressed—between Marsh and Cope. Scarcely more than a trace of this appears in the "Fossil Hunter"; but the fact gives a special interest to the tale of the adventurous, laborious, and expensive methods by which was obtained the wonderful material that fed the high ambitions that fired the scientific contest between these two great captains of palæontology, whose names and works are illustrious in the annals of American naturalists. The incidents related of Professor Cope, especially during an expedition when he personally shared and directed the work afield, are most interesting, particularly to Cope's old friends and associates.

Excursions in search of the fossil remains of the extinct animals of the Kansas Chalk, the Loup Fork beds, the Oregon Desert, the John Day River region, and the Permian of Texas, take up the body of the work. One shares, as one reads, the enthusiasm of the author, in his pursuit of the immense creatures of those eras when our present continent was being formed. As the author has given many plates and cuts of fossil remains, and a number of admirable restorations, one is better able to understand the reason for this enthusiasm. Certainly, when we reflect that a large part of the civilized world is showing a keen interest in our ex-Presidential Nimrod, as he goes to hunt the large game of Africa, it does not seem irrational that we should follow with sympathy and appreciation the story of a hunter of the animal forms which inhabited the ancient world; and which as compared with the vertebrates of our era, were as giants to pygmies, and in structure abounded in the highest significance, as throwing light upon the history of evolution. Moreover, it may be said that, although the author does not pose as an original and scientific investigator, one cannot read his book without getting a good general view of current palæontology, and of many of its chief promoters, both of the present and of the past. The work of the publishers is entitled to approval, not only for clear typography, but for illustrations and general make-up.

The urgent demand in China for Western medical and surgical knowledge has led to the recent completion and publication of an English-Chinese Medical Dictionary under the auspices of the China Medical Missionary Association. It contains 15,000 selected terms. This work has made possible for the first time the translation of the best medical text-books into Chinese. At the recent China Centenary Missionary Conference a resolution was passed requesting the missionary societies to unite in the support of one or two suitable men for the work of translation.

Drama.

A GLEAM OF HOPE FOR THE THEATRE.

It begins to look as if some of the magnates who have acquired the control of most of our theatrical affairs during the last ten or twenty years were becoming conscious of the weak points in their syndicate system and seeking to escape threatened disaster by a reversion, in part at least, to older and sounder methods. Of two facts, patent to all observers, they, as shrewd business men of their kind, must be fully aware. They must know that all actors and actresses of the first rank in this country have practically disappeared without leaving any successors to take their places, and that there is no certain source to which they can look for capable recruits. Such recruits must be found, or nothing can stop that progressive degeneration of the theatre which has already reduced it almost to the level of the music-halls.

Threatened with the total alienation of the more intelligent classes, it is not surprising that an astute manager—suddenly realizing the logical consequences of a policy as fatal to artistic training as it is to vital competition—should be quick to see the significance of the movements on both sides of the Atlantic in favor of the old-time stock-company theatre. These are not only indicative of a widespread discontent with the results of syndicate methods, but are suggestive of a coming rivalry which is not to be lightly disregarded. There was not much to be feared from the sporadic experiments of the various independent organizations which have arisen and subsided, at intervals, here and in London. Most of them were rashly conceived and unwisely conducted. But some of them, notably those of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker and of Mr. Otho Stuart, were not only rich in actual achievement, but afforded encouraging proof of the financial possibility of a literary, artistic, and intellectual theatre. It was the work of these pioneers that helped to form and develop the public demand that has called the National Shakespearean Memorial Theatre scheme into existence in England—with what ultimate results it remains to be seen—and has now brought about concerted action by a number of influential believers in the theatre for the establishment of a chain of repertory houses, of a high class, in London and the provinces.

The director of the new enterprise is Herbert Trench, a fellow of All Souls, Oxford, himself the author of superior plays and an official long engaged in educational affairs. His plan is to buttress the idealistic drama with plays of a more popular character. In alternation with the play of ideas, he will give revivals of the best modern drama, of Shakespearean pieces, and of the older comedy, together with selected works of famous foreign dramatists, such, for instance, as "The Blue Bird" of Maeterlinck. No plays are to be excluded on account of their character, so long as they are good examples of their special class. The main object will be entertainment upon catholic, but select, lines. The extension of the scheme into the provinces is provided for by the absorption of the Theatrical Organization Society, which has been making the necessary preparations in the principal cities and towns for a considerable period. Influential local committees have been appointed, social and financial backing has been secured, and the whole campaign seems to have been organized upon a substantial and workmanlike basis.

The best laid plans of mice and men are apt to miscarry, and it would be foolish to indulge in premature jubilation; but this scheme really does bear the ap-

pearance of an effective stroke toward the ultimate regeneration of the English-speaking stage. There is at least good ground for hoping that within three or four years there will be half-a-dozen or more repertory theatres, to supplement the missionary work hitherto carried on by Mr. Benson's repertory company and one or two others. That they will continue to multiply as their superior powers of attraction are more generally recognized need not be doubted, and with their increase in numbers will come the needed supply of all-round actors, and, in due time, that honest and healthful competition which is the soul of all artistic inspiration.

With characteristic promptness in following a good lead, Charles Frohman has determined to have his own repertory theatres in London and New York. His scheme is excellent of its kind, but does not necessarily thus far involve any wide departure from his former policy. But his contracts with Granville Barker, John Galsworthy, J. M. Barrie, and Bernard Shaw enable him to sketch an attractive programme, and his bid for good one-act plays ought to bear fruit. Apparently, he has been doing violence to his own convictions all this long while. He acknowledges that there is a public demand—in London, at all events—for the higher drama, and that there are commercial, as well as artistic, objections to the long run. Such utterances coming from his lips have an heretical sound, but his conversion, if sincere and lasting, is a subject not for mockery, but congratulation. He and his allies, with their control of authors, plays, and actors, wield an enormous power for good as well as for mischief, and could, if they chose, establish a chain of repertory theatres which might prove dangerous rivals even to the New Theatre itself. Greater miracles than this have been wrought by the power of the popular will.

The English theatre in Germany is now reported to be an accomplished fact. Engagements have been made and rehearsals have begun. Mme. Meta Illing is the directress. The first performance will be given on May 17 at Wiesbaden, and will form part of the Imperial command dramatic festival given during the German Emperor's visit to that town. The play selected is R. C. Carton's comedy, "Mr. Hopkinson." The cast will include Herbert Waring, Miss Fortescue, Dawson Milward, Miss Ellen O'Malley, Mr. Sothern, and Frank Stanmore. Nigel Playfair is the producer and general stage manager. After playing in Wiesbaden, the company will proceed to Karlsruhe. Darmstadt, and Frankfurt, giving a few performances in each of these towns, including two performances of Mr. Shaw's "Candida."

There is uncommon unanimity among the London critics concerning the general literary and dramatic feebleness of "The Conquest," an adaptation by "George Fleming" from Balzac's "La Duchesse de Langeais," which has just been produced in the London Lyric Theatre by Lewis Waller, with himself and Maxine Elliott in the principal characters. Nothing of Balzac seems to have been left in the piece except the extravagance; and scenes intended to be thrilling provoked innocent laughter.

Music.

Verily, William Ashton Ellis, Wagner's chief apostle in England, is as far superior to all other index makers as his idol is to all other opera composers. Mr. Ellis is apparently devoting his whole life to the translating of Wagner's prose writings and letters into English, and whereas the German volumes have no indexes at all, his versions are always followed by pages that are simply invaluable to those who, without having time to read everything that Wagner wrote, desire information on this or that point relating to his life and works. The latest achievement of Mr. Ellis is a translation of Wagner's letters to his first wife, Minna, which has been published in two volumes (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). There is an index of no fewer than forty-two columns. One of these columns is taken up with references to Wagner's experiences in London, and the most conspicuous entry (25 references) is under "longs to leave." The references to "Lohengrin" occupy a column, those to "Tristan" another. Minna has three columns, Wagner himself four, subdivided according to topics: abode, acrobatics, age, amnesty, animals ("see also Dogs"), birthday, childless, climbing, conductor, conjugal love (45 entries), courtship, diet, domesticity, dreams, dress, early to bed, excitability, and twenty-five other topics, including health, reading, solitude (68 entries), sensitiveness to noise, walks (61 entries), productivity. Under money matters we read "see Minna, allowance to, *and almost every other page.*" In addition to this illuminating index, Mr. Ellis contributes an introduction of fourteen pages, in which he discusses various points in the tragic conjugal life of Richard and Minna Wagner, the most ill-mated couple that were ever brought together. "My marriage—not a soul knows what I have suffered through that," he wrote to his sister in 1866. Now all the world can read the story. The fact that Minna preserved these letters, containing so many lamentations and reproaches, is noted by Mr. Ellis as one of her good traits:

> It is as though she dimly foresaw the day when herself she might be instrumental in triumphantly clearing her husband's name from calumnies reposing on a false assumption of her "martyrdom."

But why are not her own letters to her husband given to the world, too? Is it because they are not of any literary interest, Minna's mind having been of a purely domestic kind, or are there things in them the Bayreuth folk would rather keep suppressed? Perhaps they will be issued later on; nearly every year sees a new volume of Wagner letters, the latest being collections of those he wrote to the artists who helped him at Bayreuth, and of those received by his mother, sisters, and nieces. These *Familienbriefe* Mr. Ellis promises to translate next if there is a sufficient demand for the letters to Minna to warrant such a step. The letters to Minna need not be further commented on here, as they were reviewed at some length in the *Nation* of May 7, 1908, when the German edition appeared.

Two decades ago it was still customary for expert flute-players to give recitals at which they exhibited their skill. To-day such a recital would not be likely to attract either critics or music-lovers—not, at any rate, in musical centres. The cloying richness of modern orchestral works has made the tone of the flute seem too pallid and monotonous to satisfy the ear for a whole evening. In the orchestra itself, on the other hand, the flute plays a more important part than ever, especially in the scores of Wagner, Tchaikovsky, and Strauss. For this growing importance the flute is largely indebted to the improvements, technical and tonal, made by the Bavarian court musician, Theobald Boehm. In 1871 Boehm published a little book in which he described these improvements and discoursed on the flute and flute-playing in general. He hoped it would be translated into other languages, including English; but this hope has only just been realized. With the consent of Boehm's grandson, Dayton C. Miller has made an English version which he has published in Cincinnati. It contains many useful hints both as regards the execution of florid music (which operatic audiences still dote on) and the expressive playing of sustained melodies.

"Songs Every One Should Know," edited by Clifton Johnson and published by the American Book Co. (Cincinnati), is a collection of two hundred favorite songs for school and home, intended to stimulate a love of good music "by the simple charm of the songs themselves." It is a good collection of its kind, and the songs are divided into groups: national hymns, war songs, ballads, Scotch songs, nature songs, college, minstrel, plantation, religious songs, and others. Coarseness and extreme sentimentality are carefully avoided.

After an absence of ten years, the eminent violinist, Willy Burmester, intends to make an American tour in 1910-11.

Art.

THE ART COLLECTOR: HIS FORTES AND FOIBLES.

Morally considered, the art collector is tainted with the fourth deadly sin; pathologically, he is often afflicted by a degree of mania. His distinguished kinsman, the connoisseur, scorns him as a kind of mercenary, or at best a manner of renegade. I shall never forget the expression with which a great connoisseur—who possesses one of the finest private collections in the Val d'Arno—in speaking of a famous colleague, declared, "Oh, X——! Why, X—— is merely a collector." The implication is, of course, that the one who loves art truly and knows it thoroughly will find full satisfaction in an enjoyment devoid alike of envy or the thought of possession. He is to adore

all beautiful objects with a Platonic fervor to which the idea of acquisition and domestication is repugnant. Before going into this lofty argument, I should perhaps explain the collection of my scornful friend. He would have said: "I see that as I put X—— in his proper place, you look at my pictures and smile. You have rightly divined that they are of some rarity, of a sort, in fact, for which X—— and his kind would sell their immortal souls. But I beg you to note that these pictures and bits of sculpture have been bought not at all for their rarity, nor even for their beauty as such, but simply because of their appropriateness as decorations for this particular villa. They represent not my energy as a collector, nor even my zeal as a connoisseur, but simply my normal activity as a man of taste. In this villa it happens that Italian old masters seem the proper material for decoration. In another house or in another land you might find me employing, again solely for decorative purposes, the prints of Japan, the landscapes of the modern impressionists, the rugs of the East, or the blankets of the Arizona desert. Free me, then, from the reproach implied in that covert leer at my Early Sienese." Yes, we must, I think, exclude from the ranks of the true zealots all who in any plausible fashion utilize the objects of art they buy. Excess, the craving to possess what he apparently does not need, is the mark of your true collector.

Now these visionaries—at least the true ones—honor each other according to the degree of "eye" that each possesses. By "eye" the collector means a faculty of discerning a fine object quickly and instinctively. And, in fact, the trained eye becomes a magically fine instrument. It detects the fractions of a millimetre by which a copy belies its original. In colors it distinguishes nuances that a moderately trained vision will declare non-existent. Nor is the trained collector bound by the evidence of the eye alone. Of certain things he knows the taste or adhesiveness. His ear grasps the true ring of certain potteries, porcelains, or qualities of beaten metal. I know an expert on Japanese pottery who, when a sixth sense tells him that two pots apparently identical come really from different kilns, puts them behind his back and refers the matter from his retina to his finger-tips. Thus alternately challenged and trusted, the eye should become extraordinarily expert. A Florentine collector once saw in a junk-shop a marble head of beautiful workmanship. Ninety-nine amateurs out of a hundred would have said, "What a beautiful copy!" for the same head is exhibited in a famous museum and is reproduced in pasteboard, clay, metal, and stone *ad nauseam*. But this collector gave the apparent copy a second look and a third. He reflected that the example in the museum was itself no original, but a school-piece, and as he gazed the conviction grew that here was the original. Since it was closing time, and the marble heavy, a bargain was struck for the morrow. After an anxious night, this fortunate amateur returned in a cab to bring home what criticism now admits is a superb Desiderio da Settignano. The incident illustrates capitally the combination of keenness and patience that goes to make the collector's eye.

We may divide collectors into those who play the game and those who do not. The wealthy gentleman who gives *carte blanche* to his dealers and agents is merely a spoil-sport. He makes what should be a matter of adroitness simply an issue of brute force. He robs of all delicacy what from the first glow of discovery to actual possession should be a fine transaction. Not only does he lose the real pleasures of the chase, but he raises up a special clan of sycophants to part him and his money. A mere handful of such—amassers, let us say—have demoralized the art market. According to the length of their purses, collectors may also be divided into those who seek and those who are sought. Wisdom lies in making the most of either condition. The seekers unquestionably get more pleasure; the sought achieve the more imposing results. The seekers depend chiefly on their own judgment, buying preferably of those who know less than themselves; the sought depend upon the judgment of those who know more than themselves, and, naturally, must pay for such vicarious expertise. And, rightly, they pay dear. Let no one who buys of a great dealer imagine that he pays simply the cost of an object plus a generous percentage of profit. No, much-sought amateur, you pay the rent of that palace in Bond Street or Fifth Avenue; you pay the salary of the gentlemanly assistant or partner whose time is at your disposal during your too rare visits; you pay the commissions of an army of agents throughout the world; you pay, alas! too often the cost of securing false "sale records" in classic auction rooms; and, finally, it is only too probable that you pay also a heavy secret commission to the disinterested friend who happened to remark there was an uncommonly fine object in Y——'s gallery. By a checrful acquiescence in the suggestions that are daily made to you, you may accumulate old masters as impersonally, as genteelly, let me say, as you do railway bonds. But, of course, under these circumstances you must not expect bargains.

Now, in objects that are out of the fashion—a category including always many of the best things—and if approached in slack times, the great dealers will occasionally afford bargains, but in general the economically minded collector, who is not necessarily the poor one, must intercept his prey before it reaches the capitals. That it makes all the difference from whom and where you buy, let a recent example attest. A year or two ago a fine Giorgionesque portrait was offered to an American amateur by a famous London dealer. At $60,000 the refusal was granted for a few days only, subject to cable response. The photograph was tempting, but the besought amateur, knowing that the authenticity of the average Giorgione is somewhat less certain than, say, the period of the Book of Job, let the opportunity pass. A few months after learning of this incident, I had the pleasure of meeting in Florence an English art critic who expatiated upon the beauty of a Giorgione that he had just acquired at the very reasonable price of $15,000. For particulars he referred me to one of the great dealers of Florence. The portrait, as I already suspected, was the one I had heard of in America. Forty-five thousand dollars represented the difference between buying it of a London rather than a Florentine dealer. Of course, the picture itself had never left Florence at all, the limited refusal and the rest were merely part of the usual comedy played between the great dealer and his client. On the other hand, if the lucky English collector had had the additional good fortune to make his find in an Italian auction-room or at a small dealer's, he would probably have paid little more than $5,000, while the same purchase made of a wholly ignorant dealer or direct from the reduced family who sold this ancestor might have been made for a few hundred francs. With the seekers obviously lie all the mystery and romance of the pursuit. The rest surely need not be envied to the sought. One thinks of Consul J. J. Jarves gradually getting together that little collection of Italian primitives, at New Haven, which, scorned in his lifetime and actually foreclosed for a trifling debt, is now an object of pilgrimage for European amateurs and experts. One recalls the mouse-like activities of the Brothers Dutuit, unearthing here a gorgeous enamel, retrieving there a Rembrandt drawing, fetching out a Gothic ivory from a junkshop. One sighs for those days, and declares that they are forever past. Does not the sage M. Eudel warn us that there are no more finds—"Surtout ne comptez plus sur les trouvailles." Yet only the other day I mildly chid a seeker, him of the Desiderio, for not having one of his rare pictures photographed for the use of students. He smiled and admitted that I was perfectly right, but added pleadingly, "You know a negative costs about twenty francs, and for that one may often get an original." Why, even I who write—but I have promised

that this essay shall not exceed 4,000 words.

For the poor collector, however, the money consideration remains a source of manifold embarrassment, morally and otherwise. How many an enthusiast has justified an extravagant purchase by a flattering prevision of profits accruing to his widow and orphans? Let the recording angel reply. And such hopes are at times justified. There have been instances of men refused by the life insurance companies who have deliberately adopted the alternative of collecting for investment, and have done so successfully. Obviously, such persons fall into the class which the French call charitably the *marchand-amateur*. Note, however, that the merchant comes first. Now, to be a poor yet reasonably successful collector without becoming a *marchand-amateur* requires moral tact and resolution. The seeker of the short purse naturally becomes a sort of expert in prices. As he prowls he sees many fine things which he neither covets nor could afford to keep, but which are offered at prices temptingly below their value in the great shops. The temptation is strong to buy and resell. Naturally, one profitable transaction of this sort leads to another, and soon the amateur is in the attitude of "making the collection pay for itself." The inducement is so insidious that I presume there are rather few persistent collectors not wealthy who are not in a measure dealers. Now, to deal or not to deal might seem purely a matter of social and business expediency. But the issue really lies deeper. The difficulty is that of not letting your left hand know what your right hand does. A morally ambidextrous person may do what he pleases. He keeps the dealer and collector apart, and subject to his will one or the other emerges. The feat is too difficult for average humanity. In nearly every case a prolonged struggle will end in favor of the commercial self. I have followed the course of many collector-dealers, and I know very few instances in which the collection has not averaged down to the level of a shop—a fine shop, perhaps, but still a shop. I blame no man for following the wide road, but I feel more kinship with him who walks scrupulously in the narrow path of strict amateurism. Let me hasten to add that there are times when everybody must sell. Collections must periodically be weeded out; one may be hard up and sell his pictures as another in similar case his horses; artists will naturally draw into their studios beautiful objects which, occasion offering, they properly sell. With these obvious exceptions the line is absolutely sharp. Did you buy a thing to keep? Then you are an amateur, though later your convenience or necessity dictates a sale. Did you buy it to sell? Then you are a dealer.

The safety of the little collector lies in specialization, and there, too, lies his surest satisfaction. To have a well-defined specialty immediately simplifies the quest. There are many places where one need never go. Moreover, where nature has provided fair intelligence, one must die very young in order not to die an expert. As I write I think of D——, one of the last surviving philosophers. Born with the instincts of a man of letters, he declined to give himself to the gentler pursuit until he had made a little competence at the law. As he followed his disinterested course of writing and travel, his enthusiasm centred upon the antiquities of Greece and Rome. In the engraved gems of that time he found a beautiful epitome of his favorite studies. For ten years study and collecting have gone patiently hand in hand. He possesses some fifty classical gems, many of the best Greek period, all rare and interesting from material, subject, or workmanship, and he may have spent a hundred dollars in the process, but I rather doubt it. He knows his subject as well as he loves it. Some day he will write a book on intaglios, and it will be a good one. Meanwhile, if the fancy takes him to visit the site of the Bactrian Empire, he has only to put his collection in his pocket and enjoy it *en route*. I cannot too highly commend his example, and yet his course is too austere for many of us. Has untrammelled curiosity no charms? Would I, for example, forego my casual kakemonos, my ignorantly acquired majolica, some trifling accumulation of Greek coins, that handful of Eastern rugs? Could I prune away certain excrescent minor Whistlers? those bits of ivory cutting from old Italy and Japan? those tarnished Tuscan panels?—in truth, I could and would not. Yet had I stuck to my first love, prints, I should by this time be mentioned respectfully among the initiated, my name would be found in the card-catalogues of the great dealers, my decease would be looked forward to with resignation by my junior colleagues. As it is, after twenty years of collecting, and an expenditure shameful in one of my fiscal estate, I have nothing that even courtesy itself could call a collection. In apology, I may plead only the sting of unchartered curiosity, the adventurous thrill of buying on half or no knowledge, the joy of an instinctive sympathy that, irrespective of boundaries, knows its own when it sees it. And you austerely single-minded amateurs, you experts that surely shall be, I revere if I may not follow you.

We have left dangling from the first paragraph the morally important question, Is collecting merely an habitual contravention of the tenth commandment? Now, I am far from denying that collecting has its pathology, even its criminology, if you will. The mere lust of acquisition may take the ugly form of coveting what one neither loves nor understands. This pit is digged for the rich collector. Poor collectors, on the other hand, have at times forgotten where enterprise ends and kleptomania begins. But these excesses are, after all, rare, and for that matter they are merely those that attach to all exaggerations of legitimate passion. As for the notion that one should love beautiful things without desiring them, it seems to me to lie perilously near a sort of pseudo-Platonism, which, wherever it recurs, is the enemy of life itself. As I write, my eye falls upon a Japanese sword-guard. I have seen it a thousand times, but I never fail to feel the same thrill. Out of the disk of blued steel the artisan has worked the soaring form of a bird with upraised wings. It is indicated in skeleton fashion by bars extraordinarily energetic, yet suavely modulated. There must have been feeling and intelligence in every touch of the chisel and file that wrought it. Could that same object seen occasionally in a museum showcase afford me any comparable pleasure? Is not the education of the eye, like the education of the sentiments, dependent upon stable associations that can be many times repeated? Shall I seem merely covetous because I crave besides the casual and adventurous contact with beauty in the world, a gratification which is sure and ever waiting for me? But let me cite rather a certain collector and man of great affairs, who perforce spends his days in adjusting business interests that extend from the arctic snows to the tropics. His evenings belong generally to his friends, for he possesses in a rare degree the art of companionship. The small hours are his own, and frequently he spends them in painting beautiful copies of his Japanese potteries. It is his homage to the artisans who contrived those strange forms and imagined those gorgeous glazes. In the end he will have a catalogue illustrated from his own designs. Meanwhile, he knows his potteries as the shepherd knows his flock. What casuist will find the heart to deny him so innocent a pleasure? And he merely represents in a very high degree the sort of priestliness that the true collector feels towards his temporary possessions.

And this sense of the high, nay, supreme value of beautiful things, has its evident uses. That the beauty of art has not largely perished from the earth is due chiefly to the collector. He interposes his sensitiveness between the insensibility of the average man and the always exiled thing of beauty. If we have in a fractional measure the art treasures of the past, it has been because the collector has given them asylum. Museums, all manner of overt public activities, derive ultimately from

his initiative. It is he who asserts the continuity of art and illustrates its dignity. The stewardship of art is manifold, but no one has a clearer right to that honorable title. "Private vices, public virtues," I hear a cynical reader murmur. So be it. I am ready to stand with the latitudinarian Mandeville. The view makes for charity. I only plead that he who covets his neighbor's tea-jar—I assume a desirable one, say, in old brown Kioto—shall be judged less harshly than he who covets his neighbor's ox.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

We have been somewhat remiss in noticing the successive numbers of the *Burlington Magazine* as they appeared, and must now dispose of three numbers at once: those of the quarter from February 15 to April 15 inclusive. Taking them thus together, one is even more impressed by their purely technical and antiquarian interest than when they appeared. They are almost entirely devoted to delicate points of connoisseurship and the exploration of by-ways of art history and criticism. They not only deal little with contemporary or modern art, but rarely with the great masters, containing only three short articles on "The Early Development of Correggio," the discovery of a so-called Leonardo at Milan, and a possible copy after Giorgione, respectively. For modern art there is an account of some interesting portraits by the English Alfred Stevens, some notes on contemporary portraits in the recent "Fair Women" exhibition, and two articles on the late Charles Conder, whose work, as here reproduced, hardly seems to justify the enthusiasm of Mr. Ricketts. It is only fair to say that Mr. Conder is described as essentially a colorist; therefore his best qualities are probably absent from black and white translation. Art in America is represented only by Oriental pottery and fourteenth century pictures. The magazine is interesting—essential even—to collectors, directors of museums, and the like, but it seems a pity that it should not more often treat in its scholarly manner matter of wider general interest.

Finance.

A QUESTION OF "WHEAT FAMINE."

It appears to be a matter of common agreement, in the grain trade, that the present situation regarding available wheat supplies is one which has rarely arisen in our recent history. The unusual thing is the abnormal price offered and paid for wheat by millers, at localities where it can scarcely be supposed that a speculative corner, in the usual sense at any rate, exists. In its most familiar form, a wheat corner arises from the purchase, by a powerful speculator, of contracts to deliver wheat to him at a stipulated date and in a stipulated market, in quantity greater than the available supply will make possible. Now, the process of cornering the dealers who have contracted for such deliveries will naturally be facilitated to the extent that the corner manipulator gets into his own hands the actual wheat on which the contractors had relied for their deliveries. In a measure, such a condition existed in "May contracts" during Mr. Patten's recent speculations on the Chicago Board of Trade.

But there has been, from the first, one unusual circumstance in the present case. A corner such as has just been described will ordinarily have two results —first, the price of "wheat futures" on the market where the corner exists will be relatively higher than in the country at large, and, secondly, the movement of actual wheat will be in the direction of that market. Now, neither of these exists to-day. Last week's market closed, for instance, with wheat for May delivery selling at $1.27¾ per bushel on the Chicago Board of Trade. This, it is true, was 22 cents a bushel above the price of a year ago. But the actual cash price for wheat on the New York market last Saturday was $1.44, or 33½ cents higher than a year ago. Not only so, but in the heart of the wheat country itself, millers have been paying such prices as $1.40 and $1.50 per bushel, purely for wheat to grind. Chicago dispatches tell us that wheat which was sold from Kansas City to Chicago two weeks ago, has since been resold and re-shipped to Kansas City at an advance of 10 cents or more. Within the present month, a fairly large amount of wheat, stored in New York, was actually sent by steamer to Galveston and thence forwarded by rail to markets in the wheat belt. Whatever may be said of Mr. Patten's recent exploit—and operations to force up the price are certainly no more respectable because there are signs of genuine scarcity—it should be plain that a peculiar and striking situation has arisen in the grain trade at large.

It need not be inferred, from the conditions thus shown to exist in the markets, that we are confronted by anything like exhaustion of wheat supplies. When the trade talks of the farm supply of wheat in Kansas or Nebraska being "used up," the expression is relative. The Agricultural Department's first March estimate of 143,000,000 bushels left on the country's farms from the crop of 1908, is disputed by the trade. The best-known private expert estimated 125,000,000; trade calculations ran as low as 100,000,000. But even if the lowest estimate were accepted, deliveries at market since March 1 have hardly reached 25,000,000 bushels; so that deliveries at the same rate, between now and the July harvest time, would still leave sufficient margin. The stock of wheat in granary in this country is actually some 7,000,000 bushels larger than it was a year ago, although 30,000,000 bushels less than in May, 1907. Europe is worse off for supplies on hand than we are; its storehouses now hold 21,000,000 bushels less than a year ago, and 34,000,000 less than two years ago. But between now and the harvest, it has the Argentine exports to count on—which, though somewhat disappointing in quantity, will probably serve the purpose—or, at a pinch, it may reckon on the habitual makeshift of European consumers, the substitution of rye for wheat flour.

In brief, then, the real problem is not the feeding of the bread-consuming world this season, but to what extent the harvests of 1909 will rectify matters. The world's "visible supply" in the spring-time has been lower on other occasions than it is to-day; in May, 1898, for instance, it got down to 111,223,000 bushels, as against 118,800,000 estimated this month; but an increase of 600,000,000 bushels, or 27 per cent., in the world's yield of wheat that summer—a result largely brought about by the actual needs of consuming markets and by the high price offered in the preceding season—very quickly restored supplies to normal. The tendency, this year, will be the same; the doubtful question necessarily remains whether home and foreign weather will favor the wheat-grower as it did eleven years ago.

The season did not begin altogether favorably, this year; crops even now are not so far advanced as they should be, here or abroad, and this is perhaps the real explanation of the extraordinarily high prices asked for wheat, even on the farms. It must not be forgotten that a speculative period, such as the present time unquestionably is, finds expression not only in high bids by professional speculators for merchandise which they do not own, but in the holding-back of their merchandise for still higher prices by producers who actually possess it. Yet other seasons have started out with as indifferent promise as has 1909, and ended brilliantly. The next month or two will settle the question. Until then, it would be premature to discuss the results of another deficient harvest, coming on the present singular position of supplies. That it would be a calamity, no one is likely to deny; fortunately, it is a far less probable calamity, with the world-wide extension of area under wheat culture during the decade past, than it has been at any previous time.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Gardner W. Our Naval War with France. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Bateson, W. Mendel's Principles of Heredity. Putnams. $3.50 net.

Bindloss, Harold. Thrice Armed. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Cain, Georges. Walks in Paris. Translated by Alfred Allinson. Macmillan. $2 net.

Canning, George, and His Friends: Containing Hitherto Unpublished Letters, Jeux d'Esprit, etc. Edited by Capt. Josceline Bagot. 2 vols. Dutton. $9 net.

Chittenden, "Larry." Bermuda Verses. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Clark, Francis E., and Clark, Harriet A. The Gospel in Latin Lands. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Courtney, W. L. The Literary Man's Bible: A Selection of Passages from the Old Testament. Thomas Y. Crowell. $1.25 net.
Crampton, C. Ward. The Folk Dance Book: For Elementary Schools, Class Room, Playground, and Gymnasium. A. S. Barnes. $1.50.
Curtis, William Eleroy. One Irish Summer. Duffield. $3.50 net.
Day, Sarah J. Fresh Fields and Legends Old and New. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Department of Education of the City of New York. Ninth Annual Report.
De Quincey's Literary Criticism. Edited by H. Darbishire. Henry Frowde.
Desnoyers, Louis. Les Mésaventures de Jean-Paul Choppart. Edited by C. Fontaine. Boston: D. C. Heath, 40 cts.
Devine, Edward T. Misery and Its Causes. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Eaton, D. Cady. A Handbook of Modern French Painting. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Edicts of Asoka. Edited in English, with an Introductory and Commentary, by Vincent A. Smith. Henry Frowde.
Elementary Reader of French History. Edited by Freeman M. Josselyn and L. Raymond Talbot. Ginn & Co. 30 cents.
Esenwein, J. Berg. Writing the Short Story: A Practical Handbook. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge. $1.
Finot, Jean. The Philosophy of Long Life. Translated by Harry Roberts. John Lane Co. $2.50 net.
Fogazzaro's Pereat Rochus and Un' Idea di Ermes Torranza. Edited by Alfonso de Salvio. Boston: D. C. Heath. 40 cts.
Gibson's Manual, 1909. Gibson Publishing Co. $5.
Gibson, Thomas. Library of Speculation and Investment; Market Letters for 1907; Weekly Letters for 1908, Vols. I and II; Special Market Letters (and Charts); The Increasing Gold Supply; Pitfalls of Speculation; Cycles of Speculation. Gibson Publishing Co.
Glasgow, Ellen. The Romance of a Plain Man. Macmillan. $1.50.
Hapgood, Hutchins. An Anarchist Woman. Duffield & Co. $1.25.
Hastings, G. W. A Vindication of Warren Hastings. Henry Frowde.
Hazard, Daniel L. Observations Made at the Coast and Geodetic Survey Magnetic Observatory at Sitka, Alaska, 1902-1904. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Henry, O. Roads of Destiny. Doubleday, Page.
Hough, B. Olney. Elementary Lessons in Exporting. Johnston Export Publishing Co.
Imperial Gazetteer of India. Vols. XXV and XXVI. Henry Frowde.
Jervey, Theodore D. Robert Y. Hayne and His Times. Macmillan. $3 net.
Johnston, J. Wastage of Child Life, as Exemplified by Conditions in Lancashire. London: A. C. Fifield.
Kipling Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. Edited by Mary E. Burt and W. T. Chapin. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Lees, Frederic. A Summer in Touraine. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. $2.75 net.
Legge, Ronald. The Hawk: A Story of Aerial War. John McBride Co.
Lovell, Lucile. The Voices of the Trees. Published by the author.
Marden, Orison Swett. Not the Salary But the Opportunity. Thomas Y. Crowell. 10 cents net.
Marlowe, Christopher. The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus. Sturgis & Walton Co. 45 cts.
Meeting, 1908. Baltimore: Waverly Press.
Metour, Eugene Paul. In the Wake of the Green Banner. Scribner. $1.50.
Mighels, Mrs. Philip Verrill. The Full Glory of Diantha. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.50.
Nims, Harry D. The Law of Unfair Business Competition. Baker, Voorhis & Co.
Noyes, Alexander Dana. Forty Years of American Finance. Putnam. $1.50 net.
O'Neill. Rose. The Lady in the White Veil. Harper. $1.50.
Palmer, George Herbert. Self-Cultivation in English. Thomas Y. Crowell. 10 cents net.
Peck, Harry Thurston. Studies in Several Literatures. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Proceedings of the Second Annual Playground Congress, 1908. Playground Association of America.
Reeves, Alfred G. A Treatise on the Law of Real Estate. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown.
Robertson, Harriette Gunn. Mary of Magdala. A Tale of the First Century. Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.50.
Sedgwick, Arthur George. Elements of the Law of Damages: A Handbook for the Use of Students and Practitioners. Boston: Little, Brown.
Spinoza's Short Treatise on God, Man, and Human Welfare. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Steiner, Edwin A. Tolstoy: The Man and His Message. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Stevenson, Burton E. The Quest for the Rose of Sharon. Boston: L. C. Page. $1.25.
Travis, Walter J. Practical Golf. Harper. $2 net.
Warner, Anne. In a Mysterious Way. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Warren, Charles. History of the Harvard Law School and of Early Legal Conditions in America. 3 vols. Lewis Publishing Co.
Waylen, Hector. Mountain Pathways: A Study in the Ethics of the Sermon on the Mount. London: Sherratt & Hughes.
Webb, Mrs. Sidney, and others. Socialism and National Minimum. London: A. C. Fifield.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. Set in Silver. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Woodman, Albert S. A Treatise on the Law of Trustees in Bankruptcy. Boston: Little, Brown.
Wright, Horace Winslow. Birds of the Boston Public Garden: A Study in Migration. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Yorke, Curtis. Mollie Deverill. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1909.

The Week.

That eighteen Democratic Senators should have voted with Aldrich last Thursday to take iron ore from the free list, and tax it 25 cents a ton, goes far towards answering the question why there is no Democratic party. With brains and principles both out of it, why should it pretend to be alive any longer? Free iron ore was one of the cardinal features of the Wilson bill, as it passed the House in 1894. Two proposals were made, while the schedule was under debate in the House, to put a duty on iron ore, but both were rejected, one by a vote of 136 to 65, the other by 109 to 52. The duty was put back by the Senate, in 1894 as last week; but this was one of the things which President Cleveland had in mind when he denounced the Senate changes as a work of "perfidy and dishonor." Free raw materials in general, and free iron ore in particular, have been the battle-cry of Democrats for years; but when a bill comes up from a Republican House making iron ore free, over half the Democratic Senators join hands with hidebound Republican protectionists to put back the duty. It is not simply a question of iron ore: the whole iron and steel schedule will be affected by the decision to tax the raw material. The pretence of its being a revenue duty is too pitiful. The entire estimated revenue on iron ore, leaving out the Cuban product which comes in under the reciprocity treaty, is $127,000! That is a pretty thin salve for the conscience of the recreant Democratic Senators. They might better have frankly said that they voted at the demand of powerful protected interests in their States. After this, all their talk about wishing to remove tariff burdens and about hating monopolies, will only show how fond they are of being laughed at. The force of self-stultification cannot easily go further.

I cannot allow myself or the departments under me to be made the means of the promotion of the political fortunes of one faction or the other in a State as important as Kansas.

With these words, Mr. Taft has rebuked Gov. Stubbs of Kansas for trying to induce the President inadvertently to favor him and his partisans in an appointment under the Department of Justice. There is no roaring in his letter; no violent denunciation, no use of the shorter and uglier word, but merely a quiet explanation that Mr. Taft is a catspaw for nobody, and that he is building no political machine for himself or any one else. The offence was that Gov. Stubbs had heralded in Kansas Mr. Taft's assent to the appointment of Robert Stone of Topeka as a great victory for himself. He had caught Senator Curtis and Congressman Anthony napping, and carried off a big political plum without their knowledge. Mr. Taft, on discovering this, promptly directed the revoking of Mr. Stone's appointment until the wishes of the Kansas delegation could be ascertained. Mr. Stone's fate rests now with the Kansas Senators and Congressmen, and Gov. Stubbs, who is believed to be a candidate for Senator Curtis's seat, will be careful hereafter not to boast when he turns a successful political trick.

The Tennessee jury which fined some convicted night-riders $500 each and sent them to jail for ten days does not merit all the harsh names that are being applied to it. Critics forget that it first found the defendants guilty under the Ku Klux act, thus forcing the judge to pronounce the death sentence, and that the judge, loath to accept this extremity, ordered another decision. The incident seems to confirm what has often been alleged, namely, that public sentiment would long ago have broken up the night-riding epidemic in Tennessee and Kentucky, if the authorities had not failed in the courage of duty. These twelve jurors of Waverly did as any other honest men would have done, to whom it was proved that the defendants broke into a citizen's house and lashed him nearly to death because he spoke out against night-riders. It was the judge that followed the less illustrious example of the politicians. Backed up by an unequivocal law and by an equally clear verdict, he waived his opportunity to establish a precedent which would ring from the mountains to the Mississippi. Instead, he threatens to patrol Humphreys County with a regiment—and lets the offenders go with a chicken-thief's punishment. Apparently, reform must begin at the top.

It is certainly not pleasant to have the American copyright law described in the German Reichstag as a "crazy pot-pourri of modern ideas and peanut protectionism," but it is still less pleasant to be forced to admit that the description is true. Even with the improvements made by our last codification of copyright laws, our legislation on the whole subject of international protection of literary and artistic property remains backward and benighted. We have been unwilling to go to the root of the matter. Under the Berne Convention, to which nearly all civilized nations except our own adhere, the rights of the foreign author or artist are put absolutely on a par with those of the native. But the United States will not agree to this. By our "manufacture clause" and other complexities and absurdities, we keep ourselves outside of the comity of enlightened countries. The German Deputy who spoke the other day of our copyright injustices, expressed the hope that Americans would soon be driven by very shame into acceding to the Berne Convention. But he does not know how a protectionist Congress may go on for years naked and unashamed.

That the law, properly enforced, can do much to discourage vicious journalism, is shown in a recent editorial in *Bench and Bar*. Commenting upon the publication of letters left by an Albany suicide, a jurist declares that this is undoubtedly a violation of "literary property":

> The right of first publication of any letters, even those having no literary merit, resides in the writer. . . . The publication by another without his consent constitutes an infringement of such right.

The act also violates the New York Penal Code, which, in the opinion of *Bench and Bar*, applies "as well to the case of letters written *by* the deceased person as by others *to* the deceased person." Presumably, this is a commonplace among attorneys, but the unfortunate layman who sees his private affairs in screeching headlines some fine

morning, knows it only as a moral precept. His ignorance it is that emboldens the scandal-monger. Were the baser journals afraid to print private correspondence without authorization, they would soon be made noticeably less offensive.

The college student has much to answer for, but there is one insinuation that he might really be spared. Why does the world go on urging him not to be conceited? This bit of advice is not only stale, but uncalled for. A distinguished State officer, speaking at the recent Cornell dinner, could not keep from shouting out that hoary slander: "My advice to the college graduate would be this: Rid yourself of any idea that a college education gives you a monopoly of knowledge and wisdom. . . . The thing for the college man to avoid is the mistake of assuming, on graduation, that things are all wrong." But, as a matter of fact, the college student who looks upon his diploma as a certificate of eligibility to a ten-thousand-dollar job, is to be found only in tradition and the comic weeklies. The average undergraduate does not know much, but we must do him the credit of acknowledging that he is quite aware of the fact. Like Peggotty, Noddy Boffin, and Joe Gargery, he will readily admit that wisdom, learning, special ability, and anything else that comes out of books, are not in his line. Every alumnus who, out of a fortune made in soap, gives alma mater a new hall of sciences takes care to impress on the college graduate his striking inferiority to the average office-boy. And as for finding fault with established things, would that more college graduates did. The readiness with which men will step from the tradition of alma mater to the tradition of the broker's office is often very disheartening.

Dr. E. H. Nichols, himself a former Harvard athlete and medical adviser of several Cambridge football teams, in a recent address before the Harvard Medical School took strong ground against the coaching of college teams. The present system he described as "an outgrowth of the need, not of avoiding physical injury, but of the necessity of winning." Dr. Nichols is opposed both to the professional and to the graduate coaches. He admits that the games would not be so good if the students were left to themselves, but asks: "What of it? The attraction of the game lies in the fact that we are all partisans." The best remedy for coaching evils would be to cut down the number of games with competing colleges, and to abolish the gate-money which makes possible high-priced coaches and the other extravagances of which Dr. Nichols complains. Nothing would so quickly decrease the great publicity and notoriety given to successful athletes, which also grieves Dr. Nichols, as to do away with the offensive hippodrome features of the inter-university contests. When undergraduates can make $40,000 or $50,000 by a single game, it is but natural that they should waste it upon "rubbers," trainers, coaches, medical attendance, automobiles, lavish supplies of clothes, etc. The cost of living during the training season, the teams expect to receive free of cost. Suppose Harvard were to limit her football schedules to three inter-university contests; the artificial public interest in the team would rapidly decrease. If then, as is the case in games between Oxford and Cambridge, the spectators should have to stand, the Boston newspapers would not find it worth their while to give pages to accounts of the game, and the sport would begin to sink to its proper place in the life of the university. The difficulty with this is the existence of the costly stadia and grandstands. But Dr. Nichols's unrest is another sign that university public opinion is rapidly coming to the point where it will insist upon the use of the surgeon's knife upon these extraneous athletic growths. The sooner this is done, the better for education.

Professor Sumner's conjecture, in the *Forum*, that the civilized world may some day drift back to demonism, is depressing. But a belief in witchcraft is trifling compared with the possibilities that the faith-cure craze recently revealed in Wisconsin. A bill was introduced before the Legislature providing that, in connection with elementary hygiene, public-school pupils be taught how to avoid contagion and the commoner ailments. Thereupon protests began to pour in from all sorts of radical mind-healers; it would be sinful, they cried, to give children the impression that disease was real. Wisconsin papers say that this was the message in hundreds of letters and in long petitions. The Assembly Committee on Public Health, in spite of its three physician members, was over-awed at the first hearing on the measure, and killed it. If superstition is the match of medical science in shaping the educational policy of public schools, then we might as well revert to voodooism. Voodooism at least believes in tuberculosis, and seeks a material remedy. It might even incorporate the correct treatment, too, with its rites.

The South has sustained a grievous loss in the death of Bishop Galloway of Mississippi. Not merely an earnest preacher and a platform speaker of unusual eloquence, he was a man of the highest moral courage and of enlightened convictions. As a writer and a church leader, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the cause of Southern education. One of the first to lend his support to what has been known as the Ogden movement, he by no means limited his sympathy to the interests of one race. At Tuskegee and elsewhere he openly proclaimed his belief in the education of the negro. "Not in statutes or constitutions," he once declared —"not in legislation, State or national— but in the schoolhouses of the country, is the great problem of American citizenship to find its final solution. And in the face of no American child should the door be shut, and from no little hands should the spelling-book be ruthlessly wrested." The gospel of kindliness and confidence between the races had no more earnest advocate than Bishop Galloway, and he lived up to the doctrines he preached. Both races, not merely in Mississippi, but in the South, have therefore cause to mourn his death as that of a genuine leader of the people, and one of those earnest personalities who more than anything else maintain the power of the church.

While the Wright brothers are being toasted for their conquest of the air, somebody ought to take notice of their victory over a much lighter element, namely, the atmosphere of sensationalism and self-advertising in which our generation moves. Nothing in their achievements is more conspicuous than their steadfast desire to be inconspic-

uous. They have never confided to any Sunday supplement that their aeroplanes would soar to the moon. Press-agents were never invited to their experiments, but had to beg for admission like any small boy at a baseball game; and they usually begged in vain. Some said the inventors were only guarding against theft of their ideas; but their indifference toward the wholesale adulation that kings and scientists have poured over them spoils that theory. If their experience aloft with fickle winds has taught them to shun the more treacherous gusts of cheap publicity, then may Heaven speed the day of aeroplanes.

The formal protest of financial London against Mr. Lloyd-George's budget has been described as an "historic event," and, judged by the apparent unanimity of the adverse judgment, is probably a "wholly unprecedented action." It is difficult, however, to pass judgment upon this protest without recalling another expression of financial opinion, filed with the British Ministry as a result of a responsible meeting in "the City" some weeks ago, for the immediate construction, not of four Dreadnoughts as had been contemplated, but of eight. Now, a Dreadnought is an expensive luxury. The estimated cost of one of them is $10,000,000; four of them would very nearly equal the total appropriation for old-age pensions as defined by the Ministry for the coming year. The meeting at the Guildhall did not instruct the Ministry as to how or whence the extra $40,000,000 was to be procured. A "naval loan" was faintly suggested, but the idea was promptly vetoed by serious financiers, who were well aware that the present low price of British government bonds is a dead-weight on investment markets, and who were under no illusions as to what would be the upshot of cheerfully embracing the plan of building extravagant armaments on credit. But if "the City" did not solve the problem of raising money for a doubled outlay on armament, the Chancellor of the Exchequer did. His response in substance was: You people of financial London insist on new Dreadnoughts. Very well, you shall have them; but you shall also pay for them. We do not pretend to say that Mr. Lloyd-George's piling of three-fourths of the new taxation upon incomes, legacies, and the Stock Exchange is an equitable distribution of a national burden for the general national welfare; but the facts of the matter certainly do lend a good deal less impressiveness to last week's protest of the bankers. For "the City" to get frightened over mysterious stories of Germany's enormous naval construction plans, to pass resolutions demanding extraordinary increase in Great Britain's naval outlay, and then to complain because the bill is so high, is a course somewhat wanting in dignity.

From France, it is at present reported that the separation of church and state has so far brought little benefit to the nation. There is a visible decline in the moral tone of the people, an increase of crime, and a growing public restlessness which may prove dangerous to the state. Even the financial results of the campaign against the church are said to be disappointing. We take it that such reports are strongly partisan. Three years are scarcely enough to test a serious change in the moral condition of an entire people. On the other hand, the last three years have shown many an added reason in explanation of the French anti-clerical temper. Profess as it may that it is no enemy of the republic, the church in France seemingly lets no opportunity pass to show that an enemy it is. Last Sunday's royalist banquet at Paris is an instance. Why was the feast in honor of the beatification of Joan of Arc made the occasion for shouting "Vive le roi!" and "A bas la république!"? After this, what chance is there for the moderate churchmen who, here and there, would be working for a reconciliation with the government? The royalist cause in France as a direct issue is dead, but it has vitality enough to make the lot of the French Catholics a hard one in these days of Radical ascendency, which the royalists are doing their best to perpetuate.

There was never any doubt that M. Clemenceau would get his vote of approval from the Chamber whenever he wanted it. He manœuvred skilfully to make that vote as imposing as possible, and succeeded. Had the question of confidence been put a few days earlier, when the postal strike was only a threat, personal motive might have asserted itself above principle. Clemenceau's enemies and rivals would have lined up against him, and his margin of victory might have been narrow. With the strike actually under way, the Deputies dared not refuse the government their support on what had become a matter of vital public concern. Not even the most ambitious of Ministerial candidates would venture to overthrow a Ministry on an issue that would mean his own speedy ruin in turn. If the Clemenceau Cabinet had gone down before the strikers, what government could subsequently hope to maintain its authority? On the general vote of confidence last Thursday, the Chamber gave Clemenceau a majority of 206; on the motion repudiating the right to strike for public servants, the majority was 385. If the Chamber will now proceed to redeem its promise to settle definitely the legal status of government employees, the present crisis will quickly cease to be threatening.

The resignation of Dr. Paasche, the National Liberal leader, and chairman of the Tax Committee of the Reichstag, looks ominous for Von Bülow's *bloc*. A vice-president of the Reichstag, and long one of its most influential members, Dr. Paasche resigned because, on a point of procedure, his adherents were voted down by a combination of Conservatives and members of the Centre. As the latter party has been the especial enemy of the *bloc*, the action of the Conservatives is regarded as rank treason and as notice that they will no longer abide by the Bülow arrangement. The Central Committee of the National Liberal party, which is to decide the course of that party in Berlin to-day, is bound to be the more angry because Dr. Paasche has been succeeded as chairman of the all-important Tax Committee by a member of the Centre. Radicals and Liberals, it is expected, will unite in informing the Chancellor that they will no longer coöperate with him if the Centre is to have anything to do with the financial proposals hereafter. Von Bülow thus faces the severest test of his career. He must either return to the old coalition of Conservatives and Clericals, and swallow the brave words uttered when he broke with the latter, or decide that discretion is the better part of valor and insist on the acceptance of his resignation.

THE PEOPLE LOSING A WEAPON.

We have already reached the period of tariff recrimination. The two political parties are charging each other with tne responsibility for making the Aldrich bill so bad. "You are not keeping your pledges," assert the Democrats, "to make an honest revision of the tariff downwards." "But you were pledged to that more stiffly than we were," retort the Republicans, "yet here you are voting for a duty on iron ore, and for every other tariff tax that you are interested in locally." This twitting on the record passes easily into predictions about the political consequences. Gov. Johnson of Minnesota declares that, if the party in power does not keep faith with the people, in the matter of tariff revision, "the Middle West is lost to the Republicans four [meaning three] years hence." On the other hand, an old Republican leader in Congress affirms: "A Democrat who denounces the tariff law in the next campaign will be in a sorry plight. When a Democrat tells you that he is for a tariff for revenue only, he means that he wants protection for the State or district which he represents." Behind all this stands the figure of Bryan. He is writing letters to his friends in Washington to say that the failure of the Republicans to revise the tariff honestly means a Democratic House in 1910 and a Democratic President in 1912. But even if that result seemed written in the book of destiny, Bryan as a candidate would be able to undo all.

The trouble goes deep. It is not a mere question of a particular issue, like the tariff or any given election, but of tne whole theory and operation of government by party. We have always been taught, and the whole experiment goes upon this basis, that when one party in office becomes unresponsive to the popular will, or visibly corrupt, the thing to do is to turn it out and put in the other. That was the normal process, as President Taft himself has described it, when the Democrats under Grover Cleveland ousted the Republicans in 1884. The latter had been too long and too unchecked in power, and the country turned from their inefficiencies and vices to the Opposition party. But that remedy for political ills, that weapon in the hands of the people, we seem to have been losing in recent years. It is not only that the Democratic party has been in the hands of a leader with an unequalled capacity for repelling support, and a perfect genius for disaster. That might in time be outlived; but when we see the practice of the two parties, no matter what their professions, very much alike, and are deprived of the power to get done by one what the other refuses to do, we cannot help feeling that both the present fact and the future outlook are disquieting. Government by party, we suddenly seem to be finding a broken reed.

Consider how the matter stands in the State of New York. A really efficient and public-spirited Opposition party at Albany this past winter could have taken advantage of the rupture between the Governor and the machine-politicians of his own party, not only to do something worth while in the way of legislation, but to place itself in a fine strategic position for the next State campaign. But what was actually done by the Democratic leaders in the Legislature? Why, they entered into secret agreements with the worst of the Republicans, and made themselves part and parcel of the thing to be reprobated. The alliance of Raines and Grady could not have been more certain if it had been signed and sealed in a formal document. They were hand in glove throughout the session; and in the closing days it was hard to tell which was the leader of the Senate, rushing through bad bills and defeating good ones, Raines or Grady. So when the time comes to bring all these matters under debate in a political campaign, the result is sure to be great uncertainty and confusion, because we have not a clear alternative of parties before us. Just as on the tariff issue in national politics, the Democrats have so unblushingly abandoned their platform and their avowed convictions as to disable themselves from appealing against Republican faithlessness, so in New York the Democratic management has shown itself adept in the very evils it denounces. Where shall the citizen turn who has been brought up to believe that if the people cannot have their will through one party, they can through the other?

Whatever the reply to that question, one notice should be publicly served. It is that a party in power cannot depend indefinitely upon immunity, no matter what its sins, so long as it can say, and prove, that the party out of office is just as bad as itself. Angry electors will not forever stand uncertain. They will make a choice, even if it prove to be mistaken. The desire to punish a recreant party is often so powerful that voters will not be too fastidious about the means they employ to do it. Republicans drunk with power have had their disagreeable awakening before now, and may easily have it again if they allow themselves to be dragged after Aldrich's high-tariff chariot. President Taft, in endeavoring to hold his party honorably to its pledges, is not simply working at the task in hand of revising the tariff, but is doing something to make government by party respectable and feasible.

FALLING IN LOVE WITH TAXES.

A German professor of economics has hit upon a discovery which had never swum into the ken of finance ministers or legislators—that taxes should be loved, not hated. This University man, Prof. Adolf Wagner, recently addressed a public meeting at Cologne, and sang the praises of fresh taxation. The efforts of the government to impose new levies upon the people ought not to be denounced, but hailed with joy. They were a sign of expanding national wealth. Instead of being regarded as burdens, heavier taxes should be thought of as mere bagatelles for a rich people. Professor Wagner had heard a lady in a railway carriage say that her new hat had cost "only $150." There ought to be the same disdainful tone about high taxes. "I have paid to the government only 12 per cent. of all my income." "I have given up to the tax collectors only one-half of my revenue from real estate." If we come really to love being taxed, we should be much happier ourselves, and only think how happy we should make our rulers!

Professor Wagner evidently sees no necessary truth in the old maxim of statesmanship, cited by Burke, that it is impossible to tax and to please. If taxation is made a form of flattery, the result may be different. Let a Finance Minister preface his schemes for new imposts by saying that his people, as the richest and most patriotic and good-natured people on earth, will pay up, not only without a murmur, but

with expressions of pleasure and gratitude. This is certainly a new point of view for the tithing-man. Instead of approaching the taxables with sour and vinegar aspect, he ought to come along in jolly fashion, like one doing a favor. In this view of the matter, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, when introducing his recent budget, made a great mistake in speaking as if his function were to give offence, instead of to waken thankfulness:

> Up to the present we have been considering the naval problem from the point of view of merely spending money. I shall now have to invite hon. members and the country to consider it from the equally essential but less agreeable standpoint of paying for it. Spending is pleasant, paying is irksome; spending is noble, paying is sordid. And it is on me falls the making of arrangements for the less attractive part of the naval programme.

This is far from the glad tone of Professor Wagner, or from the note struck by our cheerful taxers at Washington. Their description of the proposed protective taxes quite overcrows the attempt of the German professor to make the paying of taxes a joy. For if our Senators may be believed, the tariff they have in mind is like the combined blessings of nature—like dew and sun and fructifying showers to make fertile the land which, but for protective taxes, would be a sand heap. Are we, then, such curmudgeons that we shall resent giving up a little of our easily earned money—all money is earned easily under the protective system—in order to make gladness for thousands? Why, Senator Scott and Senator Oliver can demonstrate that, if you only consent to pay a few cents more for glass, you will fill the shop with the busy hum of industry, while reducing the bonds of its Senatorial owners to less than 10 cents on the dollar. And Senator Aldrich can make plain to the meanest understanding that slightly higher taxes on woollen clothing will make it really cheaper—or would, but for the rascally jobbers—while keeping still more thousands of American workingmen steadily employed, and still further impoverishing the proprietors of the mills. This way of presenting the attractions of taxation has never, we are certain, been dreamed of in the philosophy of Professor Wagner. Were he privileged to attend one day's Senate debate on the tariff, he could not fail to conclude that taxes were a matter of hilarity.

We greatly fear, however, that the jocular view of taxes will have all the fun knocked out of it before it wins a way to acceptance. Stupid people will go on seeing the facts of taxation very much as Adam Smith set them forth. They will not fall in love with the swarm of officers, "whose salaries may eat up the greater part of the produce of the tax"; and will obstinately refuse to regard taxes as anything but a form of "trouble, vexation, and oppression.' It begins to appear that even in Washington the idea of taxes as an evil—necessary, but an evil—is getting the upper hand. Senators, who at first thought the country could be made consciously happy by over-taxation, are beginning to discover that high taxes are one of those blessings that brighten as they take their flight. Hence the outlook for a real reduction of the tariff is better than it has been. Despite Professor Wagner, it is difficult to make people fall in love with taxes by adding to them. As Speaker Reed said when it was proposed to enlarge the national territory by annexation: "There is more already than I can really love."

SEEING THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

One of the advantages resulting from the exhibitions held in ambitious Pacific Coast cities—the latest being the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition at Seattle, which begins on the first of June—is that the wondrous sights, combined with reductions in railway fares, tempt thousands to cross the Rocky Mountains for the first time to see whether there is any basis for the cry: "Why go to Europe?" Has not our country scenic features grander even than those that are to be seen on the other side of the Atlantic? Should we not, before going abroad the fifth or tenth time, see something of our native land, so that we can tell inquisitive foreigners about it and aid Karl Baedeker in his efforts to divert part of the European tourist stream to our own shores?

When the first transcontinental railway was planned, nearly everybody doubted the possibility of its financial success. To-day, there are eight of these lines, with another fast nearing completion, and all will be kept busy this summer with the tourist traffic. The question regarding the most advisable route is easy to answer. On the whole, it is best, at least during May and June, to go by one of the Southern lines, returning by one of the Northern. The Southern Pacific presents advantages to those who may contemplate a side-trip to Mexico. The Santa Fé route affords opportunity to visit the Navajo and Moki Indian reservations and the petrified forest; but the lion of this line is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, in Arizona, now reached conveniently by the branch railway from Williams. This stupendous chasm (which is often confused with the Grand Cañon in Colorado, along the Denver and Rio Grande—a wonderful sight, too) is absolutely unique; Europe has nothing even remotely resembling it. Unique, too, is The Yosemite Valley, with its waterfalls descending from dizzy heights, its precipices, its domes and half-domes, its mirror lake, its red snow plants, and a hundred other astonishing spectacles, some of which, as John Muir has remarked, are so strange that they surprise even Indians, horses, and dogs. But before seeing the Yosemite, the tourist who goes by either of the lines named will, of course, spend some days in Los Angeles; he will have a chance to see the olive and orange groves and bathe in the Pacific; to enjoy, at Catalina Island, what Frederick G. Aflalo, editor of the Anglers' Library and England's leading authority on the subject, calls "the finest sea-fishing in the world"; to spend a day and night on top of Mt. Wilson, and after enjoying the varied views which have given this peak the name of the magic mountain, gaze at the stars, in the observatory of the Carnegie Institution, through the largest lens ever made.

On the way to San Francisco, should the visitor prefer combined views of ocean and mountains to the Yosemite, he can take the new coast line, which affords an opportunity to visit some of the old Spanish mission houses, and, at Monterey, to enjoy a cactus collection, equal to any wild desert garden of Arizona or Mexico. The new San Francisco is worth seeing; in the words of President Wheeler of the University of California, it is "immeasurably finer from an architectural point of view, and immeasurably more solid and useful from the business point of view, than the old"; and in two more years—five after the disaster—there will be no

other external trace of the old city left than the improvement on every hand.

Tahoe, loveliest of mountain lakes, makes one of many fine excursions from San Francisco, unless the tourist goes by the Union Pacific and takes it in, with Salt Lake City, on the way. Going north, the snowy summit of Mt. Shasta fascinates the eyes for five hours while the train, on the way to Portland, encircles it. Crater Lake, one of the unique wonders of Oregon, can this summer, for the first time, be reached conveniently by rail from Weed to Klamath Falls, thence by boat and stage. Mount Hood is easily ascended, and half-way up is Cloud Cap Inn, where one can stay and study the stupendous glaciers of "our noblest volcano," as A. H. Sylvester of the United States Geological Survey has called it.

From Portland, Seattle is reached via Tacoma in a few hours, with the grandest of snow mountains always in sight, including that "mountain of mountains," Tacoma—or Rainier, as it is now (but should not be) called—the climax of the California-Oregon series of snow peaks. These snow-clad volcanoes derive their grandeur from the fact that they are seen at sea-level, full height, whereas the Swiss peaks are shortened by the five or six thousand feet of elevation, whence they are usually seen. The Seattle exhibition-grounds will owe much of their attractiveness to Oriental, Alaskan, and Indian features After his visit to them, the tourist is ready to return. He may choose the Northern or Union Pacific, and see the Yellowstone Park, with its waterfalls, cañons, and geysers, unlike anything to be seen in Europe; or he may take the Great Northern, stopping off at the Flathead Reserve to see Lakes MacDonald and Ava'anche. "Give a month at least to this precious reserve," is the advice of John Muir; and a month is not too much for the Yellowstone. If more snow-mountain scenery is desired, the Canadian Pacific is the road to take, by all means. On this, for nearly two days, the tourist has in view, on both sides of the train, one magnificent chain after another, till he is almost bewildered. He will then be able to understand the meaning of the confession of Whymper, the great Alpine expert, that there are in British Columbia fifty Switzerlands. Undoubtedly, we miss many of the things that make a summer in Switzerland alluring. We merely suggest that our Pacific Slope is worth seeing, too; and if the traveller has time to extend his trip to Alaska, he will find a series of fjords, framed in by snow peaks, surpassing the Norwegian in grandeur.

THE WINNING TYPE OF YACHT.

In the perpetual race between different types of boats for the favor of the yachting public, the gasolene yacht is rapidly distancing all its competitors, steam or sail. Although about as new an invention as the automobile, its number is also legion, its variety endless. Originally placed with much distrust in open launches, the explosion engine has made its way rapidly into larger and larger pleasure craft, until to-day it is a rare exception if a yacht under one hundred feet is provided with coal-using machinery. More than that, the time has already come when the gasolene motor is actually driving out of boats steam machinery long and successfully in use. For instance, it has just become known that Gen. E. A. McAlpin, the purchaser of the steam yacht Sentinel, 108 feet in length, has found it worth his while to remove her boilers and engines, and install compact gasolene motors.

The gains are obvious. The space saved by the installation of the more compact motive power permits the construction of two additional staterooms, and gives increased living room elsewhere. The new engines not only yield double the power, but weigh considerably less; to the gain in speed must be added also the benefit of a reduced engine-room crew, one gasolene engineer taking the place of steam engineer and fireman. But the owner profits in still other ways. With the hot boilers taken from the interior of the boat, goes the unpleasant odor of steam and oil. The labor, dirt, and annoyance of taking on coal and water, and discharging ashes, are avoided. The craft is ready for instantaneous service; there are no more banked fires, while getting up steam in a hurry is a thing of the past. Gasolene boats can reach their maximum speed within five minutes after the owner comes on board unexpectedly, and there is no fuel consumption except when the boat is actually under way. The saving in fuel thus made is so great as wholly to offset the lower price of steam fuel.

One has only to consider the numerous emergencies in which motive power is hastily needed to realize how valuable is this immediate mobility. Had our battleships at Santiago possessed it, the Spanish fleet would have had no chance of escape whatever, and the battle would have been fought directly off the harbor mouth. The same reason has induced the Police Department of New York to replace its steam launches with motor-boats, and it reports a considerable gain in efficiency. A steam life-boat was an impossibility; the gasolene life-boat is a marked success, for its engine can be brought into action as rapidly as the rocket-gun. Immediate mobility often means an increased margin of safety in a crowded harbor, or in a sudden and dangerous blow, and this is why many owners of sailing craft, who once swore that nothing in the world would make them resort to so unseamanlike a device, have first shamefacedly installed an auxiliary engine and then learned to brag about it.

But it is the decrease in the cost of yachts when equipped with motors that is, after all, the most important feature of this marine revolution. People who never dreamed of owning a craft in which they might comfortably voyage from New York to Bar Harbor, suddenly find themselves granted the freedom of the coasts at a comparatively small expenditure. The number of cruising motor-craft between fifty and ninety feet is astonishingly large. Never a week goes by but a new one is announced in the press or in the marine journals. Generally the owner is his own skipper and spends most of his time at the wheel watching his boat log off from twelve miles an hour upward. The newer boats are designed with greater and greater regard for seaworthiness, and ability to undertake deep-water cruising. The amount of living space on such a craft is quite extraordinary when contrasted with the old-time steamer. Thus a typical boat seventy feet in length, just launched, contains one state-room with four berths and two single state-rooms, together with a bath-room. The main saloon is placed forward, and rises several feet above the deck; it contains two sofas, readily made up into berths. In the engine room are two thirty-horsepower engines, entirely cut off from the rest of the boat by water-

tight bulkheads. On its davits, this yacht carries a small speed-launch, which is capable of eighteen knots. The boat itself has an extreme breadth of fourteen feet and draws only three and one-half feet.

From this size down to the little "one-man" cruiser, the variation is infinite; but the amount of pleasure to be obtained depends in no degree upon the size. Wherever one goes, down the Potomac, in the remote recesses of Chesapeake Bay, in Florida waters, or moving noiselessly along the northernmost coast, or the great canals, this form of agile houseboat is ever under way. Its range is astonishing. A fifty-six-foot cruiser, just built at Morris Heights, has a radius of 1,200 miles before it becomes necessary to think of renewing the fuel; and the cost of this handsome boat is but $8,000. Even the State of New York has caught the contagion and built a superb eighty-foot boat for the head of its Public Works Department, for his cruises on the canals. Every department of the Federal government is rapidly acquiring vessels of this character. Indeed, so great is the output of these yachts, many of which cost less than an expensive imported automobile, that a prominent designer recently expressed his belief in the total disappearance of sailing craft within twenty years. But this is a prophecy of pessimism. No motive power yet produced can provide the thrills and the joys or the health-tonics of the old-fashioned catboat or the more modern knockabout, to say nothing about the vigorous young seamen they turn out.

JOHN KEATS'S PORRIDGE.

William Watson has brought the charge of blood-guiltiness against the English nation because it let poverty and overwork drive John Davidson to suicide. One of the oldest problems in political economy is thus raised again. What shall we do with this poet's trade, the worst paid of all handicrafts and professions, the trade most in need of government regulation, if ever there was one? No one has ever suggested a minimum wage for poets other than that which is distributed through the poorhouse. No Legislature has passed factory laws for their protection, though as a class they are notoriously more sensitive than women, and more defenceless than children. They are allowed to work at all hours of midnight and in garrets which the anti-sweatshop law has declared unfit for the manufacture of tobacco and cheap clothing. The well-known irritable temper of the tribe makes it impossible for them to organize into unions. In an age of advanced industrial specialization, they cling to the primitive methods and standards of three thousand years ago. They persist in producing things they like, and not what the great public likes. They insist on looking forward to the future or back to the past and giving little thought to the all-important present. They will come back again and again to their ancient preoccupation, the soul of man, whereas food and drink are never to be had by looking within, but without, and all about, and pretty sharply at that.

Mr. Watson's indictment of the English people has recalled a plan once laid before the French Parliament by Alfred de Vigny, author of "Cinq-Mars" and "Chatterton." De Vigny proposed that an author who had produced a work of exceptional merit should receive a government pension for five years. At the end of the period, if his work showed improvement over his first effort, his pension should be confirmed for life. If his work showed no advance, the pension was to be withdrawn. "The scheme," we are told, "was not of a nature to appeal to practical men and it did not pass into law." Of course, the initial absurdity was that De Vigny should have laid a scheme concerning poets before a legislative assembly made up of practical men. A poet himself, De Vigny felt that the divine fire had only to manifest itself to be acknowledged; but the practical man would say: "What percentage would you allow for the moral tone of the poem, and how many poets would you apportion to every department and arrondissement?" De Vigny believed that more than one Chatterton had been sent to his grave by sheer want, but the practical man would argue that somewhere he has heard of suffering as a good thing for poets. But what makes the practical man's case invulnerable is the fact that the poet himself, as a rule, does not cry out against poverty. He has accepted it proudly as the badge and certificate of his trade.

What the poet needs is apparently not more bread and meat, since such things are to him unimportant, but a stiff upper lip. It is quite true that he is miserably paid; but so is every high service the world receives. In proportion to the value he sets upon his labors, the wages of the poet are no worse than those of the pioneer, the inventor, the philosopher, the teacher, and the prophet. Say that the world pays for work inversely as the cube of the value rendered, and you have a pretty safe approximation. We pay our millionaire more than his broker; we pay the broker more than his chauffeur; we pay the chauffeur more than the man in the coal pit; and we pay the miner more than his wife. We pay our lobbyists more than our lawyers; we pay our lawyers more than our judges; and we pay our judges more than the man who serves society by keeping out of court. We pay our college "executives" more than our professors; we pay our professors more than our scholars; we pay our scholars more than our thinkers, whom we pay mighty little at all. This law is universal. We pay the bad novelist more than the good novelist; we pay the good novelist more than the bad poet; we pay the bad poet more than the good poet; we pay the good poet more than the prophet, whose wages in his own valley are notoriously meagre and uncertain. And if we rise above the prophet to services more than human, we know very well what the world pays for that.

Poor as he is, therefore, the poet has no exceptional cause for complaint. If the necessity of earning his bread holds him tied to an office desk all day, he is not much worse off than the college professor who eats his heart out in a roomful of drones, while the *opus* of his life keeps retreating before him; not much worse off than the artist who must draw for the fashion magazines and text-books on anatomy; not much worse off than the member of a profession whose traditional fare is locusts and wild honey. Spinoza found time to build up a philosophical system while grinding his lenses, and Kant built up another system while teaching for his bread. Poets are by no means Mr. Rockefeller's sole customers for midnight oil.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

The death of the great novelist Tuesday morning, so soon after that of Swinburne, is another sign to show us how completely the Victorian generations have passed away. To those of us whose minds were formed under these masters, it is as if we were sitting in a theatre at the close of the evening, when the actors one after another have spoken their parts and made their exits, and only Mr. Hardy is left upon the stage, pronouncing his "Dynasts" as a solemn, mystical epilogue on the meaning of the play. Other times, other men. Messrs. Shaw and Wells and Chesterton, like wrangling comedians, are ready to amuse us with their antics before the last curtain falls; but we do not know who are the actors or what the plot is to be of to-morrow's play.

By date, Mr. Meredith might almost be reckoned among the mid-Victorians. His "Ordeal of Richard Feverel" came out in 1859, the year of Thackeray's "Virginians," Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," and George Eliot's "Adam Bede"; but the very setting together of these names shows how entirely in spirit he belongs to a later generation. He stands rather with Gissing and Hardy, as one of the three who took up the censure of life where the earlier three had left it. To most critics he is the greatest of the late-Victorian novelists, not so poignant as Gissing or so popular as Hardy, but greater in his relation to the age than either. Such a criticism may be right, yet what superb qualities are in the other two that Meredith wants! Gissing, in his earlier and more significant novels at least, may be utterly dark and pessimistic, yet his language has always a poise and fluent charm, beside which the sentences of Meredith seem to rasp and jar like unoiled machinery. And there is, too, in Gissing at his best, in the infinite pathos of "Thyrza," that madonna of the slums, in the bleak yet heroic misery of his "New Grub Street," in the stark horrors of poverty, not without glimpses of beautiful magnanimity, of his "Netherworld"—there is in him at his best a sense of the underlying waste of civilization which, to a strong reader, makes the characters of Meredith seem in comparison to move upon the surface of things.

And with all Hardy's lack of assured art, despite the unaccountable amateurishness of half his work, he has a wealth of emotion and imagination for which Meredith can give no equivalent. The Dianas and Claras and Vittorias of Meredith's society are subtle creatures, drawn with grave or glancing lights, but none of them reaches so deeply into human nature as Eustacia Vye of "The Return of the Native," with her "Pagan eyes, full of nocturnal mysteries." There is no inanimate scene in Meredith's world that so deceives us with the sense of possessing a deathless soul as does Egdon Heath of the same novel:

> Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through the crisis of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow. . . . To know that everything around and underneath had been from prehistoric times as unaltered as the stars overhead, gave ballast to the mind adrift on change, and harrassed by the irrepressible New. The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim.

There is no better way to bring out the qualities that distinguish these two contemporaries than to compare such sentences as these of Hardy's with the most famous of Meredith's descriptions —with the boating scene, for example, at the weir in "Richard Feverel," radiantly beautiful as that scene is, or with this brief picture from "Sandra Belloni":

> A half circle of high-banked greensward, studded with old park-trees, hung around the roar of the water; distant enough from the white-twisting fall to be mirrored on a smooth heaved surface, while its outpushing brushwood below dropped under burdens of drowned reed flags that caught the foam. Keen scent of hay, crossing the dark air, met Emilia as she entered the river-meadow. A little more, and she saw the white weir-piles shining, and the gray roller just beginning to glisten to the moon. Eastward on her left, behind a cedar, the moon had cast off a thick cloud, and shone through the cedar-bars with a yellowish hazy softness, making rosy gold of the first passion of the tide, which, writhing and straining on through many lights, grew wide upon the wonderful velvet darkness underlying the wooded banks. With the full force of a young soul that leaps from beauty seen to unimagined beauty, Emilia stood and watched the picture. Then she sat down, hushed, awaiting her lover.

What impresses the imagination in Meredith is the fulness of present life; nature, in complete sympathy with the living heroine, seems like her to leap from beauty seen to unimagined beauty; whereas in Hardy the present is but a moment in immeasurable time, and we are more moved by influences reaching out of an enormous past than by the drama acting before us. It is the contemporaneity of Meredith that forms both his strength and his limitation. A philosopher, thinking of these two contrasted minds, would be tempted to explain them by the new psychology of M. Bergson, which all the world is talking about just now—and very few are reading. Consciousness and reason, says our philosopher, are two different and hostile things. Consciousness is an unbroken chain of experience in which the past is continually taken up into the present, held in solution, so to speak, and so passed on to the future. Reason, on the contrary, which has to do only with the activities of the present, breaks up our consciousness or experience into discrete sections. It would be instructive, but a little bewildering perhaps, to follow our philosopher in his application of this theory to literary criticism. Meredith is the rationalist *par excellence* among writers of fiction; his power is in reason and analysis and point. If, then, M. Bergson is right in making reason the antithesis, even the destruction, of our deeper consciousness, the astonishing agility of his mind in comparison with Hardy's occasional dulness would go naturally with a certain shallowness and an insensibility to the deeper currents that flow beneath our bustling activities.

But it is not the Bergsonian philosophy that will make or mar the fame of Mr. Meredith, and its intrusion into our loss is almost an impertinence. Just now we are reflecting on his abundant treasures of wit and on his world of living people, and asking doubtfully who is to carry on the great tradition of letters.

IMPRESSIONS OF SWINBURNE.

London, May 5.

The death of Mr. Swinburne deprived our literature not only of our last universally acknowledged poet, but of a scholar immensely learned in the whole range of literature, classical and modern. The son of an ancient and Jacobite house in Northumberland, and an Etonian of the least athletic type, Mr. Swinburne resembled Shelley as a born aristocrat, with at least a literary passion for democracy. It is hardly conceivable that, as a poet and an Etonian in boyhood, Mr. Swinburne should not have modelled himself, more or less consciously, on Shelley.

I never heard any anecdotes of his school days, but when he came up to Balliol, he did not amuse himself by "ragging the dons" in Shelley's manner. He lived very quietly, mainly in the society of Mr. Nichol, a Scottish student, who was later professor of English literature in Glasgow. He did not, like Calverley, leave a lively tradition behind him; scouts remembered him as "a very quiet gentleman." He obtained a university scholarship in modern languages, and, I think, took only a second class in moderations, though his Greek Elegies, in "Atalanta in Calydon," are not only good as Greek verse, but as poetry.

He was contemporary with Mr. T. R. Green, the Hegelian philosopher, who was not greatly addicted to the Muse; and he wrote a little, mainly against his *bête noire*, Napoleon III, in a serial called *Undergraduate Papers*. When Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Poems and Ballads" came out in 1865-1866, they captivated my undergraduate mind; the second volume was more popular with the young than that which I greatly preferred, "Atalanta." Balliol was not a literary college at that time, but Mr. Saintsbury records that "Poems and Ballads" had a *succès fou* at Merton.

"Atalanta in Calydon" could not be ignored. To my taste, this work of his youth, for the merits of its blank verse and the varied music and original measures of the choruses, was his best. One opened it, knowing not even the name of the author, and one was carried away on the strong stream of the tragedy. It might not be Greek in sentiment—"Erechtheus," later, was much more Greek and much less captivating—but it was new poetry and true poetry: immortal poetry, I think.

The famous "Poems and Ballads" of 1866 really broke the spell, and the reading public, that little flock, careless of the revived Greek tragedy, was much excited about the new volume. A hubbub of protest arose, not unnaturally, for while it is full of splendid lyrics, it also contains things which then, and now, I was, and am, Puritan enough to regret. The passion of a knight who loves a leprous lady, is not, I think, a subject for art; and Mr. Swinburne's passion was never natural and sincere; it was always declamatory and literary. This is the defect of his poetry, the emotions have a literary origin, and every character is equally copious, vigorous, and unconvincing. In the dramas it is the verbal music and the rhetoric that please us; Mary Stuart and Mary Beaton (who has an historical *alibi*, if that matters, and never saw her Queen after 1567) certainly did not express themselves in Mr. Swinburne's way, except when he does Casket Letter 11 into blank verse. We are not to look for humor in his plays; he very greatly appreciated humor, especially that of Dickens among the moderns, but he was not a humorist. This defect permitted him to employ his unequalled vehemence of language in his prose. He greatly esteemed Scott, yet he wrote:

> This insultingly reckless and savagely stupid example of headlong and brainless insularity is less inexplicable and scarcely more lamentable than the immoral and perverse infatuation which made Scott speak of one of the basest and shamefullest slanders that ever dropped from the lying lips of Byron as a mere sample of his love of mystifying: which may indeed be referred to that of mischief.

I have, by research, discovered the first of these sins of Sir Walter. He spoke of a certain Italian in London literary society as a noisy, illogical, ugly bore. It appears that this Italian was "a noble poet," but it does not follow that he was not, socially, an ugly, noisy, illogical bore. The second of Scott's sins was his attributing to Byron's love of mystification and of mischief, his story that Cam Hobhouse wrote a dedication to himself which Byron signed. This tale Byron imposed on Bankes, who told Scott, and what Scott did was to inform Bankes that Byron had gulled him—so as to prevent him from repeating the fable. Sir Walter took the most charitable view possible of Byron, though Byron had "bet him," as he said, with the public. I really do not think that he appears immoral in this matter, and cannot share the alliterative indignation of Mr. Swinburne.

His criticism, though so learned, is injured by his flights into the empyrean of praise and his frenzies of blame. *Non tanti est*, Sir Walter would have said, nothing is worth such "dæmoniaco-seraphic" floods of invective and applause. Byron and all the Bonapartes and Mr. Carlyle infuriated Mr. Swinburne. "Truth is truth," he says, "though it be a Carlyle or a Gladstone, a Pigott or a Parnell, who affirms it." What is "that famous effusion of pessimistic lechery which gives us in metrical form the moral quintessence of Calvin and Bacchus, of Priapus and Carlyle"? It must be a queer composition, but Mr. Swinburne knew so much that he puzzles the ignorance of an ordinary reader.

He seems always to have been young; age put no water to his wine; he was a patriot, though he called himself a republican; but other patriots, when he attacked our open enemies, wished that he would "draw it mild"; but that was the one thing which Mr. Swinburne could never do. In his use of language, he knew not limit.

It is a puzzle that his vast knowledge of the best literature never taught him limit, never enabled him to see that the rapier of Pascal is a better weapon than the bludgeons of Milton, when controversial, and of John Knox. *Suffl*aminandus erat, as Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, but who could put the drag on Mr. Swinburne?

ANDREW LANG.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The new "Index to Book-Prices Current" 1897 to 1906, compiled by William Jaggard, and just published by Eliot Stock, is an admirable piece of work, and one whose sale certainly can never recompense its editor for the three years spent upon it. It is a volume of nearly 1,100 pages—more than double the size of the Index to the first ten volumes of the annual, 1887-1896—containing about one hundred thousand entries under authors or titles with cross-references under important subject headings.

The following are new features of the work showing the improvement over the first volume: There is a great increase in the total number of anonymous and pseudonymous names, to hundreds of which are attached the real names of the authors; the names of editors, collaborators, composers, translators, and chief artists are indexed; to every entry, except in comparatively few cases where the year cannot be ascertained, the date of publication is appended; in numerous cases where the illustrations impart a special market value, the artist's name is indexed also. As Mr. Slater's annual record is arranged chronologically and the contents are inaccessible except through the Index appended, this combined Index to ten volumes adds largely to the utility of the series. It is prefaced by a chatty and interesting introduction by Mr. Jaggard, and by a list of Bibliophiles and Bibliopoles, that is of the collectors and owners of the chief libraries dispersed during the first twenty years of the lifetime of "Book-Prices Current," 1887-1896.

Frank Karslake, editor of "Book-Auction Records," has compiled and published "Notes from Sotheby's," a compilation of 2,032 notes from catalogues of book-sales held at Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's rooms, between 1885 and 1909. Many of these contain bibliographical or literary information not readily accessible elsewhere; but some are mere statements of commonplace if not universal information, and as auctioneers are prone to exaggerate the rarity of their goods, some of the statements made as to the number of copies are not borne out by the facts. Thus, the note to the first copy offered of Lamb's "King and Queen of Hearts," 1809 (here misprinted 1509), sold on March 17, 1902, is given, with the misleading statement that "it is probable that 1809 is a misprint for 1806." In a later sale, June 3, 1902, a copy of an earlier edition dated 1806 was offered, but the note from that catalogue is not included. Several extremely rare Shelley items which have been sold at Sotheby's, and to which important notes appeared in the catalogues are not found here, nor are the four extremely rare Frobisher items sold on March 16, 1907, included. The date of sale and catalogue lot numbers of the items quoted are given but the price is not. This information might have been included. The volume has as frontispiece a reproduction of a photograph of Sotheby's auction rooms during the first Amherst sale last December, with a key to important persons in attendance.

On May 24 and 25 the Anderson Auction Co. will sell a collection of books including a private library from Oregon. A copy of the first edition of "The Federalist" (1788) in the original boards, uncut; a first edition of Irving's "History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker" (1809), and Ethan Allen's "Reason the Only Oracle of Man" (1789), are the more important of the older books. Bancroft's "Poems" (1823); "The Offering for 1829," containing Emerson's first appearance in a book, the first copy to be sold at auction; a broadside poem of James Russell Lowell's (1858), unknown to bibliographers; several presentation copies of Thomas William Parsons's poems, and important first editions of Thoreau, Holmes, Whittier, and Bryant also appear. On May 26 and 27 the same firm will sell a collection of autographs and manuscripts, among them being several unpublished poems by H. D. Thoreau. On the evening of May 27 they will hold a sale of engravings, etchings, and original drawings.

On May 25-28 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. offers the library of the late Andrew Merwin, one of the founders of the company, who had previously served for more than thirty years with Bangs & Co., the old house of book auctioneers. Included are a collection of editions of Homer and books about Homer (59 lots) and a Dante collection (23 lots). Other notable books are first editions of Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" (1849) and "Walden" (1854); Whittier's "History of Haverhill" (1832); Emerson's "Poems" (1847), first edition, in the original boards with the label; publications of the Roycroft Press, books on folk-lore, books on natural history, etc.

On May 25 and 26 C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the library of the late Prof. James Mills Peirce of Harvard University. A most important lot is the autograph manuscript of Benjamin Peirce's "History of Harvard University," including considerable material not in the work as printed. Professor Peirce was a friend of some of the leading writers of New England, and his library includes presentation copies of desirable first editions, among them Lowell's "Class Poem" (1838); Longfellow's "Hyperion" (1839); Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," large paper (1859); "The Guardian Angel" (1867), and "Urania" (1846).

Correspondence.

THE STATE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: President Taft's political programme, although veiled by half-hearted denials, seems to include an attempt to break up the solid South, and should the undertaking succeed, its chief beneficiary would be the Democratic party. The greatest handicap to the success of real Democracy is that the aristocratic, labor-despising, and privilege-seeking South is depended upon to furnish the bulk of Democratic electoral votes.

I speak as a Democrat who wishes to see the party become what it ought to be, and what it must be, either to succeed at the polls or to exist as a strong opposition, viz: a sane and progressive radical party, standing for the same issues in every State in the Union, and not for a different issue in every State. It cannot attain that desirable condition now, because every intelligent voter knows that, despite platform declarations, it cannot carry out any measure of real or radical reform while the Bourbon South dominates its councils. The attitude of Southern Democrats in Congress on the tariff question makes clear as noonday what was sufficiently clear before. The hope of Democratic success lies in opposition to special privilege in every form, and particularly in a form so odious as protection; but when the leaders of the dominant faction in the party are engaged in a frank and disgraceful struggle for a share of the protective loot, it is futile to hope that sincere opponents of privilege will ally themselves with such an organization.

Stripped of non-essentials the chief political issue now, of which the tariff question is only a phase, hinges upon the unequal distribution of wealth. There is no escape from this issue, and the man is wilfully blind who persuades himself that the feeling of unrest which pervades the lower and middle walks of life is a temporary or ephemeral discontent. This feeling is certain to become more and more acute as intelligent minds inquire more closely into economic conditions which produce overgrown fortunes and squalid poverty side by side. What the ultimate outcome of the discussion of this many-sided issue will be no man can tell; but that it will certainly result in the withdrawing of every governmental privilege, whereby one man is permitted to appropriate wealth created by another, without rendering any return therefor, cannot be doubted by any person familiar with the history of the Anglo-Saxon people.

In such a political struggle as this issue involves, there is no room for two reactionary parties. The Republican party, by its more abject subserviency to any crooked interest that will contribute to its campaign fund, and by reason of its perfect organization, has preëmpted the so-called conservative ground. The Democratic party cannot outbid it for the support of the privileged interests, even if the rank and file of the party would permit such a bid to be made. Moreover, the Western Democrats, in the Roosevelt-Parker campaign, showed what their verdict will be when their party managers make what they regard as a bid for the support of monopoly. The Socialist vote in the West is growing because thousands of men who do not believe the visionary nonsense of Debs and his disciples, feel that they have no other ticket to vote. And the Socialist vote will continue to increase until the Democratic party offers a political abiding place to men sincerely anxious for economic reform. If the Democratic party were to do this, the Socialist party in the West at least would be reduced to a handful of half-cracked extremists, whose ravings would disturb nobody. Not only that, but enormous inroads would be made upon the Republican ranks, and thousands of votes would be secured from men who, while tired of corporate domination of the Republican party, now see no choice between it and the Democratic party.

But the Democratic party can hold out no hope to these thousands while Southern renegade protectionists, who are Republicans upon every vital political issue, except the negro question, are held up as Democratic leaders. So long as this condition prevails, the Democratic party can only continue to exist as a sectional party, without principle or conviction, and without the hope of gaining a single recruit. Parenthetically, I will say that I sympathize, in a general way, with the Southern attitude toward negro suffrage; but I protest against a condition which makes the Democratic party play second fiddle to Sambo.

It is a foolish waste of time to talk about building up a Democratic party in the West, except along radical lines, and under conditions which will eliminate not only Southern leadership, but a considerable, if disgusting, element of Eastern leadership as well. Western Democrats are not only weary of Bourbon control, but I think they have parted company finally and forever with Tammany Hall. Your Western Democrat is tired of seeing a blatant, cynical, and corrupt aggregation of political mercenaries coming in force to every national convention, arrogantly demanding platform concessions which will enable them to raise a corruption fund for their local purposes, and then returning home to trade off the national ticket for a New York Governorship. If the next national convention were to refuse to seat a single delegate from Tammany, on the broad ground that that such delegates are not Democrats, but political outlaws and guerrillas, it would mean a million votes to the party in the West and Middle West.

Two causes contributed mainly to Mr. Taft's majorities in the West last fall. One was an instinctive distrust of the ability of the heterogeneous mass calling itself the Democratic party to accomplish anything, if it were successful, and the other was a belief—a mistaken one, I think—that Mr. Taft represented the radicalism of Mr. Roosevelt. In saying this I do not wish to be understood as indorsing the Rooseveltian output of economic error and ignorance; but I say it to emphasize the fact that the West is definitely and permanently committed to radical political action. That radicalism, I hope and believe, can be directed along safe and wholesome lines, if the Democratic party proves sagacious enough to take advantage of its opportunities.

Western Senators and Representatives, who are standing out for high protection, particularly on raw materials, are misrepresenting their constituents; they represent merely the special interests to which they owe a prior allegiance. For example, the Spokane Chamber of Commerce memorialized Congress for a duty on lumber and lead ore. I am convinced that a plebiscite would show a majority of the people of this city of 100,000 or more inhabitants for free lumber and free lead; and I am morally certain that, were the immense farming districts of this section permitted to take part in the vote, the majority would be overwhelming, particularly for free lumber. A belief that the protec-

tive idea is fundamentally wrong, and that it is mainly responsible for the enormous cost of living, is growing rapidly all over the West, and several solons are due to learn this when they return from the present carnival of grab at Washington.

This letter is not the place to discuss all the forms which the struggle between democracy and privilege will ultimately take. The first battle will be over the tariff question, because protection is the most conspicuous atrocity within the present public vision. Upon that issue the Democratic party can win, because it ought to win; but it must first convince intelligent men that, in the event of victory, the fruits thereof are not to be surrendered by traitors within the camp.

Sectionalism, lack of any definite or coherent policy, indorsement of wild-eyed economic vagaries like Mr. Bryan's trust-regulation idea, and general political incapacity have combined to make almost a total wreck of the Democratic party; but enough remains to permit of a reorganization along broad, national, sane, radical, and progressive lines.

Permit a personal word in conclusion. I have voted four times for President—three times for W. J. Bryan and once for Alton B. Parker. I never did believe in free silver, nor do I believe now that the bank guarantee issue contains the essence of saving grace. But as a regular Democrat, a mere worker in the ranks, I claim the right to speak as one of the body of men who furnish Democratic votes.

JAMES F. IRBY.

Spokane, Wash., April 29.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIOLOGY: A REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nothing more truly amazing has appeared of late in the name of science than the article by Prof. Henry Jones Ford on "The Pretensions of Sociology" in your issue of April 29. When a whole class of scientific men, some of whom are as careful investigators and thinkers as American scholarship has produced, are attacked indiscriminately, they certainly have a right to demand that prejudice shall not be their judge.

In the first place, Mr. Ford does not distinguish between sociology and sociologists; nor does he distinguish these latter from social radicals and revolutionaries. All the plausibility of his argument is due to this confusion of the science and its votaries, together with the fact that he selects Spencer and Ward as typical sociologists, although their systems of sociological thought were formulated over a quarter of a century ago. There is scarcely one in the whole list of "established sciences" which has not in some stage of its development been exploited by quacks and visionaries. This is notably true of political science or philosophy, which produced a whole crop of dangerous radicals from Hobbes to Rousseau. At the present time, there is scarcely a mental healer in the United States who does not appeal to the science of psychology as the foundation of his art. Yet who would judge the science of psychology by such quacks?

As a matter of fact, very few sociologists of reputed standing endorse the revolutionary ideas which he credits all with possessing. Free love, trial marriage, divorce by mutual consent, the contract theory of society, and other anarchistic ideas, so far from being endorsed by a majority of sociologists, have, perhaps, been more powerfully combated by them than by any other class of scientific men. A few socialists and revolutionaries have put forward these ideas in the name of sociology, but not sociologists in the sense of scientific students of society. I challenge Professor Ford to name a single sociologist of standing who contends "that we should all be as free to find our affinities as cats or dogs"; or that "human beings should be free to mate as they please, and separate as they please, like other animals enjoying their natural freedom."

Even if the essence of Mr. Ford's criticisms holds as against a few individual sociologists of standing (and I admit that it does), still this should in no wise prejudice the question of the legitimacy of sociology as a science. What, then, is sociology? Sciences are distinguished by their problems, yet only a few sciences can be said to have a distinct field of their own. The same phenomena may be, and are, studied from many different points of view, or with reference to different problems, and different sciences result. Thus human society is the subject-matter of many different sciences, but none of these study it from the same point of view, or with the same problems in mind. Sociological literature from Comte down to the present shows that all sociologists worthy of the name have had practically the same problems in mind. These problems were set by Comte himself, viz., problems of the organization or order of society on the one hand, and problems of the progress or evolution of society on the other. The statement of these problems has been changed often by later sociologists by analyzing or breaking them up, and some have even added extraneous problems to the science; but with all sociologists of repute the problems of social evolution, on the one hand, and of social organization on the other, have been central. That is to say, human interrelations and their changes have occupied the attention of sociologists. Probably most sociologists to-day would say that they are studying the laws or principles of social change, and of social structure and function; or, to put it in still other words, they are investigating the origin, development, structure, and function of the forms of association.

These are not new problems in the history of thought, nor is sociology a new science except in the sense that it proposes to attack these problems by the new methods of positive science. Aristotle, Bodin, Hobbes, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and many others had more or less to say about these problems; but it was Comte's merit that he first definitely proposed to attack them by the methods of natural science, and he saw, too, that they belonged, not to politics, but to a science fundamental to all the special social sciences, which he named sociology. Yet, of course, even if Comte had never lived, there would still be a body of knowledge, or rather of theory, slowly becoming settled, which would correspond to sociology, though it might not have had this name. If there is any other science that has made these problems its main object of research, then the sociologist is perfectly willing to surrender his field; but, being interested in these problems, he is not willing to do this until he is shown that there exists such a science. Professor Ford implies that political science is able to take care of all the problems with which sociology deals. But I should like to ask him if a theory of society (human interrelations) is not quite different from a theory of the state or government? Most political scientists of the present are careful at the outset to distinguish between society and government, and say that their discipline is concerned only with the latter. In the past there have been political thinkers who have held to a contract theory of the state, but not of society. It would seem to be plain without argument, then, that the state is but one of many forms of association with which sociology may deal, but so important a form that it has developed a special science to deal with its many problems. To propose that this special science, political science, should reincorporate into itself sociology after the two have been differentiated is to propose that the historical process of increasing division of labor among the sciences should be reversed.

How, then, do sociologists propose to approach these problems of social change and social organization from the side of positive science? Simply by the use of the methods and principles of the "established sciences," especially of biology and psychology. In its more theoretical aspects, sociology is simply the biology and psychology of our social life, or, to be more exact, of the origin, development, structure, and function of the forms of association. Approaching its problems from the point of view of natural science and eschewing metaphysical principles, it could be nothing else. That sociology draws its principles of interpretation from other sciences is nothing strange, for this is true of many sciences. Physiology, for example, is nothing but the physics and chemistry of organic functions. At least this is the view held by conservative physiologists. What would be left of political science if one took from it history, psychology, jurisprudence, and, I may add, sociology? If it be claimed that the historical element and method give to political science its distinct character, then the same claim can be made for sociology, as Comte himself emphasized. If it be claimed that the subject of which political science treats is a unity and requires a unified science, then again the same claim can be made for sociology. The psychological and biological aspects of sociological theory by no means reduce that science to mere psychology and biology, any more than the psychology in economic theory reduces economics to psychology. Social evolution and social organization are unified processes, and a theory of social evolution and organization must take into account and harmonize both their psychological and biological elements.

Professor Ford adds to the speciousness of his argument by carefully selecting sociologists that are easy to criticise. He does not mention Tarde, Simmel, Barth, Ratzenhofer, Hobhouse, or Westermarck, but selects particularly Spencer and Ward as typical sociologists. Both of these men in their thinking were dominated by the

traditional English philosophy, with its materialistic empiricism and sensationalistic psychology. Both were at bottom anti-Darwinian in their views of life, and hence in their theories of society. Nearly all that Mr. Ford says in criticism of their sociological doctrines is entirely just so far as it goes, but he forgets to mention their really great services to the scientific study of human society.

Mr. Ford has his own sociological theories (as every thinking man has), and strongly implies that a correct theory of social evolution can be built simply upon Darwin's teachings. He seems to be unaware that the "massive parapets and bastions" of Darwinism have recently been shaken to their foundations, and that a theory of society built upon them (as many sociologists whom he neglects to mention have attempted) may be no more secure than other theories. The truth is, sociology and all the other social sciences must wait upon the development of biology and psychology; and these antecedent sciences are, even to-day, in an unsettled condition. How absurd, then, to demand that sociology shall have a settled body of theory, or else deny to it the name of science! None of the social sciences possesses a settled body of theory; and no one understands so well as the trained sociologist how perilous it is to dogmatize on social questions. Probably if psychologists and biologists were to express themselves on the questions of the day, they, too, would express themselves dogmatically, and I believe that about the same proportion of radicals would be found among them. While Mr. Ford is sure that "there is no such science" as sociology, and that "there is no basis for it as a science," still he stands almost alone in his dogmatism upon this matter. If any one is fitted to judge such a question impersonally, it is the workers in the other general sciences most closely related to sociology, viz., biology and psychology; and within the last dozen years biologists and psychologists have come to recognize very generally that there is a place for sociology. The lack of a clear field with a well marked boundary for sociology has produced various petty bickerings and jealousies between sociologists and workers in other social sciences. But in the very nature of things, as I have already pointed out, there can be no such clearly defined field for sociology. As a general science it will always be difficult to differentiate it clearly from the special sciences which labor in the same field. In this respect, sociology is not different from other general sciences. Biology cannot be easily differentiated from the special biological sciences; and but a few years ago some workers in these special sciences refused to recognize the existence of a general science of biology. Now, however, it is quite generally recognized that certain problems, such as the theories of heredity, of variation, of selection, and of organic evolution, cannot be adequately dealt with by the special biological sciences. If it is convenient and even necessary to recognize a general science fundamental to all the special biological sciences, it is even more necessary, it could easily be shown, on account of the menace of one-sided views of the social life, to recognize a general science fundamental to all the special social sciences.

Sociology, as a scientific endeavor, has had at least two distinct merits: first, it has stood for the natural science view of human society, which, traditionally at least, the special social sciences have not stood for; secondly, it has as a consequence emphasized the psychological and biological elements in human social life as primary, rather than the economic and political elements. Sociology has, on the one hand, stood for applying the methods of positive science to the problems of the social life; on the other, for obtaining an all-sided, comprehensive view of the social life as opposed to fractional or one-sided views. The scientific importance of this endeavor, it seems to me, cannot be overestimated. If the right development of the humanistic sciences depends upon getting rid of one-sided views of collective human life; if sociology is simply the name for the larger, completer view of the social life; if, finally, the social sciences can furnish man with the means of mastering his social environment, as the physical sciences have furnished him with the means of mastering his physical environment, then it would seem not unreasonable to say that he who opposes sociology as such is unconsciously an enemy of mankind.

CHARLES A. ELLWOOD.

University of Missouri, May 10.

HAMMOND LAMONT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot tell you how deeply I feel the death of Mr. Lamont. During these days since his death no one has *lived* so vividly in my consciousness. To me—and I think to many other young men who met him—he has always seemed a kind of inextinguishable centre of vitality, communicating energy to all around him. The virile gusto of his personality, his trenchant speech, even his quick, decisive walk had something inexpressibly animating and heartening in them. I can see him distinctly at his desk, bending over his proofs, and with his swift stride going past my door with copy in his hand, and in a dozen different distinct attitudes, and I think that power he had of making his presence felt, of etching his mere physical image on the mind, was the effect of an almost uniquely straightforward will and clean-cutting intelligence. To those who saw him every day, his death must mean just now an abrupt and tragical termination of his splendid activity, but here in the distance I try to think of him as having passed into the company of the swordsmen invisible who fight beside us and before us forever. STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill., May 11.

[From the many letters which have come to us we print this, as an illustration of the impression made by Mr. Lamont on one who worked beside him in these offices for a brief period.—ED. THE NATION.]

THE BIBLE AS LITERARY MODEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the discussion of this subject, the *Nation* (April 8 and 29) and President Warfield seem to be talking at cross purposes. Whether the Bible is or is not a good literary model depends on how it is used. If one takes merely its literary form and seeks to imitate it by molding his own ideas into that form, it is a poor model, and your strictures are well deserved. The only objection to them would be that they do not go far enough. They should not stop with the Bible, but should condemn without stint the entire practice of using the Bible, or any other book, for such purpose. No literary excellence ever was, or ever will be, attained in any such way. We are too apt to think of style as wholly a matter of form, a quality of expression merely; whereas it is a quality of both form and substance, of both thought and expression; but primarily a quality of thought. It is only clear, vivid, and orderly thought that can give rise to clear, vivid, and orderly expression.

Those who can truthfully be said to have acquired the style of the Bible or of Shakespeare are only those who have acquired the ability to think and feel as the Biblical writers and Shakespeare thought and felt. For such thought and such feeling, the style of Shakespeare and the Bible is the best of models and the perfection of literary art, precisely because it grows naturally, and, we may say, inevitably, out of those thoughts and those feelings. When we read:

> Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God—

or,

> Though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me,

we feel that these utterances are final. Why? Because they have come throbbing and burning from the depths of the soul, and are instinct with the life that gave them birth. They are a living and breathing entity, and their life and their style are one and the same thing. It is evident, therefore, that any attempt to use the Bible as a literary model by a servile imitation of its stylistic form must necessarily be futile.

But there is another and very different way of using the Bible as a literary model. It is to acquaint ourselves intimately, not only with its form, but with its subject matter; to enter into its spirit and see how that spirit, striving for utterance, clothes itself in language of power and beauty; and to become ourselves imbued with the qualities which are there exhibited. Chief among those qualities are clearness, force, directness, simplicity, sincerity, and loyalty to truth and righteousness. Now these qualities are not only the characteristic qualities of the Bible, but they are, also, the cardinal qualities of all literary excellence. Hence in becoming imbued with them, we are acquiring what is indispensable for any superior literary style.

When this method of use is followed, there seems to be no room for questioning the value of the Bible, as literary model, and no real disagreement between your views and those of President Warfield. And that there is no such disagreement is further shown by the fact, that the misunderstanding of terms is not confined to the word model, but

extends also to the word literary. Whether the Bible is or is not a good literary model depends not only upon the manner, as we have seen, but also upon the purpose, of its use; that is to say, upon the kind of literature sought to be thus modelled. For the literature of power, to use De Quincey's distinction, the Bible is the best of models; but for the literature of knowledge it is obviously no model at all. When you say that the Bible is not a good model for the kind of literature which is produced by "taking a vast and intricate subject having to do with public business, and tearing the heart out of it," or that which consists "in the orderly exposition of complex matters, in close and sound reasoning, or in accurate description," you are evidently dealing with the literature of knowledge, and the truthfulness of your assertion is manifest. But such writings do not belong to the kind of literature contemplated by those who extol the Bible as a model. With the manner and purpose of its use well understood, there can be little room for difference of opinion relative to the Bible as a literary model.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, Mich., May 6.

Notes.

Beginning with this issue, the Nation *will be conducted by Paul Elmer More, for five and one-half years literary editor of the* Evening Post, *and since July 1, 1906, associate editor of the* Nation.

Harpers have brought out a two-volume edition of Motley's "History of the United Netherlands," which has hitherto been published in four volumes. The material is not abridged.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce that the translation of Professor Eucken's "The Problem of Human Life" will probably not be published until autumn. For immediate issue they have ready an important book by Major-Gen. A. W. Greely, called "Handbook of Alaska: Its Resources, Products, and Attractions."

Dr. C. W. Seidenadel has completed his study of the language spoken by the Bontoc Igorrote, and his work will be brought out at an early date by the Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago.

The entire library of the late Prof. Moritz Heyne of the University of Göttingen has been bought by the University of Illinois. It contains about 5,200 volumes on German literature and philology, and is especially rich in valuable editions of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

Dr. Oscar Levy, a German Jew, who lives in England as a prophet, so to speak, *in partibus infidelium*, preaching Hebraism and Nietzscheanism to the un-ideaed Anglo-Saxon, has at last arranged to bring out a complete and authorized translation of Nietzsche's Works in eighteen volumes. Those who regretted the premature conclusion of a similar project under the general editorship of Prof. Alexander Tille will be glad to know that the present undertaking depends on no commercial contract, and is in consequence likely to proceed to the end. The editor "has not," to use his own words, "entered into any engagement with publishers, not even with the present one" (London: T. N. Foulis), "which could hinder his task, bind him down to any text found faulty, or make him consent to omissions or the falsification or 'sugaring' of the original text to further the sale of the books." Of the four volumes of this edition now before us, one, "Beyond Good and Evil," translated by Helen Zimmern, was published two years ago by the Macmillan Co. as part of the ill-fated project, and is now taken over into the new edition. The three other volumes include "Thoughts Out of Season, Part I," translated by Anthony M. Ludovici: "Thoughts Out of Season, Part II," translated by Adrian Collins; and "The Birth of Tragedy," translated by William A. Haussmann. The rest of the eighteen volumes are promised before the close of 1910. To the undertaking in general we heartily wish success. It is high time that a man whose name is so bruited about the world were made accessible to English readers, and a somewhat cursory inspection of the volumes now issued indicates that the translations are at once faithful and easy. At a later date, when the more important works have appeared, it will be time to discuss the meaning of this Nietzschean vogue which has swept over the European continent. Meanwhile we would only intimate that Dr. Levy, who furnishes a thoroughly amusing general introduction to the series, might find a second cause for the slowness of the Nietzschean propaganda in England besides the Anglo-Saxon's imperviousness to ideas against which he rails bitterly. There is also a certain sanity in the English mind which feels instinctively that this boasted philosophy of strength is in reality a product of febrile weakness. The best paragraphs in Dr. Levy's introduction are those in which he draws a comparison between Nietzsche and Disraeli, but he leaves out of account the "English, all too English" source of Disraeli's ideas.

"Early English Romances of Love" and "Early English Romances of Friendship," done into modernized prose for the New Mediæval Library by Edith Rickert (Duffield & Co.), are the first two volumes in a projected series of four illustrative of the old metrical tales in English. The first volume contains "Floris and Blancheflour," "Sir Orfeo," "Lay of the Ash," "Launfal Miles," "The Earl of Toulouse," "Sir Degrevant," "The Knight of Courtesy," and "The Squire of Low Degree." The second contains "Amis and Amiloun," "Sir Amadas," "Athelston," "The Tale of Gamelyn," "Roswall and Lillian," and "The Story of Gray-Steel." Each collection is prefaced by an introduction giving the novice a bird's-eye view of the labyrinthine territory of romance, and some hints of the often trackless wanderings and foregatherings of Celtic, Classical, and Oriental stories. A handful of concise notes furnish necessary information and a guide to original texts and scholarly treatises without detracting from the pleasantly belletristic character of the work. Each volume, furthermore, contains a half-dozen excellent reproductions of the delightful old illustrations, which, together with the antique pigskin bindings, give the distinctive tone to this Mediæval Library and commend it to the bibliophile. If there is sufficient demand, it is proposed to offer in the third and fourth volumes specimens of the narrative of adventure and of the story with a moral. This division of the material to show different methods of treating the same theme is somewhat novel and suggestive, and, as the editing of the romances of love and friendship has been accomplished with discretion, it is to be hoped that the requisite encouragement will be forthcoming. It may be objected that any one interested in these dim, chivalric fictions may with slight effort master the difficulties of the original versions—which is true; but there are doubtless many readers who will find quite as much pleasure in Miss Rickert's oldish-flavored prose from which all difficulties have been removed. For on the score of style, as the editor acknowledges, the English metrical romances are not to be taken too seriously—"the story's the thing." In this day of more than religious regard for the sanctity of ancient texts, it is both shocking and refreshing to read Miss Rickert's confession that in translating "Amis and Amiloun," spoiled by the English poet's conventional repetitions, she has "thought it justifiable to limit the number of times in which he says the same thing." If a desire to allure the old-fashioned gentle reader is not wholly unworthy, we commend the license, and could even bear to see it extended. Indeed, we doubt whether any translator who holds timorously to the prolixity of these "old-wives tales," as the pioneer Ellis called them, will ever gain them as many friends from the laity as he gained with his high-handed abridgements and satirical analyses.

We do not know who can be the author of "Under Petraia, with Some Saunterings" (John Lane Co.). She prudently remains anonymous. But any one whose duty it is to examine her banal pages can easily reconstruct her. A British spinster, nearer sixty than fifty, who travels with a pet cat, a pet dog, a "tub," a hot-water bottle, and various "boxes"; who wears the heavy, clanking, gold bracelets which date from the early fashions of the "dear Queen" (Victoria); who read Ruskin in her youth, and has never digested him; who reads Pater's "Marius the Epicurian" (*sic*) now, not to mention J. A. Symonds and a Selwyn Brinton, by whom she sets great store; these and similar familiar characteristics the author of "Under Petraia" reveals to you as you read. She has evidently known a minor poet or two. She quotes occasionally a distinguished savant of the British Museum (now dead). It may be that her cousin married a prebendary. At any rate, she lets you infer that she has high acquaintances in Church and state. Some imp persuaded her that she has literary talent, and the result is a volume of dreary commonplaces, nay, intolerable, unless you take it as a revelation of the point of view, taste, and knowledge of that species which has for half a century packed the cheap *pensions* of the European continent. This particular specimen has had a villa outside Florence, which warrants her in dropping into bad Italian. But perhaps it is worth while to read a chapter or two of her book in order to learn to what a pitch self-conceit can mount.

Books on Italy multiply. The two latest volumes in the Mediæval Town Series (The Macmillan Co.) are "Milan," by Ella Noyes, and "Pisa," by Janet Ross. Both are much above the average. Miss Noyes shows here, as in her "Ferrara," an unusual ability to give an historic summary at once accurate, vivid, and interesting. In accordance with the purpose of this series, half of her book is descriptive of the present city, so that it may serve as a guide-book for strangers who want something more juicy than Baedeker. Milan played so large a part in Italian history from the eleventh century to the sixteenth that Miss Noyes's account of it is more than welcome. Mrs. Ross also is an experienced book-maker, and she does her duty conscientiously by Pisa. It is one of the defects of such a series, however, that the volumes must be of uniform length, irrespective of the importance of any particular city or of the amount of material about it. One feels, therefore, that Mrs. Ross has been obliged at times to spread pretty thin. Her three hundred pages devoted to the buildings and art prove that she has delved assiduously. Each volume has many illustrations. We are glad to see that the pen-and-ink drawings in vogue a few years ago, and borrowed from architectural designs, are going out of fashion. But why should books got up with so much taste as these be bound in so pale a blue that the gilt titles are illegible? That the title is meant to be read is a truism which no book-maker ought to need to be told.

The peculiar merit of "Daybreak in Korea" (F. H. Revell Co.), by Annie L. A. Baird, is that it is the simple story, by a woman, of her Korean sister's life in its phases of child-wife, widow, and slave. Though the leading character may be fictitious, yet all the facts and incidents narrated have come within the experience of the writer, and give a most vivid impression of the degradation and misery of the heathen peasant woman. The transforming power of Christianity and the happiness which it brings into these gloomy lives are so strikingly portrayed as to make the book a demonstration of the value of missions which cannot be gainsaid. Some interesting illustrations add to its attractiveness.

Many travellers in foreign lands write descriptive letters to their stay-at-home friends, but fortunately few of them are published in book form. The local newspaper is their usual depository. Occasionally one of them is more venturesome than the rest, and braves the publicity of print. Egypt is a country that lends itself quite readily to this form of exploitation, and a sample has recently appeared, in "From Cairo to the Cataract," by Blanche Mahury Carson (L. C. Page & Co.). Its alliterative title is untrue, as the start is made in New York. But the body of the book relates to the subject indicated. It is in the form of original letters, and gives a very good account of many of the things that one sees and experiences on the boat journey up the Nile and back again. One can easily imagine the nimble pencil of the note-taker and the industrious pen of the rehearser of information gathered indiscriminately from observation and from guide-books and histories. As a lively narrative of the doings and sight-seeing of a wide-awake American girl, the book is a success; and, as that is presumably its object, specific criticism may be spared. The forty-eight full-page pictures, almost all of them excellent, form its most valuable feature.

"The Black Bishop, Samuel Adjai Crowther" (London: Hodder & Stoughton), by Jesse Page, is the simple life-story, told mainly by himself, of a West African who was a kidnapped slave when a boy of fifteen and forty-three years later became the first negro bishop of the Church of England. The one aim of his life was to rescue his countrymen from the slavery of heathenism and to establish a native African church; and to him more than to any other single individual is due the present encouraging condition of the Nigerian provinces. For his labors were not confined to preaching the Gospel, but he did all in his power to encourage the native industries, his special interests being cotton-growing and the development of the palm oil trade, which he foresaw would in time eliminate the slave traffic with its train of hideous evils. Much information is given, beside the biographical details, about the problems presented by the Nigerian peoples to their white rulers and particularly of the extent, influence, and probable future of the Mohammedan invasion.

A new edition of the Abbé Loisy's "The Gospel and the Church" appears, with an introduction by the Rev. Newman Smyth (Charles Scribner's Sons). Dr. Smyth, as was evidenced in his "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism," is a sympathetic, discerning, and thorough student of the entire Modernist movement, and in his brief introduction of thirty pages he seeks to commend Loisy as an historian and biblical critic, as a believer and as a Modernist Catholic. He urges that Protestants have much to learn from Loisy, especially from his chapter on Catholic worship, concerning which he says:

> It would be hard to find elsewhere an understanding at once so simple and so profound of the spiritual need of symbolism, or a truer historical account of the development of the worship of the Roman Church. Protestants may find suggestions in this chapter for the possible enrichment, without loss of spirituality, of their own devotional service. The time is indeed come when neither in Rome nor in Geneva is God to be worshipped; but in many ways, whether by symbols or by spontaneous words, or with symbols enriched by the best life of long ages past, God, who is spirit, is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

In a recent volume from the University of Chicago Press ("The Teaching of Jesus about the Future"), Dr. H. B. Sharman applies in a methodical, even businesslike, fashion Prof. Burton's theory of the literary relation of the Synoptic Gospels to the utterances of Jesus touching "the time subsequent to the final severance of relations between Jesus and his disciples." It is a carefully paragraphed essay in documentary criticism. The historical conclusions, though reached independently, are neither novel nor startling.

Professor Foley does not like Anselm's doctrine of the atonement, does not like the assumption that this Reformation dogma is the Catholic doctrine. The purpose, therefore, of his Bohlen Lectures ("Anselm's Theory of the Atonement," by George C. Foley; Longmans) is not a contribution to the study of Anselm's theory, though his exposition may be accepted as trustworthy, but an apologetic for the "earlier and juster views which prevailed in Alexandria and Antioch." While many Christians share with Dr. Foley and the numerous writers quoted in the appendix the feeling of repugnance to the Anselmic theory, they might at the same time think that this apologetic is directed against a man of straw. Had the author begun not with the Apostolic Fathers, but with Paul, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and John, and had he given a treatment of the New Testament evidence which revealed a clear understanding not only of Jewish sacrifices, but also of the significance of the sufferings and death of the righteous for the unrighteous, a treatment uninfluenced by later imperialistic and feudalistic conceptions, he would have furnished the reader with the best apologetic against the Anselmic and other unethical estimates of the value of the death of Christ.

A new series of biographic characterizations of those persons who at critical points in the history of Germany have played leading parts is now being published under the title of Deutsche Charakterköpfe: Denkmäler deutscher Persönlichkeiten aus ihren Schriften (Leipzig: Teubner). The editor is Wilhelm Capelle. The recent volumes are "Heinrich Pestalozzi," by Hermann Wolsemann; "Joachim Nettelbeck: Bürger zu Kolberg," by Max Schmitt-Hartlieb; and "Goethes Freundinnen: Briefe zu ihrer Charakteristik," by Gertrud Bäumer. The persons whose correspondence we find in this last volume are Cornelia Goethe, Susanna Klettenberg, Lotte Buff, Johanna Fahlmer, Lili, Charlotte von Stein, and fully a dozen other women who influenced Goethe. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this series is found in the fact that much of the contents of each volume is the *verba ipsissima* of the subjects themselves.

It is to be regretted that Christoph von Tiedemann, who died in 1907, was not able to write more than two or three chapters of his "Sechs Jahre Chef der Reichskanzlei unter dem Fürsten Bismarck" (Leipzig: S. Hirzel.) His son, however, with the aid of much correspondence from the Kanzleichef to his wife, has put together some 500 pages of reminiscence which is likely to interest most Germans, and which here and there will attract the foreign student of Bismarck and German politics of his time. There are some pleasant sketches, brief and cameo-like, of the master of Friedrichsruh and his favorite dog Sultan, which remind one of Motley's reminiscences, and some stories of Bismarck's sense of humor. Among the references to individuals of note mention is made of Caprivi, and it is clear that Bismarck but slowly and late came to appreciate the possibilities in that man. Perhaps the most interesting general reading is the narrative of the attempts, in 1878, to assassinate the German Emperor, and the reactionary effect that the affair had on the Chancellor. From that time, Bismarck sought to put his iron heel on the threatening Socialist.

About one hundred poems comprise the little posthumous volume, "Schein und Sein," from the pen of Wilhelm Busch, just issued by Lothar Joachim, Munich, and embellished with a portrait of the poet and an autographic reproduction of his manuscript.

So much of the correspondence between

the Humboldts and Goethe has never been found that Ludwig Geiger's collection of practically everything in hand up to date, together with critical notes (Berlin: Hans Bondy), should be well received. There are 118 letters exchanged between Goethe and Wilhelm and Karoline von Humboldt, and some twenty-one that passed between the poet and Alexander von Humboldt. This in itself is quite an addition to the 102 letters published twenty-one years after Goethe's death. An interesting fact revealed by the correspondence is the infrequency of writing, notwithstanding that Goethe once proposed to Wilhelm to send a letter once a month; and more astonishing, perhaps, is the infrequency of their personal intercourse. The Humboldts seldom came to Weimar, and they stayed but a short time when they did come. In addition to a good index, there are excellent reproductions in photogravure of the familiar Humboldt monuments at Berlin.

The educational work of a public library is well illustrated by the thirty-first annual report of Librarian W. E. Foster of the Providence Public Library, just issued. Significant is the fact that works in fourteen different foreign languages have been issued during the past year, the demands for books especially in Polish and Danish-Norwegian having greatly increased. An indication of the present trend of thought and interest is to be found in the statement that the largest additions to the library, 1,006 in number, have been books on social and political science. The next largest subjects were fiction and general literature.

The Académie Française has awarded the Grand Prix Gobert (9,000 francs) to Fortunat Strowski for his "Histoire du sentiment religieux en France au dix-septième siècle." M. Nouaillac receives the balance of the prize (1,000 francs) for his work on "Villeroy." The Prix Thérouanne (4,000 francs) is divided among M. Caudrillier, for his "La Trehison de Pichegru," and six others.

George Meredith died Tuesday morning at his home at Box Hill, near London. The immediate cause of death was heart failure. When he published his brief tribute to Swinburne, a few weks ago, few persons had any idea that it would be followed so quickly by the notice of his own death, although it was known that he had been in delicate health for some time and had already passed his eightieth year. His intellect had been so vigorous to the last that there was no sign of its approaching extinction. Only a few months have passed since he published a poem on Milton, which bore many of the most familiar characteristics of his thought and style. Of his early life but little is known except that he was born in Hampshire, on the 12th of February, 1828, and that he passed some of his early adult years in France and Germany. The influence of the literature of both countries bore fruit in his own work, but his especial genius was racy of the British soil. It was his original intention to follow the profession of the law, but it was not long before he abandoned his legal studies for the pursuit of letters. In 1849 he published a poem called "Chilllanwallah" in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and in 1851 he came before the public with a volume of poems, dedicated to his father-in-law, the novelist, Thomas Love Peacock. Then for several years he was heard of from time to time in various magazines up to 1856, when he printed his first prose work, "The Shaving of Shagpat, an Arabian Entertainment." This at once attracted attention by its fantastic imagination and the occasional brilliancy of its descriptions. It was followed in 1857 by "Farina" and other tales, and, in 1859, by "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," which was to become one of the most widely known of his works. In 1861 "Evan Harrington" appeared, a book of a widely different character, founded upon the theme, "Can a tailor be a gentleman?" A year later "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside" came out and won the appreciation of connoisseurs by their intimate familiarity with country life. After this came "Sandra Belloni" (1864), "Rhoda Fleming" (1865), "Vittoria" (1866), "The Adventures of Harry Richmond" (1871), and "Beauchamp's Career" (1875). "The Egoist" appeared in 1879, and set the seal upon Meredith's reputation as a novelist. But this brilliant story, abounding both in the virtues and defects of the novelist, has also proved a bone of contention to the critics. Many there are who regard it as one of the greatest achievements of modern fiction, while others only find it inflated, laborious, and dull. "Diana of the Crossways" followed in 1885. His later works are: "Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life" (1887), "A Reading of Earth" (1888), "One of Our Conquerors" (1891), "Empty Purse" (1892), "Jump to Glory Jane" (1892), "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" (1894), "The Amazing Marriage" (1895), "The Tale of Chloe," and other stories (1895), "Comedy and the Use of the Comic Spirit" (1897), "Selected Poems" (1900). As a conversationalist Mr. Meredith was supreme, his wide wisdom, his native wit, and his quick perception helping the aptness of his argument and illustration. A writer said of him some years ago:

> He is a man of infinite polish of manner, and his conversational powers can best be described as charmingly garrulous. His most delightful hero has no more Chesterfieldian manners than has his creator. He is tall, slender to fragility, with a delicate cameo face and nervous alertness. He seems often to be living in a world of which his listener is no part, yet this never shows itself in any rude, apparent oblivion of his or her presence. His voice is one of singular magnetism. In another man it would be an affectation in its drawling tones, but it seems to belong to Meredith.

Charles Betts Galloway, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in Mississippi, died May 12, at the age of fifty-nine. He had filled many offices of trust in the church, and at the time of his death was president of the board of trustees of Millsaps College and of Vanderbilt University. He was a voluminous writer. His published works include the following titles: "Life of Bishop Linus Parker," "Handbook of Prohibition," "Open Letters on Prohibition" (controversy with Jefferson Davis), "Methodism, a Child of Providence," "A Circuit of the Globe," "Modern Missions—Their Evidential Value," and "Christianity and the American Commonwealth."

From London is reported the death of the Rev. William Francis Henry King, best known for his dictionary of "Classical and Foreign Quotations." Mr. King, at first a clergyman of the Church of England, was converted to Catholicism and published a defence of his change in "The Church of My Baptism."

Albert Langen, the well-known German publisher and founder of *Simplicissimus*, has died at the age of forty.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The Struggle for American Independence. By Sydney George Fisher. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4 net.

A History of the United States and Its People. By Elroy McKendree Avery. Vol. V. Cleveland: The Burrows Bros. Co. $6.25 net.

Mr. Fisher's volumes are an elaboration and continuation of his "True History of the American Revolution," though so far reconstructed as to be, to all intents and purposes, a new work; while Dr. Avery's volume completes the first third of the great undertaking which he has long had in hand. Both are substantial additions to the modern literature of the Revolution, and although written in a popular style, everywhere give evidence of extended first-hand use of authorities. The wealth of illustrations which has distinguished Dr. Avery's previous volumes is continued in the present one, and with a skill in selection and perfectness in mechanical execution that are beyond praise.

Since both writers devote about the same amount of space to the period from 1760 to 1776, with which latter year Dr. Avery's narrative breaks off, a comparison of method and point of view is worth making. Mr. Fisher, as readers of his earlier volume might naturally expect, is sure that we have quite misconceived the nature of the Revolution, and that the historians, for various reasons, have failed to tell the whole truth about it. In his opinion, the colonies were not contending for undisputed constitutional rights of Englishmen, nor were they resisting tyrannical interference and oppression. The Revolution was not the result of "grievances," as that term is commonly understood, but of a demand on the part of the colonies for a political relationship which, while giving them all the protective benefits of connection with the mother-country, would at the same time leave them practically independent. What Great Britain was aiming at, on the other hand, was a thorough reorganization of its system of colonial administration in the interest of a broad imperial policy, with firm control of colonial affairs. That policy was entered upon, not by ignorant and irresponsible officials anxious only to make money out of the colonies, but by enlightened statesmen who understood, however imperfectly they may have applied, the correct principles of colonial government.

The weakness of Mr. Fisher's work at this point is its strident and even harsh assertiveness. His position is often quite as extreme as that which he combats. Doubtless the demand of the Americans for independence was a logical outcome of political ideas long nurtured, and not easily compatible with a theory of colonial dependence, yet it hardly follows that, in their reiterated protestations of loyalty to the mother country, they were framing specious and ingenious arguments to keep up appearances. It seems not to be realized by Mr. Fisher that men do not always see the end from the beginning, that the desire to make things hang together is strong wherever there is a developing system of law, and that use and wont are quite as powerful influences as logic in political action. It is by no means clear, notwithstanding Mr. Fisher's vehement contention to the contrary, that representation and taxation were not, in the eighteenth century, conjoined in the constitutional law of England, or that the consent of the colonies was necessary to the lawful exercise by Parliament of authority over them. The famous distinction between internal and external taxation, which he thinks never had a leg to stand upon, appealed to Franklin and Otis and to the first Continental Congress; while the English attempts at conciliation did not appear wholly unacceptable until after the declaration of independence.

Dr. Avery traverses the same ground, but his conclusions, though in the main the same as those of Mr. Fisher, are stated with noticeable moderation and restraint. His account of the constitutional dispute is concise and carefully phrased; for the most part, he sticks close to his documents, lets events speak for themselves, and avoids exhibiting motives and influences in a more striking light than they appear to have enjoyed at the time. Unfolding the same scheme of imperial development that engages Mr. Fisher, he can at the same time do justice to Bernard and Otis, Samuel Adams and Hutchinson, patriots and loyalists. From the purely literary point of view, this latest volume is his best; the style has greater evenness and dignity, and less of trivial digression and straining for popular effect, than in any of his earlier work.

To Dr. Avery must be awarded also the credit, no mean one in an historian, of greater carefulness, accuracy, and impartiality of statement; for Mr. Fisher, in spite of his extended citation of authorities, sometimes slips and sometimes appears to use only the facts that sustain his contention. Thus, the statements of Franklin and Washington, in 1774, to the effect that there was at that time no general desire for independence, are evidently regarded by Mr. Fisher as quite equivocal (Vol. I, pp. 208, 209). Otis's pamphlet, "The Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved," which Dr. Avery (p. 49) thinks was intended "not to bring about a revolution, but to avert one," Mr. Fisher elects not to discuss. Of the Hutchinson letters he gives a ten-line summary, together with the single sentence: "There must be an abridgment of what are called English liberties" (Vol. I, p. 158); whereas Dr. Avery gives a fuller abstract and two connected passages.

Of the remaining topics covered by both writers, Mr. Fisher gives extended space to the loyalists, rightly holding the treatment of them by the patriot party as second in importance only to the prosecution of the war itself; and his account of the details of military life is both minute and valuable. Speaking generally, Dr. Avery, once the breach with Great Britain has opened, emphasizes the constitutional and political aspects of the struggle, while Mr. Fisher weaves into his narrative a greater wealth of picturesque incident. For the rest, Mr. Fisher's two volumes give a straightforward account of the war, fuller and better proportioned than that of Fiske, and entertainingly, if not well, written. There is less of novelty in the second volume than in the first, doubtless because the later period has been more carefully studied by others; and we merely note a judicious allotment of space to foreign affairs, the work of Congress, the campaigns in the South, and the negotiations for peace. In describing battles and military manœuvres, Mr. Fisher has some skill, notwithstanding that his imagination at times threatens to predominate over his facts. The wider relation of the war to Europe, India, and Canada also receives attention. The two volumes are fairly indexed, but for the index to Mr. Avery's pages we must, unfortunately, wait until the appearance of the final volume.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Sister. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

It was a happy chance, or instinct, which led Mr. Crawford to return, in what was destined to be his last novel, to the field in which he had been most successful. Nearly half of the three dozen and odd romances which have been laid (according to the point of view) to his credit or discredit as the product of a much smaller number of years, deal with romantic episodes of modern Roman life. It is on this ground that his imagination plays most freely. Whether or not these animated figures are veritable Romans, born to the purple, they *are* animated, have the breath of life. Many of us followed the development of the Saracinesca series, number by number, with an interest almost breathless. "Sant' Ilario," "Don Orsino," "Casa Braccio," are still names to conjure with; and it is with an undeniable thrill of pleasure that we come upon a venerable member of that storied house playing an important part in "The White Sister." This is a son of Sant' Ilario, Monsignor Saracinesca—the young priest Ippolito of Corleone.

The most striking merit of Mr. Crawford's work was its directness. His style is simple to ingenuousness, even childishly direct and explicit. He is "the story-teller in the bazaar," determined, as his eye rests with kindly humor upon his motley audience, that every man jack of them shall know what he is driving at. By choice, he uses monosyllables, and one sentence runs into another with the fluidity of good talk. If he digresses now and then, he apologizes for the liberty like a gentleman, explaining the connection between the given comment and the story proper. To get ahead with the story, to make it intelligible, are his chief aims. He knows what happened: it is his business to tell it. He knows what happened!—that is the mark of the natural story-teller. It must have been a surprise to many of us to learn recently that Crawford, during years of hard journalistic service, believed that he had no natural power of invention. When he did begin to write novels, it was with a rush of energy, a direct vision of the events he wished to record, and an eager flow of speech about them, that gave the effect, at least, of improvisation. This seemed to him the right way, and he does not hesitate to express his impatience of other ways. The "white sister" is a Roman girl who becomes a nun after her lover is reported dead. Says Mr. Crawford:

> An accomplished psychologist would easily fill a volume with the history of Angela's soul from the day on which she learned the bad news till the morning when she made her confession and took the final vows of her order in the little convent church. But one great objection to psychological analysis in novels seems to be that the writer never gets beyond analyzing what he believes that he himself would have felt if placed in the "situation" he has invented for his hero or heroine. Thus analyzed, Angela Chiaromonte would not have known herself, any more than those who knew her best would have recognized her. I shall not try to "factorize" the result represented by her state of mind from time to time; still less shall I employ a mathematical process to prove that the ratio of dx to dy is twice x, the change in Angela at any moment of her moral growth. What has happened must be logical, just because it has happened; if we do not understand the logic, that may or may not be the worse for us, but the facts remain.

It must be admitted that the less said about the logic of the events in the present narrative, the better. Angela becomes Sister Giovanna, a nursing nun, dedicating her life quite as much to the memory of her lover as to the

service of God. He returns to life, and demands that she break her vows and marry him. She refuses, he kidnaps her, and tries threats as well as arguments to bring her to his purpose; but (although she is tempted) in vain. He finally restores her unharmed to the convent, and she determines to join certain of the sisters who have volunteered (practically suicide) for service in a leper settlement far from Rome. The mother superior of the order turns out to be her flesh and blood mother, and is heartbroken at the thought of her sacrifice. Still, she cannot advise a breach of the sacred vows. But at this moment the lover gets blown up, and refuses to have his life saved by the only possible means, unless the nun consents to petition for a release from the veil. This brings about an apparently final deadlock, which is, however, rather summarily and unexpectedly broken by Monsignor Saracinesca, who says that "there is a limit beyond which fidelity to an obligation may bring ruin and even death on some one whom the promises did not at first concern." He has (to put it vulgarly) a pull with the Cardinal Vicar, and can easily arrange the matter: and so it is arranged.

The finale is disconcerting. After a considerable struggle, the reader has just made up his mind that, the heroine being really a good deal of a saint, and the hero more or less of a cad, it is just as well that decency and order should not be annihilated to make two such lovers happy. Monsignor does not consent that the bonds of the church should be broken in the name of humanity and common sense, yet he permits the church to be bullied by what is virtually a threat of suicide. And yet one has somehow the sense that this is what actually happened, and that it was, on the whole, the most human and comfortable way out of a bad matter. In some such mood we have been in the habit of looking up from our periodical Crawford novel. We can but regret the stilling of a voice so manly, so simple, so debonnaire.

Katrine. By Elinor Macartney Lane. New York: Harper & Bros.

This posthumous book, graceful and charming as it is, will hardly add perceptibly to Mrs. Lane's literary reputation, which must henceforth rest upon "Nancy Stair," as it has done since the publication of that skilful bit of pseudo-history. The story, situations, and persons of "Katrine" are all well-worn. She is the beautiful and gifted daughter of a well-born Irishman afflicted with more or less intermittent alcoholism; and she loves and is loved by Francis Ravenel, a young Southerner, whose pride of race forbids him the thought of marriage with her. When he warns her of this, Katrine's love and pride are both outraged, and she goes abroad, after the death of her father, to forget Frank, and study singing with the great teacher Josef. We have also the familiar spectacle of another suitor, twice as worthy as Frank of the girl's heart, but utterly unable to obtain it. Of course, Katrine's ultimate capitulation at her lover's sick-bed has been a foregone conclusion since their first parting. We must repeat, that if Mrs Lane's name is to live among the modern story-writers, it must be for the sake of Nancy Stair, not for that of Katrine Dulany.

The Hands of Compulsion. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The persistent love of a lass of the Isle of Arran for a handsome, unsound-hearted lad, with her bitterly achieved cure, forms the nucleus of this story. But its best entertainment and workmanship lie in the surrounding circumstance of earth, air, sky, sea, and Scotch humanity. Annie's love is provokingly tenacious. The man she loves is exasperatingly inferior and motivelessly mean. But Annie's walk and talk, and Annie's father, with his Scotch austerities and mortal vanities, and Aunt Sarah's very human eccentricities and searching phrases are full of savor, breathing northern airs. There are other oddly fashioned characters, too, who weave in and out, more or less loosely, producing the effect of a fabric spun out by the yard rather than made into a garment of any particular shape. But it is a book of wholesome reading, breezy out-of-doors, and cosey within.

A Canyon Voyage. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Sunset Playgrounds. By F. G. Aflalo. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.25 net.

Next to the voyage of Columbus across the unknown seas, perhaps the most amazing feat of daring on record was Major Powell's first expedition down the Colorado River, in 1869; a journey on frail boats through a thousand miles of cañons created by a turbulent, foaming stream which, for long stretches, had carved its way more than a mile below the level of the surrounding land and was reported to disappear underground at some places. A graphic account of this thrilling ride was written by Powell and published by the government; but unforeseen obstacles had prevented the acquisition of the scientific data desired. To secure these in the light of the former experiences, Major Powell undertook a second expedition, better equipped, in 1871. Of this exploring party, Mr. Dellenbaugh became a member, "by great good luck," as he puts it, scores of men being turned away disappointed; and, in the present volume, which is none the less valuable for being so belated, the author gives a vivid account of the experiences and hair-breadth escapes on this second voyage. A synopsis of the trip was printed in his "Romance of the Colorado River," but the complete story is now told for the first time. Major Powell himself exhorted him, several years ago, to write this fuller account, and in complying with this request, the author had the privilege of using, not only his own notes, but the diaries of several other members of the party.

It was decidedly worth writing, this detailed record; a more absorbing, and at times stirring, story of adventure has not seen the light in a long time, and the author's unadorned, yet vivid, style enables the reader to share all the emotions of the explorers. When they started, at Green River City, Wyoming, not a single settler lived on or near the river for a distance of more than a thousand miles. The whole region was a howling wilderness, peopled here and there by a band of Indians, whose intentions might or might not be friendly. The cliffs that walled in the river were unscalable almost the entire way; and what made the situation particularly hazardous—even more so than the voyage of Columbus—was that once the trip was begun, there was no possibility of returning. For that the river was too swift, the rapids too frequent. There were days when, after Herculean labors in lifting boats, climbing over gigantic boulders, tugging, pulling, shoving every minute, only a mile or two of progress was made. There were places where a successful run of the rapids would take two minutes, while a "let-down" would occupy as many hours. But was the run safe to risk? That question confronted them almost constantly, and the decision usually had to be instantaneous. The major was always on the outlook, but because of incessant changes in the bed of the stream, his memory of the first trip was not of much service. Once the major exclaimed "By God, boys, we are gone," but they pulled through. Another time, they were all spilled in the foaming water, and what happened then, it takes the author several pages to tell.

These men had big appetites, with little to eat; they slept on sandbanks, glad if they could find a few willow twigs to put under their backs; they had adventures with Indians, Mormons rattlers, scorpions, wolves; they hunted deer and mountain sheep; they heard wonderful echoes and uncanny noises; they came across relics of cave dwellers and the wreckage of luckless boatmen; they saw cañon cliffs simulating every known style of architecture; and they took a large number of photographs,

many of which are reproduced in Mr. Dellenbaugh's volume, and make the reader eager to take the next Santa Fé train for Williams, Arizona.

The Grand Cañon was the one big thing the author of "Sunset Playgrounds" missed, and afterwards everybody told him, "Why, you haven't seen America!" He did, however, see southern California, the Yosemite, Tahoe ("the loveliest lake I ever dropped a line in"), San Francisco rising from the ruins, Portland, Seattle, and all the interesting things Canadian between Vancouver and Montreal. He is an Englishman who travelled seven thousand miles to catch a tuna, and never got sight of one; yet he is anything but sorry he made the trip. He tells his countrymen, as one who has had wide experience, that for all game fishes except salmon "America is without a rival"; and he tells those Britons who have only a month's holiday that, though half of their vacation may go in the round trip, they will get more fish in the remaining half than in the whole month at home, while the cost is about the same as the rental of first-class water in Scotland. Canada offers the largest opportunities, but the fisherman's paradise is Catalina Island, thirty miles off the coast of California. Here Mr. Aflalo had the time of his life, enjoying "the finest sea-fishing in the world."

The Ancient Greek Historians. By J. B. Bury. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

Professor Bury's Harvard lectures on the Greek historians are well suited to their purpose by their lucid and readable style. But, in substance, they are rather the running commentary of a professional and up-to-date historian than illuminating literary appreciations of the great writers with whom they deal. He is chiefly interested in points of his own overlooked by the Germans, or in the newest *geistreiche* combination of Wilamowitz, or the latest papyrus find. But we do not wish to censure the author for not doing something that he has not chosen to do. We merely note, in passing, the tendency to transfer the idea of progress from the physical to the historical sciences, and the consequent failure to distinguish with sufficient sharpness between the fashions and conjectures of the temporary leaders of scholarship, and the abiding body of tradition. This said, it remains only to enumerate the chief topics and suggestions of Professor Bury's interesting volume.

The critical and rationalistic spirit of Ionia evolved history out of the genealogical, local, and geographical epic. The "father of history" was Hecatæus of Miletus, who, "we may pretty confidently assume," was the source of Herodotus to an extent that Herodotus himself does not recognize—but Professor Sayce does. The last three books of Herodotus were composed first, as R. W. Macan has made clear, probably in the years 456-445, before the travels in Egypt and Babylonia. The account of the Persian wars was, "we may conjecture," an answer to the challenge of the Ionian λόγος of Dionysius of Miletus, in which the Ionians were shown in a more favorable light and Athens played a less brilliant rôle. Otherwise what chiefly interests Mr. Bury in Herodotus is his critical spirit—the precise limits of his skepticism. Incidentally the Greek idea of the jealousy of the gods is banished from its last refuge. The ordinary Greek attributed to his gods not only Nemesis towards the prosperity of the wicked but jealousy of all human eminence. Plato, followed by Aristotle, protested that "envy has no place in the guise divine." But what of the fifth century writers? It has for some time been the fashion to argue that Æschylus outgrew the idea on which the Prometheus is based, and that the chorus of the Agamemnon repudiates it. The late Prof. James Adam, in his "Religious Teachers of Greece," tries to show that Pindar had outgrown it, and now comes Mr. Bury and tells us that "the catastrophe which befalls the Persian expedition is not conceived as the work of jealous gods, annoyed by the conspicuous wealth or success of mere mortals."

Ample justice is done to Thucydides as the founder of political and critical history, and the first practitioner of the archæological method. No part of the history was published until after the year 404 B.C. When the preface to the fifth book was written, the significance of the entire war was first revealed to the author, and he decided to combine in the artistic unity of the whole his separate studies of the ten years' war, and the Sicilian expedition. An entire chapter is devoted to the speeches with the strange omission in both text and bibliography of all reference to Jebb's masterly essay. The chief new suggestion, if it is one, is that the contorted style, which is not found even in all the speeches, is a hint to the reader that Thucydides is setting forth his own reflections with all the art which he had learned in the school of Gorgias or Antiphon. The application of this criterion yields the conclusion that the "Epitaphios" is not even in substance the utterance of Pericles, but embodies Thucydides's own psychological study of the Periclean régime and its lofty but impracticable ideal. Even if we concede this, it is surely fanciful to see an oblique sneer at Periclean idealism in the words attributed to Cleon in the Mytilene speech long after Pericles's death: ζητεῖ ἄλλο τι ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν ἢ ἐν οἷς ζῶμεν, which Mr. Bury thinks are the exact Greek equivalent of "he is an idealist."

A brief chapter on Roman historiography and some observations on the philosophy and uses of history conclude a volume whose value for all students of the Greek historians is in no wise affected by these minor criticisms which we have thought more profitable than the indiscriminate praise usually awarded to writers of Professor Bury's eminence.

The Precinct of Religion in the Culture of Humanity. By C. G. Shaw. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Professor Shaw's object is to prove that religion is independent of science and philosophy. In this position he falls in with one direction of current thought as represented by Edward Caird and other writers. Religion, he holds, is religious consciousness, it is the self-affirmation of the soul, it turns in despair from the imperfections and contradictions of the world to seek satisfaction and peace in a divine order that offers an adequate aim for life, and in a divine person who gives reality to the world; "what genuine religious thinking demands is a universal realm in which the supremacy of God and the destiny of man may live in eternal communion" (p. 218). This is merely an elaboration of the definition of religion—religion is faith in an omnipotent righteous ruler of the world. Professor Shaw, however, goes a step farther, and ascribes to religion the power of creating ideas. "The testimony of philosophy," he says (p. 56), "seems to be that it is from religion and from religion alone that we have obtained just these three all-important ideas of a personal soul, the unity of the world, and the absoluteness of the world-soul," and he adds: "It is from religion that our philosophy has received its idea of the soul." He should rather say that it is religion that gives these ideas their noblest form. It is in such statements as those just quoted that the logical defect of the work lies. While its spirit is admirable, its learning competent, and its philosophical, social, and historical criticism suggestive, it does not clearly distinguish between creation and adoption—it represents religion as originating what it only accepts and defines. The soul has always been known to man through his ordinary experience—religion invests it with dignity by making it the friend of the Deity. The unity of the world is a philosophical dogma—religion makes it instinct with spiritual life. Belief in the absoluteness of the world-soul might exist without religion, but religion tinges it with emotion and makes it a practical element of life. Religion is not the only form of thought that is dissatisfied with the world—ethics seeks to improve human conduct, Socialism looks to an

economic reconstruction of society. Religion differs from these not in seeking something better than now exists, but in the source to which it looks for betterment. Possibly Professor Shaw has these points in mind, but he does not make them clear. His interesting work would gain in effectiveness by emphasizing the fact that religion is an attitude of mind, and that its doctrinal content—the soul, the world, God—comes by the ordinary processes of mind.

Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia: An Account of an Englishwoman's Eight Years' Residence amongst the Women of the East. By M. E. Hume-Griffith, with Narratives of Experiences in both countries by A. Hume-Griffith, M.D. With 37 illustrations and a map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

Like Dr. Wishard's recently published "Twenty Years in Persia," this work is the record of a physician's intimate personal experience among Persians of all classes. The story is not a new one, nor a very important one, but it has the vital interest which belongs to all faithful transcriptions of human life. It is, moreover, a sad story, as that of the physician is likely to be. This should be remembered by the reader; for what the physician sees behind the veil, while true, is not the whole story. Many of the incidents related would seem incredible to the stranger to Eastern manners and customs were they not the narrative of an eye witness. The pitiful hardships of child labor in the carpet-weaving districts, the barbarous practices of Persian medicine and surgery, the cruel punishments of Persian justice, the rapacity and extortion of the mullahs, the degraded lot of woman, whose birth is regretted, whose death is unmourned, and whose life is a literal slavery to the pleasures and necessities of an absolute master—all these are facts, and they, rather than the brighter aspects of life in the East, which are quite as real, form the burden of the narrative. In this respect Mrs. Hume-Griffith's book, for her share in the authorship is the larger, compares unfavorably with that of Dr. Wishard, who, perhaps because of his longer residence, sees the good and hopeful which exists in the Eastern character.

There is no pretension to literary quality or learning, the chapters succeeding each other like a series of letters written to friends at home. But they afford interesting pictures which contribute to the general understanding of social conditions in a portion of the East as yet scarcely touched by Western influences. The illustrations are more than usually striking, being evidently drawn from other sources than the common stock from which the traveller ordinarily obtains his supply.

Science.

A Naturalist in Tasmania. By Geoffrey Smith. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.50.

This book is the result of an expedition which was undertaken especially to study the fresh-water life of Tasmania, and for which a grant was made by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The first chapter introduces the reader to the early explorers, Dutch, French, and English, of the island at the extreme south of Australia. The account of the Tasmanian aborigines is particularly interesting, because, from their low state of culture, they have been regarded as extant survivals of paleolithic man. The other implements which they used, besides wooden spears and clubs, were roughly chipped stone scrapers, true paleoliths, without any attempt at grinding or polishing of edges. They knew how to make fire by twisting a pointed stick upon dry tinder in a hollowed-out piece of wood. They had the custom of our American aboriginal Indians of burning the forests to clear out the underbrush and to form grassy clearings or meads; and they knew how to entice to feed therein the kangaroos and other game. They ate shell fish and cray fish, the eggs and flesh of the mutton-bird, or sooty petrel (*procellaria*); the roots and shoots of ferns, seaweeds, and fungi. They had also so far acquired that especially Southron-American taste which President Taft has lately popularized, that they ate opossums ("'possum") and other native marsupials. Little is known of their religious opinions, though they seem to have believed in evil spirits, whether they did in a supreme Being or no; and they probably believed in a future state. The Quaker missionaries, Backhouse and Walker, when visiting a remnant of the tribes, saw an old woman placing together sundry flat stones marked variously with black and red lines. These, she explained, were her country people absent from her. Unwilling to refer to them as dead, she spoke of them as "plenty far away." Thirty years ago this interesting and unfortunate race became extinct. It was the old story of the effect on primitive tribes of close contact with the European. Imported diseases, vices, race hostility, and pernicious liquors wrought degeneration, and finally death. The last of the pure-blooded Tasmanians, named Truganini, died in 1876. Her mother was murdered by sailors, her sister was carried off by sealers, she herself was originally kidnapped, and her lover murdered by two sawyers in the government employ. And her complete skeleton is now preserved in the museum at Hobart.

Following these introductory accounts, the author takes up the story of the fauna and flora of the island. These he describes with considerable fulness, and in a thoroughly scientific, though popular, manner. In other words, he does not burden his narrative with technical terms and details of interest to specialists alone, but gives the results of his observations of trees and shrubs, birds and wild beasts, fishes, reptiles, and crustaceans, mountains, lakes, rivers, and natural scenery, in a style so plain and graphic that the intelligent lay reader follows him with great pleasure, as well as advantage, and the trained naturalist with equal satisfaction and enjoyment. The book is richly illustrated by numerous drawings and photogravures; and an excellent map of the island presents its geological features and physiography. One rises from the reading of this admirable book feeling that the author has kept faith with one, and has given a good view of Tasmania and its natural characteristics.

A School of Forestry has been opened at Oxford, England, in the new Forestry building erected by St. John's College, at a cost of over $50,000, for the use of the university. The event marks an advance in the development of studies in rural economy which will be of great practical benefit both in England and India. Rider Haggard was one of the speakers at the dinner given in connection with the opening exercises.

H. W. Wright's "Birds of the Boston Public Garden" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is clear evidence of the ever-widening interest in birds. Not many years ago publishers brought out only general works on natural history. Then came the day of animal and bird books, and now we have embodied in a well-made volume the notes of eight seasons, relating only to the migratory birds observed in a twenty-four-acre oasis, situated deep within the desert of a city's streets. Naturally, one must be a Bostonian to get full measure of value from these records, but the perseverance and enthusiasm of the author cannot fail to inspire bird-lovers in other cities and places. In the first part of the book Mr. Wright gives a concise description of the Public Garden, and outlines his results. His record day for number of birds during the eight years was May 12, 1908, when 137 individuals of 28 species were observed. Three-quarters of the book is devoted to a list, well annotated, of 116 species of American birds, two introduced species, and two probably escaped from captivity, all of which were observed within the Boston Public Garden. It constitutes a remarkable record of thorough observation in a very limited area.

Drama and Music.

Three new volumes bring the issues of the Tudor Facsimile Texts to an imposing number. One of the new volumes is Ulpian Fulwell's "Like Will to Like," reprinted from a copy of the edition of 1587 in the British Museum. The only other copy of this edition known to exist is one

tbat turned up in the Mostyn sale at Sotheby's in 1908. The British Museum copy is ratber badly smeared, and the reproduction brings out tbis fault, as it does all others. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, who is comparing all these reprints with great care, says that tbe stained pages are even a little worse here tban in tbe original. Anotber volume contains the "Nice Wanton" from a copy of tbe earliest known edition (in the British Museum) of 1560. The Interlude has already been issued in this series, reprinted from tbe edition of c. 1565. Tbe two reprints thus offer an interesting field of comparison. Amon~ other things, the cop of 1565, by tbe excellence of its text, proves the wisdom of the British Museum authorities in purchasing the rare books of tbe "Irish find" of 1906. Mr. Herbert reports the present reproduction as "generally excellent," and the good results of using a harder, smoother paper for these reprints will be seen by comparing this volume with tbe earlier facsimile of the same interlude wbich was sent to subscribers in 1907. The tbird volume now issued contains "Youtb" in two forms: one from the Lambeth Palace fragment, of a date not earlier tban 1528, and the other from tbe Waley edition of c. 1557. These two, witb the reprint of tbe Copland edition already issued in tbe series, comprise all the known impressions of this curious and interesting interlude. Here again opportunity is afforded of making an instructive comparison of texts. These volumes, like all tbe earlier issues, are edited by John S. Farmer, and published by T. C. & E. C. Jack of London.

Tbe celebration at Rome of the eightletb birthday of Tommaso Salvini, deferred from New Year's in consequence of the earthquake, began on the evening of Aprll 29 wlth a special performance in the Argentina of Sebatino Lopez's "Buona Figluola," followed by a recital of Dante's "Deatb of Count Ugolino," by the actor's son, Gustavo Salvini, and tbe presentation of commemorative wreaths and parchments by his fellow actors. At the Campdoglio, the following day, Mayor Nathan, in behalf of the city, presented a medal recording Salvini's share in the defence of the Roman republic of 1849, and the King conferred on him the order of the Crown of Italy. A gold medal struck in his honor by Queen Margherita and gifts from Trieste and the chief cities of Italy were announced. In this connection mention should be made of two recent publications, "Vita aneddotica di Tommaso Salvini," by Jarro (Giulio Piccini), and "Tragedia e Scena dialettale," by Antonio Russo Ajello, a study of Salvini's art and its influence on the contemporary Italian stage.

H. B. Irving has been talking to the Pen and Palette Club in London on the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre scheme. In the course of his remarks he said that any scheme for a national theatre which did not fall into practical hands was foredoomed to failure. The plan, as put forward, was, he said, full of elaborate proposals. For instance, the governing body of the theatre was to be a council and standing committee composed of representatives of the universities, the Royal Academy, tbe County Council, various municipalities, the high commissioner of the colonies, and a few others. What could such a body have to do with the control of a national theatre? Why should the theatre, as though it were a dangerous lunatic, be considered incapable of looking after its own affairs? No one could wish more keenly than he did that they might have one day a great national theatre, but let them see that the theatre did not become a prey of faddists and amateurs.

Beerbohm Tree will produce in London tbe Beethoven play, of M. Fauchois, which was so well received at the Paris Odéon. Louis N. Parker will make the English version for him. Beethoven is shown in his later years, the climax of the second act belng reached at the moment when he suddenly becomes stone deaf. The third and last act ends with his death, an event immediately preceded by a vision, in which the dying composer is surrounded by living realizatlons of his "nine symphonies." "Beethoven" was praised highly by the Parisian critics, and is said to be one of the pieces selected for representation by the New Theatre in this city.

Bayreuth is to retain its monopoly of "Parsifal," the association of German operatic managers having agreed unanimously not to stage this work as long as the Bayreuth festivals continue.

The Finnish Senate, which has power to award each year prizes varying from $300 to $1,200 to authors and artists, has this year voted an annual life pension of $1,000 to Finland's foremost composer, Jean Sibelius.

Tbe extraordinary difference between operatic conditions in Milan and New York is illustrated by the fact that during the past season the two operas most frequently sung were Spontini's "La Vestale," wbich had sixteen performances, and Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," which had twelve. Giordano's opera failed to please New Yorkers, and if Spontini's old-fashioned opera were revived here, it would probably have a run of one consecutive nigbt. Strauss's "Elektra" was sung only six times.

Since no novice finds it more difficult to get a hearing than the young composer of orchestral music, the national competition for a new orchestral suite or a symphonic poem, just announced by the Roman Society of Autbors, contains the commendable provision that the successful composition shall be performed during the season of 1909-10 at one of the sympbony concerts given in tbe Anfiteatro Corea. As these concerts are supported jointly by the Royal Academy of Saint Cecelia and the city of Rome, it is fitting that the responsibility of these bodies for the advancement of Italian music should be recognized in this way, as well as by the formation of competent interpreters—a service they have shown their intention of performing by appointing as director for a single concert each season one of tbe youngest of Italian musicians, Vittorio Gui.

Prof. Julius Hey, the well-known German music-teacher, has died at Munich in his seventy-seventh year. He had assisted Wagner in bringing out "Tristan und Isolde," the first time in Munich, and had instructed a number of the best Wagnerian singers.

Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 1.

Innovation of any kind comes as a surprise at the Royal Academy. The fact that two hundred fewer pictures have been hung this year, and that, in consequence, a narrow strip of wall space is left bare below the ceiling, would seem almost a reform, if the reduction in quantity meant a corresponding improvement in quality. But though the little bare strip of wall space is much to be thankful for, the standard, as far as the pictures are concerned, remains the same, and the hanging below the strip as unintelligent. It is really extraordinary how faithful the Academy is to its own level of dulness.

The truth is that, for art as for literature, the present moment is one of commonplace, and it is inevitable that this should be felt above all in an institution as vowed to commonplace as the Academy. The exhibition at Burlington House has never been of artistic importance during the twenty-five years I have been going to it regularly every summer, but it is now, if anything, more unimportant than ever. That the older Academicians, men like Poynter, Tadema, Dicksee, Fildes, Herkomer, should continue to turn out very much the same pieces of Academic correctness and archæology and sentiment and prettiness and commonness, is only natural. But I find that even some of the younger members, whose work, in its freshness, was once a pleasant contrast to the prevailing monotony, have fallen into the Academic fashion of repeating themselves until they, too, are in danger of preferring formula to Nature. There was a time when Mr. Clausen's pictures attracted attention, though they might not be masterpieces, by his unmistakable effort to work out some problem of light or atmosphere. But his problems are becoming stereotyped. For the Diploma picture which the newly elected Academician must present to the Academy, and which he is now showing, he has painted the "Interior of an Old Barn," as he has more than once before and under much the same conditions. In another painting he has placed an "Old Reaper" in the landscape and under the sky he has of late years made so familiar; and it is only the master like Corot or Millet who can go on repeating the same subject and the same treatment without growing stale. In a third, "Late Moonrise" has given him a new theme, but it seems to have bewildered him, as if he had no longer the eye for new problems, and the landscape is filled with a light that never shone except on his small canvas. Mr. Edward Stott, an-

other exhibitor who for long claimed and repaid attention, is apparently conscious of the danger of repetition, but strives to escape it, not by closer and more intimate study of Nature, but by anecdote, which is much more in favor with the Academy's public. At first, he endeavored to put down simply what he saw—Nature in her tranquil moods, a quiet stretch of fields or heath, a low range of hills, a country lane, the people who belonged there as they came and went on their daily tasks, if they happened to give just the necessary touch of space or color. He invented nothing in the way of subject or detail, seeming to know that the beauty was in the mystery of dawn or dusk, in the harmony of tone or the rhythm of line. But now he must arrange the figures in the landscapes and give them an artificial value, and he brings together a woman and her child, a sheep and its young, and calls his picture "Two Mothers," that it may please the many who revel in sentiment; or else he makes the twilight gather upon The Flight of the Holy Family through a lovely landscape to which they have no real relation and where they only keep you from seeing how tenderly the shadows envelop the hills beyond, how quietly the light fades from the evening sky. And so it is with many other of the younger men, inside and outside the Academy, who keep on painting again and again practically the same picture that has brought them popular success or official recognition.

The Academy may have been a warning signal to Mr. Sargent and helped him to his decision to paint no more portraits, though he, better than any painter there, could afford to run the risk of repetition. However, his portraits recently have shown the strain of years of portrait painting, and certainly there is nothing in the two he exhibits this summer to make one regret his decision. In his three-quarters length of the Earl of Wemyss, who stands, his full face looking straight from out the canvas, the figure in the black frock coat is so elongated and the head, with the white hair and white fringe of whiskers and the extreme pallor of the complexion, is so overemphasized, that the effect is very close upon caricature.. It is much more interesting to turn to his large decorative design, Israel and the Law, destined, I believe, for the Boston Public Library, where I should like to see it before pronouncing any but a very tentative opinion. At the Academy, it hangs in the midst of restless portraits and vivid landscapes, whereas it is intended to become a part of a definite architectural design, with no paintings near except, perhaps, others in the same decorative scheme. As it is, in its Academic setting, it has dignity and grandeur. A great shrouded, seated figure fills the centre of the composition, the pose vague and confused, but impressive; between the knees, in the shadow of the massive drapery, a boy crouches; and on either side are three other figures, each holding a golden sword. The masses are well balanced, and the figures sculpturesque in feeling. The group, rose and gray in color, the lines following the line of the lunette it fills, is bound together by the long flowing curves of a golden scroll, and set against a background of flat blue with a border of golden Hebrew characters placed and spaced so as to yield their full decorative value. There is no other design at the Academy, however large or for whatever purpose, that can compete with this. It would be subjected to a more severe comparative test at either Salon, where there are painters who have had the advantage of the same sound technical training, and the benefit of commissions as important, and who are not afraid of hard work. Commissions for mural decoration are rare in England, and, as a rule, the Academy is the last place in which such work, when done, is exhibited. At the Royal Academy banquet last night, Sir Edward Poynter referred with satisfaction to the fact that the walls of St. Stephen's Hall at Westminster are to be decorated, but few British artists of to-day have revealed the least fitness for the task.

Mr. Abbey, probably still busy for Harrisburg, has nothing this year, though his followers do their best to take his place. But, as a rule, the pictures based upon some incident in history or mythology, or inspired by some unwonted flight of the painter's imagination, smell so strong of the studio that they scarcely seem worth criticism.

The portraits are numerous, but those that call for a second glance are few. Brutality of paint answers for character in the sitter, discordant detail passes for arrangement. The presentation and official portraits by Academicians and Associates hang in greater numbers than usual. The Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer in robes of state, Indian princes in gorgeous silks and jewels, John Burns and the Duke of Northumberland, a long succession of men, famous or notorious, stare at you from Academic pomposities on the line, but hardly one deserves as much as a word in passing. J. J. Shannon's most important canvas is a group of three sisters, Frances, Dinah, and Kathleen, daughters of Francis Tennant, Esq., which, unfortunately for himself, invites comparison with Mr. Sargent's group of three sisters hung in precisely the same centre a very few years ago. Mr. Shannon would do well to find another sitter like Phil May, to serve as tonic after his long surfeit of pretty faces and elegant gowns. George Henry, one of the Glasgow group, whose portraits have often had the beauty that comes from a sense of pattern, of arrangement, seems bent now on producing fashion-plates, though his delicate rendering of a vase or an ornament in a background is a reminder that there are things better worth doing, and that he knows how to do them with more distinction. Delicacy of detail and grace of design have always been characteristic of Sir W. Q. Orchardson, and are still; the white gown and cloak in his portrait of Mrs. Moss-Cockle have the harmony of color which belongs to the fashion neither of to-day nor of to-morrow, but to beauty that endures. But the old grasp of character and the old strength of handling have weakened. Here and there, I recall other portraits, less pretentious canvases, where the artist appears to have had time and thought for the placing of his subject and the carrying out of an appropriate color scheme, as, for example, Maurice Grieffenhagen's portrait of his wife, a study in silver and gray, though his pleasure in the harmony evidently distracted him from the equal pleasure he should have had in the modelling of the face and the drawing of the hands.

I find it hard to be more enthusiastic about the landscapes. There are the accustomed Academic machines, large and empty, because, whatever the motive, the size must be made to "tell" in an exhibition; and they monopolize almost all the best places on the line. Landscapes suffer even more than portraits from the painter's determination to make his picture overpower everything near it on the walls of a gallery. But here again there are occasional exceptions, and the quietest effects sometimes are those that tell the most. I remember nothing more vividly than Adrian Stokes's Twilight in the Birches, in which the tenderness of the hour and the grace of the trees are expressed with such sympathy that the tall, feathery birches, as they rise in shadowy lines against the pale gray vagueness of earth and sky, are sufficient subject in themselves, and, as the painter has understood, need no dragging in of anecdote or sham sentiment. If I recall a beach, filled with the movement of many figures, by Walter W. Russell, and the Valley of the Wharfe by Bertram Priestman, I have exhausted the list of landscapes that appealed to me personally or seemed to me concerned with any problem more serious than the painter's desire to be accepted and hung in a conspicuous place.

The sculptor in England has one advantage over the painter: he has more chances of large and important commissions, though he does not fare so well as his fellow-artists in France or America. However, even in England buildings are decorated with sculpture, the public man must have his monument,

the dead their tombs. But the Academy got rid of the one artist to-day who could carry on nobly the great traditions of sculpture inherited from Alfred Stevens. They have allowed Alfred Gilbert to resign, and to live in exile at Bruges. His absence is sadly felt this year in the Sculpture Hall, where there is nothing of special note or distinction. A small marble, Terpsis, by Havard Thomas, some statuettes by M. Frémiet; a bust, Le Sacristan, by Mr. Lantéri, full of character—and that is all.

The Black-and-White Room is not more encouraging. The most distinguished etchers and draughtsmen prefer to show elsewhere, and, except for the prints and drawings of Mr. Short, Mr. Strang, and Mr. Watson, there is little of merit or importance. The Water-Color Room is a wilderness of mediocrity. And the wonder is, after all is said for the exhibition that can be said, how, year after year, at the banquet which princes and ministers of state think it an honor to attend, Academicians can go on congratulating themselves and being congratulated on their success and on the services the Academy renders to art in England. One announcement, however, made last night, and already approved, is of interest. A Royal Commission is appointed for the organization of the British contributions to future international exhibitions. The consideration of a similar organization at home might prove more profitable to the American artist than all his recent attempts to revise the tariff.

N. N.

At the annual meeting of the National Academy of Design, May 12, Frederick Dielman resigned the presidency, which he has held for ten years. John W. Alexander was elected unanimously to fill the vacant place. The other officers were reëlected. Six new academicians were added: Thomas Hastings, architect; Isidor Konti, sculptor; Joseph Pennell, etcher, and Walter Clark, A. T. Van Laer, and Frederick Ballard Williams, painters.

The Tiefurth villa of the Duchess Anna Amalie is to be restored to the condition it was in when it was the meeting place, and often the romping place, of Goethe and the great circle of Weimar.

Frank Dillon, the English landscape painter, has died at the age of eighty-six. He was a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, and exhibited frequently in the Academy and elsewhere.

From Paris comes the report of the death of J. Otis Minott, the well-known painter of miniatures, at the age of forty-six. He was a native of Orange, N. J. He had painted portraits of many notable English people, and at the time of his death was under agreement to make miniatures of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

The last survivor of the Barbizon school, M. Ceramano, a pupil of Charles Jacque, has passed away. He was born in Belgium eighty years ago, and at the time of his death had been living at Barbizon for more than forty years.

Louis Henry Dupray, the military painter, has died, at the age of sixty-four. He studied under Léon Cogniet and Pils, obtaining medals in 1872 and 1874. He was a member of the Société des Artistes Français.

The death is also announced of Madame Léon Bertaux, the sculptor, in her eighty-fourth year. She was a member of the "grand jury" of the Société des Artistes Français, and one of the founders of the Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs de Paris.

Finance.

RAISING PRICES BY DESTRUCTION.

It will hardly be denied, even by the people most closely interested in regulating the supply of coffee placed on the world's markets, that the Brazilian project of burning up or sinking in the ocean an inconvenient surplus is a startling innovation. Adam Smith, referring in a classic passage to a similar undertaking by the Dutch in their East Indian spiceries, describes it as a "savage policy." In the present instance, different people will regard the project differently. Bankers connected with the recent "valorization scheme" will possibly approve the plan as a direct short-cut to adjustment of supply and demand. Some who have observed the financial vicissitudes of Brazil and its province of Sao Paulo will doubtless argue that it is better to destroy 10 per cent. of the coffee delivered for export than to impose a 10 per cent. money tax on exporters, with a view to preventing them from exporting. But there will certainly be some voices raised in the comment that to produce an article of usefulness and value, with expenditure of care, labor, and capital, and then deliberately destroy it to keep up the price, is an act of economic folly at which even the Middle Ages would have protested. As the London *Economist* observes of the pending proposition:

> Economically, it is about as sound as the breaking of plate-glass windows in the interests of the glaziers.

And yet this extraordinary plan is a not illogical sequel of an attempt by government to regulate the price of its farmers' products. The simple case of the Brazilian state is this: It found its coffee-planters in distress because of wasteful and uneconomical methods of production, and because the large crops of coffee had forced the price to a level which they considered unremunerative. The government thereupon bought up with its own money a good part of the planters' coffee, storing it away for a future market. At this point, a dim analogy to a piece of economic absurdity in our own history—Secretary Windom's plan of 1890 to help the price of silver by buying it up with the public money and storing it in the Treasury—occurs to mind. We rather wonder that the State of Sao Paulo did not think of copying the Windom scheme and issuing treasury notes for the purchased coffee, making the notes available for bank reserves and redeemable, to paraphrase a certain Treasury document of 1890, "on demand, in such quantities of coffee as will equal in value, at the date of presentation, the number of dollars expressed on the face of the notes at the market price of coffee, or in gold at the option of the government, or in coffee at the option of the holder."

The Brazilians did not do this; they preferred to go into the coffee business outright, with the purpose of "regulating" the price. Sao Paulo invested $88,400,000 of the public funds in buying something more than 8,000,000 bags of coffee. It bought them with the purpose of selling again, and with the somewhat naïve idea that such purchases, from an exceptionally large crop, would put up the price to the figure desired. Any experienced merchant might have predicted what happened, and what will always happen with a huge, unwieldy supply, held on credit and perpetually overhanging the market. Even our silver-purchase scheme, which did not contemplate re-sale of the commodity purchased, forced the regretful comment from President Harrison, within a year, that it had failed "to give the market for silver bullion such support as the law contemplated, and every one knows how the experiment ended."

In the later stages of its preposterous economic exploit, the credit of Sao Paulo became more or less impaired; collateral was asked for such further loans as the "valorization scheme" required. It put up the coffee itself, at a low valuation, for use as such collateral, and taxed the exporters of coffee in a large enough amount to provide for interest and sinking fund. This was well enough for the bankers, but the Brazilian coffee-producers over whom a benevolent government was extending

Financial.

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its protection began to ask where they came in. For them, the new tax burdens were the one tangible result. The time-worn and soothing explanation that the foreigner paid the tax did not somehow seem to be demonstrated by their income accounts. Hence, undoubtedly, the new and recent proposal of the Brazilian state to the bankers' committee, that the government, instead of arbitrarily limiting exports, impose a 10 per cent. ad valorem tax upon exporters, payable, not in money, but in coffee, and that the coffee be destroyed. The pleasing fiction of the taxpaying foreigner is replaced by equally agreeable assurances that, since only the poorer coffee will be thrown away, a gratifying improvement in the average quality of Brazilian coffee exports will ensue. Expedients of this sort never lack arguments based on the general welfare.

The bankers appear to contemplate this plan of a coffee holocaust with equanimity; we are not yet informed how the Brazilian people regard it. We are, however, in no doubt whatever as to how intelligent economists will look upon it. It is no new principle in political economy that the bad results of one step in the direction of unsound finance do not stop with the immediate consequences of that single action; other and more venturesome steps must follow, in order to placate somebody who grumbles because the impossible promises, made in the first instance, have failed of redemption. Where the Brazilian experiment will end, we do not venture to predict.

We think, however, that, quite apart from the fortunes of Brazil, this extraordinary experiment is a sign of the times. It is not the first illustration of a mental perversity, in the matter of prices, production, and consumption, which has largely pervaded the public mind. Not so many years ago, we in the United States had a cotton convention urging the burning of cotton because the American crop of 1904 was so large that makers of clothing would not pay the prices of "boom years" and "Sully corners." All that prevented the trying of the experiment was that each producer secretly hoped that his neighbor's cotton would be selected for destruction, and his own enhanced in value. It was actually urged on Congress, during 1907, that the Government should lend its surplus to cotton growers, on the collateral of cotton, in order to keep their product off the market and advance the price. High authority in the steel-manufacturing community has declared that even in hard times the consumer will not buy any more at low prices than at high prices, and therefore that prices ought to be kept up at all hazards. It is plain that other people than the Brazilians need to be brought back to the inexorable principles of sound economics and finance

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Barrett, Frank W. Z. Mourning for Lincoln. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1 net.

Bates, Frank A. Camping and Camp Cooking. Boston: Ball Publishing Co. 75 cents net.

Bingham, Hiram. The Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia. New Haven: Yale Publishing Association.

Boccaccio, Giovanni. The Decameron. Translated by Edward Hutton. 2 vols. London: David Nutt.

Burchill, Georgine, and others. The Progressive Road to Reading. Books One and Two. Silver, Burdett.

Caetani, Leone. History of Ibn Miskawayh. London: Luzac & Co.

Colby, Frank Moore, Editor. The New International Year Book. Dodd, Mead.

Conder, C. R. The City of Jerusalem. Dutton. $4 net.

Dickinson, G. Lowes. Is Immortality Desirable? Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.

Durand, Mortimer. Nadir Shah. Dutton. $3 net.

Duthie, D. Wallace. A Bishop in the Rough. Dutton, $2 net.

Farnell, L. R. Inaugural Lecture of the Wilde Lecturer in Natural and Comparative Religion. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Garrison, Theodosia. The Joy o' Life, and Other Poems. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

Glyn, Elinor. Elizabeth Visits America. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

Greene, Richard Arnold. Saint Peter. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Hartman, Edward R. Socialism Versus Christianity. Cochrane Publishing Co.

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Hocking, Joseph. The Sword of the Lord: A Romance of the Time of Martin Luther. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Irshád Al-Arîb Ilá Ma'rifat Al-adîb or Dictionary of Learned Men of Yágût. Edited by D. S. Margoliouth. Vol. II. London: Luzac & Co.

Jones, Rufus M. Studies in Mystical Religion. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Kent, Charles Foster, Ph.D. The Kings and Prophets of Israel and Judah. From the Division of the Kingdom to the Babylonian Exile. Scribners.

Legge, Ronald. The Hawk. John McBride Co.

Mathews, John Lathrop. Remaking the Mississippi. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

McCall, Sidney. Red Horse Hill. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

McPherson, Logan G. Railroad Freight Rates in Relation to the Industry and Commerce of the United States. Henry Holt. $2.25 net.

Meany, Edmond S. History of the State of Washington. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

Mills, F. E. Chip. John Lane. $1.50.

Morals in Modern Business. Page Lecture Series Addresses. New Haven: Yale University Press.

Nathan, Nathaniel. Economic Heresies. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson. Vol III. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.

Partridge, Anthony. The Kingdom of Earth. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Quin, Malcolm. Aids to Worship: An Essay Towards the Positive Preservation and Development of Catholicism. Newcastle-on-Tyne: T. M. Grierson.

Scott, John Reed. The Woman in Question. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

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Stephenson, Cora Bennett. The Hand of God. Boston: Ball Publishing Co. $1.50.

Thompson, James Westfall. The Wars of Religion in France, 1559-1576. University of Chicago Press. $4.50 net.

Thorpe, Francis Newton. The Statesmanship of Andrew Jackson, as Told in His Writings and Speeches. Tandy-Thomas Co. $2.50.

Turquan, Joseph. The Love Affairs of Napoleon. Translated by J. Lewis May. John Lane. $5 net.

Vaka, Demetra (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). Haremlik: Some Pages from the Life of Turkish Women. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Withers, Hartley. The Meaning of Money. Dutton. $2 net.

Young Ruth. The Philanthropists, and other Poems. London: Elkin Mathews.

Yoxall, J. H. The Wander Years: Being Some Account of Journeys into Life, Letters, and Art. Dutton. $2 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1909.

The Week.

The spectacle of seventeen Democratic Senators voting against free lumber is one calculated to do an enormous amount of damage to their party. The Democrats in their platform specifically stated that if they should be given charge of the nation's affairs, free lumber would be one of the first results of their administration. When the opportunity came on Monday, Senator Bailey and his sixteen associates voted for a tariff on lumber, just as if there had never been a Denver convention. Moreover, when chided for his action, Mr. Bailey replied that he would not surrender his "conscience and judgment" to the delegates at Denver, a declaration of independence which, if universally followed, would speedily make party platforms as useless as a mastodon on Broadway. Commendable as independence may be in individuals, fixed convictions are indispensable for parties if they would attract the votes of men who believe in the sacredness of pledges. Men who look for sincere and honest observance of campaign promises will be much less interested in the Democracy hereafter. That the Democratic party has protection traitors in its ranks, has been known since the days of the Wilson bill. Monday's vote shows clearly how little encouragement the independent tariff-for-revenue men would have received had Mr. Bryan been elected, and had the tariff bill been in Mr. Bailey's hands for passage in the Senate.

The ever-present and ever-attractive sentimentality of the South found expression at Charlotte last Thursday in Mrs. Stonewall Jackson's greeting of President Taft. Next to Lee, no one is more enshrined in the hearts of Southerners than the sturdy general who paraded the Virginia Military Institute cadets at the hanging of John Brown, and later fought so magnificently from Bull Run until his death on the field of Chancellorsville at the age of forty. That his widow should, just forty-six years later, welcome an Ohio President so gracefully and warmly as the "great harmonizer of all our hearts," is welcome proof of the softening passage of the time. Not more so, however, than the recent presentation to the battleship Mississippi of a silver service marked with the portrait of Jefferson Davis. But few have protested; no one has waved a really "bloody shirt," as would have been the case had there been such an incident twenty years ago. Where else in history is there a duplicate of this spectacle—this honoring of a defeated traitor and a rebel in this semi-official, if not official, way, after so short a lapse of time, and this without any change in the national belief that Jefferson Davis's cause was morally wrong and the occasion of a fearful loss to the nation?

The Georgia Railroad, five hundred miles long, is at a complete standstill; its negro employees have been dragged from their posts, and the property of the company gravely endangered. Why? Because the Order of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers has determined that negro firemen shall be forbidden to occupy positions on passenger-train engines. It is a race issue pure and simple. To its great credit, the railway has manfully stood by its negro employees. It declined to accept the suggestion of the union, because "the adoption of such stipulations would utterly and completely destroy the reasonable rights of seniority in runs which had been acquired by negro firemen by long service, and who had been found worthy of promotion simply as firemen by reason of their efficiency and faithfulness." Unfortunately for the railway company, there is an anti-negro demagogue in the Governor's chair at Atlanta. Hoke Smith, leader in negro disfranchisement, is the last man to meet this situation properly. His political ambitions have not been quenched by his failure to secure re-election, and so he tells the railway that it cannot have the protection of troops because he has not enough militia to patrol 500 miles of road! He offers no train guards, and forgets that if he has not troops enough to permit an unoffending corporation and still more unoffending citizens to continue their lawful business, he has the United States government to fall back upon. The Governor, like the labor unions, probably fails to see that, quite aside from the American tradition of fair play to every man who is doing an honest day's work, he is wrong from a strictly business point of view. Triumph of the union's policy spells economic disaster for a section which continually complains that it cannot get trained workers from the negroes in sufficient numbers for its mines, mills, and shops.

In the long war against anarchy, few blows have told more than will the Supreme Court's decision against two sheriffs and four other citizens of Hamilton County, Tennessee. At last every little semi-barbarous community, North and South, has received notice, from an authority it cannot ignore, that the price of defying law is heavy and will surely be collected. The notice has been served late, but it was bound to come. Lynching, and all that goes with it, began as an impulse. Men were resentful toward sluggish courts and the legal sophistries that allowed criminals to escape justice. But, long ago, the impulse became a habit, and then the point of view changed. There was no pretence of helping the law along; lynching became merely the hot will of the mob. The Chattanooga outrage in 1905 typified this new sentiment. Because some townsmen thought a negro ought not to be allowed an appeal from local courts, the sheriffs invited a riot and surrendered their prisoner without even feigning resistance. In punishing them for contempt, the Supreme Court opens the way to thoroughgoing reform.

The prospect that, within a fortnight, the Supreme Court justices of New York may be conferring to rationalize their procedure, almost makes one think human nature is changing. Lawyers hate change. A few far-sighted jurists, like President Taft and Gov. Hughes and Judge Brewer, preach reforms which will give the poor litigant a fair chance. But that the ninety-seven leaders of the New York bench should even invite one another to contemplate such a move, defies history. One would like to read in their project the death-sentence of the legal formalist, whom men long ago found guilty. But between sen-

tence and execution, many a day will slip by. Some causes of delay and crowded calendars ought to be removed with no difficulty. The double appeal, for instance, is a defenceless imbecility; reversal on immaterial technicalities cannot survive criticism. Other reforms are debatable. When the justices come to instruct the Legislature, however, in the art of drafting statutes which a court can interpret at first reading, thorns will spring up. The amateur statesman deems it his inviolable right to jot down a pet measure as the spirit moves. And we fear he will not yield, even if assured that his cumbrous and confused laws delay and confound the administration of justice even more than do the antiquated court rulings.

This year's Peace Conference at Mohonk took a higher tone than the last one on the folly and peril of great armaments. The swift development of the big-navy mania, with its inevitable accompaniments of suspicion, jealousy, and hate, during the past twelvemonth, fairly compelled this attitude. Never did the argument that great navies are the surest guarantee of peace appear more hollow than in this present year of grace and madness. If something is not done to forestall this wicked craze, an explosion will follow that will shake the world. The Mohonk Conference appealed to President Taft to take the initiative in calling an international congress to work for general disarmament. Our neutral position certainly would enable us to make such advances without exposing ourselves to the charge of selfish motives. Mr. Taft must personally sympathize with the objects aimed at by the Mohonk delegates, though it will take time, and be a matter of delicacy, to make the necessary diplomatic approaches. But the need of applying reason to a wholly irrational state of affairs is urgent. A move for disarmament now would be on a par with President Roosevelt's intervention in order to bring about peace between Japan and Russia, and would be as heartily applauded by civilized nations. We greatly hope, therefore, that President Taft may soon undertake negotiations. One English speaker at Mohonk expressed the desire that the United States government might give Germany a good scolding! That is a fine illustration of the precise disease to be cured—a blind antagonism and unwillingness to see that anybody is at fault except foreigners.

Incredible though it may seem that wages in any occupation have dwindled during the past twenty years, while the cost of living has been rising, Prof. Guido H. Marx demonstrates that this has actually happened in the case of college instructors. His article in *Science* on "Some Trends in Higher Education," based on information from Harvard, Cornell, Wisconsin, California, and Leland Stanford, makes clear that the college professor is much less to be pitied than his colleague of lower rank. Poorly remunerated as the professor still is, his salary has been slowly approaching its proper size; but the instructor's has dropped so far that, "in purchasing power, the average teacher of 1908 is but 60 to 70 per cent. as well off as was his colleague of twenty years ago." At Johns Hopkins the average instructor now receives $725 a year, at Brown $734; at most other good colleges nearly $1,000, and sometimes a little more. Now, the significant fact in all this wretchedness is that the average instructor is to-day the average college teacher. Professor Marx points out that, twenty-five years ago, there was a full professor for every fifteen or twenty students, while now there is only one to every forty to eighty. Instructors and assistants, however, now comprise one-half, or even two-thirds, of many a university's teaching staff.

It is easy to explain how the instructor has been brought to this pass. Our colleges have been growing faster than their purses; house must be joined to house and athletic field to athletic field, that the enrolment may measure up as long as any rival's; so, of course, the budget committee's pruning knife has to trim the greenest shoots. But what is the price of such economy? Let each recent alumnus, Professor Marx suggests, asks himself how many of his courses brought him into live contact with the distinguished men of his college. Rather, we should say, let him ask how many of his young instructors had lapsed into a stupefying routine under the pressure of outside odd jobs undertaken to make ends meet. Or let him ask how many of them failed to inspire because they were easy-going young bachelors, with no ideals above a dormitory room, $15 a week, and a long summer loafing. To be well educated, one need not sit at the feet of a Remsen, a Norton, or a James; but a teacher is indispensable who can give his best, and whose enthusiasm has not been killed. A full supply of such men our colleges are not furnishing. Nor will they, so long as scholars have to work, until well past thirty, for the wages of a New York street-sweeper.

Hopes of many American golfers were dashed last Monday by the putting out of Jerome Travers in the first round of the British amateur championship. The belief had been held, and with good reason, that he was able, if he would only take care of himself, to hold his own with the best English players. However, golf is perhaps supreme among all games in yielding a full supply of adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. It is good to win, but if you are beaten you can at least have the satisfaction of moralizing about defeat. Nowhere else is the element of truth more apparent in the cynical French saying about the comfort to be got from the misfortunes of one's friends. If even a master of golf, like Travers, can flub three or four tee-shots out of eighteen, find himself bunkered and trapped without excuse, and miss a critical put of three feet—why, it shows that there is not such a tremendous difference between the best of us and the worst. Chronic duffers will now say that Travers knows how it is himself. And the severe moralists of the game will find their highest claims sustained. How can you deny after this, they will ask, that golf summons into exercise a man's finest powers and virtues? Let there be but a momentary lapse, nervousness at the first two holes, a wavering eye at the tenth, slackening watchfulness or determination at the thirteenth, and you see how fated is disaster. If Travers had won, there would have been much glorying, with praise of the perfection of his style, and many exhortations to go and do likewise; but we are not sure that the sterner practitioners of the game will not find in his speedy defeat material for still more fruitful reproof, correction, and instruction in golf righteousness.

Earl Grey has broken a precedent by

choosing to fill out his six years as Governor-General of Canada, instead of resigning at the end of the fifth year. This is a frank and manly way of saying that Earl Grey likes Canada. It carries the implication that the Canadians are fond of their Governor-General. On this point there is abundant testimony. Not even the popularity of Lord Dufferin was so great as the strong personal liking for Lord Grey throughout the Dominion. The constitutional limitations surrounding the chief executive in the English scheme of government are naturally reinforced in Canada by the fact that their Governor-General is a stranger imposed on them from without. There was once an inclination among Canadians to look upon their chief executive not only as a figurehead, but as one from whom great interest in the people that he nominally governed was neither necessary nor desirable. Lord Grey has refused to be the formal figure of a viceroy. He has travelled about much, mingled with all kinds of people, and evidenced as deep an interest in the future of the Canadian West as the native-born.

Concerning the panic about invasion that is now afflicting England, we get little here but the shrieks and alarums of the Opposition, because that makes good news. We scarcely hear of the dogged way in which men like Winston Churchill and War Secretary Haldane are standing up to the hard task of instilling common sense into the fevered minds of their countrymen. For instance, in all this clamor about German invasion, the war maniacs have been taking it for granted that the British army is an utterly negligible factor. Only a year or two ago the British alarmists used to fall into a cold chill over a German raiding party of 5,000 men that might land at any time anywhere and do anything they pleased. But after a while even the humorless Jingo mind awoke to the fact that 5,000 foemen were a pretty small scarecrow to frighten a puissant nation of some forty millions. So the raiding party of 5,000 men jumped all at once to an entire German expeditionary corps. Now what are you going to say? Suppose the British fleet is enticed away or held in check while 30,000 Germans land in Yorkshire. What will you do then without an army or with this army of yours which even Lord Roberts pronounces a sham? Answers Mr. Haldane: We have an army, and it is not a sham. He stated the other day that England has her expeditionary force—her standing army—which consists now of 167,000 men, "trained to a much higher standard than Continental armies." Behind them is a reserve of 150,000 men, of men who have served their term in the regular army. Behind them are fourteen divisions and fourteen brigades of Territorials; Mr. Haldane admitted that it was not known how much these were worth at the beginning of a war, "but they were worth something." In other words, some 320,000 English regular troops, backed by a militia of probably half a million, ought to cope with the German expeditionary corps that is going to land in Yorkshire. "I am not much concerned," said Mr. Haldane, "about the bolt from the blue." But since when have facts appealed to the Jingo? If he wishes to see German airships hovering over the mountain top once crowned by Arthur's Camelot, why, dash it, sir, he will see 'em.

The failure of the French general strike was inevitable. Without serious preparation, a handful of irresponsible leaders attempted to bring about a conflict which only the most bitter necessity could excuse, and only the most resolute attitude on the part of the entire working population of a country could render successful. In Russia, four years ago, it was the whole nation that struck—railway employees, telegraphers, clerks, physicians, lawyers, and judges. In Austria, universal suffrage was granted because there, too, it was evident that the mass of the nation was aroused. In France, the occasion was inopportune and the cause was frivolous. It all grew out of the postal strike of a few months ago. That strike was settled when the employees received what they assert were assurances that the head of the postal department, the obnoxious M. Simyan, should be got rid of. The government denies that it made such promises. In so many words, of course, no government would make such a promise. Yet there can be little doubt that, if the postal employees had given M. Clemenceau time, M. Simyan would have gone. Had he been sacrificed immediately, there would have been clamor in the Chamber that the Ministry had surrendered to the unions. The good will of those unions M. Clemenceau does not despise, but the safety of his Ministry came first. When, therefore, the labor leaders began praising him for the dismissal of Simyan, it was evident that they were looking for trouble. The outcome shows that they found it.

As a result of the conference between Von Bülow and the Kaiser, it is announced that there will be no resignation, and that there is the fullest accord between them on all matters relating to domestic or foreign policy. The Kaiser, as a special mark of favor, has asked Von Bülow to accompany him to the Sängerfest at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Beyond doubt, this public support will strengthen the Chancellor's hands; but it in no wise solves the difficult Parliamentary problem before him. The latest to voice the demand for a solution of the fiscal dilemma is the Bavarian heir-apparent, Prince Ludwig, who has just come out strongly for the proposed inheritance tax, and urged the Reichstag, in the name of patriotism, to terminate the existing deadlock. But this appeal to the Conservatives is like asking our Congressmen and Senators to vote on the tariff bill without regard to local interests and special privileges. There is at present little prospect that when the Reichstag meets again, after its brief adjournment, the *bloc* will be in any softer mood or more united than it is to-day. But the chances seem to be that some compromise will in the end be reached—in no sense a genuine reform of the whole fiscal system, but merely a makeshift.

South African union now seems assured in the near future. After the proposed Constitution had been discussed by the separate colonies, with some amendments strongly urged, it was referred back to the Convention at Bloemfontein. There it was changed in some particulars—the plan of proportional representation, for example, being dropped—and was then signed by all the delegates of all the colonies. Speedy ratification is now looked for. The English Lord High Commissioner, Lord Selborne, made a speech at the public banquet given after the Constitutional Convention adjourned, in which

he said that the whole affair was in the hands of the South Africans themselves. The political bread which they might choose to eat would be home-made. Lord Selborne predicted that when the matter came before the Imperial Parliament, the only competition between English parties would be to see which could interfere least with the work of the Convention. We may, therefore, count speedily upon having to learn to shape our tongues to the new political designation, Commonwealth of South Africa.

A SHORT WAY WITH CONSUMERS.

When Mr. Pickwick was sued by Mrs. Bardell for breach of promise of marriage, it occurred to the elder Mr. Weller that the defence ought to concentrate its efforts on establishing an alibi. Very much akin to Mr. Weller's scheme is the argument lately hit upon by good friends of the tariff. Is it in behalf of the consumer that the demand for a downward revision of the schedules has been advanced? Then deny that he exists. There is no such person known to man. We are all a lot of happy, happy producers; and for everything that is taken away from us by the Dingley law, we get back something else, and, precisely as if we were in Ireland, a little more besides. The New York *Sun* makes merry over the myth of the consumer, the rhetorical figure, this pure abstraction that has its origin in the brain of the Cumminses and the Dollivers, the Borahs and the Baileys and Beveridges.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* follows suit, but takes the trouble to reason with the deluded ones. Do the farmer and the mill-hand consume without producing? Does the clerk? Do the lawyer, the minister, the journalist, the actor, the college professor? Which of these fails to profit by prosperity? Which of these, therefore, is the "simon-pure consumer" you are looking for? And the *Sun* and *Inter Ocean* leave us confounded, too dazed to make the point that it is not we, but they, that have dragged out this unhappy abstraction of a "simon-pure consumer" whom they have so pitilessly gored. "You protest against the extermination of the cherry-colored South American elephant with a duck-bill and a taste for French water-colors? *There is no such elephant!*"

It needs no ideal consumer to hammer home the iniquities of tariff plunder. Outside of Tahiti and our own most exclusive circles, we are all producers and consumers in part. But it is one thing to show that the average American citizen takes as well as gives; it is another thing to say, The taking and the giving balance perfectly. Q. E. D. In that maladjustment between income by the grace of Dingley and outgo by the grace of Dingley, lies the crux of the problem. Granted that John Smith produces as well as consumes. But what the tariff does to him in his capacity as consumer is very well known. What it does for him in his rôle of producer is by no means so clearly evident. The tailor, the grocer, and the candlestick-maker speak more definitely to the point than the compiler of Republican statistics on the increase of the country's savings deposits. Is it the advocate of the rights of the consumer that deals in theory and abstraction, or is it the *Inter Ocean*, when, finding it "obvious" that Protection showers blessings on the "clanging mills, the peaceful farms, and the busy marts of trade," it bends down one cheerful finger after the other:

> If the mills have less work the lawyer for the mills has fewer cases. If employment is less varied and plentiful there are fewer people with means to pay the preacher. Missionary contributions decline in hard times. And men who look at newspapers chiefly in search of jobs are not the "regular subscribers" who give the journalist peace of mind. Neither do they come numerously to weep or laugh with the actor.

Has a fuller circle of human felicity ever been traced?

But if the lawyer on his average munificent income of five or six hundred dollars a year, the college professor who is a little better off, the doctor who is a good deal worse off, the preacher, the missionary, the country teacher, were to protest that somehow or other the whole happy scheme of protection does not quite fall into such perfect adjustment, he will be told that his troubles are only temporary. "Ultimately" is here the great answer and panacea. For a man who has had so much fun with the ultimate consumer, your tariff man is very fond of the "ultimate" adjustment of earnings and cost under Protection. The price of the mill worker's coat goes up the moment a tax is clapped on clothing, but his wages rise ultimately. The college teacher finds the cost of children's shoes and hats, of eggs and butter and beef, grow from month to month almost; his salary follows ultimately—say about the time necessary for the money he has contributed to the Oil Trust to get back to him in the form of an endowment. The bookkeeper, the clerk, the country editor, feel the pinch in the present, but look for solace in the ultimate. The city school teacher sees everything go up but her salary—rents, clothes, food, recreation. Her salary will go up, ultimately; as soon, we suppose, as the boys and girls she turns out have become prosperous wage-earners, and by enriching the nation as well as themselves will make it possible for the city to increase its teachers' pay. Problem: Find the age of our school-teacher when she gets her increase—ultimately.

There is no such thing as a consumer. The Western Senators who are clamoring for a reduction of duties do so against the desires of their constituents, as politicians always do. There is no such thing as a consumer, but the Republican national platform held out the promise of revision because the issue was unpopular with the country, as political platforms always do. There are no consumers, but Mr. Taft found it necessary to pledge himself and his party to a cutting down of tariff schedules. He did it because he wanted to lose votes after the fashion of all candidates. Strange, is it not, that a powerful political party should have let itself be frightened by so obvious a myth as the consumer? Now, the unscrupulous jobber who is actually responsible for high prices, he is a real person. The retail dealer who robs the public in turn, he is a real person. The Protection Senator who would never dream of letting manufacturers draw up his schedules for him, he is a real person. But the consumer? A wraith, sir; a pure abstraction! How absurd to imagine that we are anything else but a people who prosper, like the inhabitants of the Scilly Islands, by taking in each other's washing!

UNKNOWN DIPLOMATS.

The recent death of Friedrich von Holstein, long in the service of the German Foreign Office, was barely mentioned in the cable dispatches to this country; but in Germany, as well as in France and England, the significance of

his career was understood. He was one of the men who greatly serve the state without public recognition. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* goes so far as to say that Herr von Holstein, after Bismarck's retirement, was really "the director [*Leiter*] of our foreign policy." Yet he was not even an under-secretary! His place was, by preference, in the background. Personally, he was the most retiring and publicity-hating of mortals. In an age when everybody is photographed in every possible relation of life, not a single portrait of Von Holstein exists. In a land of uniforms, he did not even own a dress-suit! Such at least is the inference from the story that, when the present Emperor expressed a desire to meet the extraordinary man who knew and did so much but was so rarely seen, Von Holstein replied to Prince Bülow, who invited him to dinner to meet the Kaiser: "But I don't believe that I have a dress coat. I will try, however, to get one made in time, and, if I can't, perhaps the Emperor will take me as I am."

This Privy Councillor of the Foreign Office worked in silence and privacy, but he worked with iron industry, and made himself an almost indispensable master of the entire foreign relations of Germany. Prince Hohenlohe once described him as "the diplomatic chart of the German Foreign Office." Trained under Bismarck, he served that statesman in the Arnim affair, and enjoyed his confidence and respect—until he refused to retire along with his chief. After that, the customary venom from Friedrichsruh was shot at him. But the quiet man stuck to his post, added steadily to his vast knowledge, and under successive Chancellors and Foreign Secretaries got the threads of German foreign policy more and more firmly into his own hand. Those who ought to know assert that he was more responsible than any other man for the German seizure of Kiao-chau in China. Von Holstein's real authorship of the policy pursued by Germany in Morocco was so practically avowed that, when it failed, at Algeciras, his official retirement soon followed, just as if he had been a responsible Minister. His great attainments were never questioned, though his judgment might be impugned and his methods criticised. He seems to have been a lover of indirection. One of his colleagues once said of him: "If he wanted to get to Madrid from Berlin, he would go round by Jerusalem." This quality in the man gave point to the objection made against him that he was too clever by half—*überklug*. It is a grave fault in any public man, gravest of all in a diplomat.

The main suggestion of such a life as Von Holstein's is the enormous importance of the permanent officials of any government. They seldom get much of the glory, but they often have the satisfaction of doing most of the work. Their superiors come and go, but there they are, year after year, with their hand on the very pulse of the machine. In all departments, such men are to be found, who simply must be retained, even under the spoils system, because without them the public business cannot be done. And as the foreign policy of any country is, or ought to be, the most continuous of all governmental policies, it comes about that these inner-office diplomats, the men who are seldom seen and never heard, inevitably acquire great power. Lord Salisbury used to say that the policy of England in India was really dictated, not by the Secretary for India, or by the Viceroy, but by the permanent officials of the India Office. A. L. Lowell's volumes on the "Government of England" bring out strikingly the way in which the old employees of the Colonial Office, or the Foreign Office, come to look with contempt or apprehension or complacency, as the case may be, upon their temporary chiefs. One secretary coolly wrote of his superior that he was "not more in pupilage than is necessary and natural." It was once declared in Australia that "the million and a half of Englishmen who inhabit these colonies . . . have been really governed by a person named Rogers." This Rogers was a permanent under-secretary. He calmly wrote of even so competent a Chief Secretary as Lord Granville: "He is very pleasant and friendly, and I think will not meddle!"

In our own Department of State, we could not point to any official who has held a position precisely like that of Von Holstein. We have, to be sure, our repositories of precedent and authorities on ceremony, like Mr. Adee, but it may be doubted if any one of them ever aspired, or was able, to play such a part in directing foreign policy as did the late *Geheimrat* of the German Foreign Office. The difference lies partly in our traditions, but more in our circumstances. The isolation of the United States, with the comparative simplicity of our foreign relations, has not made it necessary for our State Department to command the services of a man like Von Holstein.

He died at seventy-two, after a diplomatic service of forty-five years. Of the patriotism of such unrecognized servants of the state, there need be no question, but one wonders if they do not sometimes have, as they review their work, what Busch called in Bismarck "an affection of the nerves." Under one such onset the Iron Chancellor said:

> There is no doubt whatever that I have caused unhappiness to great numbers. But for me three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have been killed, and would not now be mourned by parents, brothers, sisters, and widows.

Such flashes of insight, or twinges of remorse, must now and then come even to the diplomats behind the diplomats.

CHEERFUL DESTROYERS.

It is curious to observe how the "wild-eyed" socialist agitator has vanished from the newspapers. His place has been taken by the "parlor" socialist who comes of American ancestry, shaves every day, and expresses his views in well-modulated tones and with due regard for the feelings of his audience. When he embraces Socialism, he does not necessarily hurl his gauntlet into the face of society. Ask him, and he will tell you that his quarrel is not with society at all, but with those who keep the social system from being as comfortable as it might be made. That the world can show many pleasant things even now, he won't deny; differing sharply in this respect from his predecessors of a few years ago, to whom even the prospect of nature was spoiled by the utter vileness of man. Today, some socialists find Palm Beach in February just the quiet sort of place for writing editorials on tuberculosis in the tenements. They will tell you frankly that they like Palm Beach, and that if only the entire American "proletariat" could come to Florida with them, their cup of happiness would be quite full. Their cup of happiness, as a rule, is of fine Dresden.

If one should charge the leaders of

Socialism with insincerity, it would be falling into the bad manners which socialists themselves are fast discarding. The most intelligent socialists, for instance, do not attack Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Carnegie in person. The proper course now is not to hate them, but to be sorry for them. Mr. Rockefeller is as much the victim of the present insane social system as the unemployed workman at his gates. Present-day socialists accept things as they are to the extent that they can see how essentially weak is man and how powerful are the circumstances that shape him. They can understand why Mr. Rockefeller should like his ease. They can see why he should believe what he believes in. They have come to recognize that men are men first and capitalists, or socialists, afterwards. Hence a decided cheerfulness of tone about latter-day Socialism, with comprehension of the fact that, even in this poor world as it is, socialists have a good deal to enjoy and even something to learn.

We do not know how socialists amused themselves in earlier days, but the chances are that play was looked upon as somewhat inconsistent with true Marxian zeal. To-day the *International Socialist Review* of Chicago advertises an artistic pack of socialist playing cards on which John D. Rockefeller is the king of spades. He holds a sword labelled Profit and Interest in one hand and a University in the other. Across his breast runs the spirited verse:

> I love to oil the college wheels
> And grease the pulpit stairs
> Where workmen learn to scorn the strike
> And trust to Heaven and prayers.

The publishers are quite right in describing these cards as "just the thing to break new ground for socialistic propaganda." Shall there be no cakes and ale because Karl Marx once lived, no pinochle and skat and poker? "Get a workingman to read what is on these cards," say the publishers, "and he will be mighty likely to show some signs of intelligent discontent by the time he lays them down." Particularly if the other man holds all the socialist aces.

Whether there are socialist playing blocks on the market, we do not know. But there is no reason why socialist children should not build little labor exchanges and coöperative commonwealths on the floor, and improve their spelling at the same time. There is no telling how far back one could go. Socialist infants might cut their first teeth on a rubber link from the chains that bind the workingmen, and nursery bottles might have blown into the glass, "This is the way capitalism drains the laborer." Going from fancy to fact, we might point out that so austerely spiritual a socialist as John Spargo has condescended to write a story-book for children, which is entertaining as well as instructive. There is a chapter on Robert Owen, and there is another chapter headed "A Little Talk on Karl Marx." The socialist Sunday-schools are firmly established in New York, and their children's fête at Cooper Union recently was a high-spirited entertainment. It must be these Sunday-schools which make use of the "Socialist Primer," that has greatly stirred up the editor of *The Square Deal*.

Yet one only has to read the citations from the "Socialist Primer," printed in *The Square Deal*, to see how vain is the fear of its editor. Lesson V has a picture of a heavy representative of the predatory classes spurning a beggar. The text is:

> Here is a man who begs. Why does he not go to work? He would, but he cannot get a job. Can he not go to work in a shop? No, for a fat man owns the shop. Can he go to work in a mine? No, for a fat man owns the mine. Can he go to work on the land? No, for a fat man owns the land. It is a great scheme! When the thin man can get work, he must work for the fat man. The thin man is poor. Is the fat man poor? The thin man makes the fat man rich. Would you like to be the thin man?
>
> Who works for the fat man?
> Who is a slave?

Now, we submit that this is miles away from the pike-staff and the bomb. Are society and the family really in danger of violent disruption at the hands of people whose sense of humor overflows even into their schoolrooms, who buy their children picture books, teach them socialist songs and dances, and are themselves fond of a quiet game of cards?

THE "QUARTERLY" CENTENARY.

Periodicals have their *fata*, as well as books, and time has brought about the hundredth year of the continuous existence of the *Quarterly Review*. Founded in 1809, as a Tory counterblast to the Whig *Edinburgh*, its influence for many years upon English politics and literature was undeniably great. With famous editors and still more famous contributors, it made or marred the fortunes of many a public man and many a writer. If it has recently sunk from its high estate, this is doubtless due more to the changed habits of reading, and the consequent new conditions of successful publishing, than to any disastrous falling off in ability. It is not a little pathetic to see the *Quarterly* in these latter days endeavoring to assume its old rôle of arbiter of the fate of nations—as in its violent attacks upon Germany. To use an expression of one of its own founders, George Canning, this irresistibly gives the impression of "the contortions of the Sibyl without its inspiration."

As the ups and downs of political parties are, after all, of less significance, or, at all events, of less perennial interest, than the general intellectual movement expressed in letters and science, it is the historic place long held by the *Quarterly* in literary criticism which most prompts to comment. It early raised many questions of editorial and publishing ethics, or, at least, etiquette. The first editor, Gifford, was a valiant knight of the blue pencil. Inviting the ablest pens to contribute, he wreaked himself upon their manuscripts in a way to evoke groans from the authors. Southey, in particular, was subject to ruthless evisceration by Gifford. It may have been the poet laureate's unhappy experience that Byron had in mind, when he wrote, in "Don Juan," about his intention to

> —defy
> All other magazines of art or science,
> Daily, or monthly, or three monthly,

for the reason that

> —the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
> Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

But this custom had its reverse. Some writers were permitted in the *Quarterly* to review their own books! Walter Scott was the best-known favorite, in this way, though his chief motive was to keep up the mystification about his authorship. Yet in his article about himself there were some passages of extreme laudation. This seems very strange, coming from the man whose "Journal" showed that he took the most hard-headed view of his own productions, receiving extravagant praise with ill grace and private grunts of "Nonsense!" But it is now explained that these highly flattering sentences were inserted in Scott's review by the editor, Gifford. This revelation relieves

Sir Walter, but the indelicacy of allowing a writer to be his own anonymous critic remains without justification. It is said to have been "a not uncommon practice of Gifford's day."

The most famous, or notorious, contributor to the *Quarterly* was unquestionably John Wilson Croker. For years his secret pen was a terror to Englishmen in all walks of life. Statesmen, great figures in society, poets in particular, suffered from his ambushed attacks. It is probably not true that his stupid and brutal review of "Endymion"—"so savage and Tartarly"—had much if anything to do with hastening the death of Keats; but it was a thoroughly wrong-headed performance, as was also the same critic's sarcastic reception of Tennyson's first poems. The feud which raged between Croker and Macaulay—who deliberately set out to "dust that varlet's jacket"—may very well have served to fix the popular estimate of the former's attainments too low. Yet that there was a certain tang of malice in much that he wrote, seems indisputable. It is implied in the "one good thing" of Sir Robert Peel which is recorded in the biography of Kinglake. Standing before the portrait of Croker in the Academy, "Wonderful likeness!" said some one; "it gives the very quiver of the mouth." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it."

If changed mental habits and altered methods of publishing have made all quarterly magazines appear more or less like survivals, even in Great Britain, the reason for their decay or disappearance in the United States is still more obvious. Years ago, Lowell wrote, apropos of our then most famous quarterly, the *North American*, that it was destined to become extinct in that form—it would, he said, like a megatherium, crawl off into a swamp to become a mere fossil. Such was the inevitable tendency of the time. It persists to-day. Serious reading of deliberate writing is at a discount. Even the monthlies find it difficult to maintain a high standard, intellectually. As for the great mass of readers of print, to which our system of free education has given birth, what they desire is, not a magazine that appears once in three months, but a newspaper that is issued once in three minutes. In place of matured judgment, what is in favor is "brawling ignorance all day long."

ATHLETICS ON THE DEFENSIVE.

Columbia University, in the course of the next few days, will more than wipe out the blot on her 'scutcheon which the elimination of football left there. South Field, the university's playground, will have passed through the first stage of a process of reconstruction which aims to make it one of the most elaborate athletic grounds in the country. Probably no other university can vie with Columbia's new field in convenience of location. Franklin Field at Philadelphia is not very far from the campus, but South Field is nearer still, lying literally at the very doors of the college hall and dormitories. New York University has its football field and running track on the campus, but New York University is not situated in the heart of the city, and we take it that the facility with which thousands may come and cheer will continue to be an important consideration with athletes. When all the work is done, South Field will have a football field inside a four-lap track, tennis courts, and a grandstand of which the exact dimensions have not yet been determined. The class of '99, which celebrates its decennial next month, commenced the rebuilding of South Field in conjunction with the class of '84. The classes of 1900 and '85 will make a beginning on the grandstand. In the swift procession of decennials and quarter-centenaries South Field will not have to wait long for its complete equipment.

In its splendid gymnasium, its new track and field, and its boathouse but a few minutes away from its doors, Columbia owns a magnificent athletic plant. The interesting question is whether this elaborate and costly apparatus is to be used for the good of the university community at large, or whether, after a few years of obscuration, the star athlete is once more to seize the centre of the stage at South Field, while the anæmic mass of undergraduates cheer from the grandstand. If Columbia persists in her present policy of giving the ordinary man a chance at play as well as at study, she faces unlimited possibilities of good. For the freshman and the sophomore, a minimum of work on the gymnasium floor is already compulsory. If the requirement should be extended to the upper classes, and if the scope of the work were widened so as to bring every undergraduate out into the open air, and, possibly, on the water, the principal evil of our present ferocious athleticism would be in a fair way to disappear. For the chief trouble with the cult of the body in our colleges is not so much that a few undergraduates make a religion of athletics, as that the great mass of students do not make it a daily, sensible pursuit. In a way, the two evils are connected. Where every undergraduate played at some game or other, the exceptional athlete would still get his just meed of admiration. But there would be absent the senseless hurrahing and celebrating.

The cause of the average student against the star athlete gains in strength as physical directors, coaches, and trainers continue to tell tales out of school. Athleticism as a fine art, or the only art in life, is somewhat on the defensive. It is not only that athletics have been accused of not doing enough for the average undergraduate, but that the star athlete himself does not seem to be deriving quite all the wonderful advantages he was supposed to obtain from an exclusive devotion to play. The general public has the notion, for instance, that athletics do not conduce to longevity. Coaches and directors have been called upon rather frequently of late to explain that the death of former college stars was not due to over-exertion. Whatever the merits of this particular question may be, people have usually passed it over, in view of the many cardinal virtues that football or rowing was supposed to inculcate. Courage, resourcefulness, self-restraint, fortitude under defeat, sacrifice of self for the common welfare—these are but a few of the moral benefits of an undergraduate course in football. Comes now Dr. Nichols, late of Harvard, and on many essential points begs leave to differ. Sports do not develop physical courage, which, after all, is "one of the commonest traits in the world." The factor of endurance is much exaggerated; there really isn't much pain and exertion involved. Fair play, he says, is not always present in an athletic competition. Of the theory that athletics keep young men out of bad habits, he thinks little. Yes, there are good features. The athlete is trained in obedience, in "coördination, and cooperation, in self-restraint now and then."

Now, once upon a time, it used to be

supposed that books, too, exercised some sort of moral influence. Courses of study used even to be called "disciplines." The much-belauded virtues of the athlete have somewhat obscured the fact that perhaps there is as much self-denial in saving on one's meals to pay the college fees, as in subjecting one's self to the rigors of the training-table. Perhaps there is as much tenacity in sitting up over one's books with a headache as in plunging down the field with your cheek laid open. Perhaps there is as much self-restraint involved in giving up a pleasant engagement, in order to cram for an examination, as there is in refraining from slugging the man with the ball. Athletics are a moral agent in so far as they provide an outlet for superfluous energy and satisfy nature's demand for play. But it is hard to see what moral value inheres in a crazy system of athletics which promotes muscle-worship among 5 per cent. of our students, and leaves the men of studious tastes and of average or poor physique ashamed to do what they ought to do for themselves and what they would like to do, on the gymnasium floor and in the open air.

ART AND ACTUALITY.

That Anatole France's "L'Ile des Pingouins" is one of the wisest and wittiest books of our day most of its readers agree. Many, however, would regard as almost unreadable the considerable portion that deals with recent French politics. So sharp a contrast in mood and quality deserves a moment's attention. In the early chapters of the Penguins—an allegory of the origins of civilization—Anatole France asserts himself as a true successor of Cyrano de Bergerac and Dean Swift, and yet has never been more engagingly himself. Since Rabelais, universal satire has not invested itself with equal geniality, yet the smiler, as a true satirist should, wears a knife under his cloak. Not less imaginative than these legends of the bad childhood of the race is the final sombre vision of a great modern city literally bursting from the pressure of the social hatreds it has engendered. It would be hard to say whether our author is more admirable in imaginative retrospect or in prophecy; it is certain enough that he is not admirable at all when he shadows forth his own times. In the middle of this book, the adage to the contrary, you cannot go safely.

Why are the Boulanger affair and Dreyfus, why are the vicissitudes of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry, worse subjects for imaginative prose than the acclamation of the first king or the ultimate triumph of anarchy? Because, we think, there is both too much and too little in these modern subjects. Too many facts, too little meaning. It is to the tyranny of the fact that M. France has succumbed most lamentably. Long stretches of his book sink to the level of the *roman à clef*. Why? Because, we think, he is obsessed by the unescapable actuality of MM. Reinach and Labori, Millerand and Delcassé. Of all the moderns, only Boulanger (Chatillon) and Gen. Mercier (Greatauk) appear either impressive or real. And here there seem to be special reasons that favored detachment and perspective. Boulanger was more of a superstition, a casual portent, than an effective personality. He was, in short, that rare occurrence: a ready-made hero of legend. As for Mercier, utter scorn of him seems to have given to our author that calm out of which must grow the finer generalizations of the imagination. What is superlative is already legendary, and Mercier was nothing if not superlative.

That the other moderns should cut but a pale figure was inevitable. Anatole France has lived too deeply in their experiences. In his desire to condemn, to vindicate, or simply to do justice—all motives of a perturbing sort—he misses the serenity of the creative spirit. In his solicitude to represent, he almost forgets to invent. The result is a streak of dull allegory in a fabric elsewhere highly symbolical and imaginative. How far this partial failure was in the nature of the case, how far due to individual causes, we shall not attempt to decide. Evidently, the personal factor has counted for something. To one occupied with the infancy and decrepitude of an entire civilization, the Dreyfus case need not have loomed so large, nor yet the aberrations of the present Parliamentary régime in France. Here the individual scale seems at fault, if for natural and even laudable reasons. Taking the incident more broadly, it may afford an argument to those who believe in the complete disinterestedness of art. At least the moral holds that when you would soar in the interstellar spaces of legend you must not draw up in your vortex too much dust from the boulevards or the Bowery.

Yet the daily spectacle becomes refractory stuff for the artist the moment he works in the spirit of an interpreter. He may record it, travesty it, gossip about it with impunity. Any attitude toward it, save the judicial, seems acceptable to the muses. Nevertheless, the temptation to judge one's own times will probably remain irresistible. The artist who fails before this proof may draw comfort from the thought that for being less of an artist he has been more of a man. With the paradox that art must not too overtly serve its own day and generation we cannot deal now. Has it not troubled the moralists from Plato to Tolstoy—and Anatole France?

RECENT GERMAN POETRY.

Comparison of some volumes of verse recently published in Germany with those that were coming out about ten years ago has a twofold interest. It proves that the mind of the modern German, then soaring in the heights of the Overman and circling about the ego, has gradually returned to earth, and that contempt for the conventional vehicles of poetical expression is no longer considered a necessary adjunct of individual power. The prophetic grandiloquence of Zarathustra-Nietzsche, then at its height, has since subsided. The cheering yawp and the swinging stride of Whitman's Muse find no longer so direct and noisy an echo, but there are evidences that some of his wholesome spirit has been assimilated. Eroticism, too, then a theme frankly presented in manifold variations, enters but feebly into the verse of to-day. All these facts are significant.

Though incomplete, owing to the refusal of Stefan George and Rainer Maria Rilke to allow the use of their poems, the little anthology compiled by H. Federmann, and entitled "Der Schatzbehalter" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is fairly successful in the attempt to bring together the most striking figures of that earlier period and a few of the most recent. Liliencron, Dehmel, Holz, Mombert, Dauthendey, Hofmannsthal, Schaukal, Greiner, Vollmoeller, and Ricarda Huch are well represented. The compiler wisely omitted poems by Liliencron that are already generally familiar, but included "Cincinnatus," the brave and helpful message whereof one cannot too frequently hear.

The refusal of Stefan George to be included in this modest anthology does not come as a surprise to any one who has watched his attitude of aristocratic isolation since his name first appeared

as editor of the *Blätter für die Kunst*. For that admirable magazine of poetry, in which he had the coöperation of Franz Evers, Karl Wolfskehl, Georg Edward, now a professor at the Northwestern University, and other men since distinguished in various departments of German letters, was designed for private circulation and for an exclusive taste. George was Germany's prophet of "art for art's sake" at a time when the cry for "vitality" and "truth" made poetry a handmaid of criticism and propaganda. While his idiosyncrasies of typography and punctuation were duly ridiculed, he was respected as one of the few who, in a time that clamored for realistic treatment of the tangible themes of every-day life, went his own way towards a purely artistic ideal.

"Der siebente Ring" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is representative of his art. He has revived archaisms and accepted provincialisms with amazing freedom, yet they never obtrude themselves unpleasantly upon the ear. His style is succinct and pithy, his images are striking, though a bit farfetched. He rarely attempts the lighter metres, but moves along with a solemn uniformity of measure and motion which might be fatiguing, were not the range of his subjects and his moods so large. But he stands aloof from the world's current in a field too exclusively æsthetic.

There is some affinity between Stefan George, a translator of Baudelaire, and Rainer Maria Rilke, who has done into German the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and whose latest verse, "Der neuen Gedichte zweiter Teil," is now published by the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig. He, too, refuses to walk over well-trodden paths and to adapt his step to the measure of the multitude. He has ideas, and when he touches a subject previously written about, always strikes out a new meaning. His plastic touch can visualize a psychological problem, as in "Der Auszug des verlorenen Sohnes," or even a spiritual condition of the people, as in "Gott im Mittelalter."

Wolf Graf von Kalckreuth, the son of the painter Leopold von Kalckreuth, was known at his premature death as the translator of Baudelaire and Verlaine. Now a volume of "Gedichte" has been published by the Insel-Verlag and proves him a poet of distinction, though not of marked individuality. The sonnet-cycle dedicated to Napoleon contains some impressive imagery.

Readers familiar with the Young Germany of the nineties will greet with a touch of sadness the title-page which reads: "Leuchtende Tage: Neue Gedichte," von Ludwig Jacobowski (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin). It is proof of the poet's hold upon his people that these poems should be issued in a third edition eight years after his death. Although his social conscience was early awakened and the burden of the poor of all the world rested as heavily upon his shoulders as the burden of his race, Jacobowski did not share the defiant and challenging attitude of his comrades. His was a soul stunned rather than steeled by suffering, physical and spiritual, and the key of his song was a sombre minor. He won the sympathy of his people by simplicity of sentiment and by an unstudied form closely approaching the folk-song.

Bruno Wille, who had early joined the group of youthful iconoclasts in Berlin that made the modern school, and who later became the founder of the Freie Volksbühne, offers a selection from previously published volumes, with the addition of some new poems, under the title, "Der heilige Hain" (Eugen Diederichs, Jena). Above all his fellow-poets, Wille has the sense of nature and the open. He loves the intimate beauty of the pine groves of his Friedrichshagen home, and his walks with his friend Bölsche along the shores of the Müggelsee, historical as the scene of Hauptmann's "Einsame Menschen," disclose to him ever new sources of delight and comfort. He is by nature a worshipper and a preacher, and a gleam of humor breaks rarely into his solemn, reflective mood. Of his earlier poems one is pleased to meet again "Der ewige A b c Schütz," quaint and thoughtful, "Die Silberpappel," and "Wandervögel"; but misses "Mutter Erde."

Cæsar Flaischlen, who belongs to the generation of the Harts and the Hauptmanns, of Bölsche and Wille, came into prominence fifteen years ago through his drama, "Martin Lehnhardt," which summarized the individual rights claimed by Young Germany. But his attitude has since matured into a philosophical acceptance of things as they are, with an invincible hopefulness for the days to come. He goes toward "the divinity within" with cheerful unconcern for the bustling crowd about him. He insists in the preface to his "Zwischenklänge" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) upon the "Recht auf Zeit," without which the artist must lose his own kingdom. No winter is too long for him; for when the gray days of autumn come, he takes home with him the sunshine and the songs that summer gave, and cherishes the memory until the coming of another spring. This is the message of the "Stimmungen" and of the group entitled "Von Festtagen und Werktagen."

While Flaischlen has gradually developed a form of his own which lends itself effectively to proverbial verse, the most conspicuous among the late newcomers, Alfons Paquet, seems to have chosen Whitman as his model. His book, "Auf Erden," at first privately printed and now revised and enlarged, is published by Eugen Diederichs of Jena. It proves him to be essentially a poet of our day. He is equally at home in the solitudes of nature and in the press of city life. Nothing in the noisy bustle and strenuous struggle jars on him. His business training in London, his economic studies in the universities of Heidelberg, Munich, and Jena, and his travels in Asia and America have taught him to accept features of modern life that revolt his brother poets. He undertakes to interpret our time in verse, as the Dane Jensen does in prose.

Even among the women who have recently attained some prominence as writers of verse, there can be noticed a distinct deviation from the Frauendichtung, which had developed in the nineties. There are no such extraordinary figures among them as Maria Janitschek and Margarete Beutler, whose finer poetical qualities were obscured either by visionary symbolism or by their erotic note. Katharina Weise's "Aussaat" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) compels attention as the work of a girl barely twenty, admitted by Carl Busse into his collection of Neue Deutsche Lyriker. The little book is distinguished by simplicity and sincerity, and shows not a few examples of fine imagery, as in the poem entitled "Heimliche Wittwen." Ricarda Huch is somewhat disappointing in the "Neue Gedichte" (Insel-Verlag, Leipzig). Still, they show her individual vision and the refinement and intensity of feeling that give an intimate charm to all her writings. The sonnets of Rosa Mayreder, "Zwischen Himmel und Erde" (Eugen Diederichs, Jena), manifest a rare intellectual aloofness. She wrestles with questions of conscience and problems of life, analyzes the relation between man and woman, and in one of the sonnets foreshadows a future not unlike the third kingdom of Maximos the Mystic in Ibsen's "Emperor and Galilean." But the most ambitious work is the epic poem, "Die Kinder der Lilith," by Isolde Kurz (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). Boldly deviating from tradition, she gives a new meaning to the ancient myth by making Lilith the heaven-born woman whom the Lord had given to earth-born Adam to keep alive in him the flame of ideal aspiration, while Eve has been created by the jealous Samael, otherwise Lucifer, to accomplish the fall of Adam. But the son to whom Lilith gives birth in heaven after the exile of Adam, falls heir to the mission she was to fulfill. The children of Lilith are the heroes, seers, and poets of the world that carry the torch of the ideal.

The safest sign, however, of the slow return to old ideals and old forms is the recent revival of the Ballade. With the exception of Liliencron, Carl Busse, Georg Edward, and a few others who never claimed seriously to be classed among the moderns, the poets of the

last decades have shown little liking for the form which was used so richly by Goethe, Bürger, Uhland, and Droste-Hülshof. It is by no means insignificant that two writers looked upon almost as regenerators of the lost art, Lulu von Strauss und Torney and Börries Freiherr von Münchhausen, spring from the aristocracy of their country. Chivalry, feudalism, and mediæval folklore have always been favored as subjects of the ballade, and it is only natural that poets of noble lineage should choose that form that best lends itself to the commemoration of traditions stored up in the family chronicles. Yet, without being an ultra-modernist, one must feel that the endless praise of feudal loyalty, the loves of pages and princesses and kindred themes of times gone by, are unfruitful anachronisms. The Balladen of Lulu von Strauss und Torney have in them more of the spirit of our time than do those of Münchhausen, though the popularity of the latter is by no means undeserved. It is evident from his "Balladen und ritterliche Lieder" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) that Münchhausen has mastered the form as has hardly another German poet of the day, even if he has not infused new life into the deeds of Ziska and Bayard, of the Beaumanoirs and the Montbijous. These Balladen and the lyrics in the second part of the book show as little relation to the standards set up by the Young Germany of the nineties as if that lively group of heretics had never attempted to "revalue old values." The Old World is, indeed, living at a rapid pace.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

On June 1 and 2 the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell a miscellaneous collection notable chiefly for the large number (135 lots) of books by or relating to Oscar Wilde. Included are some very unusual and out-of-the-way editions of some of his books. First editions of Bret Harte, books relating to New York, books on the War of 1812, and Lincolniana are other classes represented.

On June 3 they sell the collection of book-plates formed by H. E. Deats of Flemington, N. J. This is one of the most extensive in the country, containing nearly ten thousand specimens. In 1894, Mr. Deats purchased the collection, about 3,500 plates, formed by James Eddy Mauran of Newport, who is said to have been the pioneer book-plate collector in America. The American plates, which are likely to attract the greatest interest, include specimens engraved by Paul Revere, Nathaniel Hurd, Alexander Anderson, Peter Maverick, and other early engravers, as well as extensive series of the work of the modern favorites, E. D. French, J. Winifred Spenceley, W. F. Hopson, and others. The introduction to the catalogue is by Charles Dexter Allen.

On June 2 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will sell the autograph collection of J. E. Spannuth of Pottsville, Pa. Letters of Holmes, Lowell, Aldrich, Whittier, Halleck, and other American authors are included. On June 3 and 4 they will hold miscellaneous sales. In the sale of the later date is included a collection of book-plates engraved by E. D. French and others, books on book-plates, books from the Daniel and Roycroft Presses, first editions of Whittier and Oscar Wilde, and a series of fourteen first editions of Brander Matthews's books, each inscribed in the author's autograph.

A descriptive catalogue of the early editions of Shakespeare in the library of Eton College has been compiled by Walter W. Greg and published at the Oxford University Press. The collection of quartos includes twenty-two editions of eighteen plays bound in five volumes. Several are imperfect and others are described as poor copies. Ten, including two of the spurious plays, were printed before the appearance of the first folio in 1623. The first folio in the library is a small and inferior copy, with Ben Jonson's verses and title-page in facsimile. The third folio (with 1664 title) is also inferior, but the second and fourth folios are described as fine copies. The bibliographical descriptions are full and accurate. At the end a Critical Summary gives a list of the plays, which shows their location in the four folios, and, where they appeared earlier in print, notes the dates of the various editions in quarto.

It is reported by cable that the recently discovered volume made up of four of Caxton's books and bound, probably, in his workshop, described in the *Nation* for May 6, brought $13,000 at Sotheby's on May 21.

Correspondence.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT LAW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I beg leave to enter a respectful protest against your editorial endorsement in your issue of May 20, of the violent and, I am sure, unjust characterization of the new copyright law by a radical German deputy, Dr. Heinrich Muller, as a "crazy potpourri of modern ideas and peanut protectionism." I do not know to what pernicious "modern ideas" Dr. Muller may refer, but he does not inspire confidence in his intelligence when he states that the law was "proposed" by President Roosevelt.

I am aware that the *Nation* has always held protection sentiment responsible for the manufacturing clause in the present law. In the memorable contest of 1891 much confusion existed in the minds of legislators concerning the protection afforded by the tariff and the protection afforded by the proposed copyright law. If a bill had been introduced to protect the White House by burglar alarms, it would have been opposed in certain quarters as a high tariff measure. The result was that at the last moment the bill lost a number of votes of friendly Democratic Senators who suspected that somehow they were being delivered into the camp of the enemy. May I say, very gently, that the *Nation* contributed to this result by its references to the bill as a protective measure because of the manufacturing clause, and that, in order to counteract this influence, Mr. Godkin was appealed to to write, and did write, a letter saying that the *Nation* was not opposed to the passage of the bill? This letter, I may add, proved of substantial value. Nobody ever doubted Mr. Lowell's position as an opponent of a high tariff, and yet he did not on this account waver in his advocacy of the only copyright legislation then practicable. It is most unfortunate that the subjects of tariff and copyright should be confused, and particularly that it should not be borne in mind that the influence that has secured and sustained the manufacturing clause is not protection sentiment, but the influence of the labor interests of the country in solid support of the International Typographical Union. You are at liberty, if you choose, to call the protective tariff and the manufacturing clause each a concession to a wrong conception of the interests of the American laborer, but beyond that, it seems to me, the identification is not reasonable, and only makes more difficult the task of liberalizing, not to say perfecting, our copyright statute. The fact that the new law was passed with unanimity in both houses was more than a personal triumph for Representative Currier and Senator Smoot; it indicated that in Congress the confusion with the tariff issues has virtually disappeared.

Again, I beg to remind you that so far as books in languages other than English are concerned, with one slight exception as to illustrations, the manufacturing clause is repealed by the law just adopted. In 1891 music and art were perfectly protected, as they still will be; but in the matter of books, we then unintentionally, indeed unwittingly, gave to non-English authors a "gold brick." The manufacturing clause kept them from obtaining practically the benefits theoretically offered by the law, so that since its enactment the average of such books entered for copyright has been not more than one a year. This disability was in the interest of nobody, and created for such authors a just grievance, and when the revision was undertaken four years ago the Council of the Authors' League set out to procure its abolition, and this has now been accomplished. In fact, with the slight exception of commercial lithographs and photo-engravings, the non-English author is in more advantageous position under the new law than the American, who must manufacture here. Dr. Heinrich Muller appears to be biting the hand that feeds him.

I am not intending to discuss here the more or less important defects of the law—some of which are real and some imaginary, and most of which experience will remedy—but to set forth some of its advantages. To include those already mentioned, they are:

(1.) Extension of the time of security from forty-two to fifty-six years for every existing as well as every future copyright—including, of course, all foreign authors, artists, and composers. A liberal provision of vast importance.

(2.) Abolition of all manufacturing restrictions on the original text of books of foreign origin in languages other than English. This is ideality incorporated in law.

(3.) Abolition of the manufacturing clause for foreign photographs.

(4.) Ad interim term of sixty days for

English authors without prejudice to their American rights. This, in some measure, meets the objection that the manufacturing clause is particularly hard on an English author's first book.

(5.) Full recognition of the right to renew copyrights in composite works. This important question has been much in doubt.

(6.) The requirement of but one copyright notice for magazines and other composite work. This point has never before been legally determined.

(7.) First legislative declaration in America that the copyright does not go with the sale of a work of art.

(8.) Abolition of the requirement of a disfiguring copyright notice on the face of paintings and engravings.

(9.) Extension of the number and character of copyrightable articles.

(10.) Fair adjustment of the amount of damages, with discrimination between intentional and accidental infringement.

(11.) Clear definition of legal procedure.

(12.) Simple and explicit declarations relating to the formalities of copyright.

(13.) Unification of the variety of terms first proposed.

(14.) A provision, however inadequate, by which musical composers may obtain compensation for the use of their works on mechanical instruments.

(15.) The declaration that copyright is not forfeited by accidental errors in the notice.

Incomplete as it is, this must be confessed to be a remarkable record.

Let us remember that it is less than twenty years since the most flagrant piracy of intellectual works flourished in this country without legal hindrance, and that, although the bill does not accomplish all that was desired, it was most important that Congress should go on record in favor of longer and stronger security. It is much to be regretted that when our law-makers have taken such an important step forward their work should not be greeted with appreciation. It is said that republics are ungrateful, but there ought to be one exception in the republic of letters, and I am sure that authors and other owners of copyright property in this country do not lack appreciation of the patient, devoted, and laborious efforts of the Joint Committees of Patents to provide a liberal and progressive copyright statute.

As for foreign sentiment, that it is not adequately represented by Dr. Muller's speech, will be evident when it is stated that I have received from officials or copyright authorities of Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Denmark, Mexico, and Japan, appreciative letters of thanks for the action of the Council of the Authors' League in championing the modification of the manufacturing clause. We were under the impression that the removal of the just grievance of friendly nations, which was a source of exasperation to them, and of shame to us, was a service to the country, as well as to the profession of letters—justice being (in international dealings) as much better than arbitration as arbitration is better than war.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON,
Secretary of American (Authors') Copyright League.

New York, May 21.

[Allowing for all that our correspondent points out, it remains true that the United States yet continues apart from the civilized nations which, through the Berne Convention, assure to foreign authors and artists perfect equality with native.—ED. THE NATION.]

THE BIRTH OF A LEGEND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Students of history are familiar with many instances in which the mention of an important event, or of essential details concerning it, will suddenly appear, for the first time, in chroniclers centuries later than its assigned date. The real "source" may be nothing more than a late poetic creation, or even a deliberate and malicious forgery; yet it is often most difficult to strip off such accretions from the authentic account. A curious illustration of this is, even now, in the air all about us.

The craze of the hour is the "Marathon race." The most familiar name among all Greek heroes to-day is—Pheidippides. The Information Bureau of every newspaper is supplying inquirers with spirited accounts of the first battle for freedom against the Persian invaders, followed by the tale of the patriotic sprinter who takes back to Athens the news of victory, and drops dead as he pants out the words: "Rejoice! We win!" Even as a teleological myth, this is hardly a success. At least, it gives no encouragement to defenders of the heart-breaking long run.

A brilliant university professor of history asked me the other day for the Greek source of this tale, saying he couldn't find it iu Herodotus. To be honest, I expressed surprise, and at once promised to point out the chapter! And yet, a dozen years ago, in a paper on Robert Browning, it had been asserted that the nineteenth century poet invented the whole incident.

The case is such a startling one, that we hope some classical man, within reach of a large library, will verify the statement. Pheidippides is authentic enough, and he did make a creditable "cross-country run," over vile roads, to summon aid from Sparta, on the first news of the Persians' landing. Herodotus records the legendary addition, that the great god Pan stopped the courier in an Arcadian dell, reproached the Athenian folk for ignoring him in their state cult, but promised them aid when most needed. This pledge was fulfilled by the "Panic" fright which turned the tide on the plain of Marathon. "No more but so."

No martyr-messenger was needed: the whole army returned the same day to Athens. An attentive study of Browning's poem, especially when compared with his avowed recasting of the Alcestis legend in "Balaustion"—not to mention William Morris's far more unfilial treatment of the same heroine in "The Earthly Paradise"—will probably convince the critics that no deception was intended. The colophon is offered by Browning himself as a fit though wholly imaginary crown for an heroic life. The spirit of it all is Hellenic and Herodotean, though not the letter.

But the weight of general belief is so strong, that the present writer is even now afraid he is betraying scandalous ignorance of some *locus classicus*. The two Greek words that head the poem χαίρετε, νικῶμεν! seem to wake a far-away echo in memory. But even if some late Greek gossip, like Athenæus, did declare (as Browning does), that the use of χαίρετε as a greeting dates from this use of it by Pheidippides, that, in any case, is both untrue and absurd. "Every schoolboy knows" that the Homeric heroes hail each other with the bidding, Rejoice. W. C. L.

Scranton, Pa., May 17.

THE TWO WILLIAM SHIRLEYS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: William Shirley, born in England in 1694, reached this country in 1731, became Governor of Massachusetts in 1741, and died at Boston, April 24, 1771. His public career in America is too well known to need comment. Contemporary with Gov. Shirley was another William Shirley, who wrote several pamphlets and plays, among the latter "Edward the Black Prince," "Electra," and "The Birth of Hercules" (in the British Museum Catalogue amusingly misprinted "The Bath of Hercules"). He died about 1780.

Although these two William Shirleys are, as might be expected, carefully differentiated in the British Museum Catalogue, and although there is a notice of each in the "Dictionary of National Biography," yet by American bibliographers, biographers, and historians they have been confused, and the above mentioned plays of the dramatist have been attributed to the Governor. Thus, in the printed "Index to the Catalogue of Books in the Bates Hall" (1866) of the Boston Public Library, and in the printed "Catalogue of the Boston Athenæum," Gov. Shirley is made the author of "Edward the Black Prince." Again, in the second edition (1832) of his "American Biographical and Historical Dictionary," William Allen appended to his notice of Gov. Shirley the following sentence, not found in the first edition (1809) of that work: "He published 'Electra,' a tragedy, and 'Birth of Hercules," a masque, 1765." This statement has been repeated by E. B. O'Callaghan in "New York Colonial Documents" (1855), VI, 959, note; in Allibone's "Critical Dictionary of English Literature" (1870); in Drake's "Dictionary of American Biography" (1872); by R. A. Brock in "Dinwiddie Papers" (1883), I, 70, note; in "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" (1888); and in Oscar Fay Adams's "Dictionary of American authors" (1897). There is nothing in Allen's work to indicate how he came to be misled in this matter, but perhaps it was through Dr. Robert Watt's "Bibliotheca Britannica," published in 1824, where (II, 853*r*) two pamphlets by or relating to Gov. Shirley, and one pamphlet and two plays by the dramatist, are all entered under the single name of "William Shirley."

Finally, attention may be called to a statement in E. P. Shirley's "Stemmata Shirleiana" (1873), where we read of Gov. Shirley that "He was a good classical scholar, and is said to have written several papers in the *Spectator*" (p. 319). Steele's *Spectator* ran from March 1, 1711, to December 6, 1712, while Addison's continuation ran from June 18 to December 20, 1714. The exact date of Gov. Shirley's birth—December 2, 1694—was first pointed out by

Charles K. Bolton of the Boston Athenæum in the "Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts" (VIII, 243). Is it probable that any papers in the *Spectator* were written by a youth between seventeen and twenty years of age?

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, May 17.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* in this issue (May 20) prints a communication from Spokane on "The State of the Democratic Party," which, as an independent Democrat, I have read, marked, learned, and endeavored to digest.

I quite agree with your correspondent that the "Bourbon South" has for years been the bane of the Democratic party, and more than any other element has tended to reduce the electoral vote of the same. Nor can I, as one not "endorsing the Rooseveltian output of economic error and ignorance," deny what he says concerning "the abject subserviency to any crooked interest that will contribute to its campaign fund" of the Republican organization. "The visionary nonsense of Debs and his disciples" never appealed to me, and your correspondent is a Daniel when he says that deprived of those who, by "Southern renegade protectionists" and in general by the "aristocratic, labor-despising, and privilege-seeking South," are compelled to vote with it, the Socialist party "would be reduced to a handful of half-cracked extremists, whose ravings would disturb nobody." And though "it is a foolish waste of time," I enjoy seeing depicted in true colors that "blatant, cynical, and corrupt aggregation of political mercenaries" which is willing to "trade off the national ticket for a New York Governorship."

For the ills of "sectionalism, lack of any definite or coherent policy, endorsement of wild-eyed economic vagaries, like Mr. Bryan's," there seems to be one remedy. Let your correspondent summon all "broad, national, sane, radical, and progressive" Democrats to convene at some central place—such as Spokane—and there nominate some regular Democrat who has voted for Bryan and for Parker, and who, having been a worker in the ranks, will not fail to speak out in the assembly. Let him not wait for the existing organizations of corruption and of folly to convene; but let him do so next year, in the early spring, on the kalends of April.

Should he do this, as said the Achaian warrior, "τίν' οὐ πείσεσθαι ὀίω."

EDWIN B. KING.

Ridgefield, Conn., May 20.

SOCIOLOGY—A REJOINDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of last week, Prof. Ellwood made an impressive statement of the high hopes and great expectations of sociology, but all this is nothing to the point. Timo was when astrology inspired like interest on similar grounds. In Evelyn's "Diary" political commotions then taking place were ascribed to the influence of the comet of 1618. Astrology sought to forecast the range and extent of that kind of influence. Very likely, if some one, in its day, should have ventured to say that it was a humbug, its adherents would have replied by expatiating upon the importance of its aims, and thus it might have been said of astrology, as Professor Ellwood says of sociology now, "He who opposes astrology as such is unconsciously an enemy of mankind."

The point at issue is not whether sociology means well, but whether it is true. The line of defence which Professor Ellwood adopts illustrates what I noted as a characteristic of the sociologists, the way they have of imputing to their projects the merit of their motives. The point I tried to drive home is that people ought to be on their guard when anything is urged in the name of sociology, for as matters stand there is no such science. Whether there ever will be a science of sociology is a debatable proposition, and it is on this that issue is joined. With this statement the case may rest in the columns of the *Nation*. Those who may be interested in the technical details into which further discussion must enter may consult the *Journal of Sociology* published by the University of Chicago. I am advised by its editor that the subject will be treated in its columns, with allowance of space for the argument on both sides.

HENRY JONES FORD.

Princeton, N. J., May 24.

READINGS IN TENNYSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Besides the British Museum "trial copy" of Tennyson's "Enid and Nimuë: The True and the False," referred to by Mr. Rolfe in his interesting letter printed in the *Nation* of May 5, two more are known. One of these is at South Kensington Museum, bound in with "The True and the False. Four Idylls of the King," and the other is in my possession. I have also a trial copy of "The True and the False," which is earlier than that of the South Kensington. In it appears still another variant of the passage, of which Mr. Rolfe quotes four readings. It reads thus:

She hated all the knights, and heard in thought
Their scornful laughter when her name was named.
For once, when Arthur, walking all alone
Vext at a rumor rife about the Queen,
Had met her, etc.

The three known copies of "Enid and Nimuë: The True and the False" (1857) and the two of "The True and the False. Four Idylls of the King" (1859) are described by Mr. Thomas J. Wise in "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century" (1896) and in his exhaustive "A Bibliography of Tennyson" (1908).

The poem "Kate," which first appeared in "Poems," 1833, is reprinted in "Complete Works," 1895, p. 24, and again in "Complete Works," 1900, p. 24.

Mr. Rolfe will find in the "Memoir," volume II, p. 383, the following lines inscribed by Tennyson in a copy of his works to be presented by the Royal Guild of Nurses of England to Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein on her marriage:

Take, Lady, what your loyal nurses give,
Their full God-bless-you with this book of song,
And may the life, which heart in heart, you live
With him you love, be cloudless and be long!

W. H. ARNOLD.

Nutley, N. J., May 14.

WHO CARDELIUS WAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "B." asked in the *Nation* of April 1, "Who was Cardelius?" He was answered by Robert Restieaux on May 6, and again by Harmon Karl on May 13. These answers tell us nothing that is true about Cardelius. All the truth about him is told in this letter of mine. Restieaux and Karl are evidently scholars; just as evidently they are poets. We could not pardon them for being so eager to tell us what they wrongly thought they had gathered from their books, if they had not told it so well. Once more poetry is justified of her children. The Cardelius of M. Restieaux, learned in Latin, book-worms, and garlic, and the Cardelius of Herr Karl, beloved of Keinmensch and devoted to sorrel—these are better worth having on our list of authors, are better subjects for scholarly controversy, and are quite more lovable characters than the Cardelius from whom and by whom came the now famous quotation, "And this our noble art of Printing, etc."

Cardelius is a child of the imagination; rather, he was born of the union of a printer's composing-stick and a font of 60-point Cheltenham.

In our library we have an old Washington hand press and a couple of fonts of large type. With these, manipulated by a small boy, we print signs for our shelves, notes and suggestions to readers and borrowers, and posters descriptive of the many meetings and exhibitions held in the library. I have always been slightly typographic, from the days when our village printer's shop was just across the street from home, down through the times when I was all things to the Ashby *Avalanche*, a splendid hand-wrought Western country weekly which I am afraid you never saw, and on to twenty years of dealing with books in a library.

Being fond of types and of the smell of printer's ink I naturally spend parts of my holidays and of long New Jersey winter evenings in playing with our library press. Several months ago I composed a brief thought, a one-line hymn, to the printer's art I so much admire, and set it and printed it on our press. It was long enough for a thought; but it did not compose well in 60-point type. I did not care to say more, but for purposes of typographic display I wished more to be said. And so, with my stick in my hand, I stood before the case and added words to words. If you know the ways of types, you know that they will not yield a fraction of an inch to carry, within the limits of the measure your composing-stick gives you, the words you have chosen for the thought you wish to express. For the length of line I had selected I found at last a heading, "This our noble art," which when set in capitals fitted it exactly. From this I went on, adding a word here, dropping one there, changing this phrase and that, shifting capitals and small letters, escaping hyphens and other pitfalls, until I had produced from my original humble sentence the Delphic utterance which "B." quoted in his letter. As it came slowly into good typographic form, I found it by chance had taken on a slightly archaic flavor. I nursed this a little. When it was nearly done, I said to myself, "This needs a half line of 30-point at the bottom for a balance, and needs also an author fit to have said this

thing and well able to have said it in this way. Let him be unknown; let him be early; if I say he wrote in Latin I shall have just the length of line in 30-point that I need. What is a good name for a Latin author of early printing days?"—and then came Cardelius. I never heard of him before. I cannot find him in the books. If it was wrong to invent him, the sin must be laid on the Devil, which has always been in types.

Since "B.'s" note appeared, the *Inland Printer* for May has come to us with this one and only sentence of the hitherto unknown Cardelius skilfully written out by hand and elaborately decorated for its frontispiece. This is natural and proper. If the craftsman saw a sentence from Cardelius, of the sixteenth century, quoted somewhere, it was his right to quote it again. I hope the *Inland Printer's* editor will not think less well either of the style or substance of the quotation when he learns that it came from an amateur in his own art and not from a wise man of the sixteenth century. Indeed, if the thought and the words are good, where could they appear more appropriately than in the pages of a journal which preaches so excellently as does the *Inland Printer* the gospel of good printing?

J. C. Dana.

Newark, N. J., Free Public Library, May 21.

HEINE AND THE NEGRO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of recent discussions of our negro problem it may be interesting to quote a few words from Heine, of whom it has been said: "Throughout his life he stood in the front ranks of those who fought for liberty. . . . This sentiment for liberty runs through all his prose writings like a red thread and is simply incontestable." It was in 1830, if I am not mistaken, that Heine, alluding to conditions in the New World, expressed the following sentiment:

> Actual slavery, which has [now] been abolished in most of the North American provinces, does not arouse in me as much indignation as does the brutal treatment to which the free negroes and mulattoes are there subjected. Whoever is even a most remote descendant of a negro . . . must suffer the greatest humiliations—humiliations which to us in Europe seem simply monstrous.

Even to-day, as I know from personal contact with Europeans, one may sometimes hear them confess their inability to comprehend the strong anti-negro sentiment which still largely obtains in certain sections of our country.

C. H. Ibershoff.

Cornell University, May 12.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An American correspondent has kindly informed me that my name appears in large type under the head of "Officers, Advisory Board, Faculty and Special Lecturers" in the catalogue of what calls itself "La Salle Extension University, Department of Business Administration." Will you kindly allow me to state that I have not the slightest connection with this enterprise, the existence of which was quite unknown to me, and that I have given no authorization to anybody to use my name in any such connection.

W. T. Ashley.

University of Birmingham, England, May 14.

THE PLEONASTIC SO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Even carefully edited publications constantly offend good usage by printing a pleonastic *so* in sentences like the following: "The face has patience, a quality so little looked for from Hals." Let me ask your aid in protesting against this offence of good usage.

A. H.

Rome, May 2, 1909.

Notes.

Putnams announce for immediate publication the important volume on "Darwin and Modern Science," edited by Prof. A. C. Seward for the Cambridge University Press. This book, commemorative of Darwin's centenary, contains twenty-nine essays by various eminent philosophers and men of science.

James Douglas, who has already published a monograph on Theodore Watts-Dunton, has for two years been working at a similar study of Swinburne, which will be brought out by Methuen & Co. It will be critical rather than biographical. The official biography of the poet is to be written by Mr. Watts-Dunton, to whom all of Swinburne's letters and manuscripts have been bequeathed.

Miss E. S. Haldane and Mr. G. R. T. Ross have made a complete translation of the philosophical works of Descartes, which will be issued, probably in the autumn, by the Cambridge University Press. Miss Haldane, a sister of the Minister of War, has already published "The Life and Times of Descartes," and a translation of Hegel's "History of Philosophy." Mr. Ross is a member of the faculty of Hartley University College, Southampton.

Kipling's "Just So Stories" has been issued in the excellent limp-leather edition of Doubleday, Page & Co. The type and paper, as in the earlier volumes of this set, are notably good, and the book is in every respect pleasant to handle and read. The form has most of the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the so-called thin-paper editions.

A new edition of "Practical Golf," by Walter J. Travis (Harpers), has its main recasting, from the issue of eight years ago, in the chapter on balls. That on hazards might have been overhauled to advantage, in view of recent developments. The 1909 golf rules are given in an appendix.

A unique publication of considerable historical value and scientific interest is "The Bell Telephone" (American Bell Telephone Company, Boston). It is the deposition of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, made in 1892, in the suit brought by the United States to annul the Bell patents, together with a full report of his cross-examination. The suit, we may add, was practically abandoned by the government, the Bell patents having been sustained by the United States Supreme Court. The value of the book lies in the fact that it is a detailed and well-arranged statement of the inventor's work from the beginning. This was very early in his life, for from childhood, "my attention," he says, "was specially directed to the subject of acoustics, and specially to the subject of speech"; and when only a boy he made a speaking machine which was able to articulate a few words. His first professional work was teaching his father's system of "visible speech," and teaching speech to deaf mutes. A portrait of Professor Bell is given, together with reproductions of many of his drawings and pictures of various instruments.

A double section of the "New English Dictionary," prepared by Dr. W. A. Craigie, carries forward Volume VIII from Ribaldric to Romanite. Within these narrow limits, where Johnson's wide-meshed net caught only 216 words, with 764 quotations, the fine seine of the latest lexicographer brings up 3,161 words and 17,677 quotations. The difference is striking, because barbarian importations and new popular and scientific coinages are comparatively few in this number, whereas the native English element is large. Of course, many of the words familiar to Robin Hood and Robin Goodfellow—whose first appearances in the literary world are here recorded—have been put to unfamiliar uses even since Johnson's time. Yankee ingenuity, for example, grafting the base of a cradle upon the legs of a chair, made the word Rocker, formerly a symbol of rest, carry also the suggestion of American restlessness. And there is something that reminds us of Johnson's definition of oats in the quotations under Rocking-chair—just a faint flavor of national satire. The first is from Mrs. Trollope on "American Manners," 1832: "They . . . sit in a rocking-chair, and sew a great deal"! The second is from Bain, 1855: "The rocking-chair, introduced by the Americans, . . . is another mode of gaining pleasure from movement." In revenge it is some comfort to note that a certain clever device for utilizing the last square inch of linen in a hand towel was not "made in America" by a utilitarian Franklin, but in England, presumably by some mechanical genius now lost in the night of memory. For in the "Early English Wills" there is to be found this tender testament, under the date of 1434: "Y bequethe my roller for a towell to Margery Bokeler."

Before philological doctors presided at the birth and watched over the growth of English speech, strange corruptions, as every one knows, took place in the forms of many words. Two interesting examples of popular etymologizing are included in this section. The first is the word Riding, applied to the divisions of a country, as the east, west, and north ridings of Yorkshire. In the earliest forms the word, of Scandinavian origin, meant clearly a three-ing, or one of three divisions; but after long association the final *t* or *th* of east, west, or north stole the initial consonant of the following word, and, for the popular mind, invested a simple mathematical abstraction with a rich penumbra of equestrian associations. A similar change for the richer was that which converted the Old English Rodlon, defined by Lydgate as "a whirle wynde blowing nothing softe," into Rodges—and

later into Roger's blast, a term still heard in parts of England to-day. Another interesting Roger is he of De Coverley, who gave his name to an old Lancashire tune and dance, and later to Addison's hero. The earliest instance of the word noted is Roger of Coverly, 1685, as the name of a tune. In Heywood's "A Woman Killed with Kindness," 1603 (Act I, scene ii), a play set in the north of England, Rogero appears as the name of a country dance, popular among servants. May not this be Roger of Coverly? At any rate, here is a word that has escaped the fine meshes of the "New English Dictionary." Americans will be glad to know, however, that their contribution to natural history, the ring-tailed roarer of Kentucky, has not been omitted. But was not the ring-talled roarer of Pike County, Missouri, even more celebrated?

"The Evolution of Modern Germany," by W. H. Dawson (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is an Englishman's attempt to show his fellow-countrymen the stupendous change which has taken place in the economic life of Germany in the past fifty years. The author is already well known by excellent books on Lassalle, Bismarck, Socialism, and Protection, some of which have been deemed worthy of translation into German. In this volume, however, he is riding no hobby and propagating no gospel, but giving a sane and mature judgment on the causes of Germany's present position. In these days of British susceptibility at German ascendancy it is refreshing to find such cool objectivity. None of his conclusions are of startling novelty, and most of his data are accessible to the student trained in the use of statistics. But the legislator, the merchant, or the teacher, who is not so trained and for whom figures have no fascination, cannot find a more satisfactory and stimulating explanation of the increasing severity of German competition in industry and commerce. The German manufacturer outrivals his competitor because he pays lower wages and is content with smaller profits. He runs his plant more hours in the week. He studies more carefully the needs of those whom he wishes to make his customers; instead of telling them to take what they are offered or nothing, he makes what they want. He does not expect foreigners to be expert in the German language, but addresses them in their own tongue. The Germans were the first to appreciate and apply technical training to industry; it is estimated to-day that in the chemical factories of Germany there is on an average one university-trained chemist to every forty workpeople, a ratio of science to labor probably not equalled in any other country. The remarkable increase in population, greater than ever before, and amounting now to a million a year, is explained partly by decrease in emigration and in infantile mortality. The Germans have outgrown the idea that a high infant death-rate is a wise provision of Nature to weed out the "unfit"; they think that to regard infants who die from poor artificial feeding or foul air as predoomed by necessity, is as sensible as to condemn as "unfit" the child who is thrown out of the window by a drunken mother, or who is burned in a locked room. Thus, there have arisen, in the interest of the infants and of the nation, dispensaries, hospitals for mothers and infants, a scientific institute for research in "infantile hygiene," and the multifarious crusading activities of the Women's Patriotic Society. In addition to these chapters on his main theme, the author has a good discussion of the outlook for Socialism, the Polish question, and the new colonial era under Dernburg's influence. The chapter on the creation of small agricultural holdings is of special interest in view of England's recent act of Parliament for the same purpose, to the execution of which the county councils are offering such vigorous objections.

Prof. Edward T. Devine's "Misery and Its Causes," the third volume to appear in the Macmillan Company's American Social Progress Series, purposes "to articulate a new social philosophy, pragmatic, economic, and socially adaptable to the existing conditions of American life." Stress should fall, however, upon the articulation, rather than upon the novelty of its facts or programmes. To one familiar with organized charity work, the book may let in little fresh light; but it certainly helps clear the air. In recent years, the zeal of our social architects has obscured their plans. They have been remodelling so many things, investigating so many more, and clamoring for such a multitude of costly improvements, that even their well-wishers are talking about tinkers and dreamers. While searching the roots of misery, Professor Devine allays these fears. Briefly and clearly he marks the current in the welter. The ills that flesh is heir to are few; those that it purchases with ignorance are many. Human nature is not depraved, it simply has not found itself. Character, the strengthening of which is our supreme aim, is to be won in fullest measure, not by removing temptation, but only through education and economic opportunity. These include ten special needs: sound physical heredity, protected childhood, a prolonged working period (say, until well past sixty), freedom from preventable disease, the elimination of professional crime, insurance against all ordinary contingencies of life, elementary schooling adapted to present-day needs, a liberal relief system, a standard of living high enough to secure the elementary necessities, and, finally, religion. Such blessings will not come at the word; there are too many pipers to pay. But come they must, because "they do not represent the indulgence of altruistic sentiment. They are investments. Large expenditures may be required, but they are required as capital. They take the place of larger expenditures and greater burdens." This philosophy, based on statistics, must be judged by figures. Professor Devine's most convincing chapters analyze the disabilities of five thousand families lately assisted by the New York Charity Organization Society; the instances are well selected, and are in themselves persuasive, but they leave open one point of attack. In a few generalities he dismisses the cost of reform; and yet this is precisely the crucial question just now. It is all very well to convince us that misery is preventable, and that money spent to avoid it is money invested; but even the General Reader, whom the book addresses, is business man enough to know that investments must be regulated, first of all, by the number of dollars in purse, and then by the relative urgency of life's many wants. A social philosophy which has not reckoned its budget is an unfinished sentence.

In his latest volume, "The Living Word" (Moffat, Yard & Co.), the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester confesses to enthusiastic admiration of Gustav Theodor Fechner, the Leipzig psychophysicist. He says:

> It is doubtful if Europe, during the century of its greatest philosophical activity, produced a profounder or more fruitful religious thinker. . . . The greater of Fechner's works can be compared only with the sacred books of the nations. They are inspired, and they contain a true revelation of God.

Dr. Worcester reproduces in popular form the spiritual idealism of Fechner, especially of the "Three Motives of Faith." Aside from the traditional, practical, and rational motives for belief in God, the essay deals chiefly with the grounds for belief in a spiritual interpretation of the universe, and with the basis for faith in immortality.

In his little volume, "Aspects of Christian Mysticism" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the Rev. W. Major Scott professes to offer the reader nothing more than an introduction to the field. For this purpose brief studies of the teaching of some of the famous Christian mystics are presented, beginning with the writings of St. Paul, St. John, and Clement of Alexandria. Then follow short discussions of Dionysius the Areopagite, Master Eckhart, Ruysbroeck, Suso, Tauler, St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross, Jacob Behmen, and Peter Sterry, the Cambridge Platonist. Their teaching is given as far as possible in their own words. In his treatment of mysticism the author is quite uncritical. He fails to recognize, for example, the abnormal element which almost invariably attends the more pronounced types of mystic experience, the nervous instability and the depression, often intense and protracted, by which the devotee purchases the moments of emotional exaltation.

There has been a great want of good books in English on the history of Jewish religion in the ages immediately preceding the Christian era. Especially have English readers been unfamiliar with the apocalyptic movement and its important consequences for Hebrew piety. The monumental work of Schürer, "History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ," translated from an edition going back as far as 1886, has been beyond the reach of the average student. The treatise of Bousset on Judaism in the time of Christ, "Die Religion des Judentums im neutestamentlichen Zeitalter," which perhaps has done more than any other book to open the eyes of many to the importance of a knowledge of late Judaism, is still untranslated. No scholar of any nation has done more thorough work in this field than Prof. R. H. Charles of Dublin, but his works can not be said to be popular. A good book is now available, scholarly but not too technical, in the Rev. William Fairweather's Cunningham Lectures at Edinburgh, on "The Background of the Gospels, or Judaism in the Period Between the Old and New Testaments" (Scribner). Mr. Fairweather has been a careful student of the literature of the subject, his historical judgment is prudent, and he shows good sense in hand-

ling his facts. One notes constantly the influence of German authors, yet it is clear that the writer has worked through his subject. After an excellent description of "the fundamental characteristics of Judaism," he traces both the fortunes of the nation and the development of Jewish piety through the pre-Maccabean period, the revolt of the Maccabees, the rise of the Jewish parties, the age of Herod, and the period of the dispersion. Especial attention is paid to the apocalyptic movement and literature.

A selection from the works of Julius Grosse, one of the most prolific novelists and dramatists of the past generation, is published in three volumes by Alexander Duncker of Berlin. Dr. Josef Ettlinger of the *Literarische Echo*, Hans von Gumppenberg, Fr. Muncker, and Adolf Bartels are the editors, and the last-named has written the biography.

The Deutsche Verlagshaus Bong & Co., in Stuttgart, has recently published new editions with introductions and annotations of the works of Ludwig Achim von Arnim and Adalbert von Chamisso. The editor of the Arnim edition in two volumes is Dr. Monty Jacobs, dramatic critic of the Berliner *Tageblatt*. The Chamisso in one volume is edited by Dr. Max Sydow.

A book which defies classifying and labelling has come from the pen of Gerh. Ouckama Knoop: "Aus den Papieren des Freiherrn von Skarpl" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin). The author, who is ranked among the cleverest and most serious novelists, now appears in the rôle of a Juvenal of modern Germany. He begins his random paradoxical remarks with an attack on the worship of success and on the general lowering of standards. He asserts that there is no longer any distinction in rising, since eminence is associated with plebeian qualities. He ridicules the aping of the military pose by judges, clergymen, and merchants, whom military service has keyed up to the *Leutnantston*. The mimicry of English customs comes in for a share of censure, for while these are spontaneous with the British, they are studied and factitious with the people of the Continent. The exaggerated luxury of restaurants intended for the accommodation of the multitude is to the Freiherr as much a mark of bad taste as the ocean liner fitted out like a royal palace and filled with a crowd of commonplace tourists. He disapproves of the attempts to force European culture upon nations having a civilization of their own, asking why Mandarins should play golf and negroes use odol? But his point of view becomes most individual when from generalizations he turns to the characterization of some of the figures prominent in modern Germany. It is altogether a remarkable book, though its sarcasm may not afford unalloyed pleasure.

A book full of valuable information to the general reader and to the tourist ambitious of making Alpine ascents is "Der Alpinismus und der Deutsch-Oesterreichische Alpenverein," by Dr. A. Dreyer (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.). It is a volume of nearly two hundred pages containing the history of the conquest of the Alps by hardy climbers from antiquity to the present time. The first to make an Alpine ascent was the poet Petrarch, who, in 1336, succeeded with his brother, in scaling the Mont Ventoux near Vaucluse. In June, 1492, the steep and rocky Mont Aiguille, near Grenoble, was scaled by a Frenchman, with the aid of ropes and ladders. But to English tourists of modern times is given the credit of having been the most daring and successful climbers. The Alpine Club, founded in 1857, by William Matthews and E. T. Kennedy, and immediately joined by John Ball and other well-known Alpinists, is credited with being the predecessor of the German and Austrian societies, to the work of which the latter part of the book is devoted. In the review of Alpine literature, too, there is a respectable group of books by English writers beginning with the Bishop of Salisbury's account of his travels in Switzerland in 1685 and 1686. The book is profusely illustrated with views of famous peaks and portraits of popular guides and prominent Alpinists.

The Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres has announced its annual awards. The Prix Brunet (3,000 fr.) has been divided among Philippe Renouard for his bibliography of books printed by Josse Badius, M. Briquet for his "Dictionnaire historique" of watermarks on paper, L. Nardin for his monograph on Jacques Foillet, and H. Stein for his "Bibliographie générale des cartulaires français." The Prix Stanislas-Tulien (1,500 fr.), for the best book on China, is given to A. Stein for his "Ancien Khotan."

Miss L. M. Little, well known in Irish literary society, has died at Dublin. She wrote frequently for the magazines and published two books of verse, "Persephone" and "Wild Myrtle."

Robert Nisbet Bain, assistant librarian of the British Museum since 1883, has died at the age of fifty-four. He was a specialist in Scandinavian and Slavonic studies. Among his published works are: "Gustavus III and his Contemporaries," "Hans Christian Andersen: a Biography," "Charles XII and the Collapse of the Swedish Empire," "The Pupils of Peter the Great, 1697-1740," "The Daughter of Peter the Great: a History of Russian Diplomacy under the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, 1741-62," "Peter III, Emperor of Russia, 1762," "Tales from Gorky, with Biography," "Tales from Jókai, with full Biography," "Scandinavia: the Political History of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, 1513-1900," "The First Romanovs, 1613 to 1725: a History of Muscovite Civilization, and the Rise of the Modern Russian State," and "Slavonic Europe: the Political History of Poland and Russia from 1469 to 1707."

STUDIES IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

Lollardy and the Reformation in England. By James Gairdner. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.50 net.

In the final chapter of his admirable study of England in the age of Wycliffe (1897), G. M. Trevelyan called attention to the hitherto unsolved problem of the relation between the religious movement in Wycliffe's time and the formal accomplishment of the English Reformation under Henry VIII. Since then Abbot Gasquet in his "Eve of the Reformation" (1900) has made his contribution to the same question from the side of the Roman Church. He took naturally the position that Lollardy had been repudiated by the sound sense of the English people and that the breach with Rome was caused, not by any widespread, latent discontent with the papal system, but by a new wave of religious influence, chiefly Lutheran, combined with the immediate ambitions of a lustful and bloody tyrant.

Mr. Gairdner, a veteran in sixteenth century studies, approaches the same subject from a somewhat different point of view, but with results not essentially different. He calls his book an historical survey, and his aim is to present in chronological sequence the various stages of the Reformation process from Wycliffe to the death of Henry VIII. He does not profess to offer new material, but only to take that which all other writers have used and marshal it in such array that it shall tell its story as he thinks it ought to be told. So far as he betrays an attitude toward his subject, it is that of unlimited devotion to the principle of authority as against individual liberty. His particular antipathy seems to be directed against the use of the Bible as a source of religious certainty to the individual soul. Even his style, generally dignified and objective, becomes contemptuous and ironical whenever he approaches this side of his subject. Illustrations might be taken at random—"with the English Bible, or with the clear elocutionists who read it aloud in St. Paul's and other churches, to the disturbance generally of the peaceful, religious atmosphere of a place that was meant for devotion." It is apparently an offence to our author that the Bible should be read so that it can be understood, and such reading appears to him a disturbance of devotion! One can forgive this emasculation of all sense from religious service by so many English clergymen, but to find it formulated as a principle by an historical scholar of high repute would be a shock, if one were not accustomed to the atmosphere of Anglican controversy. Mr. Gairdner takes especial satisfaction in using the phrase "New Learning" for something which seems to him equivalent to the literal interpretation of Scripture—as if the attempt to understand the Bible and put it into English intelligible to the people were in itself a form of heresy. Even the printing-press as a means of rapidly disseminating false opinions comes in for a mild insinuation of disapproval. We are asked to believe that the English people did not want the Bible in their hands, and yet we are told at length of the difficulties the bishops had in keeping Tyndale's translation out of England and of the measures necessary to prevent disturbances in churches from the multitudes who flocked to hear the Bible read

by men who could do it well. Cromwell's order to place a Bible in every parish church is explained solely by motives of policy and greed.

In his final summing up, the author admits that good comes out of evil, and that Royal supremacy in England is better than Papal supremacy, but he has no word of sympathy for all those processes of individual inquiry and study by which men from Wycliffe on were coming nearer and nearer to the goal of a true enlightenment in religious matters. For the individual victims of tyranny, he has feeling only as a fortunate human being for unfortunate ones He regards their fate as the natural consequence of their own folly in having opinions of their own and daring to defend them, as against that order and authority which is to him apparently the supreme good. His real sympathies are reserved for men like More and Fisher, who stood for an authority which seemed to them higher than that of the despot who destroyed them. For Henry VIII, he has only words of execration as a crafty and unscrupulous wretch, defiant of every force in England that could seem to limit or oppose his own, yet dignified by his defence of order in the midst of threatening anarchy. "The principle of an Established Church, however at variance with theories which pious minds are too easily led to entertain, is one which, when once laid down, can never be set aside" —a remarkable prophecy, when almost every Christian country except England has already set this principle aside. Again:

> The political principle of Establishment cannot possibly be annulled, and if we are to have a practical religion, and not a mere chaos of sectarian philosophies, we must face the fact plainly.

Here is the clue to the whole book. It hardly need be added that the real problem of the spiritual origins of the English Reformation are as far from solution as before. Its solution cannot be even attempted, except by some one who can approach it without any of those partisan antagonisms which vitiate most of the writings of English churchmen about the English Church.

William the Conqueror, and the Rule of the Normans. By Frank Merry Stenton [Heroes of the Nations Series]. Pp. xi+518. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

No period of English mediæval history has recently been subjected to a more thorough scrutiny by the specialists than that of the Anglo-Norman kings. Since the first appearance of Stubbs's epoch-making work more than thirty years ago, an enormous amount of fresh material has been discovered (principally in Norman archives), and many old verdicts have been revised. Especially is this the case with the institutional side of the field. The details of Norman feudalism, the intricate problems surrounding the origin of the jury, the precise meaning and significance of the famous ordinance separating the temporal and spiritual courts, are far better understood to-day than ever before; and though it would be going too far to intimate that any of these questions have reached final solution, yet so much progress has been recently made as thoroughly to justify the appearance of a single volume on the greatest of the Norman kings which should summarize and present in convenient and popular form the results of the latest research in this interesting reign.

Mr. Stenton's book fills precisely this gap. It is a sane, accurate, and for the most part readable account of the life and work of William the Conqueror, which, while avoiding the pitfall of polemics, yet incorporates the results of the most important recent investigation of French and English scholars, of whom the most prominent is unquestionably J. H. Round. It worthily maintains the high reputation of the series to which it belongs for good printing, ample illustrations, and abundant tables, maps, and an index. It is not brilliantly written, and several rare opportunities to describe the memorable scenes of a most dramatic reign have been palpably neglected. Much more might have been made, for instance, of the grewsome story of Waltheof's execution and unfinished *Pater Noster* without doing violence to historical accuracy; and a little inkling of the rude jests and vigorous oaths that passed between William and Philip and led up to the firing of Mantes and the death of the Conqueror, would have done more to make the picture vivid than any number of stock phrases about William's "great strength" and "characteristic impetuosity." For absorbing narrative and dramatic interest, Sir J. H. Ramsay's Foundations of England" (1898) contains unquestionably the best account of the reign, but for the student who desires a short cut to the latest developments of the thorny constitutional and ecclesiastical problems of the period, Mr. Stenton's book will prove an invaluable guide.

From such a wealth of material it is difficult to select topics for special discussion. The last three chapters, on "The Church," "Administration," and "Domesday," form the most useful part of the work. Particularly valuable is the clear and discriminating account of the oath on Salisbury Plain in 1086. Mr. Stenton plainly shows that far too much emphasis has been laid on this event as a landmark in the development of English feudalism:

> Significant as is this clear enunciation of the principle that the King's claim to fealty overrides the lord's claim to service, it should not be taken to imply any revolutionary change in the current doctrines of feudal law. It is highly probable that this general oath was demanded with the single purpose of providing against the defection of disloyal knights to Cnut of Denmark in the imminent event of his landing. . . . But apart from this any feudal monarch could have maintained in theory that the facts of subinfeudation should not invalidate his sovereign rights; the question was merely as to the possibility of enforcing the latter. The exceptional power enjoyed by William and his successors in this respect was due to the intimate relations established between the King and his feudatories by the circumstances of the conquest; the oath of Salisbury was a striking incident and little more.

The final chapter on Domesday, though possibly a little too technical, is also sane and thorough, and its value is much enhanced by a number of well-selected quotations from contemporary or nearly contemporary chronicles and sources. The last of these, from the "Dialogus de Scaccario" in Henry II, gives the following significant explanation of the name by which the great survey has always been popularly known:

> This book is called by the natives "Domesdei," that is, by a metaphor, the day of judgment, for as the sentence of that strict and terrible last scrutiny may by no craft be evaded, so when a dispute arises concerning those matters which are written in this book, it is consulted, and its sentence may not be impugned nor refused with safety.

CURRENT FICTION.

Thais. By Anatole France; translated by Robert B. Douglas. New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. Douglas's excellent translation introduces to English readers with comparatively slight impairment of the virtues of the original work, a romance written in a field over which Anatole France has unique command. No other writer has realized so completely—so *deliciously*, as a follower of Renan might say—certain literary possibilities in ecclesiastical history and the legends of saints and martyrs. With one or two exceptions, romances in English concerned with the lives of the early Christians are to any but juvenile readers extremely insipid. Most of them are also one-sided; it must be confessed that an ulterior religious purpose does not seem entirely favorable to the art of fiction. Cardinal Newman, for example, wrote his pallid and long-forgotten romances in a religious ascetic's horror of paganism and with an eye to furthering the cause of Rome. Kingsley, of course with a vastly more virile art, wrote with a keen detestation of asceticism and a special pleasure in barking at Newman. But Anatole France, perhaps knowing in his own way as much about saints

as Newman, and certainly as much about sinners as Kingsley, aspires to write as a "philosophic angel" hovering a little above the earth, participator in nothing, spectator of everything. The belief of Jew absorbs him no more or less than the unbelief of Gentile; both he values for what they offer to the spirit that is strange or beautiful or intense.

The career of Thais, a fair Alexandrian courtesan of the fourth century, offered unusual attractions to the feasting eye of the philosophic angel. (For the history of the Thais story see G. D. Kellogg's letter to the *Nation*, February 25.) It is difficult to say whether he enters with more penetrating and illuminating interest into the life of the Alexandrian beauty and her favorites set in the dazzling luxury of the wicked city, or into the gaunt soul of the stylite Paphnutius ringed by the tombs and the desert. From both he preserves a complete emotional detachment. But in the dénouement the mask slips a little from the observant angel, and reveals something of the lurking cynic. For it is there made perfectly clear that Thais turned to heaven merely from satiety of the flesh, and Paphnutius to hell merely from satiety of the spirit —a conclusion sufficiently devoid of edification. Yet for piquancy of attack, for insight into the psychology of the anchorite, and for sheer brilliancy of narrative art, there is nothing like this in English.

The Lady of the Dynamos. By Adele Marie Shaw and Carmelita Beckwith. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A captivating maiden opportunely dwelling in the jungle, a gallant young imported engineer, native customs as a foil for Anglo-Saxon habits—these are almost as staple a product in fiction-stuff to-day as ever were the governess and the earl or the fine lady and the irresistible tyrant. Novels move to and fro like the stock market. There is an ebb in industrials, be it thankfully said, and a decided drop in uncrowned royalties and throne-makers. Meantime, love among the lianas and engineering supervised by monkeys are in the ascendant. Before their luxuriance shall grow noisome—*experientia docet* —it is easy to enjoy the picturesqueness of tropical scenery invaded by the white man bearing thither his burden of electricity and telephone.

Landon West was sent by an American capitalist to Ceylon to make a pergolated fairyland, as realization, for the old money-maker, of early dreams prompted by impossible pictures in his geography. Happily for the purposes of a plot, the assistant whom West took with him proved to be a jealous trickster. Happily, too, the fortune-hunting woman who refused West before he sailed from New York felt that she had strong enough lien on him to follow him later to the jungle. Here, meantime, the true and only English girl had been not only helping Landon by her intimate knowledge of the lay of the land and of native superstitions, but had been doing deadly work with his healed affections. The situation speaks out loud and clear for itself.

There are other characters to carry on the drama, many of them drawn with marked cleverness. There are friends and opponents, natives outraged by careless treatment, rival land interests, dishonest plotters. Add to these birds and butterflies and an interesting list of more than biped actors—friendly elephants, furry wanderoos, tame ant-eaters—loved of the girl and, like the brown people, interpreted by her sympathetic understanding. West is a hero after the heart of young womankind—strong, resourceful, chivalrous. The whole matter is spun and woven with quite a masterly touch; with an evident knowledge of landscape and folk wild and tame; and with a swift, epigrammatic manner that swings the story along at a truly modern pace. It takes high rank among stories of its genus; its species is made quite its own by many traits of cleverness and wit, and of genuine feeling for beauty of the worlds without and within.

The Royal End. By Henry Harland. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The title of this book is strangely significant as we realize that the dark Ferrash struck the tent of the Sultan of this pleasant little fancy-land of beautiful women and epigrammatic men before the story was done. Those who have enjoyed Mr. Harland's unstrenuous reclinings beside calm waters of allusive conversation will feel in no mood for criticism of his last work. Slight it may be, like his others; but one cannot help nowadays feeling a tenderness for the author who contents himself with telling a tale not too importunate, in the wholesome air and sunshine: it seems one must needs be shallow at times, if only to take breath to grapple once more with the unsavory problems of the underworld. The hero of this story is an Englishman, "the paragon of wit and chivalry," as gently whimsical as Adrian of "The Lady Paramount," and more comely to look upon; in short, a being well worthy of the patient devotion secretly cherished for him by the American heiress through 336 pages, and revealed only when it becomes necessary to end the story. She is wooed by a crown prince who offers her morganatic marriage, which she rejects with scorn; and when he at last offers her the crown itself, she prefers to find for her sentimental journey the Royal End of love on the honest if undemonstrative heart of Pontycroft. The descriptions of Italian scenery are of Mr. Harland's usual graphic graciousness; and one can but feel that in this last book his own peculiar vein of delicate irresponsible charm has fitly passed in music out of sight.

Fame's Pathway. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is apparently an attempt to "novelize" the first part of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's Life of Molière. No doubt numbers of people will take it up who could not have been induced to open the biography, and if the object were to get information into them somehow as to certain events in Molière's early life, it would probably be attained. But the author's chief aim was obviously to present Molière in the flesh, and it must be recorded that he has merely succeeded in exhibiting a rather awkwardly stuffed effigy of him. The period chosen —that between his first impulse toward the stage and his discovery that his true vocation lay in the direction of comedy —is rich enough in material; but the biographer has been able to do very little for the novelist. Everything, of course, connects itself in one way or another with the beautiful Madeleine Béjart: it is she who first attracts Molière to the life of an actor, she who aids him in the luckless enterprise of the Théâtre Illustre, and she who urges and accompanies him toward his true calling and success. Unfortunately, she is represented by the story-teller as an assembly of virtues and accomplishments rather than a human being. But one could hardly hope to perform a feat of interpretation by means of so artificial a medium as Mr. Chatfield-Taylor here chooses to employ. He writes in the high-flown patchwork style which has become the recognized utensil of the historical romancer: "Angrily she turned on her lord: 'Thanks to thy footless intrigues, I was imprisoned with thee at Vincennes as thy accomplice. This present affair is mine own. I need no accomplices, and I promise a more profitable outcome' "—all upon the high-horse, and only a rocking-horse after all.

The Mystical Element in Religion as Studied in Saint Catherine of Genoa and Her Friends. By Baron Friedrich von Hügel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

These large, closely-printed volumes constitute a fresh store-house of fact and theory, of literary statement and critical discussion in the field of religious mysticism. To most readers, the portion of the work of chief interest will doubtless be the detailed biographical study of St. Catherine and her friends. Foremost among these friends were Ettore Vernazza and his daughter Battista, both of whom share sympa-

thetically Catherine's religious views. The period to which she belongs, the post-mediæval but pre-Protestant days, when the renaissance had already long been quickening the life of the Italian cities, has strongly attracted the author. As a loyal, but liberal son of the Roman Church, he has turned to it for some of the fairest examples of a genuinely spiritual Catholicism.

Such a biography is a contribution to religious psychology. Its value for this purpose is enhanced by an account, as full as the historical sources make possible, of the accompanying psychophysical conditions. The type of mysticism developed by Catherine follows in its main features the familiar teaching of Dionysius the Areopagite. This writer, purporting to be the convert of St. Paul, but in reality writing about the beginning of the sixth century, and hence commonly known as the pseudo-Dionysius, gave to the world a Christianized version of Neo-Platonism. This work, translated by Erigena in the ninth century, was the channel through which Alexandrian mysticism discharged itself into the life of the Church. Fundamental to this Christian mysticism was the view that God transcends the human reason so that he cannot be adequately known by processes of thought. It insisted, however, that a true illumination might be received directly by each soul in its inner experience. The result of these positions was that a somewhat lessened emphasis was placed by its followers upon religious dogma and ecclesiastical agency. Popular thought tends to associate with mysticism certain quasi-miraculous or spiritistic phenomena. Unfortunately, too, Professor Münsterberg has given countenance to this use of the term in his "Psychology and Life." In these vulgar aspects of mysticism Baron von Hügel displays no interest. He values mysticism only as he deems it an essential element in a healthful and sustained religious experience. It is significant also that he denies to mysticism any distinct faculty for the apprehension of reality.

Catherine, it is clear, possessed a vigorous intellect as well as a devout spirit. Her statements of religious thought rise quite above the level of conventional phraseology. Her sense of finitude and limitation, her feeling, shared by all the great mystics, that the soul is alien to the earthly life, finds expression in the saying, "I can no longer manage to live on in this life, because I feel as though I were in it like a cork under water." This is a picturesque change from the metaphor of the "fish out of water," a figure of speech appearing in the Upanishads, in the utterances of the ecstatic nun St. Theresa, and in those of Kierkegaard, the Danish reflective mystic of the nineteenth century.

The soundness of the author's view must depend ultimately upon the worth of the mystic experience and habit of mind. The *crux* of the matter is a question of values. What worthy end was served by Catherine's intense preoccupation with the imagined realities of heaven, hell, and purgatory? Was not the pathological and *maladif* element in her experience directly fostered by her other worldly interests? And was there not possible for her a more normal and at the same time a more fruitful spiritual experience? It is, of course, idle to quarrel with historical conditions or to demand that Catherine should wholly transcend her age. She could walk only by the light she had. No spiritual guide was at hand to point out other paths. But it seems possible that a soul of like intense and sensitive organization should be trained to an even larger usefulness without carrying the burden of other worlds than this. For there is an ideal of a genuinely spiritual life realized in each fleeting moment of time. Such a life would transmute all our human powers into earthly forms of truth, beauty, and love. It might even attain the highest spirituality without "taking thought of the morrow" that shall follow our earthly existence. Surely no fact or experience is made spiritual by projecting it into the future. Whether it is spiritual or not must depend upon its own intrinsic nature, not upon accidents of space or time.

Doubtless the author of these volumes has stated an important principle in insisting upon the value of a degree of detachment from the concrete business of daily life. For some natures, such detachment is an imperative need, both mental and physical. Few are strong enough always to abide in the dust and heat. Most need at times to exchange activity for repose, struggle for contemplation.

But it is an easy passage for religious natures from detachment from the particular to a sense of the presence of the universal with its all-enfolding power. When this power is interpreted in specifically religious terms and colored by strong emotion, the moments of detachment readily become the occasion of the mystic experience, more or less intense. The form of the experience may vary from the more active ecstacy of the Occidental type to the "immortal calm" of the Oriental. Such states are intensified by repetition; the objectified meanings, long accepted, become to the subject the surest, the clearest, and most significant of all personal convictions. There is thus a natural history of mystic states which may well give us pause when we are tempted to assign to them objective validity.

But however one may differ from the author, or however firmly one may be convinced of the subjective and illusory character of his theological presuppositions, it would be nothing less than provincialism to fail to recognize certain high qualities displayed in the work. It maintains throughout a spirit that is serious, candid, and hospitable to science, a spirit happily far removed from the orthodox jingoism of Mr. Chesterton.

The Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Part VI. Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt. London: The Egypt Exploration Fund.

The product of the excavations for papyri conducted at Oxyrhynchus by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt for the Græco-Roman Branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund continues to furnish material for publication, though the excavations have been brought to a close. Volume VI lies before us, and Volume VII is promised within a few months. The latter will contain a detailed account of the site and of the excavations conducted upon it, with a review of the topographical knowledge derived from the papyri there discovered.

The two most important of the literary papyri published in Volume VI are from the remains of the large find of such materials made January 13, 1906. The non-literary documents are chiefly from the campaign of 1897. Preëminent among the new classical texts are the fragments of the "Hypsipyle" of Euripides. These "constitute the most important addition to the remains of Greek tragedy hitherto made by Egyptian papyri." The identification is indubitable—style, contents, and coincidence of text with citations by ancient authorities all agreeing to put the question beyond doubt. As is the case with so many papyri from the rubbish heaps, the fragments, more than two hundred in number, are almost all of small size. One only, presenting an early part of the play, is complete enough to furnish good reading for those who have no taste for this form of dissected puzzles. But even they might well be interested to see the ingenuity with which the scattered fragments have been pieced together so as to yield up in great measure their secret of the Euripidean plot. The story of Hypsipyle is told by several ancient authorities, but the tale according to Euripides appears to introduce some new variants, especially in connecting two sons of the heroine by Jason with their mother's adventures in Nemea. An interesting side-point for the student of "sources" in Latin literature is the indication that Statius, who in his "Thebais" has been generally supposed to have followed this lost play of Euripides for his account of Hypsipyle at Nemea, must have followed instead some other authority.

The writing of these fragments is not of very early date, belonging to the end of the second century after Christ, or the beginning of the third. The next longest of the literary documents is of about the same date as the Hypsipyle papyrus, but is of little interest to general readers. It contains considerable portions of a somewhat controversial commentary on the second book of Thucydides by an unknown author who wrote in the early years of the Christian era.

Among the few fragments of extant classical authors a page of Sallust's "Catiline," of the fifth century, deserves mention rather because of the rarity of Latin classics among the Egyptian papyri, than because it furnishes new readings, though it does tend to substantiate one that has been hitherto but weakly supported.

The non-classical documents comprise the usual miscellany of official and personal writing, among which the special student of Egyptian administration will turn to the former class, while the less strenuous reader will find some human interest in the latter. None of the private letters are of as picturesque a character as some of those in previous volumes, but their commonplace mixing of business and personalities gives them a certain realistic attraction. Among the official documents students of Roman antiquities will need to note a Latin declaration of birth (No. 894) made before the Prefect of Egypt at Alexandria, 194-196 A. D. This does not agree with the regulation of Marcus Aurelius, that records of births of Roman citizens in the provinces must be returned at the offices of the *tabularii publici*. Professor Mitteis suggests that by *tabularii publici*, "the præfectorial bureau is meant." But it might be more reasonable to suppose, without raising other objections to that interpretation, that, as Egypt was a personal domain of the Emperor, the regulation mentioned concerning the regular provinces did not apply there. The fragment is palæographically interesting on account of the scarcity of dated specimens of Roman cursive writing.

The volume is concluded with the customary full and varied indexes, followed by six excellent plates of facsimiles.

Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier: A Record of Sixteen Years' Close Intercourse with the Natives of the Indian Marches. By T. L. Pennell, M.D.; with an introduction by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, and 37 illustrations and 2 maps. Pp. xvi+324. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

This is the record of a singularly interesting and humanizing work among a remarkable people. They live in the narrow strip of mountainous borderland which separates India from Afghanistan, but are subject neither to the viceroy nor the amir. The only control exercised over them is the prevention both of the raids which for ages they have made into the Indian valleys at harvest-time, and of their robbery of the caravans in the Himalayan passes. They are being reached, however, by means of hospitals established by the English Church Missionary Society along the frontier, where all patients are treated free of charge. To these institutions come great numbers of the men, women, and children of these wild tribes; and it is the experiences of a doctor who for sixteen years cared for them which are given in this volume. The proceeds of the sales, we may add, will be devoted to the building of another hospital. In this book, as Earl Roberts says in his introduction, Dr. Pennell "throws many new and interesting sidelights on the domestic and social, as well as on the moral and religious, aspects of their lives and characters." These present a strange medley of contradictory qualities, courage blended with stealth, touching fidelity—they make the best soldiers in the native Indian army—with the basest treachery, and high conceptions of honor vindicated by the foulest murders. Dr. Pennell was once the guest of a villager, and his host showed him "holes in his door and in the wooden panels of the windows which the bullets of his neighbors across the street had penetrated, and said: 'It was behind that hole in the door there that my uncle was shot; that hole in the window was made by the bullet which killed my brother.' Pointing to another Afghan who had come into the room and seated himself on the bed, he said: 'That is the man who shot my brother.' On my remarking upon the peace and good-will in which they appeared to be living at the present time, he said: 'Yes, we are good friends now, because the debt is even on both sides. I have killed the same number in his family.'"

Dr. Pennell's work was not wholly medical or confined to the tribesmen, as is shown by his account of an interesting episode in his toilsome life, in which teaching boys was an important part. In 1906 he took the football team of the Mission High School at Bannu on a tour through a great part of northern India. He also made a tour as a Christian mendicant, during which he came into close contact with Eastern ascetics, of whom he gives a most interesting and instructive account. His whole book is, in fact, characterized by the comparatively new idea that missionary work should no longer be destructive, but constructive. He recognizes the good that there is in the belief in the unity of God and the folly of idolatry of the Mussulman, and the vital truths contained in the Hindu philosophies, the source, to use his own words, of "the religious spirit, the ardent faith, the unquestioning devotion, which have been the crown and glory of India for ages." The closing chapters are upon the value of missionary work, especially the medical part—the outpost, as it were—and many encouraging facts are given in the lives of Afghan patients in the hospital or boys in the mission school, which show that the practical Christianity taught by kindly deeds is reaching and gradually transforming not only the frontier tribesman, but also the Central Asian. Numerous illustrations and two maps add to the attractiveness of an enlightening work which we can confidently recommend to all students of the problems which India presents, not to the English only, but to the whole civilized world.

The Political and Economic Organization of Modern Japan. By Gregory Wilenkin; translated from the Russian by E. J. Harrison, editor of the Japan *Advertiser*. Tokio: Kondo Shoten.

The busy man desirous of information, otherwise to be had only by an extended survey of various volumes and unapproachable official documents, on the political and financial organization as well as the actual resources, of the Japanese Empire, will find in this new volume a handy compendium. The English translation is excellent. The early chapters on the origin of the Japanese, the condition of the country before the Restoration, and the abolition of the feudal system, comprise a brief résumé of much that has been already said by other writers; the chapters that immediately follow, dealing with national politics and the promulgation of the Constitution, fairly estimate the forces that have gone to the making of modern Japan. The chapter on the rise and progress of political parties is specially interesting, though one might question the author's judgment in various details.

In treating of the economic organization of Japan the author approaches a subject in which he is apparently more at home than he could be expected to be in exploring the formative motives of Japanese politics. The chapters on the history of currency circulation and the banking system are valuable contributions. A detailed account of the revenues includes an interesting discussion of the various taxes, their incidence, and the amounts derived from them over a period of years. Monopolies, railway nationalization, customs duties, foreign trade, with comparative tables of imports and exports, shipping, agriculture, mining, marine, and general industry, and the national wealth are all duly considered.

As to Japan's military exploits and

expansion of armaments, M. Wlenkin says:

It is only fair to note that in Japan itself the policy of increased armaments is beginning to encounter powerful opponents; voices are loudly proclaiming that with the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the establishment of friendly *ententes* with France and Russia, no foreign danger threatens Japan, and that she must therefore abstain from any further expansion of armaments, the more so seeing the means therefor are not in sight. During 1908-9 the government can probably carry out the contemplated programme without a large deficit, thanks to the balance from the War Fund and the payment for the maintenance of the Russian prisoners, but after 1909 these sources will no longer exist. . . . Existing taxes are already so high that further raising of them would be an intolerable burden on the people.

The author concludes with the following statement, to which none more readily than the Japanese themselves will subscribe:

If Japan wishes to retain the position which she occupies among foreign Powers, she must direct all her energies to the development of the economic forces of the country, to the expansion of her trade and industry, and, above all, confine herself to a normal budget commensurate with the ordinary revenues of the country.

Science.

Memories of My Life. By Francis Galton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Galton is one of the inner circle of men who, for the past fifty years, have helped to direct the course of scientific investigation in the British Isles. A cousin of Charles Darwin, and connected through marriage with the higher ranks of English *intellectuels*, he has come into intimate contact with all that is best in English officialdom. Besides this, he has made important contributions to many branches of science. He began his career by a remarkable journey into the neighborhood of Walfisch Bay, South Africa, and wrote one of the most interesting accounts of savage life in the English language. He was among the pioneers in the more accurate study of meteorological phenomena; to him the idea and name of "anti-cyclone" is due. There are those who think that his additions to the doctrine of evolution are as likely to stand the test of time as those of his better known and more illustrious cousin. Though not a mathematician himself, he has paved the way for a quantitative and exact treatment of the problems of heredity and has practically been the founder of the branch of study known as biometrics. In psychology, he has initiated many novel lines of investigation and has helped to make anthropometry an established branch of anthropology. He is, perhaps, best known to the public for his suggestion of finger prints as the simplest and most accurate means of personal identification, a method now used in all the rogues' galleries of Europe and America.

A life filled with such variety of interests is well worth chronicling, and to some extent this volume sums up modestly, but clearly, his scientific labors, and some of his entertaining experiences. But the attempt to combine an account of his scientific achievements with the more personal aspects of his career has prevented this book from doing justice to either. In his own books, he is the most lucid of writers, but here he often fails from lack of space to make evident the significance and novelty of his researches. Regarding the many notable persons with whom he has been on terms of friendly intimacy, he has little to say that is illuminating. Natural reticence has, except in a few instances, stayed his hand. Only occasionally we come across an anecdote, like that about Herbert Spencer (p. 258):

Spencer, during a pause in conversation at dinner at the Athenæum, said, "You would little think it, but I once wrote a tragedy."

Huxley answered promptly, "I know the catastrophe."

Spencer declared it was impossible, for he had never spoken about it before then.

Huxley insisted.

Spencer asked what it was.

Huxley replied, "A beautiful theory killed by a nasty, ugly fact."

Yet the book throws much light, though somewhat dry, on a remarkable figure. Like Herbert Spencer in his curious Autobiography, Mr. Galton treats his own character and development as a subject for scientific inquiry, with some significant results. As is natural with such an authority on heredity, he is much concerned in his first chapter to elucidate family traits. His power of enduring fatigue, shown in his travels and otherwise, he traces back to the Barclay blood, the most distinguished representative of which, Capt. Barclay, was renowned among English sportsmen as the first man to walk one thousand miles in a continuous thousand hours. His tendency to asthma comes from the Galtons; and, though he does not draw attention to the fact, his scientific proclivities are obviously derived from his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, who, many think, was the most original of the Darwin family. From him probably came Mr. Galton's power of contriving ingenious apparatus for investigating obscure phenomena—a power best exemplified in his well-known method of composite portraiture, but also shown in numerous instruments of precision. Many of these are enumerated in the 183 books and memoirs, a bibliography of which is given as an appendix of the volume.

Perhaps the predominant feature of Mr. Galton's mind is exhibited in his persistent attempts to obtain quantitative precision in all the problems he has dealt with; and this tendency can undoubtedly be traced to his training at Cambridge, though during his university years he was nominally studying medicine. His use of the Gaussian law of probability in his investigations into hereditary genius is the most striking example of this tendency. Like Stanley Jevons, he has a mathematical mind without a mathematician's equipment. Thus he has been able to set professed mathematicians to work on lines of great promise and has founded a whole school of biometric inquirers, headed by Prof. Karl Pierson. Of recent years Mr. Galton has made himself most widely known by a practical application of his views on heredity, to which he has given the name eugenics. He believes that the race of men can be almost indefinitely improved by careful selection in mating, so that the laws of hereditary genius shall have the fullest scope. On the other hand, a movement towards restriction of the mating of the unfit has already shown itself in legislation and in public opinion.

A career of such significance deserves an even more adequate account than that given in these pages.

In the well-printed and well-illustrated little volume entitled "The Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work," by President Jordan and Professor Kellogg of Stanford University (San Francisco: A. M. Robertson), one naturally looks for the most recent facts bearing upon the achievements of Mr. Burbank. It is therefore a surprise to learn from the introductory notice, page xiv that the two communications here given are reprints of magazine articles first published in the *Popular Science Monthly* in January, 1905, and October, 1906. Mr. Burbank's scientific reputation has suffered a good deal at the hands of writers who, in his catalogues and his ways of doing things on a large scale, have found excellent material for sensational "copy," and it is much to be deplored that his good friends, when they have a chance, do not set him right before the public. It is barely possible that neither President Jordan nor Professor Kellogg revised this reprinted matter, else they would not have allowed such a statement as this to see the light under the date of 1909: "Sugar-cane seed is needed." The proof-reader, at least, was not aware of the recent successful experiments in the tropics, from Java to our West Indies, which have placed sugar-cane seed within the easy reach of the progressive planter, and established seedlings with constantly increasing sugar-content in a great number of the enterprising plantations. Both of these authors are capable of giving the public, lay and professional, a fair statement of Luther Burbank's best work, which shall be up with the times, and creditable to all concerned. This little republication leaves much to be desired.

The principal lesson of the Colorado Canyon, according to Prof. W. M. Davis, in a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, summarized in the *Geographical Journal* for May, is that it is the work of normal erosion, not a sudden huge fracture; and it may be reasonably described as a young valley. He believes that, if the erosion continues, the plateau will in time be reduced to lowlands by the energetic river. In introducing the speaker the president, Major Leonard Darwin, said that he thought

Professor Davis has done more than any man on either side of the water to raise the standard of the teaching of geography in the direction of making it a more definite science.

This number contains also an article by Professor Oberhummer of Vienna, showing how much geography owed to the artists of the renaissance, especially Leonardo da Vinci and Albrecht Dürer. It is illustrated by nine of their maps, of which the artistic embellishments are remarkable.

Prof. James Major Colson, for the last five years principal of the Dinwiddie Agricultural and Industrial Institute, died May 22, at the age of fifty-five. After graduating at Dartmouth College, he received an appointment in the United States Internal Revenue office in Petersburg, Va. Shortly after this appointment he was elected teacher in the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, now the Virginia Normal and Industrial Institute. There he held the chair of natural science for twenty-one years.

Drama and Music.

"The Last of the De Mullins," the comedy by St. John Hankin, which was produced by the London Stage Society some time ago, has now been published by A. C. Fifield of London. Like other pieces by the same author it is not lacking in whimsical humor or satirical point, but it is not the equal in general literary or dramatic quality of "The Return of the Prodigal," "The Charity That Began at Home," or "The Cassilis Engagement." In the main it is a plea, if not exactly for free love, at all events for the free right of motherhood, without any preliminary or subsequent matrimonial contract, on the broad ground that the way of nature is older than social or religious regulations. Mr. Hankin, of course, has invented conditions to suit his theories. He has imagined a young woman, of high, independent spirit, who revolts against the hollow pretence and artificial restrictions of the life imposed upon her by her father—a faded remnant of the old feudal system—surrenders herself to a boyish lover, and makes her way to London, where she supports herself and her child, and, with the aid of a convenient legacy—the *deus ex machina* in this instance—starts a hat shop and maintains herself in wealth and respectability. So impregnable is her position that she rejects with scorn later suggestions of marriage with her lover, refusing to interfere between him and the bride of his riper choice. This brilliant and hardy heroine, the mouthpiece of Mr. Hankin's philosophy, pours easy ridicule upon the conventions which she has so successfully disregarded, but carefully avoids all reference to the economic consequences which would follow upon a general adoption of her principles. An adept in the use of specious or superficial argument, she is conspicuously deficient in the common sense of which she is supposed to be a shining example. Wholly apart from any question of morals the play is as mischievous as it is foolish in its advocacy of a sexual liberty which would be speedily subversive of all social order. In its satire it is both amusing and effective, but its characterization, except in the case of the heroine, is stale, and its dramatic quality insignificant. It is, indeed, rather a thesis than a play.

"The Prisoner of the Bastile," a new version by Norman Forbes of Dumas's "The Man in the Iron ask," which is said to have made a hit at the London Lyceum, is a wild, romantic melodrama, in which historical fact seems to have been treated with rather more contempt than usual. The hero is supposed to be the elder twin brother of Louis XIV, and prisoner and usurper are both in love with Louise de la Vallière. The leading parts are doubled by Matheson Lang.

"Vera" is the name of a play written for Fannie Ward, by Lee Arthur and Forest Halsey. It is supposed to be illustrative of the "unwritten law" of which too much has been heard lately. The scene is laid in America, and the heroine kills the man who has failed to redeem his promise of marriage. Charles Cartwright is to play the part of a faithful old servant of the homicidal lady. The piece will be seen first in London.

Henry Russell, of the new Boston opera house, is the latest manager to defy the big singers. He will, to be sure, open his house with Nordica and Constantino, but, after that the ensemble, not the star, is to be relied on. He may succeed if it is true, as reported, that with the building not yet completed, no new operas promised, no stars featured, already every one of the fifty-eight subscription boxes and every one of the subscription seats in the orchestra and balcony is taken for the three years required, with a long waiting list. While abroad, Mr. Russell intends to hunt for good singers in Russia, being convinced that that country has not been studied to its last possibility by the impresarios.

Norreys Connell, who had been acting as manager of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, has accepted the post of director, in the place of the late J. M. Synge. A new one-act play by him, "Time," was recently performed. It is an allegorical fantasy, and might be described as a modern morality play. The scene is on a highroad leading to Rome, and there are three characters—an artist, a young girl, and Time. At the same theatre there was produced recently a new play by Lord Dunsany, "The Glittering Gate." The action takes place in Purgatory. The two characters, who were burglars during their earthly existence, succeed in opening the glittering gate, only to find, to their disappointment, a heaven full of stars.

The Theatre of Ireland Society recently produced two new plays in Dublin. One "The Shuiler's Child," by Seumas O'Kelly, is the story of a child deserted by its parents, and taken from the workhouse to nurse in a farmer's house. In the second piece, "The Gomeril," Rutherford Mayne has produced a humorous study of Ulster life, which owed much of its success to the clever acting of Miss Nora Fitzpatrick as the elderly spinster who was to have provided the Gomeril with a bride.

The opera season of 1908 and 1909 has been disastrous throughout Italy, owing to the lack of good singers. Theatre after theatre has been closed, after playing to half-empty houses. Strauss's new opera, "Elektra," was received at the Scala, Milan, with a mixture of applause and hissing on the first night, and at the second representation the house was not half filled. Such a failure following that at Berlin and Dresden may react on the popularity of "Salome."

Isaac Albeniz, the Spanish composer, died May 19 at the age of forty-seven. He was a pupil of Marmontel, Jadassohn, Reinecke, and Liszt. "The Magic Opal," a comic opera, was brought out in London in 1893. Among his other operas are "Enrico Clifford" and "Pepita Jiménez." He composed about two hundred pieces for the piano. He made his home in London for many years.

Art.

Mediæval Architecture: Its Origins and Development, with Lists of Monuments and Bibliographies. By Arthur Kingsley Porter. 2 vols.: I, The Origins; II, Normandy and the Ile de France. Pp. xviii+482, 499; 289 illustrations. New York: Baker & Taylor. $15.

The intellectual quality of mediæval European architecture, the strict logic of its evolution, and the poetic beauty of its masterpieces make it a peculiarly attractive study to laymen as well as to architects; but it is a singular fact that no one has yet produced a comprehensive history of the group of styles which we call Romanesque and Gothic. Some scores of writers in English, French, and German have treated particular phases of this architecture or, in brief handbooks, have epitomized certain aspects or divisions of its history and development, but the public is still waiting for a general history of Christian mediæval architecture by a competent hand. The two handsome volumes by Mr. Porter are apparently the beginning of a monumental series designed to fulfil this comprehensive programme. Otherwise the title is misleading. These volumes deal chiefly with French ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages, although the preludes include an extended discussion of Greek and Roman architecture and a somewhat briefer survey of the basilican and Byzantine styles. The Italian, English, and German styles are considered mainly in their relations to the general movement which reached its highest development in France and French Gothic architecture, as if it were the only architecture worthy of extended study

since the middle of the twelfth century. The second volume, indeed, deals solely with the architecture of Normandy and the Ile de France.

The chief defects of this ambitious effort to cultivate exhaustively a restricted field, lie in the author's strong predilections and antipathies, the lack of balance in his judgments, and, it must be confessed, an apparent deficiency in technical training. Roman architecture and renaissance design arouse his fierce hostility; "depraved taste of modern times," "blatancy," "vulgarity," "dreary monotony" are the terms he constantly applies to them; while the Gothic forms are "ravishing," "entrancing," "lovely," and otherwise superlatively pure and excellent. This uncritical partisanship, with not infrequent slips in the discussion of the technicalities of vaulting and construction, seriously mar a work which, with judicious pruning and revision, would gain in value what it might lose in bulk.

Yet in spite of these serious defects, Mr. Porter's work possesses many notable merits. It is a monument of painstaking documentary research, and many of its sections are excellent reading. The style is rather loose, but readable and sometimes spirited. The presentation of the historical environment and of the less obvious forces at work in the production of the great architectural activity of the middle ages, especially in France, is often admirable. Statements of fact are generally accurate, and authorities are quoted on matters of controversy. The bibliographies at the end of each volume indicate wide acquaintance with the authorities, and a scholarly habit in classification and citation. They constitute an apparatus of great value to all future students of architecture. But they are less interesting and remarkable than the lists of monuments, with more or less extended historical and critical notices, which follow each chapter. Thus in the Lombard list, 92 separate buildings are noted, with specific comment on all but a half-dozen or less. In the Norman list 413 churches are mentioned, and in the Gothic (pre-flamboyant) list 392, nearly all in both lists with at least a line or two of comment or description, while some have a full page or more of text. Published in a volume apart, these bibliographies and lists would alone constitute an important work of reference. For this digest of a vast body of information otherwise only obtainable by digging through hundreds of volumes, many of them rare, students of architecture owe Mr. Porter a real debt, and will easily overlook the occasional display of recondite and unnecessary erudition.

The illustrations are numerous, and for the most part well chosen, with a fair sprinkling of plans; but there should have been many more sections than are shown, for the section gives the key to the structural design in Gothic architecture. The omission of scales from all the plans and of reference letters employed in the text from several of the diagrams, is also to be regretted. Indexes, tables of contents, and lists of illustrations are full. The printing is excellent.

The Plate Collector's Guide: Arranged from Cripps's "Old English Plate." By Percy Macquoid; with numerous illustrations and plate-marks. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25 net.

The Old Royal Plate in the Tower of London, including the Old Silver Communion Service of the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula within the Tower. By E. Alfred Jones. Oxford: Fox, Jones & Co.

To two classes of American readers authoritative works on old English plate are especially valuable. Many well-to-do people in this country have collections of plate which they have bought with more or less discrimination. Practical silversmiths are doing sufficiently important work here to need the inspiration of examples of the best of other times and countries, and, failing originals or such electroplated reproductions as have been provided in some museums, good illustrations have great value. Both collectors and craftsmen will find Mr. Macquoid's abridgment a satisfactory and inexpensive substitute for Cripps's monumental work, which, since its first appearance in 1878, has gone through many editions. Some parenthetical additions have been included to embody the results of late research. The omissions appear in the main to have been judiciously made, though the entire exclusion of the chapter dealing with ecclesiastical plate must somewhat impair the value of the book in this country, where the making of articles for ecclesiastical use is among the most promising developments of American arts and crafts. Half-tone illustrations have been extensively used in place of the line drawings in "Old English Plate." Several photographs are from Winchester College plate which was practically unknown before 1903.

E. Alfred Jones's book is one of the sumptuous volumes dear to the English country house. It is no perfunctory performance. The author, who has also been responsible for the illustrated catalogues of the collections of plate owned by J. Pierpont Morgan and by Leopold de Rothschild and of the royal plate collections at Windsor Castle and at St. Petersburg, owes to the favor of King Edward VII his privilege of studying the treasures of the Tower which made the present book possible. These extraordinary facilities have been well utilized. Mr. Jones's concise, well-written text is devoted to simple statement of facts. He has no archæological thesis to maintain. He sets forth what is definitely known about a number of the most serious commissions ever entrusted to English metal workers, describing in detail such objects as the Coronation Anointing Spoon, made in the late twelfth or early thirteenth century, and by some lucky accident spared the crucible in which Charles I melted down royal heirlooms; the Charles II Font and Basin, employed in christening many members of the royal line; the beautiful silver gilt maces, made for sergeants-at-arms in the reigns of Charles II, James II, and William and Mary; and the communion vessels in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula whose cypher the author believes to be that of Queen Charlotte. Mr. Jones's letterpress abounds in illuminating citations of original documents. The extreme floridity, for example, of the objects made for royalty in the first years after the Restoration is explained, of course, by the influx of Dutch artists whom Charles II encouraged to such an extent that in 1664 the London silversmiths petitioned him for protection from their competition. Among the biographical notices is an account of Francis Garthorne, who was employed by every monarch from Charles II to George I, and whose initials are found on a paton and communion vessels in Trinity Church, New York, on three vessels at Christ Church, Cambridge, and on a flagon at St. Paul's Church, Newburyport.

The Russian Archæological Institute has issued a report of the investigations under its care at Salonica during the years 1907 and 1908. The quantity and value of the remains discovered in the three churches of St. Demetrios, St. Sophia, and St. George give Salonica an importance second only to Ravenna as a treasury of Byzantine art. The researches made under the control of the Institute by its director, Mr. Upensky, were chiefly devoted to the Church of St. Demetrios. The mosaics were overlaid with whitewash at the time of the Turkish Conquest. The Imperial government recently decided to carry out some repairs, which resulted in the temporary uncovering of the mosaics. When Mr. Upensky had the opportunity to make his investigations the workmen had already recovered part of the mosaics; but he was able to make detailed investigations in the nave, on the north transept, and in the lateral colonnades. St. Demetrios, the patron saint of Salonica, is the most prominent figure in the compositions, appearing about a dozen times in various postures In one case he is represented standing in a shell-shaped niche and wearing a white robe bordered with gold and decorated with a large band. Near by is a group of three persons: In the centre is St. Demetrios; on the right stands the Illyrian prefect Leontius, and on the left Bishop Eusebius. Ikons of the Virgin also appear in many places. These are of interest to students, for they re-

call the most ancient extant representations of the Holy Mother—such as, for instance, that in the Church of Kitti, near Larnaca in Cyprus. The Panaghia occurs in all groups commemorating miraculous cures achieved by St. Demetrios, although in the corresponding legends there is no mention of the Virgin's intervention. The backgrounds of the groups are landscapes, architectural details, and cultus-objects. On a series of medallions are representations of saints.

From the annals of Salonica we know that the Basilica of St. Demetrios was destroyed by fire in the seventh century. The mosaics now discovered would thus appear to belong largely to the time of rebuilding. But Mr. Upensky gives reasons for assigning many of the remains to an earlier period, which would indicate that the destruction of the church was only partial An inscription gives the date of the restoration as belonging to the period of Leo the Iconoclast, who reigned in the first half of the eighth century. The characteristic feature of the mosaics is their realism. The scenes are taken from actual life and are devoid of mystic or symbolical significance. The designs are clear and vigorous, and the faces, which are represented in full or three-quarter view, are full of character. As regards technique, blue is the prevailing color of the backgrounds; silver is always used for the nimbus; there is no nacre on the vestments. The mosaic is formed of tiny cubes, much smaller ones being used for the faces than for the rest of the composition.

The recent investigations made by Dr. Dörpfeld of the German Archæological Institute at Olympia have set beyond doubt the truth of the old legends which ascribed the importance of that city to a time before the Dorian invasion. Excavations around the Metroön and the Treasuries have brought to light remains of small dedicatory temples of prehistoric date. In a black sandy stratum were discovered sherds and other earthenware objects, which in their form and incised decoration show close affinity to the pottery found on neolithic sites.

Several notable prices were obtained at the sale of the Cuthbertson pictures at Christie's, May 21. Romney's portrait of Mrs. Blackburne went to Agnews for $26,000, his Mrs. Newbury was secured by the Bath Museum for $26,775. Jacques's The Flock was bought by a New York house for $16,000.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts, in the section of architecture, has elected Victor-Alexandre-Frédéric Laloux, in place of the late Alfred Normand. The new Academician built the railway stations at Tours and at the Quai d'Orsay.

Charles Green Bush, chief cartoonist of the New York *World*, died May 21 at the age of sixty-six. He was first an illustrator for Harper & Bros., and after a few years went to Paris, where he studied drawing at Rimmel's, and with Bonnat. He drew cartoons for the *Herald* and *Telegram* for several years, and in 1897 joined the staff of the *World*. Among his creations was "Father Knickerbocker."

The death is announced from Paris of M. Colomb, the caricaturist known in France as "Moloch." He had been a strong satirist of men in office and of politicians.

Finance.

A CHAPTER IN HIGH FINANCE.

The death of Henry H. Rogers has evoked the various comments always suggested by the death of a Wall Street magnate of enormous wealth; they had mostly to do with the financial effects of the event; for Wall Street regards its rich men less as men than as cogs in the wheels of a huge machine. There are, however, other considerations which arise in the thoughtful mind.

It is not as an organizer and manager of the Standard Oil Company that Mr. Rogers is likely to be chiefly remembered—another capitalist will personify that exploit in later history—but as one of the so-called "Standard Oil group" whose spectacular activities were in other fields. John D. Rockefeller, some years ago, went out of his way to declare, in a public interview, that the company was not concerned in Stock Exchange operations, that there was no "Standard Oil party" in the speculative market; and that the whole allegation was merely based on the fact that Standard Oil directors owned investments in other corporations. This was a somewhat specious declaration.

The actions of this particular group of capitalists, early in the financial "boom" which began with 1898, gave a wholly new conception of the functions of what had previously been known as "high finance." Borrowed from Europe's markets, this term had long referred to bodies of immensely wealthy capitalists who acted in concert, who dealt with governments when national debts had to be incurred, and who moved their fortunes into and out of given investments, usually of the highest character, according as circumstances of the day made the outlook favorable or unfavorable. High finance thus became the epitome of conservatism; it was popularly regarded with deep respect and with something of awe, for it was known to stand, not only for the soundest financial judgment, but for the most strictly honorable methods.

The "promotion period" from 1899 to 1901 in America turned men's heads; it was then that high finance in America began to acquire a very different reputation. The story really opened with the Amalgamated Copper flotation of 1899, which was carried out in a way as wide as the poles asunder from European high finance; the methods of unscrupulous and irresponsible mine promoters being sedulously followed. This was done distinctly under the names and auspices of the "Standard Oil group," and was something not far from a public scandal. Events moved swiftly after that. By 1901, an extraordinary situation had arisen. American high finance was divided into two bitterly hostile camps, of which the "Standard Oil group" was one. Both had engaged in sensational promotion schemes, some of which were of a highly questionable character; both were speculating heavily on the Stock Exchange. One of them seemed, at the climax of the April stock-jobbing mania of that year, to have lost all sense of restraint or proportion, apparently believing that aggregated capital could defy the laws of political economy and create a "new finance" in which the principles of preceding centuries would be abolished.

In this period of mental unsettlement, however, the "Standard Oil group" seemed to retain its senses. It avoided the extravagant promoting mania which afflicted the rest of Wall Street, and was possibly for that reason better equipped when it plunged headlong into the celebrated conflict with its rivals over possession of the Northern Pacific. It lost the fight, but it had not entangled itself in a score of other directions as the rival group had done, and in 1903 it had its reward, picking up at bargain prices the securities which the others flung over in their struggles with the "rich men's panic."

It was thought, at the time, that even if the old-time traditions of high finance were gone, this issue to the events of 1901 meant that Rogers and his colleagues of the "Standard Oil group" possessed enough of the ancient attributes of high finance to keep them at least from illusions and excesses. There was, however, no real ground for such inference; the senseless efforts of these capitalists to fix their own price for copper, through the Amalgamated concern, had shown that they too were subject to the illusions of the day; and the next few years proved that nothing whatever had been learned from the experience of 1903. When 1906 and 1907 arrived, the tables were turned, between the two rival groups of high finance, in a most dramatic way. Rogers and his associates lost their heads exactly as their rivals had done in 1901, tying themselves up in an ill-timed and ill-judged Stock Exchange speculation of enormous proportions, based on prodigious home and foreign borrowing, and on utterly reckless use of the surplus funds of the largest corporation which they controlled. Thus entangled, they were caught in the panic of 1907, with results which Wall Street was able dimly to follow, and which gave the last touch of absurdity to theories of the La Follette sort that these capitalists themselves brought on the panic, to serve their selfish purposes. While they were floundering in the stock and money markets, the rival group whose predicament they had used to so profitable a purpose in 1903 was engaged in picking up the similar bargains of 1907.

Altogether, it is a curious story in the annals not only of the Stock Exchange, but of that high finance, to the popular

idea of which it has given so new a shape. Yet it was typical of the period's financial history. "Thinking in hundred millions" for purposes of promotion and manipulation led naturally to the sequel of fortunes of fifty millions or more, embarked in turbulent Stock Exchange speculation, and subjected to losses in the tens of millions through exhausted margins.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arctander, John W. The Apostle of Alaska. Revell. $1.50 net.
Bancroft, Marie and Squire. The Bancrofts. Dutton. $5 net.
Bigg, Charles. The Origins of Christianity. Henry Frowde.
Blythe, Samuel G. We Have With Us Tonight. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus. 50 cents.
Buckland, Frank Merton. Rhymes of the Stream and Forest. Forest and Stream.
Carlisch, Rabbi Edward N. The Jew in Literature. Richmond, Va.: Bell Book and Stationery Company. $2 net.
Cleveland, Frederick A. Chapters on Municipal Administration and Accounting. Longmans, Green. $2 net
Cross, Wilbur L. The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Gerhard, Wm. Paul. The Sanitation, Water Supply and Sewage Disposal of Country Houses. D. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Ginzberg, Louis. The Legends of the Jews. Vol. I, from Creation to Jacob. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society. $2.
Hankin, St. John. The Last of the De Mullins. London: A. C. Fifield.
Hayes, John Russell. Old Meeting Houses. Philadelphia: Biddle Press. $1.
Holcomb, Walt. Popular Lectures of Sam P. Jones. Revell. 75 cents net.
Howells, W. D. The Mother and the Father. Harper. $1.20 net.
Kennedy, Daniel Edwards. Philip the Forester: A Romance of the Valley of Gardens. Brookline, Mass.: The Queen's Shop. $4.50 net.
Kipling, Rudyard. Just So Stories. Doubleday, Page.
Kirkpatrick, E. A. Genetic Psychology. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Leadam, I. S. The History of England. Vol. IX. Longmans, Green.
Lodge, Sir Oliver. The Ether of Space. Harper.
Lyon, Milford H. For the Life That Now Is. Revell. 75 cents net.
Masten, Vincent Myron. The Crime Problem. Elmira: Star-Gazette Co.
Melville, Helen and Lewis. London's Lure. London: George Bell & Sons. $1.25 net.
Milton Memorial Lectures 1908. Edited by Percy W. Ames. Henry Frowde.
Mitchell, Margaret J. The Fireless Cook Book. Doubleday, Page. $1.25.
Motley, John Lothrop. History of the Netherlands. 2 vols. Harper.
Mumm, A. L. Five Months in the Himalaya. Longmans, Green.
Norris, Frank. The Third Circle. John Lane. $1.50.
Northrop, George Norton. In Itinere (Poems). London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.
Patterson, M. W. A History of the Church of England. Longmans, Green.
Perkins, Clara Crawford. French Cathedrals and Chateaux. 2 vols. Henry Holt.
Saltus, Edgar. Daughters of the Rich. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.
Scott, James Brown. The Hague Peace Conferences. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Shadwell, Arthur. Industrial Efficiency. Longmans, Green.
Stack, Frederic William. Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Stewart, J. A. Plato's Doctrine of Ideas. Henry Frowde.
Stifler, James M. The Fighting Saint. Revell. 75 cents net.
Toynbee, Paget. Dante in English Literature. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5 net.
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Marriage à la Mode. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Warren, Maude Radford. Peter-Peter. Harper. $1.50.
Wodehouse, P. G. Love Among the Chickens. Circle Publishing Co. $1.50.
Wright, Sir A. E. Studies on Immunisation. London: Constable & Co.

Notable New Novels Just Ready

Walter P. Eaton, who made his reputation as dramatic critic of the "Sun" and author of "The American Stage of To-day," is co-author with Elise M. Underhill of The RUNAWAY PLACE.

The romance of the man out of a job and the mysterious maid from Somewhere who meet in Central Park ("The Runaway Place"), where for a while they are as children who had forgotten to grow up. There is something in it of Kenneth Graham's half wistful, half playful love of vanished childhood days. ($1.25.)

One of the publishers' readers wrote of Eva Lathbury's THE LONG GALLERY: "Work of a really high order . . . the characters are live, the situations intensely interesting and real . . . has somewhat the same charm that Kenneth Graham's stories have, tho from quite a different viewpoint; and has even a suggestion of Kipling's 'They' and 'The Brushwood Boy.'" ($1.50.)

The Boston "Transcript's" complete brilliant notice of Holder and Jordan's delightful Fish Stories, or circular of American Nature Series sent on application.

HENRY HOLT & CO., 34 W. 33d St. NEW YORK

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G.P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK & LONDON

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LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., New York

The Spy
By GORKY

of CORRIE WHO?
Maximilian Foster's brilliant new story, the NATION says: *"As charming a piece of light fiction as one is likely to come across in many a day. It is a story of mystery handled very skilfully. It possesses exceptional charm of style."*
SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY - BOSTON

Newspapers as Historical Sources

For the period which covered Reconstruction, from 1865 to 1877, I used *The Nation* to a large extent. Its bound volumes are convenient to handle in one's own library, and its summary of events is useful in itself, and as giving leads to the investigation of other material. Frequently its editorials have spoken for the sober sense of the people with amazing success. As a constant reader of *The Nation* since 1866, I have felt the fascination of Godkin, and have been consciously on guard against it. I tried not to be led away by his incisive statements and sometimes uncharitable judgments. But whatever may be thought of his bias, he had an honest mind, and was incapable of knowingly making a false statement; and this, with his other qualities, makes his journal excellent historical material. After considering with great care some friendly criticism, I can truly say that I have no apology to make for the extent to which I used *The Nation.*—*James Ford Rhodes,* in *The Atlantic Monthly, May,* 1909.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1909.

The Week.

The affair of the mislaid document, as Sherlock Holmes might have called it, brings embarrassment even upon the usually imperturbable Aldrich. Accused of having hidden away a valuable report on manufactures and wages compiled by the German Government at the request of our Ambassador at Berlin, the chairman of the Finance Committee assured his fellow-Senators in quick succession that he doubted whether there was such a report, that it was lying about somewhere waiting to be translated, that Germany was presumptuous in trying to shape our tariff laws for us, that the report was quite useless. anyhow, and that he should be delighted to have it printed for the instruction of the Senate. In the absence of competent translators at Washington, Senator Aldrich must have gone on his own knowledge of the German language when he concluded that it would only be a waste of the Senate's time to bring the document to its attention. That Mr. Aldrich wished to prevent the report from falling into the hands of the insurgents, we hardly believe. What could the Senate leader have feared? He can afford to let the Opposition disclaim, the press protest, the House grumble, and the President cherish anxious doubts, because Aldrich has the one best answer to all—he has the votes. Why, then, should a bookful of statistics more or less bother him?

Conflicting press reports have led to a widespread misunderstanding in regard to the actual outcome of the Georgia Railway strike. It is not true that the railway has given in on the essential point—the employment of negro firemen. It conceded a number of unimportant points and signed an agreement to arbitrate the questions under the Erdman act. The first of these is the important one, for it raises the color issue in three-fold form: Shall all negro firemen be barred from employment on the Georgia Railroad; if employed, what percentage of the total number shall they constitute; and shall they retain their present privilege of promotion by seniority over white firemen? The railway stood its ground to the end, with admirable firmness, refusing to arbitrate until the arrival of Mr. Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission, when it yielded to pressure to the extent of consenting to arbitration. The important race question is, therefore, unanswered. Should the arbitrators be swayed by the race issue, the outcome would be serious, for it would become a precedent for limiting the employment of blacks in other directions. It would, therefore, have been better if the strike could have been settled without arbitration—but that would have had to come about by the complete surrender of the union. The railway had absolute justice on its side, and fought admirably for employees of proved worth and of long service whose sole offending is the color of their skins.

Gov. Hoke Smith can get little satisfaction out of the Southern newspapers for his attitude in the Georgia Railroad strike. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, after discussing his attitude, remarks that the "evil of incompetent government seems to be growing in this country, and unless there is soon a change for the better, the most serious disorders must result." It thinks that Gov. Smith had no business whatever to arbitrate between individuals, but that his sole duty was to enforce the law according to his oath of office. It also accuses men like Hoke Smith of being ready to enforce the law only when there is no personal or political danger in so doing. The Columbia, S. C., *State* avers that "the spirit of the demagogue has for long pervaded high places in Georgia," and adds, "it got lodgment in the State House, and has crowded up alongside of many an editor." It manfully declares that the people of Thomas, Georgia, have no "earthly right" to say whether the railway traversing that town shall employ negro or white firemen, or whether those firemen shall be union men or non-union men. Finally, the Macon *Telegraph* finds it necessary to demand that "the strong arm of the State should protect society against anarchy," and it denies that an "outside and vicious element which resorts to violence has any natural, legal, or moral right to imperil life and limb and property."

The election of Congressman William Lorimer as United States Senator from Illinois, to succeed Albert J. Hopkins, reflects little credit on the State. The Legislature went through the painful travail of ninety-five roll-calls, extending over more than four months, only to give us in the end this particularly small mouse. The opportunity for congratulating the State of Illinois is wanting, not because a poor candidate has been selected where a good one might have been had, but because the State's politics should be in such a pitiful welter as to make the long-drawn fight an utterly selfish and unprincipled game between politicians of a low order, and the inevitable result the election of one candidate out of a very bad lot. The new Senator was elected by fifty-five Republican and fifty-three Democratic votes. No pretence was made that this bi-partisan arrangement was anything but a bargain. Mr. Lorimer has announced no platform on which he might claim the support of even the Republican legislators.

The removal of Census Director North was undoubtedly hastened by his hostility to his official superior, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. But Mr. North's departure for some other sphere of usefulness became inevitable after the revelation of what loyal service he did for the wool manufacturers during the last tariff revision, whenever Senator Aldrich was ill and the other members of the Finance Committee did not know what it was all about. One admirable thing about our straightforward President is that he takes no pains to conceal what is meant by the "resignation" of an official against whom just cause of complaint exists. Mr. North's resignation, we are told from the White House, "was based on the ground that, on account of conditions existing and likely to continue, his administration of the office would probably not be successful." The unfavorable conditions with which Mr. North would have to contend were presumably that he might turn up some morning to

find his office door locked against him by order of the President.

Mr. Harriman's interview on the financial and industrial outlook is not the less interesting because pitched in some respects to a note of conservatism. That "the business of the country is now on a very substantial basis" is an assertion with which most people will agree. That Mr. Harriman "does not think the tariff legislation will be of much importance" to the financial outcome, one way or the other, contrasts oddly with the attitude of some other Wall Street oracles, who have for months been asserting that the "trade boom" was merely waiting, stop-watch in hand, for the enactment of any kind of tariff bill. Mr. Harriman even goes so far as to pay some attention to our agricultural situation and the doubts surrounding the new crop—a consideration which a good part of Wall Street seems to have dismissed as wholly irrelevant. This, furthermore, is a prediction which will make a good many people open their eyes: "We are building now firmly and soundly. If a tide of speculation sets in rapidly again, and we jump things up thirty or forty stories and then smash, the fall will naturally be greater." Saul is surely among the prophets. But Mr. Harriman guards carefully against the possibility that there was some connection between the panic of 1907 and the "jumping of things up thirty or forty stories" in the preceding twelvemonth. This Mr. Harriman denies; he would naturally deny it:

> That panic was directly caused by the extraordinary Landis decision and the general attitude prevailing at the time against the railroads and corporations generally.

No one will be astonished at Mr. Harriman's tenacity in this belief. It would be superfluous to ask just how the Standard Oil decision, extraordinary as it no doubt was, should have caused the suspension of the Knickerbocker and the run on the other trust companies, or how a court verdict in Indiana during August should have brought about panic on the Egyptian market in April and on the Japanese market in June. But perhaps this is ancient history.

Frankness is contagious. After "The Confessions of a Railway Signalman" it was certain that the railways, too, would take the public into their confidence. The Pennsylvania has now promised full publicity regarding every accident. We have not forgotten that the Pennsylvania did not kill a single traveller last year. But should all details about maimed employees, sleeping switchmen, careless yard-bosses, and slaughtered tramps be given out, we should soon have a valuable fund of information with which to shape future industrial legislation. Honestly collected, it will fix responsibility where it belongs, and tell us whether the harsh things Mr. Fagan says about railway labor-unions exceed the truth or fall short of it. Whether the Pennsylvania can live up to its programme is the most interesting question. A conspiracy of silence is supposed to exist among railway employees, for mutual protection against discharge.

We cannot but admire the infinite concern with which a goodly portion of the American press is watching affairs in Cuba. No fond mother has ever conjured up so portentous a list of perils about the head of her absent boy as we are descrying in the path of the Gomez Administration. We call that giving the Cubans a fair chance. A few months ago it was still in order to predict a revolution and the collapse of the new Administration. At the present moment, Cuba's budget is bringing on the fall of the republic. President Gomez believes that the budget will balance at about $33,000,000, but we know better. We know that the island's income cannot go above $26,000,000, and that a deficit of $7,000,000 is proof absolute of Cuba's inability to govern herself. No other government on earth is ever bothered with deficits. We have none. England has none. Germany has none. Hence the mere prospect of a deficit in Cuba is sufficient reason for wailing over the worthlessness of her people and her government. Should this alarm prove vain, we can still fall back on the chances of a revolution. True, says one critic, "the prospects of success from that kind of a move do not now seem as good as they did at first." But why lose hope? "When the sugar cane is well grown it will take a slight effort to burn a field of cane now and then." Thus if any disgruntled Cuban politician is at a loss how to start up a row and a revolt, all he has to do is to consult a file of American newspapers.

Civilization may slacken his class rush, and even tone down football rules; but the undergraduate will not have his vacations tampered with. "A death-blow to intercollegiate baseball, rowing, and track meets!" is his description of Ithaca's proposed calendar, from which all save three holidays during the year are scratched off. Professors fancy they need a few more weeks to round off their courses, but the undergraduate kindly explains that, under the steady drive from January to June, with never more than one Saturday a week in the grandstand, his nerves will tear to shreds and "frequent outbreaks of lawlessness and riot" will result. Those shredded nerves are something of a mystery. Up to commencement day you see them, and, on the next, you don't. Mr. A.B. climbs up on his seven-dollar-a-week stool, unmurmuring, and there he drives from Monday morning to Saturday noon, fifty weeks of every fifty-two. Ten years later, his chin is double and his smile as broad as ever. If you ask about the shredded nerves, he winks. It is very strange, and stranger yet when we hear students at Western universities asking for a year-round session, after the Chicago plan.

The broad streak of sanity Englishmen are exhibiting toward Holbein's "Christina of Denmark" augurs well for their recovery from the anti-German delirium. Canniness has not yet perished off their island, when art dealers cannot play patriotism for any figure they choose. At noon Tuesday the option on the painting expired, but no indignant loyalist rushed into the broker's office on the very stroke of the hour, frantically waving a fistful of £1,000 notes and crying that the American invasion must be checked at any price. At the National Gallery, it is said, visitors talked more about the absurd sum asked for the canvas than about its beauty or the necessity of keeping it at home. Well, indeed, for the cause of art, if millionaire collectors are taking their cue from such sentiments, rather than from the doubts about the Duke of Norfolk's right to sell the masterpiece. Spent for pictures in the measure that their beauty appeals to the eye, $305,000 will bring vastly more delight than can a single Holbein portrait.

When the Lord Chief Justice of Eng-

land finds it proper to denounce publicly a new British statute, it must be a pretty bad one. This the new patent law, which has been roughly handled by Lord Alverstone, undeniably is. It embodies the protective principle, since it was drawn with a view to compelling foreign owners of English patents to manufacture their products in Great Britain, or lose their rights. To attempt to manufacture work for English laborers by this device is as mediæval as our own American idea of building a tariff wall and excluding foreigners' goods, in order to compel the starting of unnecessary American factories. One of the first results of this English law was a vigorous effort in our Congress to retaliate against British patents. Fortunately, this came to naught; but the ill-will already provoked by the British action will not be easily ended. The International Chemistry Congress, before which Lord Alverstone spoke, took the proper view of the case, and resolved to agitate for a return to the old basis, on which the manufacture of a device in a country having international conventions protects the patent rights in all the other nations. As Lord Alverstone well said, if the present law remains on the statute books, it will result in people keeping their inventions secret. Why should a Liberal Free Trade Ministry have consented to such a law?

Count Zeppelin may spare Mr. Carnegie the necessity of haling Germany and England before an international court on the charge of disturbing the world's peace with battleships. After the Count's astonishing flight from Friedrichshafen to Bitterfeld and return, all of London's bogey-dressers ought to desert the Dreadnought-mad party for the airship-mad. A dirigible balloon that travels nearly 1,000 miles without once having to stop, can well leave Cologne at night and be over the Parliament towers in the dark of the following evening. Let the winds and landing difficulties handicap it as they will, nevertheless, it will convince even a Clyde calker, if it should fulfil the promise Count Zeppelin makes for it in *Putnam's* by carrying twelve persons 2,500 miles at high altitude without a descent. Mr Carnegie might well leave European diplomats to their wiles, and invite the Count to visit him at Skibo, by the overhead route, of course.

From Constantinople come rumors of impending trouble. There is discontent with the Young Turks in the capital. The various nationalities, Greeks, Armenians, and Albanians, are restless, and in Asia Minor there is danger of another Moslem outbreak. It is, of course, impossible, at this distance, to say how much truth there is in the dispatches. But, in any case, before giving ourselves up to the impression which such reports may tend to create, namely, that the Young Turks are not equal to the task they have assumed, it is only fair to compare what the Young Turks have accomplished and have failed to accomplish with what others in their place would or could have done. Say that Asia Minor is restless, and that it may be necessary to hasten an army there to prevent a renewal of the massacres, say even that the massacres come, and in what way will things be worse than they were before the Young Turks came to power? Before the revolution of last July, Macedonia was a veritable cockpit in which Bulgarians, Greeks, Servians, and Turks tore at each other and at the helpless peasantry. Ten thousand peaceful folk were slaughtered in Macedonia during the last five years. With the proclamation of a Constitution, the slaughter in Macedonia ceased. Then came the temporary eclipse of the Young Turk power in April last, and two or three days of Abdul Hamid brought on the slaughter in Asia Minor. The Young Turks took Constantinople, and the massacres ceased. Whatever errors the Young Turks in their inexperience may make, whatever mutinies they may still have to deal with, whatever hangings they may still be determined upon, is it conceivable that they will cost Turkey a portion even of the slaughter and the general wretchedness that preceded their triumph, and would accompany their fall?

The introduction of compulsory voting in Spain has brought an unprecedented number of electors to the polls. Parliamentary elections in that country are notoriously manipulated by the party in power, which can fit itself out with any majority it thinks becoming. Such control from above was made easier by the existence of the large body of electors who stayed away from the polls. These have now been brought out into the open, and as a result, in the recent municipal elections, between 80 and 90 per cent. of the entire electorate cast their votes. Apparently, Spain has been holding a large store of latent radical opinion. Although a Conservative Ministry is now in power, there were chosen 481 Republicans, Liberals, and Democrats, 253 Conservatives, and over a hundred Radicals of various shades. Madrid elected 12 Republican councillors, 2 Liberals, 1 Democrat, and 7 Conservatives, thus giving the Republicans an absolute majority. Valencia chose 15 Republicans, against 10 of all other parties. In Valladolid, 12 Liberals, 6 Republicans, and 3 Conservatives were elected; in La Coruña, 7 Republicans, 3 Liberals, and 3 others; in Córdoba, 10 Republicans, 6 Liberals, and 6 Conservatives. The growth of the Republican sentiment seems all the stranger because Alfonso XIII's popularity is apparently great.

In the June *Review of Reviews*, Edward A. Steiner has a brief but exceedingly interesting article on "How Returning Emigrants are Americanizing Europe." In 1907, for instance, nearly 800,000 aliens recrossed the ocean. In ordinary years the exodus is much smaller, but still very large. There is not a town or village of any size between Naples and Warsaw, Mr. Steiner believes, that has not its visitor or repatriated citizen from across the seas. First in importance are the savings brought back by emigrants. They buy land, and often cheaply because large estates are forced upon the market by scarcity of labor. Between 1899 and 1905, peasant holdings in certain districts of Russian Poland increased 418 per cent. In one Hungarian village the peasants, with American money, have acquired the entire manorial estate, including a fine castle. But from America come, too, a new spirit and new habits. The slow pace of peasant labor is whipped up under the stimulus of Yankee "hustle." American clothes and haberdashery are entering on wide conquests. Slav villages catch the glint of patent leather shoes and the glitter of dentist's gold, those two predominant traits of our life that struck Henry James in New York. Finally, we record the advent into the peasant hut of the doctrine of fresh air, and a marked improvement in the treatment of women.

MORE TARIFF IMMORALITIES.

Monday's tariff debate was as illuminating as any that the Senate has given us. The schedules had been reached in which the acme of protectionist insincerity and hypocrisy always is touched—the duties, namely, on food products. That is the place where the augurs of protection invariably wink at each other as they set about the task of "fooling the farmer." Having got his vote for the grand old party and the grand old humbug of the tariff, they proceed gravely to "protect" his wheat and corn and bacon and beef. This time the farce became too broad for even that skilled comedian, Senator Aldrich; and when the discussion threatened to run on interminably, and some acrimony was developed, he rose and incontinently withdrew his proposals to increase the tariff taxes on food-products. To give cynicism its crown, he then coolly stated that there would be no importations of meats, no matter what the tariff duties were; that there had been none to speak of under either the high rates of the McKinley bill or the low rates of the Wilson bill. This unblushing confession of the bunco game which has been played upon the agricultural interests of the country for forty years, naturally woke angry protests. Senator Heyburn rose to inform the Rhode Island Senator that if the farmer were once convinced that he was not going to get his share of the protectionist pound of flesh, along with the manufacturer, there would be political trouble. But Aldrich simply smiled at this threat. He has unlimited confidence in bucolic simplicity.

Readers of the Senate debate will note, however, that the case for products of the farm and orchard was instantly altered when it became a question of setting up a domestic monopoly. Mr. Root's argument against the monstrous duty on lemons demanded by the California growers was fortified by fact and reason. He showed that the existing protection was more than ample. California lemons can be laid down in New York at sensibly lower prices than the imported article, notwithstanding the cheap ocean freights as against the long haul overland. Yet it was proposed in the Aldrich bill to increase the duties 50 per cent. The object could be only to mulct the consumer, and give to the Californians a practical monopoly of the supply of a common article of food. But this demonstration was of no avail. The higher duty was voted 43 to 28. Aldrich held his men in line for this agricultural duty, despite his indifference to other schedules of the kind. The reason was, we presume, that he had bought the votes of the California Senators for the cotton and woollen and steel and iron duties, by promise of a thumping increase on lemons, and stood manfully to his bargain. Thus was protection justified of her robber children.

The whole incident recalls an historic monument of greed, which was erected for the warning of mankind at the time of the abolition of the slave trade by the English Parliament. In the long and hard struggle which Wilberforce and Macaulay made to do away with that open sore of the world, they were opposed by the contention that it would be bad for commerce; that if some thousands of innocent Africans were not exposed to the horrors of the Atlantic passage every year, several English traders would lose money. One representative of these unconscious cormorants openly declared in Parliament that the slavers furnished the only market for decayed fish and other putrid food, on which there would be a dead loss if the slave trade were outlawed. This argument is just about on a level with the elevated reasoning to which the Senate is now accustoming us. Who can doubt that, if Aldrich had to buy a vote or two for his pet manufacturers by a protective duty on rotten fish, he would do it without a blush, and, what is more, lead the whole phalanx of Senators of the party of moral ideals up to the scratch without any of them holding their noses?

Such displays as the Senate is daily giving us are enough, one would think, to convince even Mr. Roosevelt that there is such a thing as a moral question in the tariff. He could never see it; and hence always found it politically inconvenient to come out for tariff revision. But if the moralists have nothing to say about the performance in the Senate, they ought to hold their tongues about every form of cheating, false pretences, and political chicanery. If they cannot perceive the moral aspect of the tariff, suppose they try to discover its immoral aspect. Is it nothing that men stand up to legislate money into their own pockets? Is there nothing to stir indignation in the sight of Senators bargaining away every day, by the most open of log-rolling methods, the right to tax the whole community? If such a thing as political turpitude and public corruption exists anywhere, here we have it. And we repeat our firm belief that the time is rapidly approaching when President Taft will have to speak for the real sentiments of the whole people. He is reported as still hopeful that the conference committee will give him a reasonably good tariff bill to sign. It is said that he has assurances that the high duties which Senator Aldrich is now moving heaven and earth to get, are intended to be surrendered in conference. Judæus Apella may believe that, but we know not who else. The Senators are counting upon the President's easy-going good nature and party regularity In our opinion, he should soon take steps publicly to undeceive them, and to let them know that he will have neither part nor lot in what bids fair to be at once a betrayal of the Republican party and a gross fraud upon the people.

THE SAN FRANCISCO TRIAL.

A "skulking blackmailer," a "slanderer," a "briber"—these are some of the feeling descriptions of Rudolph Spreckels daily appearing in the San Francisco *Globe*, in large headlines, coupled with the oft-repeated charge that the entire campaign against Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railways, is due to Mr. Spreckels's failure to become the traction magnate of his city. Never do we recall a more sensational trial or one more difficult for the outsider to understand. Indeed, we question whether San Franciscans themselves who are not "on the inside" have a clear perception of all that is going on, or realize fully what everything means. But, if we can judge fairly at this distance, there seems to be a growing uneasiness about the reformers that was not manifest during the Schmitz and Ruef trials. Those were such notorious rascals, it was felt, that no substantial injustice could be done, even if the prosecution took some extremely short cuts or resorted to highhanded methods.

In the case of Patrick Calhoun, the

situation is different. For one thing, wealth and position fight on his side, as does corporate influence. Nobody believes that the United Railways of San Francisco has been superior in its morality to the average city transportation company, or that its feelings would have been much outraged if it deemed it wise to pay $200,000 to secure certain favors. But even a railway president is entitled to justice in court, and the impression is gaining ground that the effort is to "railroad" Mr. Calhoun to prison at any cost, and that the daring procedure of Messrs. Heney and Burns in obtaining evidence—such as entering Mr. Calhoun's office and blowing open his private safe, under warrants of questionable validity—is not justifiable even in the endeavor to free an utterly demoralized city from the toils of scoundrels and blackmailers. For a couple of years San Francisco's destiny has lain in the hands of two men. Rudolph Spreckels has furnished the money—and been characterized publicly by Mr. Roosevelt as one of the most patriotic and unselfish of citizens—while James D. Phelan is credited with being the real power behind the throne. These men have decided who should and who should not be Mayor of San Francisco; which men should go to jail and which go free. They have been the despotic tyrants of the city, even if it be believed that they have always been wise and benevolent tyrants.

For instance, it has recently been brought out in a letter of the late Chief of Police Biggy, originally appointed to that position by Mr. Spreckels, that, having been visited by Mr. Spreckels (on November 16, last), he was told to resign because he was "surrounded by crooks" and was an "associate of dive-keepers and brothel keepers." Why should a private citizen have the right to order a police chief to resign, or, for that matter, to appoint him? Is there anything in democratic government which recognizes such a privilege? But in Biggy's case, the demand was practically an ultimatum to be obeyed, and he so felt it. The reason is simply that Mr. Spreckels has financed the reform movement. Although Mr. Heney is a public official, he has received, according to Mr. Spreckels's own testimony, $23,828.22 from Spreckels for his office expenses, while $38,400.00 has been paid to Heney's law-partner and associate, and Burns is openly stated to have received no less than $132,446.05 from the Spreckels privy purse.

Granting that this is pure civic philanthropy, it was again brought out in the examination of Mr. Spreckels himself that, just prior to the fire, Mr. Phelan and Mr. Spreckels had organized the Municipal Railways with a capitalization of eleven millions of dollars for the purpose of building underground trolley lines in competition with the United Railways. It is this fact that has led to the many reports that the real motive of Mr. Spreckels for his attack upon Calhoun was a business one, and the allegation that he expects to receive in return three dollars for every one he is now investing in reform. On the other hand, so far as the trial of Calhoun has gone, Mr. Heney has apparently woven a very strong chain of circumstantial evidence about him. There was a payment of $200,000 from the United Railways to somebody about the time the bribing was done, but no explanatory entry was made, and there is the usual profound official ignorance as to what use the money was put to.

Now, the *Nation* has only the feeling which every lover of good government must have—that it would welcome the conviction of Mr. Calhoun if the facts warrant it. The country would then be able to say that at least in one city "the man higher up" was reached; that in San Francisco Mr. Heney could do what Mr. Jerome failed, for one reason or another, to accomplish in New York. We should very much prefer to believe that Messrs. Spreckels, Phelan, Heney, and Burns are fighting the people's battle against the worst type of political corruption. But the point which we wish to make to-day is simply that even a reformer cannot turn despot and run the machinery of government himself without provoking an immediate reaction. The best kind of reform is that which comes from the people themselves by regular democratic means, and not that which emanates from a handful of men financed by the well-filled purse of a business rival of some of the men accused of wrong. Undoubtedly, we shall be told that this is a counsel of perfection; that to overthrow such a monstrous conspiracy as existed in San Francisco every possible means must be resorted to in order to ferret out the criminal; that to be practical in such matters one must not be thin-skinned, but use the power that falls into one's hands. To this we would make the reply that it is neither desirable nor practical, when in the midst of so great a prosecution, that the enlightened public sentiment should become suspicious both as to methods and motives.

THE LORDS AND THE BUDGET.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose interest in current politics the years are not able to dim, writes to the *Spectator* urging the House of Lords to debate, and, if desirable amend, Lloyd-George's budget. He takes the ground that the measure is political. It is not a money-bill, pure and simple, which will pass the Commons and go up to the Lords. It is, incidentally, a scheme of social reform, with a plan for readjusting taxation so as to make its burdens fall chiefly upon certain classes of the community. This being so, Mr. Smith argues, it is as much a part of the duty of the second chamber to examine and pass upon these proposals, as it was to debate the bill for old-age pensions, or the one to abolish plural voting, or to restrict the sale of liquor. It is, in a word, a question of public policy, not merely of finance.

This distinction, we fear, is not one that could be successfully upheld. The Lords are not entitled to go behind the form of a bill that comes to them from the Commons, and inquire what are its motives and purpose. If they were, there would be an end of the constitutional principle that the power of the purse resides exclusively in the Commons. It is settled that the English upper house has no voice in financial matters. The Lords can neither increase nor cut down appropriations. For them to attempt to do so now, would be revolutionary. The budget will reach them, as have all preceding budgets, with every technical appearance of a bill to raise revenue. With that, the House of Lords cannot meddle on any pretext that it is not a bona-fide financial measure. Were the Lords to arrogate any such power to themselves, there would be no limit to the lengths which they might go. The naval estimates, for example, they might cut down. They could say that provision for eight Dreadnoughts was political, designed to win votes for the Liberals; or that it was a matter vitally affecting

the foreign policy of the nation, about which both houses of Parliament had a right to express an opinion. Such a contention would not, of course, be listened to; but it would have as many legs to stand upon as the claim that an increase in the income tax, or a shifting of the land tax, is political, and therefore within the Lords' purview. Once begin letting out the waters, and there is no telling where the floods will go. We think, therefore, that the Lords will remain where the British Constitution has placed them—dammed up so that they cannot touch money-bills.

There is, however, much quiet talk in England about their doing what they have the undoubted power, if they have the stomach, to do—namely, throw out the budget and force a dissolution. Some Conservative newspapers have advocated this course, and it has been much canvassed in the clubs and salons frequented by the aggrieved victims of the budget, as they choose to consider themselves. Why not, they ask, make an end of the business at once, and get a speedy verdict of the country on this miserable and despoiling Ministry? This question has been echoed by some Conservative members of Parliament, but it is significant that none of the leaders of the party have given countenance to the impetuous suggestion. Mr. Balfour has attacked the budget repeatedly, but never has he given an intimation that it might come to grief in "another place"—to use the Parliamentary expression for referring to the Lords. When it has been intended to destroy in the Lords previous Liberal legislation—such as the two education bills, the licensing bill, etc.—there has been no lack of premonitory speech and action. Mr. Balfour has openly consulted Lord Lansdowne; the latter has begun to talk ominously about the responsibilities of the hereditary legislators. In connection with the budget, however, nothing of this kind has been observed. If the Conservatives really mean to order the House of Lords to refuse to vote it, they are keeping their intention a deep secret.

It is hard to believe that they have any such intention. The question is not so much one of political power, as of political tactics. By forcing matters, Mr. Balfour would simply risk losing what he is almost certain to gain if he bides his time. The tide is running so powerfully for the Conservatives at present that they may reasonably count upon returning to office at the next general election. And that trial of strength cannot be long postponed. Within two years it must come; it may easily come in the course of the next twelvemonth. So cool and patient a leader as Balfour is not at all likely to precipitate the struggle. And more than the mere element of time is involved. The entire issue might be changed if the Lords were to reject the budget on the ground that it bore too heavily on the rich. We should then see a great outburst of indignation at the selfishness and arrogance of the privileged classes; there would be a good chance of the socialists and the Labor Party pooling issues, for the time being, with the Liberals, so that the issue of the election would be a much less sure victory for the Conservatives than they now appear bound to win. All told, therefore, the probability is that the Lords will make wry faces at the budget, but will swallow it. Mr. Balfour will let it do its work of still further alienating rich and middle-class Liberals; will use vague phrases about undoing its injustices when his party is in office again; and when he actually is once more at the head of the government, will doubtless not remove a single one of the taxes which are now denounced as confiscatory and socialistic.

"SOCIALIZING" RELIGION.

The *Outlook* recently printed two remarkable articles by clergymen strongly attacking the education given in theological seminaries. Against it, the gravamen of the complaint is that the course is too scholastic and antiquated; that candidates for the pulpit do not get an insight into the social problems which will confront them later. The drift of the protest is practically against the old idea of a learned ministry. It is argued that a fairly educated man, "with facility of speech, a knowledge of the English Bible, and a real interest in the welfare of mankind," may be better fitted to preach than students who have put in three years at Greek and Hebrew, and have wasted a lot of time over people who "have been a long time dead." The seminaries should throw overboard the dead wood in their traditional curriculum, and put their main strength into "sociology, economics, pedagogy, and ethics." The chief aim should be to teach "the social character of religion, and, specifically, the social application of Christianity." In one word, religion should be "socialized."

This term is not defined, but its meaning, in the mouths of these men and those who think with them, is not hidden. They want the churches and the ministers to regain touch with the masses; and they believe that this can be done by an active sympathy with the causes and aspirations that to-day lie near the hearts of the masses. Workingmen are more and more standing aloof from Protestant churches; to Socialism many of them are transferring the feeling which they once had for religion: therefore, the thinly veiled argument runs, religion must take on a tinge of Socialism to win them back. The Rev. Charles Stelzle frankly puts the case in a way to show both what he thinks the trouble is to-day, and what the dominant purpose should be to-morrow:

> The profound religious spirit which is so evident in the labor movement bids fair either to capture the church or to become the heart of a great religious movement which will rival the church as it is now organized—*unless* the church herself so enlarges her life and vision as to include this movement. If once this movement of the working people takes on a distinctively religious aspect—and it is quite possible for it to do so—the church will with difficulty keep in the procession.

Such conceptions and hopes are amiable; but the fear caused by the growing alienation of wage-earners from the churches should not blind the latter. Take the great fact of the relation of the Catholic Church to workingmen. This is seldom referred to in the laments of Protestants over their slackening hold upon the toilers, yet it is most significant. Here we have a vast religious organization, the very life-blood of which in this country has been the attachment and devotion of the working-classes, but do we find it saying that it must move heaven and earth to bring itself up to date and become "socialized"? Nothing of the kind. On the contrary, the weight of Catholic authority has been cast against Socialism; and the Pope is as much opposed to "modernity" in labor and political movements as in theological. Doubtless, the Catholic Church in the United States loses its power over many immigrant and other workingmen who, by antecedent faith, ought to be in its com-

munion. But making all allowance for such defections, it retains a wonderful hold upon those very masses which, we are now told, can be won over only by petting labor unions and taking up with half-baked doctrines labelled "sociology."

If such considerations do not give our too quick religious innovators pause, let them stop to survey some of the practical and definite obstacles which they must surmount. When they demand of the theological seminaries training in economics and solutions of social problems, they are informed that such studies are pre-supposed in the students; the colleges are to furnish them with that equipment. But that is absurd, declares the Rev. Mr. Jones. "College courses cannot equip young men with the knowledge of social conditions necessary to the ministerial profession." But can seminary courses? We gravely doubt it. Many institutions, it is true, afford their students the opportunity to see the ongoing of organized Christianity on a large scale—the institutional church, clubs, classes, missions, settlements—and all this is no doubt instructive and humanizing. But formal "sociological" teaching, dovetailed into an already crowded and hurried three years' course, would not, in our opinion, be much more successful in the seminaries than it is in the colleges. The most probable result would be the letting loose in pulpits of crude notions about "the social applications of Christianity," together with sadly muddled economics.

After all, we come back to the truth that the successful minister is born, not made. By the use of whatever tools, vitalizing even the oldest and mouldiest conventions, he comes to his real work by virtue of qualities which a theological education can neither give nor take away. If he has the soul to endure as one seeing the invisible, and a heart to throb in unison with all the varied humanity about him; and if to all this he adds the sense of a high mission and the burden of a spiritual message, he need not trouble himself overmuch to become "socialized." He will find his true power and wield it. Into the striving and sorrow of the world, he will be able to bring something of peace and comfort; and will be the better enabled to do it for having braced his mind by hard study and fed his spirit by long meditation while the fire burns, than by taking out a card in all the labor-unions from here to California, or running, now here, now there, after the latest sociological fad.

MISTAKES ABOUT LEISURE.

Among the mistakes about contemporary life, perhaps none passes muster so readily as the one about leisure and our leisure class. It is taken as self-evident that what goes by the name of leisure here is either gilded indolence or else something worse. Here and there one finds an idle millionaire "that in trim gardens takes his pleasure," but all the rest, who neither toil nor spin, must be looked for on the sporting page or the police blotter. The average rich man who feigns leisure is generally using it, as Machiavelli's prince did, as a breathing-time to contrive plans for war—to wit, a Wall Street campaign. A. Barton Hepburn, in the June *Century*, sums up this popular impression and neatly turns it into an apology for the American business man, when he says:

> America possesses comparatively few old families, . . . reserving sufficient time and strength for the development of the higher ideals of life. . . . Retiring is difficult, largely because there is no inviting field for them to enter. We have no leisure class devoted to the general purposes of life, whose ranks open invitingly and furnish a proper goal to the business man's ambition. . . . A man out of business . . . is out of countenance with current events.

Now, all this was the simple truth only a few years ago, but society has been changing since then more rapidly than opinions about it. A class "devoted to the general purposes of life," after the fashion of Sans Souci and the Paris *salons*, we cannot boast. The tides of life have set too strongly against it. But leisure and the opportunity to pursue high ideals have not died with it. What has changed is the organization of the leisure class. Like the rest of the world, it has been blown to bits by specialists. Probably this city alone holds as many amateurs of culture as eighteenth-century France ever did; but they are scattered about in art clubs, historical societies, political leagues, scientific circles, and colleges, each taking his leisure chiefly within his own trim garden, because he finds there so much to pluck and smell. Correggio, Anglo-Russian relations, and the nebular theory are no longer served on the same conversational menu; there is a table for each.

Leisure has undeniably become more strenuous, as a result of this opulence and virtuosity. To call it loafing is to confess one's ignorance of the joyous labors which even humble intellectual hobbies, say orchids and sociology, afford. Indeed, a mind fit to pursue the things of the spirit at all is more likely to lie awake nights than to doze away its days over them. There will always be shopkeepers to see in such zeal only a disguise for indolence, but they can sway none but those who share their repugnance toward the ideals of culture. It is doubtful if our leisure class has lost many desirable members because of the tradition that a man out of business is a pariah. Those whom it does deter would, if the tradition were annulled, become the most crotchety of putterers in whatever field of culture they invaded. Like an unhappy rich man whom Mr. Hepburn cites, they would travel feverishly and then weary of every scene; "study" Flemish art, buy some canvases, fall victims to a dealer, and soon sicken of the whole business; and, finally, after having made the round of a half-dozen hobbies, plunge back desperately into the Street. Such men think leisure means idleness, sweetened with something a little more saccharine than vaudeville, and considerably more expensive. They know they could buy idleness with dollars at any time of life, and so they fancy that they could as easily join the true leisure class. But the kingdom of higher ideals must be sought early—best while the dew still lies on life; and the admission fee is "the passionate vision."

The business man with this vision need never complain that America has no leisure class, or that its ranks do not "open invitingly," or that it does not "furnish a proper goal for his ambitions." Every large city will give him companions for his lighter intellectual moods. If he aspires high in science, art, politics, or social reform, at least our great centres teem with like-minded men. And should his attainments rise to the same level, universities will welcome him, dignifying his leisure with a few routine lectures. If, finally, he must keep up the business pace, there are public offices to be filled and political rings to be shattered.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

I.

The refusal of the authorities of Westminster Abbey to allow George Meredith to sleep among the dead whom England delights to honor was by no means surprising. In spite of the endorsement of the Society of Authors and the Prime Minister, the future of his reputation still remains in a high degree problematic. If he had died twenty-five years ago, though the work on which his fame must rest had then been accomplished, it is doubtful whether the general voice would have decreed him this solemn tribute. Indeed, from his first appearance in literature down to the time of his death no writer of his power had received less recognition for his virtues or more persistent praise for his faults. George Eliot, Swinburne, Watts-Dunton, and a following of enthusiasts felt his might, and for the most part tried to persuade the world that he was a great literary artist. Others asserted with equal vehemence that he was an incoherent thinker, making his artificial, choked, and stuttering novels the vehicle for a mass of epigram. The so-called man in the street, if he chanced to overhear the discussion, promptly decided that it did not concern him, either way. If Meredith attended to the early notices of his books, he must often have sighed as one who watches for the morning. Even so late as 1880 the *Westminster Review*, traditionally favorable to his reputation, commented upon the recently published "Egoist"—now often considered his weightiest contribution to fiction—as follows:

> Mr. Meredith is, perhaps, our most artistic novelist, and, for that very reason, by no means popular with mere subscribers to Mudie's. His audience is few, but fit. . . . He is, in a word, what the world would vulgarly call too clever. . . . This is Mr. Meredith's great fault—he overdoes his cleverness. If he was more simple, he would be far more effective. "The Egoist" is full of poetry, subtle observation, and sparkling epigram.

This review, with its emphasis upon the literary artist, is typical, and, unless I am mistaken, is about the quintessence of bad criticism. For it has yet to be demonstrated that perfection of art has interfered with the success of any matter whatsoever, even among the subscribers to Mudie's. And those who value Meredith's work most wisely will not extol him for his artistry, but rather deplore his lack of it as one of many obstacles that have stood in the way of his popularity. Furthermore, to say that he "overdoes his cleverness" is to suggest that he consciously strains for effect. If this critic had really been one of that piteous fit audience though few, he would rather have suggested how insuperably difficult it was for Meredith not to be clever, how utterly impossible it was for him to be simple, how entirely regrettable that he did not receive an English academic training. How might not the Oxford culture have disciplined his Celtic lawlessness and subdued his turn for "natural magic"! Welsh and Irish in ancestry, Meredith was educated at a Moravian school in Germany. In the plastic time of his youth, he, like Browning and Carlyle, was his own master of rhetoric. Like Carlyle, he wrote prose as if Dryden had never shown the superiority of Charles the Second's English to the flowered and conceited exuberance of the Elizabethans. Like Browning, he wrote verse as if Pope had not died to save us from the sins of the metaphysical school. If Donne, as honest Ben declared, for not keeping of accents deserved hanging, so did Meredith. He wanted art. He was not wanting in a perception of the supreme beauty of style—perfect identity of thought and expression. In his essay on the "Idea of Comedy" he showed the keenest critical appreciation of the style of Menander and Terence, writing almost with rapture of their "Elysian speech, equable and ever gracious." But two years later, in the prelude of the "Egoist," he was guilty of such sentences as this:

> Who, says the notable humorist, in allusion to this book [Book of Earth], who can studiously travel through sheets of leaves, now capable of a stretch from the Lizard to the last few pulmonary snips and shreds of leagues dancing on their toes for cold, explorers tell us, and catching breath by good luck, like dogs about a table, on the edge of the Pole?

II.

He wanted art no less as a story-teller than as a stylist. It is true that he undertook a very difficult task. He desired to represent men and women dramatically, revealing the secret springs of their characters in their speech and acts. But for fatally long periods in many of his novels he would allow them neither to speak nor to act. Sometimes, like the messenger of the Senecan tragedy, he reported the great things that were going on behind the scenes. Sometimes with a kind of choric fury he drowned the voices of the actors and assaulted the ears of the audience with a prolonged and often partly enigmatic commentary. Sometimes he translated whole conversations into telegraphic Meredithese. These methods of telling a story are inartistic, because they deprive the auditor of the legitimate and expected pleasure of hearing the *ipsissima verba* in the critical moment, and the spectator of seeing the decisive gesture with his own eyes. Defenders of Meredith will say that he was bent on our perceiving the finer meanings of act and speech, and that he could be sure of his purpose by no other method. That is to confess again that he wanted the skill of the supreme literary artist, that his intention was greater than his power. He had himself a subtle sense of the deeper implications of speech, but he did not possess steadily that master instinct which finds a single word to tell all. When Romeo is banished from Verona, the nurse urges Juliet to marry Paris. Then follows this dialogue:

> *Jul.* Speak'st thou from thy heart?
> *Nurse.* And from my soul, too; else beshrew them both.
> *Jul.* Amen!
> *Nurse.* What?
> *Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
> Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
> Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell
> To make confession and to be absolv'd.

What more can one desire? Could forty pages of commentary add anything to that one incomparable Amen? That is what a literary artist does with conversation. Shakespeare's plays are sown with such volume-speaking words; in Meredith's novels I do not know where you will find anything approaching it.

III.

But if Meredith was not a first-rate literary artist, is it possible that he was a first-rate literary genius; or are the two things inseparable? It would be gratifying to find some substantial ground for the apparently extravagant claims of his friends. One of them, Robert Louis Stevenson, has been convicted before a just judge of uncritically juxtaposing Meredith and Shakespeare in the enthusiasm of his admiration for "Rhoda Fleming." Looking through Stevenson's letters, however, I have been pleased to observe that he says very little about Meredith as a literary artist. In Sidney Colvin's two-volume edition under the date of 1879, when "The Egoist" was published, there is a single reference as follows: "Chapters viii and ix of Meredith's story are very good, I think." That is all—and he had met the author in 1878, and they had become warm friends. But three years after that not ecstatic comment, he, in a letter to W. E. Henley, lists among those worthy of being honored with a dedication, "George Meredith, the only man of genius of my acquaintance." "Talking of Meredith," he continues significantly, "I have just re-read for the third and fourth time 'The Egoist.' When I shall have read it the sixth or seventh, I begin to see I shall know about it. . . . I had no idea of the matter—human, red matter—he has contrived to *plug and pack* [the italics are mine] into that strange, admirable book." Finally, with a passing glance at George Eliot, whom he could seldom mention with entire decorum, he concludes: "I see more and more that Meredith is built for immortality." A book so plugged and packed with matter that it took four to six readings to extract its meaning certainly did not

represent Stevenson's ideal in art. The full explanation of his enthusiasm does not appear till 1884, again in a letter to Henley. This time it is as plain as you please: "My view of life is essentially the comic; and the romantically comic." Then, after more comment on Meredith: "The comedy which keeps the beauty and touches the terrors of our life (laughter and tragedy-in-a-good-humor having kissed) that is the last word of moved representation; embracing the greatest number of elements of fate and character." Stevenson mightly fairly call the man a genius who had taught him his literary gospel and shown him a reasonable way of envisaging life.

There are numerous indications, some of doubtful value, that the followers of Meredith are shifting to this more stable ground. The select literary clubs, which in the old days used to read the riddle of the Sphinx in "Childe Roland," discovered some time ago that Meredith's "Readings of Earth" were less trite and equally difficult. Some of the novels, too, have attracted those curious persons who find their chief pleasure in perusing what their friends declare impossible. Within four or five years as many books have been devoted to the exposition of Meredith's art and ideas, not all of which are harder to read than the works which they explain. But chiefly we must reckon in the decisive tribute of the younger generation of writers who by imitation and open avowal declare their deep indebtedness to him. "At the present moment," says Mrs. Craigie, "all the most worthy English novelists, with the exception of Thomas Hardy, are distinguished disciples of George Meredith." The heterogeneous character of the alleged Meredithians—Stevenson, Du Maurier, Henley, Sara Grand, Anthony Hope, Maurice Hewlett, W. G. Locke, George Bernard Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, and many others—is extremely suggestive. It means that to young authors he has not been primarily a literary model—those who have caught most of his spirit have least imitated his style. It means that if Meredith is "built for immortality," he will survive not merely as an epigrammatist, or as a subtle poet, or as a psychologizing novelist, but as a man with a mine of vital ideas, a constructive critic of life, if not an artist, at any rate a genius, one of the spokesmen and master spirits of his time.

IV.

Herein lies one of his most indubitable claims to genius—he solved the problems of our contemporary literature half a century before it existed. Though his exposition was unequal to his insight, and his own coevals missed his points, such of our authors to-day as face the future smiling have found him out. The problems of contemporary literature are manifold in appearance, but in essence single: How to present a view of life both wise and brave, answering to experience as well as to desire, serviceable in art or the daily walk? Single in essence, in appearance they are manifold: How to give pleasure without corrupting the heart, and how to give wisdom without chilling it? How to bring into play the great passions of men without unchaining the beast? How to believe in Darwin and the dignity of man? How to believe in the nerves without paralyzing the nerve of action? How to recognize the weakness of man, and not forget his heroism? How to see his acts, and believe in his intentions? How to renounce his superstitions, and retain his faith? How to rebuke without despising him? How to reform society without rebelling against it? How to smile at its follies without contempt? How to believe that pain is invincible, and that joy is invincible, too? How to believe that evil is fleeing forever before good, but will never be overtaken and slain? How to look back upon a thousand defeats, and yet cling to the fighting hope? If you go through this list of questions, you will not find one which Meredith did not answer. Long before Mr. Shaw broke into mock Mephistophelean laughter, and Mr. Chesterton discovered his loyalty to the universe, when they—if one can conceive such a thing—were quietly sleeping in their cradles, George Meredith had already bottled their thunder.

"Richard Feverel," published in 1859 with "The Virginians," "Adam Bede," "The Tale of Two Cities," and "The Origin of Species," was a repudiation and a prophecy, but was recognized as neither. The *Westminster Review*, though perceiving in it observation, humor, passion, and tenderness, declared that the "book offers no solution of any of the difficulties it lays open to us; the nineteenth century struggles through it with but faint glimpses of its goal." With interspersed hints in subsequent novels, with critical prefaces, and with poems Meredith tried to amend the reviewer's error, but not till 1877 when, Aristotle to his own dramatic cycle, he published the "Idea of Comedy," did he finally make clear his message. From that time it began slowly to be evident that he had made his novels, after all, but the vehicles of an impassioned conviction. He, like so many earnest men of his century, had sought a way of salvation from skepticism, melancholy, *ennui*, and despair; and he had found a way. Other men had other remedies. For Newman the "one thing needful" was to submit to authority and enter the Roman fold. Carlyle thought the best that could be done for a man was to find him a master, and set him to work. For Mill the key to happiness was free logical discussion in the interests of humanity. For the men of science it was the following of truth wherever it leads. Arnold held that none of these things was of importance in comparison with the ability to recognize the grand style wherever one found it. To those who have read intelligently Meredith's "Idea of Comedy" I do not think it will seem an anti-climax to say that he believed the one thing needful, synthesis of all needs, was to instruct men in the proper uses of the comic spirit that they might laugh and be laughed at unto their souls' salvation. For to him the comic spirit is a fine celestial sunlight in the mind, answering to the theological grace of God in the heart, which preserves those into whom it passes from a very evil thing. It is not hostile to prayer, nor to labor, nor to logic, nor to truth, nor to grandeur, but very friendly to them all. It keeps prayer sweet, labor cheerful, logic sane, truth serviceable, and grandeur human. But over every form of animalism, egotism, sentimentalism, cowardice, and unreason, "it will look humanely malign, and cast an oblique light on them, followed by showers of silvery laughter." For, to quote from the ode to the same beneficent spirit, it is the

> Sword of Common Sense!
> Our surest gift: the sacred chain
> Of man to man.

V.

Once grasp that idea of comedy and you suddenly find yourself at the centre of a coherent critical system. You open his works anywhere and you find yourself at home in an ordered world. You perceive why the younger generation is turning toward him, and you see the relation in which he stood to his fellows in fiction fifty years ago The definitions by which in the essay the comic spirit is isolated furnish a complete critical arsenal. "The sense of the Comic is much blunted by habits of punning and of using humoristic phrase; the trick of employing Johnsonian polysyllables to treat of the infinitely little"—that does not by any means dispose of Dickens, but it casts an "oblique light" upon him. Much more penetrating is this: "Comedy justly treated . . . throws no infamous reflection upon life." How that judges the all too frequent passages in the novels of Thackeray like the following:

> "Oh, Mr. Pendennis! (although this remark does not apply to such a smart fellow as you) if Nature had not made that provision for each sex in the credulity of the other, which sees good qualities where none exist, good looks in donkeys' ears, wit in their numskulls, and music in their bray, there would not have been near so much marrying and giving in marriage as now obtains, and is necessary for the due propagation of the noble race to which we belong."

That principle is far reaching; it con-

demns in a single breath the whole miasmic marsh-land of naturalism. "It is unwholesome for men and women to see themselves as they are, if they are no better than they should be"—there is the ethical, or, if one prefers, the sanitary, plank in the platform of the new idealism. "The same of an immoral may be said of realistic exhibitions of a vulgar society"—there is the repudiation of wide wastes of the dryasdust realistic fiction, a much-needed denial of the democratic notion that all subjects are fit for art. In some of the poems the Comic Spirit becomes almost truculent in its glee. It is clearly so in pitching upon any theatrical rebel against society; for example, in the verses called "Manfred":

Projected from the bilious Childe,
This clatterjaw his foot could set
On Alps, without a breast beguiled
To glow in shedding rascal sweat.
Somewhere about his grinder teeth,
He mouthed of thoughts that grilled beneath,
And summoned Nature to her feud
With bile and buskin Attitude.

Meredith arrived a little too late to play Childe Harold or Don Juan; but if he had not been protected by his guardian spirit, he might easily have taken a part in that more plaintive and dismal literature of despair represented by numerous poems of Matthew Arnold. In the crushed and crabbed verse of Meredith's jibe at Arnold's "Empedocles," I confess to finding something very tonic, something that Arnold as critic would have himself called tonic:

He leaped. With none to hinder,
Of Ætna's fiery scoriæ
In the next vomit-shower, made he
A more peculiar cinder.
And this great Doctor, can it be,
He left no saner recipe
For men at issue with despair?
Admiring, even his poet owns,
While noting his fine lyric tones,
The last of him was heels in air!
. . . . . .
Each life its critic deed reveals;
And him reads Reason at his heels,
If heels in air the last of him!

VI.

But what has comedy to do with tragedy, and how do they become tragi-comedy? Well, in the luminous intoxication of the morning following the symposium, Socrates forced Agathon and Aristophanes, who alone had stayed it out with him till cock-crow, to confess not only that tragedy and comedy may be composed by the same person, but also that "the foundations of the tragic and comic arts were essentially the same." Aristodemus, who reported the conclusion of the dispute, was unfortunately asleep during the discussion. With this, for that reason, unexplained opinion of Socrates, Meredith was obviously in accord. To his view, life is neither wholly comedy nor wholly tragedy, but both at once. In order to distinguish either element one must be able to distinguish both; the comic spirit, one may almost say, is that which perceives the tragic fault. In order to represent life bravely and wisely, one must see it steadily, and see it whole. Such sight is given only to deep and grave heads. Those endowed with this vision discern that the great girders which bear up the world of man are the discipline of the passions by the mind, loyalty to reason, and faith in civilization. Whatever forces attempt to weaken these girders—the cynicism of Don Juan, the despair of Empedocles—the Comic Spirit holds them, to adopt the Cæsarian euphemism, *in numero hostium*—puts them to the sword of common sense. The discernment that these great girders are essential to civilization, and the loyalty which in grave men springs with the discernment, underlie every true comedy and every true tragedy. But the struggle which most men undergo in disciplining their passions, learning to walk in the light of reason, and preserving their faith in civilization, is a strange series of ups and downs. Comedy attends to their foolish falls; tragedy to their painful failures; to represent the whole course of the struggle is to write tragi-comedy.

Tragi-comedy as the position of equipoise in life and art—that, in Meredith's time, was a notable discovery. When we attempt to measure his achievement we should not lose sight of the originality, the scope, and the difficulty of his design. He planned to produce thoughtful laughter, an aim which demanded that the characters in his novels, as well as in his audience, should possess some of the culture of the drawing-room. But he planned at the same time to move the great passions which are generally attenuated under intensive cultivation. Since the Restoration they had almost disappeared from the fiction of high life. Wordsworth had been obliged to seek out the great universal impulses in the cottages of Cumberland peasants. The Brontës studied them in mad country squires. George Eliot found them among the yeomen of Warwickshire. Even Thomas Hardy has had to resort to shepherds and dairy-maids—so fugitive is our sense of solemn splendor from the roar of cities and civilized men. But what pitiful antagonists of destiny these rural people of Mr. Hardy's make. The intelligence of mortals is wholly inactive in the combat. In condemning the ways of God to man this grim artist seems obsessed by the idea that all nature is conspiring to bring a helpless humanity to degradation and shame. That is hardly to see life whole. Meredith sought his splendor in another place. His problem was how to make tragedy and comedy meet together in the drawing-room. Comedy was there to stay; but as for tragedy, Thackeray, for example, avoided it. Dickens and his public really preferred murder. To his fellows in fiction Meredith owed very little. On his serious side nearest akin to George Eliot, he preceded her into the field. Carlyle and Browning and Wordsworth were all his natural allies, but his master was Shakespeare. From him he learned to choose out for the favorite theatre of his play a country-house, where, as in a court, were assembled enough actors of civilized life to be visible against the scenery. From him he learned to let poor clowns play humble parts, and if any one had to be sent out on a barren heath to send a king who even in madness was a match for the storm. From him he learned to line the back and sides of his stage with the gray and middle ages of wisdom, pedantry, sanctity, craft, and cynicism; and then to release in the foreground young Romeo and Juliet, or Perdita and Florizel, or Ferdinand and Miranda to discover the brave new world under a stinging rain of comment from prudent or disillusioned antiquity; and then, at last, whether to youth and beauty the vista of days opened smiling, or whether some dire mischance closed their fond eyes forever, to intimate that to youth belong the untrodden ways.

VII.

Meredith's life began and closed on that note. In an age when a general disintegration of ideas was taking place, he showed an extremely keen sense of what was permanent and what transitory. He woke early to the necessity and the possibility of a new organic synthesis. Though his creative power and craftsmanship were inferior to his critical faculty, they worked harmoniously, and, therefore, effectively. Several of his contemporaries possessed separately in a higher degree the intellectual or emotional powers with which he was gifted; but no one of them fused within himself so many and so diverse powers. In close touch with distinguished utilitarian and positivist leaders, though he did not subscribe to all their philosophical and political doctrines he heartily partook in their sense of stern responsibility to society and in their resolution to make war without truce against the confederated lusts and egotisms of the unredeemed animal man. His sonnet to "J. M." is almost Miltonic in its note of militant resolution:

Our faith is ours and comes not on a tide:
And whether Earth's great offspring, by decree,
Must rot if they abjure rapacity,
Not argument but effort shall decide.
They number many heads in that hard flock:
Trim swordsmen they push forth; yet try thy steel.
Thou, fighting for poor human kind, wilt feel
The strength of Roland in thy wrist to hew
A chasm sheer into the barrier rock,
And bring the army of the faithful through.

Few, indeed, are the writers of fi
who have striven so steadily to
and conserve for posterity all the s
ideas afloat in their time. In these
lines from "A Reading of Earth"
touch upon the controlling principl
all Meredith's work:

Thou under stress of the strife,
Shalt hear for sustainment supreme,
The cry of the conscience of life:
Keep the young generations in hail
And bequeath them no tumbled hou

STUART P. SHERM

Urbana, Ill.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Compa
this city will hold sales four days
week. On June 7 they will offer the li
of William Grosvenor Allen of New J
including books on magic and occult
jects, a few items of Americana, etc
June 8, 9, and 10 they will sell the li
of the late James A. Ferguson, D.I
Hanover, N. J. Books on natural hi
more especially botany, are num
Other headings in the catalogue are A
Astrology, Indians, and New York.

On June 8, the Anderson Auction
pany of this city will hold a sale co
ing among other items the first and
early editions of Mrs. Eddy's "Scienc
Health," a Greek and two Arabic m
scripts, maps, and views of New
books on natural history, etc.

On June 7, 8, and 9, Stan. V. Hen
in Philadelphia will dispose of the lib
of the late W. J. Gilbert of St. L
Among important works on ornitholog
be offered are Audubon's "Birds of A
ica," the first octavo edition (1840-44),
the Lockwood reissue of the folio with
plates only (1860); Baird, Cassin and
rence's "Birds of North America" (1
Cassin's "Birds of California" (1
Gould's "Birds of Australia" (1837-38),
Wilson and Bonaparte's "American
thology." Michaux and Nuttall's "
American Sylva" (1871), Redoute's
Roses" (1835), Sweet's "Cistineæ" (182
and Humboldt and Bonpland's "Monog
des Melastomacées" (1823) are imp
or unusual books on botany. A coll
of illuminated manuscripts on vellum
scribed in a supplemental catalogue
taining several reproductions.

On June 10 and 11, C. F. Libbie &
Boston will sell the remaining port
the private library of the late Char
Guild of West Newton, Mass. The
portion of this library, one of the mos
portant collections of American loca
tory ever brought together, was s
1887. American magazines, about sixt
of genealogies, a series of the annu
ports of the Geological Survey, and
titles of minor Americana make up th
of four sessions.

On June 9 and 10, Sotheby, Wilkins
Hodge of London will offer a collectio
autograph letters and historical docum
including specimens by Burns, Keats
autograph sonnet), Lord Bryon, Sir Wa
Scott, Dr. Johnson, David Garrick, Volta
Jonathan Swift, and others; a series of l
ters from Lord Nelson and Lady Hamil
to William Haslewood; and collections

lity man above God. This posit pre-
completely in the present time, plac-
science above philosophy, morality
e religion; in art producing realism;
cience the tendency to identify matter
spirit, and to make science itself rather
oscopic than telescopic. It all comes
the primal inversion in the reason,
ighest faculty in man, which is the
ause of his whole development. "As
thinketh, so is he." And Pragma-
s the climax.

do not seem to have improved upon
andpoint of Plato, who made ideas the
y and phenomena only their image in
r, and shadows on a lower plane; and
nade philosophy the highest revelation
e highest faculty in man.

A SUBSCRIBER.

bridge, Mass., May 12.

"HE WILD GEESE FLY THAT WAY."

HE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Although I made a pretty thorough
of English birds on English ground
years ago, yet my observations did
ver winter weather, and so failed to
light on a remark of the wise Fool
ear"; "Winter's not gone yet, if the
geese fly that way."

lf-suspected this might be one more
ace of Shakespeare's inaccuracy in
al history. A recent article in the
n *Times* confirms, however, the in-
tation I made some years ago; name-
"the Boston *Transcript*, March 25, 1903.
commentators have not explained the
al history of this sentence in "Lear,"
ugh in England even a reader of
speare might not at once remember
fact that explains it; namely, that in
e winter weather a sudden drop in the
erature to the north and east will at
s up southward winter migrations
kinds of birds, similar to the familiar
migration. The Fool refers to one
se winter migrations, showing the
nce of severe weather to the north.
erica we are familiar only with a
autumn migration south and a main
migration north. But the Fool in
' in his metaphor points to the fact
stead of the birds flying north in
it is still so cold that they are
south in one of the familiar south-
winter migrations.

London *Times*, in the article to
have alluded, speaks of "the winter
which stream across the sky in win-
nds from the north," and remarks
even in the mildest seasons there
nter immigration into Britain which
bably on as large a scale as the more
r movement in spring." And again:
e within the last three years the nor-
inter movements of the birds which
our islands at this season have been
ified by a sudden burst of cold wea-
at Christmas time into a vast and
taneous migration to the warm south-
[into Cornwall, especially]." In his
esting article on the subject the *Times*
r specifies starlings, jackdaws, wood-
ons, fieldfares, thrushes, plover, etc., as
er migrants. In Shakespeare's day (as
act now), wild geese were and are such
rants and the clamorous wedgy cara-
s of these birds were probably as con-
cuous against their skies as they are

(or were) against ours in eastern America. I say "were," but perhaps should not have done so; for I recently heard the Massachusetts State ornithologist assert publicly that the wild geese on the New England coast were holding their own against the pot-hunters, although other game birds are not. WM. SLOANE KENNEDY.

Belmont, Mass., May 18.

THE BIBLE AS LITERARY MODEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most of the recent discussion of the Bible as a "literary model" seems to me to have been not only at "cross purposes" (as suggested in a letter to the *Nation* of May 20), but wholly beside the point. I did not fancy till I read some of the opinions expressed that any one seriously supposed that the Bible should be used as a model for literal imitation in composition classes—any more than Chaucer, Spenser, or Browning; and I do not believe that the conference, in selecting it, had any intention that it should be so used. Surely the list of books "for reading" is designed to serve, not as models for composition, but as a reasonable list of works by great authors with whom every boy should be generally familiar. It may (incidentally—it must in part—serve the further purpose of inspiration and example in composition; but certainly few of the books on the list—the Bible perhaps least of all—have been put there as models for imitation. Indeed, it seems absurd that any one could, without humorous intent, have brought forward such a proposition. The omission of the Bible because it is unfitted for classroom use as a "specimen" would imply the omission, as well, of at least fifty per cent. of the books on the list. For who ever taught his classes to write Chaucerian English? Did those grave teachers who now question the value of the innovation—did they aforetime drill their pupils to write after the manner of Shakespeare?—or of Carlyle?

The Bible, like the rest of the books, was put on the list "for reading." If we can teach our boys to love good books—or at least to understand a few of them; and if we at the same time spare no insistence on the true if trite essentials of composition, we may then haply discover in their writings reminiscence of the Bible and of Shakespeare. It is to little purpose that they should lug in pompous quotations at every turn, but it is to infinite purpose that they should make the reader feel that they could quote an if they would. In other words, there must be no false faces; if a boy is to write Biblical English, it must first have "gone," as the Germans say, "over into his flesh and blood." That this assimilation results only from intelligent, sympathetic reading no one questions. It seems, therefore, delightfully incontrovertible that a book which has been for three centuries the informing power of the best English style, and which has exercised that power by being read and re-read, should still be read. It is really another question, and one which concerns individuals, whether one teacher should force his pupils to imitate Biblical style or whether another may hope that his pupils, by learning to know and love the book, will miraculously absorb some spirit of it into their compositions. Such imitation has been and such miracles have been; but, whether or not, they do not essentially affect the value of the Bible as a book on a list "for reading."

WALTER S. HINCHMAN.

Groton, Mass., May 21.

THE ORIGINAL MARATHON RUNNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The story to which your correspondent W. C. L. refers, containing the epigraph—χαίρετε, νικῶμεν—of Browning's "Pheidippides," dates from the second century A. D.—at least 600 years, therefore, after the battle of Marathon. It occurs in Lucian's "Slip of the Tongue in Salutation" ("Pro Lapsu inter Salutandum"). Lucian is not ignorant of the Homeric use of the word Rejoice in salutation. Indeed, he quotes Iliad ix, 225, and expressly says, "Joy is a very ancient greeting," so that his later statement seems somewhat at variance with this. He tells the story thus, in the translation by H. W. Fowler:

> The modern use of the word dates back to Philippides, the dispatch-runner. Bringing the news of Marathon, he found the archons seated, in suspense regarding the issue of the battle. "Joy, we win!" he said, and died upon his message, breathing his last in the word Joy.

It will be observed that the name of the runner is here Philippides, not Pheidippides, and indeed the former is the usual spelling—only Herodotus, I believe, and he not quite certainly, being authority for the form Pheidippides. ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, May 27.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The query in the *Nation* of May 27 has doubtless been raised by many, and the story has been absolutely denied in some newspapers. It is, indeed, not given by Herodotus, but by Plutarch ("De Gloria Atheniensium," 3), who says that "most authorities" give the name of the runner as Eucles, but that Heracleides Pontus calls him Thersippus. The Pheidippides story is, of course, a different one.

Plutarch says that this Eucles ran "in full armor" (which might exhaust even a present-day athlete) from Marathon to Athens, and breathed forth his life with the words χαίρετε καὶ χαίρομεν—"Fare well (or "Greeting") *we* are faring well"—a phrase not easily translated, owing to the double meaning. F. G. ALLINSON.

Brown University, May 27.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On reading the letter of W. C. L. in respect to the legend of the Athenian soldier who ran home from Marathon and died as he announced the victory, I turned to the pages of that Rollin whose ancient histories were among the delights of my boyhood sixty years ago, and found in his Book VI, chapter 1, section 7, iii, the story credited in his note to "Plut. de glor. Athen. p. 347." The Greek exclamation there given is, χαίρετε, χαίρομεν. I have not a complete Plutarch at hand, but it will not be difficult for W. C. L. to ascertain whether the citation of Rollin is correct or not.

THERON WILBER HAIGHT.

Waukesha, Wis., May 28.

THE EMPHATIC SO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last *Nation* you printed a timely warning from a correspondent in Rome against the "pleonastic so." It is reassuring to find that even the monuments and pleasures of the Eternal City cannot suffice to divert a well-regulated mind from the niceties of syntax and etymology. But your correspondent seems to have forgotten that "so" can also be used with perfect propriety for emphasis. It is so easy to have one's impression of the Colosseum spoiled by a misplaced comma! X.

Cambridge, Mass., May 30.

Notes.

J. A. Hammerton has written a volume on "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," which will be published this month by Grant Richards of London.

B. W. Dodge & Co. announce a translation of the complete works of Émile Zola. Some of his novels will here appear for the first time in English, not to mention his critical and dramatic work which has been little read in this country. Each volume will contain a preface by some critic of note. About twenty-five volumes of the fiction will be issued first.

It is a fact worth noting that since its publication in 1898 more than one million one hundred thousand copies have been sold of "David Harum."

Marcel Prévost has been elected a member of the French Academy in succession to the late Victorien Sardou. Prévost first attracted attention by his "Lettres de femmes" in 1892. In other books he dealt with the education and life of young girls.

The Académie Française has awarded a number of its annual prizes. The Prix de Poésie, on the subject "Le Drapeau," went to three writers, of whom Maurice Couallier received 2,000 francs. The Prix François Coppée (1,000 francs) was awarded to Gustave Zidler for his "Terre divine." The Prix Santour (3,000 francs) was divided among Théodore Rosset, M. Verier, and M. Onillon. The Prix Langlois went to Professor Legouis and Georges Duval for translations from the English. The Prix Archon-Despérouses, for the encouragement of young poets, was bestowed upon Abel Bonnard, Jean Balde, and Mlle. Jeanne Nels.

A modest little volume which, in the rush of books, may easily be overlooked is "The Two Travellers," by Carlota Montenegro (Boston: Poet Lore Co.). It is composed of slight sketches, fables, parables, motifs, if one may borrow the word of the lace-makers—highly elaborated little moments of human existence, either possibly real or purely fabled, which throw light upon one and another of the deeper recesses of the deceitful human heart. This is a form of writing which usually degenerates into the commonplace and the obscure, but in this case there is revealed no slight degree of true poetic insight. The book is one of distinct promise.

A Philadelphia imprint upon a French book is enough of a rarity to draw attention to "L'Évolution de l'arbitrage internation-

al," by Thomas W. Balch (Allen, Lane et Scott). This is a reprint of an article contributed by the author last year to the *Revue de Droit International*. One notes with some surprise, lack of reference to Prof J. B. Moore's monumental work on the history of arbitration.

An echo of the report of the Poor Law Commission, for which the English government could not wait before proceeding with its scheme for old-age pensions, comes in the shape of two volumes by way of Minority Report. They are edited by Sidney and Beatrice Webb (Longmans, Green, & Co.), and are entitled, respectively, "The Break-up of the Poor Law" and "The Public Organization of the Labor Market." The evidence is, of course, the same as that embodied in the report of the majority, but it is marshalled differently, and the inferences drawn are different. Both statistics and their interpretation are of great value to all who would know how complex are the problems of poverty in an industrial age, and how still more complex is the question of attempting to relieve it by state action.

Prof. Harold C. Goddard of Northwestern University has issued a reprint of his article on "Chaucer's Legend of Good Women," which first appeared in the October and January numbers of the *Journal of English and German Philology* (Urbana, Ill.). His main thesis is that Chaucer's poem was intended as a humorous satire on women, and that accordingly none of the tales it contains really illustrates properly the devotion of woman or her martyrdom for love. In our judgment, the author fails to establish his point. Whatever may be said of some of the heroines in other respects, Cleopatra is the only one who does not fit well into a group of martyrs for love, and there is something to be said on the other side even in her case. It is to be remembered, too, that these were the heroines of the most famous love-stories in the world; it was natural that Chaucer should have been tempted to choose them, even if they had suited his purpose less perfectly than they do. It is not fair to select the occasional humorous lines which one is sure to find in Chaucer, whatever the subject treated, and base a theory on them to which everything else is forced to conform. Even the fact that Chaucer dropped his plan after having completed the lives of only ten of these exemplars of constancy seems to Professor Goddard intended as a "delicious" joke on women—no more were to be found! A first-rate illustration, we should say, of driving a theory to death.

The most interesting part, however, of Professor Goddard's article is his discussion of the much-vexed question as to the priority of the two versions of the Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women." He is right, we believe, in concluding that the A version was the earlier. We agree with him entirely, when he says: "Excellent, when taken by itself, as the A Prologue indubitably seems, the B Prologue is so immeasurably superior that the A version in comparison looks like the mere crude sketch of a prentice hand"; and again, when he says: "It is precisely in its structural qualities, in compactness and unity, that the B version is strikingly superior to A." There is, indeed, a radiance and energy about the B version that is absent from the other, and that is due even more to its structural superiority than to the superiority of phrasing which is also manifest at every point. At the same time, we are unable to concur with Professor Goddard in the explanations which he offers of the most important changes in the B version. For instance, it seems a counsel of despair when he interprets the substitution of "My lady cometh" for "Alceste is here" in the refrain of the ballad, as a joke played by the poet on Cupid to confuse the latter over the identity of Alceste and "My Lady." It is much more likely that Cupid, being not very particular, as the whole passage shows, as to the accusations which he rakes up against the poet, wilfully misunderstands the identity of "My lady." On any other theory, the difficulties of the ballad passage seem to us equally great, whether we take A or B as the earlier version. The astonishing thing is that Chaucer should at any time have left in his work such a flagrant inconsistency as this otherwise fine B version appears to offer. It may be said that he first committed the blunder and then corrected it in A, but he is just as likely to have introduced this contradiction while transferring the ballad from the attendants of Alceste (in A) to himself (in B) for the sake of certain advantages, viz., that it suits better in the mouth of a man than of women and strengthens, moreover, Chaucer's self-exculpation, while the change in the refrain permits a dramatic suspense before the disclosure of Alceste's identity. As regards the long "book-passage" in A, ll. 254 ff., which is condensed to a few lines in B, Chaucer may well have thought that this minute enumeration of the misfortunes suffered by faithful women weakened the dramatic situation, owing to the delay which it causes, and was superfluous, besides, inasmuch as the stories themselves sufficiently illustrated this variety of misfortune. We do not ourselves share Professor Lowes's views as to the priority of B, but in any detailed discussion of the problem of the Prologue, the arguments which he has advanced from the relations of the two versions, respectively, to the Old French *Marguerite* poems require a closer refutation than Professor Goddard has attempted.

"The Revelation to the Monk of Evesham Abbey in the year of our Lord, 1196, concerning the places of Purgatory and Paradise," rendered into Modern English by Valerian Paget (The John McBride Co.), places more easily than heretofore within the reach of the general reader this well-known specimen of the vast vision literature of the middle ages, the chief importance of which to the modern world is that out of such soil sprang the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. Mr. Paget's rendering, based on Prof. Arber's reprint of the fifteenth century English version of the vision, reads smoothly and will doubtless satisfy the public to which it is addressed, but the preface shows a woful ignorance of mediæval literature and even of the history of the book itself. There is no indication that the work was originally written in Latin or that its author has been identified —practically with certainty—with Adam, Abbot of Eynsham, 1213-1228. It may be true that the "original MSS.," if thereby is meant the author's autograph, is "no longer extant," but mention should have been made of the fact that at least seven MSS. of the Latin original are in existence, and that this original, having been inserted besides, in somewhat abbreviated form, in various mediæval chronicles (Roger of Wendover, etc.), is accessible in more than one volume of the Rolls Series. It is not even correct to speak of the copy of the early print by William de Machlinia in the British Museum (which Professor Arber reprinted) as unique. In his "Westminster and London Printers" (1906) E. G. Duff mentions another. Most remarkably of all, however, Mr. Paget reminds the reader that this vision belongs to the same period as "the Morality Play, such as 'Everyman'"—which, of course, is a work of the early sixteenth century—presumably because William de Machlinia printed the English version about the year, 1482.

Dr. F. W. Groves Campbell's "Apollonius of Tyana" (New York: Mitchell Kennerley) is a Pateresque appreciation of the first-century sage and mystic revealed to us in the third-century biographical romance of Philostratus. Judged as such it must be pronounced successful in spite of a few exuberances of rhetoric. Avoiding all religious and philological controversy, and omitting the cruder supernaturalisms of his original, Dr. Campbell reproduces skilfully the impression which Philostratus's narrative might make upon a somewhat consciously sympathetic student of "varieties of religious experience." His purpose, as we learn from Ernest Oldmeadow's introduction, is to whet the reader's appetite for more, and so create a demand for a complete version of the "Life," the only one now extant in English being that published one hundred years ago by Edward Berwick. The breezy Introduction presents a readable résumé of the literature of the subject from Bishop Eusebius to Baur, Zeller, Newman, and Froude. Mr. Oldmeadow seems to have overlooked that curiosity of literature, Treadwell's "Apollonius of Tyana," the most entertaining collection of misprints and *quiproquos* that America has yet produced.

Van Manen used to complain that no serious efforts had been made to defend the Pauline authorship of Romans. Dr. Robert Scott of Bombay ("The Pauline Epistles," imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) pays no attention to this complaint, but quietly assumes the Pauline authorship of the greater part of the four major epistles and of Philippians. This assumed, he proceeds on the evidence of language and ideas to assign the remaining letters canonically accepted as Pauline to Silas, Timothy, and Luke. Without going into the details of the assignment, we note that he makes Silas the author of Romans xi, xiii, and xv, Timothy of Romans xiv, and Luke of Romans xvi, 25-27, and of the Pastorals. Dr. Scott is not of those who frankly hold that of two hypotheses in the field of New Testament criticism the more far-fetched is the truer, nor does he write to the end that he may be quoted by his successors as the setter forth of strange opinions. On the contrary, he writes with insight and ability, and he desires to be taken seriously. But

in order that his results may be taken seriously, it would seem imperative that he should state with distinctness the canons of criticism in accordance with which he accepts as Pauline so much as he does.

The second volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge," edited by Dr. Samuel Macauley Jackson, assisted by Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William Gilmore (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), includes some 1,100 topics between the titles "Basilica" and "Chambers." Noteworthy articles are "Babylonia," by Mr. Gilmore, the editor, who furnishes the bibliographies, which are exceptionally complete and valuable; "Bible Texts," a long, careful discussion, the New Testament portion of which is unsigned; "Bible Versions," largely by Prof. Christof Nestle of Würtemberg; "Canon of Scripture," by Prof. Theodore Zahn; "Celtic Church in Britain and Ireland," a clear, succinct presentation of an obscure topic by Dr. Heinrich Zimmer of Berlin; and an able archæological study, "Cemeteries," by Prof. Friedberg of Leipzig. In church history and ecclesiastical biography the excellence of Hauck's "Realencykiopädle," on which the work is founded, is maintained. The articles on modern and living theologians, both scholars and preachers, will be found useful. Not so high praise can be accorded to the treatment of biblical and doctrinal subjects. The encyclopædia is frankly Protestant, but the endeavor is made to remain non-partisan between the various churches of Protestantism, and between different schools of Protestant thought. This is as it should be, since a work of reference is for information, not for argument or for prophecy. One may protest, therefore, at the statement of Dr. Benjamin B. Warfield in his article on "Calvinism," that "it may be contended that the future as the past of Christianity itself is bound up with the fortunes of Calvinism."

The religious ideas of Philo, especially in relation to Christianity, form the subject of the scholarly investigation of Hans Windisch, in "Die Frömmigkeit Philos und ihre Bedeutung für das Christentum; Eine religionsgeschichtliche Studie" (Leipzig: Hinrichs).

Students of Balkan affairs who do not read Italian, but would like a fresh glimpse at the valleys, mountains, and plains of Croatia, Herzegovina, and the neighboring countries, will find good reading in Gino Bertolini's account of an automobile and foot trip, translated by M. Rumbauer, in "Balkan-Bilder: Eine Studien-Reise durch den Hexenkessel von Europa" (Leipzig: Theodor Weicher), a handy volume with some seventy-five engravings from photographs, and a couple of maps.

Jacob Solomon, a lawyer and editor, died in New York, May 26, at the age of seventy-one. Twenty-seven years ago he founded the *Hebrew Standard*, of which he was editor up to the time of his death. He was active in Masonic circles, having been past grand senior deacon of the Grand Lodge, and he founded the True Craftsman's Lodge in 1867.

The death is announced at St. Andrew's of H. C. S. Everard, a golfer and writer on golf. He was the author of "The Theory and Practice of Golf" and a "History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club."

From Honolulu comes the report of the death of Starr Hoyt Nichols, at the age of seventy-four. After graduating from Yale in 1854 he entered the ministry, but changed to the brokerage business in New York, and in later years devoted himself to literature. He wrote "Monte Rosa, the Epic of an Alp" and "The Breath of the World."

From Zurich comes the report of the death of Hans Nydegger, the author of a number of stories, chiefly in the Swiss dialect.

Hermann Osthoff, professor of Indo-Germanic philology and Sanskrit at the University of Heidelberg, has died at the age of sixty-two. He published a number of books, among which may be named: "Zur Geschichte des Perfects im Indogermanischen," "Die neueste Sprachforschung und die Erklärung des indogermanischen Ablautes," "Morphologische Untersuchungen," and "Etymologische Parerga."

AN ENGLISH STATESMAN.

George Canning and His Friends. Containing hitherto unpublished letters, jeux d'esprit, etc. Edited by Capt. Josceline Bagot. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $9 net.

No adequate biography of Canning has yet been written. Stapleton's memoir appeared within three years after his death—too soon. There have been other studies of this statesman, many appreciations of him, but the full and final survey of the man remains to be taken. The editor of these volumes does not pretend to take it. What he gives us is confessedly letters *pour servir*. He has had the first access to a mass of Canning's private correspondence, to which he has added some letters already published; and these, together with many letters to and from Canning's friends—Sneyd, Hookham Frere, Charles Ellis, Bagot, and others—all edited with minute and pious pains, make up the bill of fare.

It contains many toothsome morsels. There is here no connected account of Canning's career, much less of the stormy political movements of his day, but the running comment of this correspondence, most of it undress, and some of it highly confidential, is as amusing to the general reader as it is instructive to the historical student. From the earliest pages we find the youthful Canning revealing the chief qualities which marked his maturity. His wit, his impetuosity, his talent for making friends and, *more Hibernico*, his greater talent for making enemies, were as conspicuous in the Canning of 1790 as in the Canning of 1827. "Of all the public men," wrote Lyttleton of him in 1816, "that have appeared in our time, there is assuredly not one that ever had so many bitter enemies, public and private." This was partly the sundering nature of the politics of the day. What rent Fox and Burke apart, could not spare lesser men. Party differences were of a violence rarely seen since; and Canning was a strong partisan, long on the unpopular side. He fought his public battles, too, with Celtic vehemence, sparing no opponent when he had a chance to strike home. When Castlereagh challenged him to a duel, in a long letter of which the sting lay in the tail, Canning merely glanced at the peremptory summons, and exclaimed with an oath: "I had rather fight than read it." At the encounter, he got a bullet in the thigh, but a few days later a friend wrote that he "already jokes upon his wound." Such a combination of virulence and high spirits is nicely fitted to make a public man hated as well as loved. And to it all Canning added the fatal gift of ready wit, with a turn for epigram and an unsilenceable tongue. His flippancy often had a stiletto hidden in it. And as political prudence was unable to restrain him, so good taste did not always ride him on the curb—witness his phrase about "the revered and ruptured Ogden," which was as execrable on private as on public grounds. But *telle est la nature des Irlandais.*

The revulsion which the French Revolution provoked in Canning was like that it caused in Burke; but the literary effects were very different in the two men. Burke was driven into his tremendous invective, gloomy and almost frantic, though surcharged with eloquence and a kind of inspired philosophy of politics. But the other Irishman, Canning, undertook to raise a laugh at the expense of the demi-gods of France and their English admirers. This was something well-nigh unparalleled in the history of political satire. As a rule, it is the conservatives, the big-wigs, the *beati possidentes*, who are held up to ridicule. But Canning and his co-jesters of the *Anti-Jacobin* set out to make a joke of the radicals, to lampoon the heroes of the rights of man, to pour sarcasm upon the sacred heads of the champions of the people. The thing was done with infinite zest, with great learning and inventiveness, and with wonderfully sustained freshness and point; so that one can easily believe the effect of it all to have been considerable. Besides being a nearly unique literary phenomenon, the *Anti-Jacobin* was a political power, and played its part in the reaction which swung England from Whig to Tory, broke the heart of Fox, and made the rule of Pitt practically absolute.

To the political fortunes of the latter, Canning tied himself up; and it was as inheritor and continuer of the Pitt tradition in international affairs that he scored his first great success as Foreign Minister—the seizure of the Danish fleet. There was no clear justification for this in the law of nations, but it blocked the plans of Napoleon and filled him with furious rage, and what

more would you have? The expedition to the Low Countries which Canning counted upon to give him equal fame, turned out badly; but he gave due support to Wellington in Portugal and Spain, at a time when few Englishmen had the prescience to see what a stab in the back Napoleon was to get from that quarter. On all these great events, this correspondence throws little new light. The private and official letters of the Foreign Minister were too intent on the thing in hand to have time to explain the large bearings or the political philosophy of all. Throughout, one gets an impression that Canning was terribly driven by the public business—as, indeed, he was—with little margin left for the old practical jokes and overflow of fancy. One of his oldest friends and most faithful correspondents, was Sir Charles Bagot, the first British Minister to be in Washington, after the war of 1812, and later representing England in St. Petersburg and at The Hague. To him, Canning the Foreign Minister maintained a tone of friendly affection, even in official communications, though when once the Minister disregarded the instructions of his chief, he got a rebuke as stern as if no personal ties bound the two men. Yet the communication from the Foreign Office was promptly followed by a private letter, in which Canning wrote to Bagot:

> I was sorry to have to *snub* or *snouch* you, in your old age (the old age of your embassy), for disobedience of your instructions; but that disobedience . . . might have done a world of mischief.

The old Tory peer who, when Addington was Prime Minister, congratulated himself on the fact that "at last they had got a Government without any of those d——d men of genius," must have had a hard time of it when Canning was summoned to form a Ministry. The genius for eloquent and daring speech, as for large political combinations, was his; and it would not let the somnolent in England take their rest. Yet time has vindicated his most cherished policies. His resolute shunning of the Holy Alliance, and of European Congresses, bent on bringing the revolted Spanish colonies to heel, undoubtedly had the effect of calling into being a New World to redress the balance of the Old; and Canning's paternity of the Monroe Doctrine has further confirmatory proof in his letters of the time. On January 9, 1824, he wrote to Bagot of the President's "speech" (*i. e.*, message) that it was in agreement with his own dispatch of the March previous, though there were "important differences." One of them was Monroe's reference to the prohibiting of "further colonizations on the Continents of America." This was "as new to this Government as to that of France." However, Rush, the American Minister, assured him that his impression was that this part of the Monroe Doctrine was "principally, if not specially, directed against the no less extravagant doctrine of the Russian Ukase of 1821. Where one Power proclaims as a *Mare Clausum* an ocean of 4,000 miles across, the other may have thought it a fair set-off to prohibit colonization over the whole coasts of the Continent, with a view to which the *Mare Clausum* was attempted to be established."

Canning's most famous foreign dispatch is his rhyming one to Bagot: "In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch." It has as long been misprinted as misunderstood. One historian speaks of Canning as "incorrigible," for venturing to bewilder his agent abroad in a time of "acute crisis." Another condemns, by implication, the Minister's readiness "to introduce a piece of drollery into the most serious affairs." But from the full correspondence, now first published—it appears that the serious affairs were attended to seriously. A formal and grave dispatch was sent to Bagot. Then, having got that off his mind, it occurred to Canning's playful wit to get a rise out of his friend at The Hague. So his rhymes were put into cipher and sent along, care being taken to use a cipher not in possession of Bagot. He at once applied for it, only to find that Canning had, for his puzzlement, sent him the same instructions in humorous verse that he had given in sober prose. In the formal dispatch the order was to impose "an additional duty of 20 per cent. upon Netherlands vessels and merchandise." This became, in the doubly ciphered rhyme: "So we clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent." When the truth finally got into Bagot's head, he wrote back:

> You have fretted me to fiddlestrings, and I have a great mind not to give you the satisfaction of ever knowing how completely your mystification of me has succeeded. . . . I could have slain you! But I got some fun myself, for I afterwards put the fair de-cipher into Douglas's hands, who read it twice without moving a muscle, or to this hour discovering that it was not prose, and returned it to me declaring that it was "oddly worded," but he had always had a feeling that the dispatch must relate to discriminating duties.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Hand-Made Gentleman. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Bros.

This story has something approaching the free panoramic effect of "Huckleberry Finn." In the earlier chapters, at least, with their boyish adventure, the resemblance is striking. "Cricket's" flight from home under a cloud, and his first experiences thereafter, remind one strongly of the genial Finn and his exploits. Cricket's feat of crossing Niagara on the back of a wire-stepper fairly out-Hucks the earlier adventurer. But from that point the story loses its refreshing casualness, and proceeds by steady march toward a perceptible end which is not unlike the end of other novels. This is perhaps only to say that Mr. Bacheller is more of a novelist than Mr. Clemens. His humor is as genuine, though with a leaning toward sentiment, and the flavor of his people and his scenes is as truly of the soil as Mr. Clemens's or Mr. De Morgan's. It is delightful to find an American novelist now and then who can picture American types without self-consciousness; as if to say that the Lord might have actually made them to be regarded as finished beings, and not merely as tentative studies which we admit do not quite succeed in being this, or which we assure you do succeed in being that.

The "hand-made gentleman" himself is, to be sure, highly self-conscious: a wooden-legged peddler bent upon making himself a gentleman and a millionaire. It is not the desire of the moth for the star, the hopeless struggle of the peasant to become the prince; for with us there is no such forlorn hope. The peddler succeeds. He is, however, rather the least interesting person in the story. Nor are the counterfeit presentments of old Vanderbilt and Mr. Carnegie, exciting as it is to meet "real people" in fiction, the best that Mr. Bacheller has to offer. Into their company, no doubt, the hand-made gentleman's "Sal" (a "Tono-Bungay" of housewifery) brings us not too obviously by the ears. But the commercial anecdotes related in connection with the celebrities are good newspaper or magazine material, nothing more. The person of whom we do not hear enough, the real hero of the story in no canting sense, is "Pearl." The presence of this gentle, philosophical, unapplauded figure in the background offers its unspoken ironical commentary on what would otherwise seem to be the too-familiar moral of the book. Old Pearl is far greater in heart and soul than the hand-made gentleman, infinitely greater in mind. But he is just a failure: he just does not win the woman he loves, his important inventions are just anticipated by others. He becomes a protégé of the hand-made gentleman, and takes his wage without bitterness; a noble figure drawn without a stroke of false sentiment.

The House with No Address. By E. Nesbit. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The author of "The Incomplete Amorist" and "The Wouldbegoods" does not know how to be dull, and presumably would make little use of her knowledge if she did. The present story is of a rather nondescript sort—a cross of romantic idyl and tale of horror. The beginning is idyllic, and the transition to the gruesome pretty violent. A lovely and lonely English girl of a not uncom-

mon type becomes almost the prey of a designing fiddler. In due time she meets the man she can really love. The villain tries to make profit out of the situation; but on the eve of the marriage of the lovers it transpires that the villain has been murdered, and the girl twice (the second time knowingly) makes use of the dead man's head in her Salome dance in a London music hall. If by this time the whole affair did not strike one as artificial, a mere experiment in the vein macabre, the episode would be intolerable. To confound our confusion, the lover, who has hitherto seemed a decent chap, turns poltroon, and another has to be trumped up at short notice to fill out the heroic bill. In the succession of events no ingenuity is spared to put everybody at cross-purposes with everybody else, and in the end the girl gets the right man. A sufficiently lively essay, it will be seen, in the latest style of the blood-and-thunder romance. The author affects a familiar and rather facetious manner, and does not hesitate to let drive an apothegm now and then on her own account—most characteristic, perhaps, being the repeated assurance that "life is a rum thing." The proofs of this book have been very carelessly read.

"This My Son" (Les Noellets) By René Bazin. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a sombre rather than tragic tale of French peasant life. The translation reflects the simplicity and charm of the French original—a flavor rarely so well caught by an alien hand. The Noellets are a family of small proprietors, farmers in their own right, who have for generations toiled and planned in the Vendée. The father of the present Noellet has at last found it possible to invest their accumulated savings in the purchase of a farm which the impoverishment of a noble family has placed in the market. The present Noellet represents a culmination of the powers and ambitions of the race: a sturdy and tireless son of the soil, to whom a good harvest, a good appetite, and a steady surplus at the end of the year are the supreme benefits to be offered by life. To him are born two sons, the elder his physical counterpart, without love for the soil, but with strong intellectual and social ambitions. The younger inherits the ancestral character, but a comparatively feeble physique. In order to escape from farm life and win the education he covets, the elder pretends a wish to become a priest. When at the end of five years he tells his parents that he cannot enter the church, they are heart-broken, and in the end he is cast off by the father, who resents implacably the double treachery to himself and to the soil. This is but the beginning of the havoc wrought by the son's egotism. Study has so injured his eyes as to release him from military service, and his brother, in most respects his physical inferior, qualifies in his place, to be quickly broken down by the routine of the barracks. The elder son's ambition results only in his becoming a minor Parisian journalist, and his hope of marriage above his class is rudely frustrated. His death at the door of the country girl who has hopelessly but faithfully loved him rids society of a useless mongrel. It is plainly a story with a moral—the moral of fidelity to ancestry and to class; but it has none of the tediousness of the sugar-coated tract, nor has it the melodramatic obviousness which is perhaps suggested by a bald rehearsal of its incidents.

John Silence. By Algernon Blackwood. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

It is not strange that these weird tales of a "Psychic Doctor" should issue from that hotbed of the occult, Boston. They are a fine growth, if somewhat forced at times. They include stories of witchcraft, devil-worship, and the origin and end of a werewolf; distinctly the most impressive of the volume, however, is "The Nemesis of Fire," which has a touch of that peculiarly gruesome and haunting quality that made "The Turn of the Screw" a thing to shudder at in broad daylight. A mummy which had been placed at the time of its entombment under the protection of a Fire-Elemental, is stolen from its tomb and buried in the grounds of an English country-house, after being despoiled of its sacred scarabæus to make a brooch for the sister of the man who originally disturbed its rest. The revenge of the unseen custodian upon the desecrators of the ancient dead, culminating in the sister's return of the stolen treasure, too late to save herself from the fiery doom, is a story not easily forgotten. John Silence is a sort of spiritual Sherlock Holmes, a novel contribution to the gallery of autocratic specialists in various lines who tower in the pages of modern fiction. Truly there are giants on the bookstalls in these days; it may be human nature's defiance of the increasing stress laid upon the assertion that all men are created equal.

The Shores of the Adriatic: The Austrian Side; the Küstenlande, Istria, and Dalmatia. By F. Hamilton Jackson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

Dalmatia, the southernmost crownland of Cisleithan Austria, is beginning to unfold its charms to increasing numbers of tourists. In 1875 Freeman could still write:

> Given such weather as suits fair-weather sailors, there can hardly be any enjoyment more thoroughly unmixed than a sail along the coasts of Dalmatia. First of all, there is a freshness about everything. Here is a portion of land which is thoroughly unhackneyed; the coasts, the islands, the channels of Dalmatia are as yet uninvaded by the British tourist. No Cook's ticket can be taken for Spalato, no hotel coupon would be of the slightest use at Sebenico.

To-day the Austrian Lloyd maintains a regular steamer service between Trieste and the towns of Dalmatia, and Cook's tickets for any of them may be purchased in New York, as well as in London. It cannot be said, however, that the manufacture of good guide-books to that enchanted region has kept pace with the awakening interest in it. In spite of such recent publications as Maude M. Holbach's agreeable, if superficial, "Dalmatia, the Land Where East Meets West," Freeman's complaint almost literally holds good to-day: "The best guide to those parts is still the account written by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus more than nine hundred years back." The English reader may indeed gather from Freeman's own discursive "Sketches from the Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice" much valuable historical information, and from Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson's authoritative "Dalmatia and Montenegro," published sixty years ago, a painstaking account of those features of the daily life of the races of the Eastern shore of the Adriatic which Freeman so consistently ignored; while T. G. Jackson's classic work, "Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria (1887)," remains the best English account of the architectural and archæological treasures of the towns of which it treats. Thanks, moreover, to the fact that every Dalmatian town boasts some learned antiquary willing to place his local lore at the disposal of foreign students, there exist many treatises on single topics relating to Dalmatia, such as Villari's admirable "The Republic of Ragusa," but nevertheless the average English or American tourist must still turn for general information concerning a trip through Dalmatia to the meagre pages of Baedeker or Murray.

Nothing in the title of F. Hamilton Jackson's "Shores of the Adriatic" indicates that the author appeals to but a limited public. It is a companion volume to his work on the Italian side of the Adriatic and, like it, is chiefly concerned with the architectural and decorative aspects of his subject. He acknowledges his indebtedness to Jackson's "Dalmatia," and he has drawn on many Italian, French, and German authorities (the titles of the works of the last-named are not always correctly spelled). The thread of personal narrative is barely discernible in the mass of tediously minute historical detail which alternates with the plans of basilicas and the enumeration of the mosaics, embroideries, chalices, croziers,

monstrances, plate, and vestments enshrined within the cathedrals. Paintings and statuary, it is true, are by no means neglected, but it is characteristic of the author's point of view that the list of "craftsmen" in the index includes Bellini, Carpaccio, Palma Vecchio, Paolo Veronese, Pordenone, Sansovino, Tintoretto, and Titian. Nor is any critical attempt made to set the reader right as to the authenticity of the Titians to be found at Verbosca and Ragusa. Of more general interest are the descriptions of the Morlaks, the picturesque Slavic inhabitants of Istria and Dalmatia, but their marriage and religious customs, their folk-lore, proverbs, music, and song, their amusements, superstitions, and vendettas might, with profit to the book, have claimed more space than the author has assigned them. Nor, in general, can it be said that he has set forth a tithe of the charms possessed by a region which bears the impress of a history of two thousand years, during which Illyrians, Romans, Goths, Byzantines, Normans, Venetians, Croats, Serbs, Hungarians, Turks, and Austrians struggled for possession. Mr. Jackson, like so many of his predecessors, does indeed full justice to the architectural splendor of Dalmatia's past; he sings the praises of Diocletian's palace at Spalato, of the palace of the rectors of the republic at Ragusa, as well as of the cathedral of Sebenico, which has been termed "one of the noblest, most striking, most simple, most Christian of all churches"; but Dalmatia, the land of wonderful fjords and noble harbors, of lovely islands famed in literature and naval warfare, of proud, sea-girt cities on frowning cliffs concealing a primitive hinterland; the country which bears everywhere the image of the winged lion of Venice, but is destined to witness ere long the disappearance of Italian speech as the culmination of the struggle between its Italian and Slavic elements—this Dalmatia is still to be adequately described.

Pictorially, Mr. Jackson's volume is rather attractive. One of the most striking of the full-page photographs exhibits a group of Albanian horse-dealers at Cattaro, whose countenances do not belie the reputation for ferocity enjoyed by these untamed sons of ancient Illyria.

William Godwin und Mary Wollstonecraft. Von Helene Simon. Munich: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.

Seldom may the author of a work, stamped with the thorough spirit of a model Doctorate *Arbeit*, be congratulated on its literary finish and mechanical and artistic production, as in the case of this first combined biography of these two distinguished and much misunderstood reformers. The wonder is that no one before this German author, especially that no English writer, has felt the exceptional attraction of their lives and works as something intricately associated together. Separated too early by the untimely death of Mary Wollstonecraft, honored long as separate personalities —as in the National Portrait Gallery, where each has a place, but in widely distinct classifications—they have too often been dissociated by historian and critic, and their aims have been misinterpreted. Godwin especially, according to Helene Simon, has been wrongly or inadequately characterized. Thus, Karl Diehl, in 1890, aided by Kegan Paul's edition of Godwin's Letters and Journals, recognized in Godwin the founder of the anarchist theory, and to this place Miss Simon assigns him; but Kropotkin, although he also lived in England, and Richard Stammler maintained that Proudhon was the father of anarchy. Pierre Ramus and Walter Borgius, on the other hand, would make of Godwin the "theorist of communistic anarchy," while Anton Menger finds in him not only anarchy, but Socialism, and calls him "the first scientific socialist of modern times." Miss Simon seeks to rescue Godwin from this unholy mixture of anarchy, communism, and Socialism, and insists that his true title is the founder of individualistic or pure anarchy. In this respect, Godwin was quite unlike such reforming contemporaries as Owen, for he reached directly no practical goal. He was, as biographer, historian, novelist, and dramatist, a "revolutionist of heads," and a scatterer of seed among other minds.

As to Mary Wollstonecraft, although she died when only thirty-eight, she is without doubt the first notable leader in the movement for greater freedom for women; but she was more than an agitator for political rights and her goal was greater than that of the French upheaval, which also mightily stirred her soul. She sought to ennoble the conception of motherhood, to awaken a greater sense of responsibility among women, and to elevate their position primarily as human beings rather than as mere women; and so the most of her writings have a pedagogical value for the generation of to-day, and a nobler spirit than that which characterizes the polemics of most twentieth-century agitators. Both Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft were misunderstood in their theories of marriage. Both, according to Miss Simon, strove to elevate the relation of the sexes; and if they erred, it was not through youthful carelessness, but a deep conviction that what they did was right.

The author reviews with care the various steps in the development of both her hero and her heroine, individually and when striving together, and analyzes their respective works, giving, as a welcome aid, an exceptionally good bibliography. Among the most interesting and touching chapters is that which pictures the death of Mary, the despair of William, and the runaway match, after the mother's death, and bitter hours of later repentance of their sixteen-year-old daughter Mary with the poet Shelley. Three portraits, two of Mary Wollstonecraft and one of Godwin, after the paintings in the National Portrait Gallery, add much to the attractiveness of this memorial.

Science.

RAIL MOTOR CARS.

The receiver of the Third Avenue road in New York has ordered an experimental gasolene-electric street-railway car for use where the track conduit is impracticable. This action brings up again the question whether it is possible to design a rail motor car, with power entirely self-contained, which will be able to compete effectively with some of the existing means of transportation.

Railway managers have long known that there are some kinds of service for which the steam train is not economical. The smallest locomotive it is practicable to build under present conditions of design can haul three or four cars just as well as it can haul one; yet there is an enormous amount of branch-line mileage where one passenger car can handle all the business. Moreover, if a single passenger car is adapted to a small steam locomotive, it yet requires a train crew of three, since neither the engineer, the fireman, nor the conductor can be dispensed with. Thousands of miles of branch-lines are traversed every day by passenger trains which do not earn their operating expenses. Yet they must be run to accommodate the public, and to aid in developing territory.

To solve this branch-line problem, many experiments have been tried with rail motor cars. Certain English railway managers took the matter up about six years ago, and built small steam motors as fast as the shops could turn them out. The success of the gasolene road motor car has induced experiments with gasolene rail motor cars in many countries; but they have not been very successful, principally because they were much heavier than the ordinary automobile, so that their inertia worked against the mechanical principle of a motor driven by a series of explosions; while there was always apt to be trouble with the gears. As a result, gasolene rail motor cars show excellent running economies when in good working order, but are burdened with more than offsetting shop and repair costs. So far as we know, but one type of this car is in successful commercial use in America. The question really turns on

the efficient life of the machinery, and to determine this scarcely enough time has elapsed. Yet the Union Pacific has great faith in the experiment; it owned sixteen of these cars at the time of its last annual report, and has been increasing the number rapidly.

There have been two important reports on the general subject of rail motor cars; one by the Rock Island Motive Power Committee in 1904, the other by a special committee appointed in 1907 by the general manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad to visit Europe and examine the whole question. The Rock Island committee pointed out the important operating economies to be had by using single motor cars in the place of trains; it listed the three general types in use, and expressed its opinion that a steam-driven composite car was the best solution of the problem. Yet the company has not been very active in following out the report of its own committee, although it has recently completed an experimental steam motor car.

The report of the Pennsylvania committee, on the other hand, brought out the fact that the managements of the British railways show no enthusiasm over the working of their steam motor cars, although in 1907 the Great Western had 84 of these machines operating on 44 lines. English railways are compelled to provide fully equipped stations at all regular stops of their steam trains, together with a complete staff of attendants; but in the operation of rail motor cars they are permitted to establish stops called "halts," without any accommodations or conveniences for passengers except a low platform. Here is a legal, rather than a mechanical, reason why these cars may be profitable in England. The Pennsylvania committee found that steam motor cars were successful in Germany, although all rail motor cars were considered experimental. Tests have been made in Italy and France with steam motor cars, but the results are not conclusive.

In two countries—England and Germany—gasolene-electric cars have been tried, with indifferent success. Yet the gasolene-electric car, in which the gas engine impersonates a miniature powerhouse, while the electric equipment turns the wheels under the car, has certain mechanical advantages arising from the absence of the gear problem and from the fact that electricity, not being explosive in its action, picks up the inertia of a stationary car more patiently and with less general rack and wear than does gasolene. The difficulty with these cars has been their complexity and costliness, both to build and to maintain, while their working results have been irregular.

With five nations engaged, and with fair results already achieved, it may be assumed that the problem will be solved sooner or later. Besides the economy of branch-line working, rail motor cars can perform an important service on main lines in picking up passengers at express stations after the passage of the fast train and distributing them at small cost to local stations; while, by a reversal of this process, the express stations are filled with passengers in advance of the through train. On street railways, they can be run without the abomination of the overhead trolley, and also in localities where the underground conduit is impracticable. As soon as rail-motor cars can be built and operated economically, they will give a new prospect of convenient and efficient transportation.

The Face of the Earth. (Das Antlitz der Erde.) By Edward Suess. Translated by Hertha B. C. Sollas, under the direction of W. J. Sollas. Vol. III; pp. viii-400, pl. i-vii, fig. 1-23. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.75

This translation of Edward Suess's great physiographic classic places at the command of English-speaking readers and students a mass of recorded fact and discussion not elsewhere accessible. In the preceding volumes the movements of the earth's crust, the mountain ranges of the earth, and the abysses of the sea had been described. In the third volume the "face of the earth" is especially treated, the aim of the author being to detect and emphasize the great structural features. Folding is recognized to be universal, if we draw no distinctions as regards geologic time. We may then look for underlying systems in the axial trends and arrangements of the elevations. The method of attack is to pass the large continental areas in review. The present volume is chiefly occupied with Asia; only toward the close is Europe reached. The other continents remain for future treatment.

Two great structural features are brought out in especial relief, a vertex from which mountain systems radiate, and an arc which characterizes the curving course of the lines of elevation. For Asia, and to a certain extent for Europe, these are traced with much success, but whether the convex curve can be universally found is a constant question which arises in the reader's mind. Nevertheless, on the perusal of this volume, as in the reading of the previous volumes, one is profoundly impressed with the range and accuracy of the venerable author's reading. He sums up into one connected whole the many little-known ranges of Asia and the better-described and studied chains of Europe, so that a large number of scientific observations and much recorded knowledge are now easily available, which before were scattered and almost inaccessible.

The translation has been acceptably and accurately done. Revisional assistance has been given, as a felicitous token of respect to Professor Suess, by the most eminent of the English and Australian geologists.

The *Annales de Géographie* for May contains articles descriptive of regions in Algeria and French West Africa, and also of a chart of Mt. Blanc, which is interesting as being "the first geometric representation on a grand scale of a French mountain mass." Charts of the whole chain of French Alps to Nice, twenty-two in number, are in preparation. There is also a summary of hydrological and meteorological observations in some Norwegian fiords, taken by a French naval vessel, the Bougainville. The editor, L. Gallois, contributes an historical sketch of the part which the Academy of Sciences took from its foundation in 1666 by Colbert in securing a large topographical map of France.

Dr. Heinrich von Ranke, nephew of the historian and himself a distinguished physician, has died at Munich in his eightieth year. He was appointed professor in the University of Munich in 1874, and wrote largely for the magazines on topics of medicine and archæology.

Giovauni Vailati, a native of Crema, Lombardy, and a frequent contributor to both Italian and foreign periodicals, including American journals of mathematics and philosophy, died in Rome, May 14, at the age of forty-six. After graduating from the University of Turin he served for several years on the staff of its mathematical department, and afterwards taught in the Istituto Tecnico at Florence. Appointed a member of the Royal Commission for the Reform of Secondary Education, he had devoted his time during the past three years chiefly to problems of school organization and pedagogy.

Drama and Music.

"Little Eyolf" and "A Doll's House" have been published by John W. Luce & Co., Boston and London, in a new edition to be known as The Players' Ibsen, newly translated into English from the definitive Dano-Norwegian text, and edited, with introductions and notes, by Henry L. Mencken. Each play is well printed, in clear, black type, in a little pocket volume, attractive in appearance and convenient for transportation. The editorial matter—which has the merit of brevity—and the notes contain useful information for the general reader, but are less trustworthy in their critical opinions than in their statements of fact. Not every student of Ibsen will subscribe to all the estimates placed upon his genius or his influence. In the translation great pains have been taken not only to follow the exact phraseology of the original, but also to reproduce, so far as possible, the more delicate shades of verbal meaning by which Ibsen sought to throw light upon the characters of his personages. To what extent this has been accomplished could only be determined by a close comparison with the original, which

is scarcely necessary at this time. As a matter of fact, a perfect translation is impossible. The spirit and genius of one language cannot be transferred, in bulk, to another. This is particularly true in the case of poetry, and all who wish to appreciate Ibsen justly as a poet must learn his native tongue. But there is no good reason for supposing that his prose works have lost much in the process of their conversion into English. On the contrary, it is generally admitted that he has been particularly happy in his translators. The text of this latest version of "Little Eyolf" does not differ greatly from that of Mr. William Archer, and the changes in it, where they do occur, do not always commend themselves; for speaking and acting purposes they are often less effective and less natural. But, after all, these changes are of no great importance, and the latest text is good enough for all practical purposes. Its one real superiority lies in the handy form in which it is offered.

Discussing a recent performance by the students of the Academy of Dramatic Art in London, a prominent critic writes:

It is expected—it might almost be said to be demanded—of the students of such an institution that they should know the grammar of their art; and they do so. They know how to speak, how to move, how to stand, and to stand still. But they know more than this—in some cases much more. Having mastered the grammar, they have been taught to turn their knowledge to artistic effect, for the expression of themselves through their parts.

From this it would appear that the institution founded by Beerbohm Tree some years ago, which includes many well-known actors in its corps of instructors, is really doing good work. The same thing could be said truthfully of the Academy in New York. Theoretically, a good school of acting ought to be just as effective as a repertory theatre in the manufacture of capable actors; but, actually, it is almost always handicapped by the lack of the proper raw material. As a general rule, young men and women possessing the histrionic instinct in any marked degree—although they would probably profit by a little wholesome instruction more than others having no ability of the kind—scorn the idea of school when they can earn a little money in some subordinate capacity, with the chance of working their way up. In the days of the old stock companies they secured a general education easily enough, but in recent years even the best actors have been confined to special lines. Now there seems to be some likelihood that the old school of acting may be restored.

William Devereux, author of "William of Navarre," is to write a play for Lewis Waller on the subject of Walter Raleigh. The interest will centre in the discovery of a plot to dethrone Elizabeth in favor of Queen Mary, and the courtship and marriage of the hero will be prominent features.

D'Annunzio has written a Punch and Judy act for Naples, called "Tares." But it will probably be given first in Milan, at the Manzoni Theatre, and a company has been especially engaged to appear in it. This play is to be translated into French for the Grand Guignol of Paris. D'Annunzio says that he never enjoyed himself more than he did while writing this little sketch.

Russian opera has been made a special feature of the Monte Carlo season by Raoul Gunsbourg, the enterprising manager. Glinka's "Life for the Czar" and Rubinstein's "Demon" were mounted by him in turn, and then came Dargomijsky's "Russalka." The composer of "Russalka," who died in 1869, may claim with Glinka the distinction of founding the school of "Young Russians" which has included in its ranks Balakirev, César Cui, Moussorgsky, Borodin, and Rimsky-Korsakoff. His music is little known outside of Russia, and the success which "Russalka"—originally performed in 1856—seems to have obtained at Monte Carlo is hardly likely to lead to its production elsewhere. Tchaikovsky, it is true, did not rate his compatriot's gifts very highly, but this does not mean much, seeing how perverse were the views he not infrequently expressed concerning the works of other composers, and that he was unfavorably disposed towards the circle to which Dargomijsky belonged.

The Chinese have programme music and had it long before we did. Consul-General Clarence E. Gauss at Shanghai has come upon pieces of music entitled "Opening the Hand," "The Maid of the Green Willow," "Mother Understands Me Well," "Alone at Home," "Dame Wang," "The Abode of Love," "The Widow's Lament," "Painting Fans," "Breaking the Looking-glass," "Making Verses with a Bird," "The Locust's Fate," "The Seal of Longevity," "The Ladder of Happiness," "The Happy Dream," "The Men Who Fear Their Wives," "The Crockery-mender." The consul also calls attention to the fact that Chinese music is divided into two classes, ritual and popular. Under the name of ritual music must be comprehended all music performed at court or at religious ceremonies. Under popular music are grouped all theatrical, ballad, professional, and ordinary street song music.

Dr. John W. Bischoff, the "blind organist of Washington," died in that city on Sunday. He had played the organ at the First Congregational Church in Washington for thirty-five years, and his annual concerts have long been musical events of prominence. He became blind when he was two years old. Among his many compositions were "Good Night, Sweet Dreams," "Unanswered," and "Bobolink."

Art.

THE TWO SALONS.

PARIS, May 18.

The chief impression made by the two Salons this year, as for several years past, is one of disappointment. There seems to remain not even a faint reëcho of the strong and healthy movement among artists that resulted in the new Salon twenty years ago, nor are there any signs of a new generation "knocking at the door." And yet, to come straight to the big annual exhibitions in Paris from the bazaar into which the Royal Academy in London has degenerated, is to be, as always, struck with their workmanlike aspect and atmosphere, as well as with the fact that in France art still has its uses, and the artist a chance to work for a more definite end than the catering to popular taste. There may not be a fortune for the French artist—as there is to-day for the American—in the commission of state or municipality, or other public bodies, but at least there is the opportunity from which many of the world's masterpieces have sprung.

At all events some of the most interesting, if not the most successful, work at the new Salon is to be found among the huge mural decorations, for it is one of the redeeming features of the poorest Salon that a place should always be made for them. The centre of honor in the room at the top of the stairway in the new Salon is this spring devoted to M. Ménard's series of enormous panels for the Faculté de Droit at Paris. To my knowledge, he has never before attempted anything on so vast a scale. His subjects are the same as in his smaller canvases—romantic landscapes, with ideal or mythical figures well subordinated to them. The great clouds piled up high in the heavens, the wooded hillsides, the tranquil pastures and solemn groves, the men and women in heroic nudity or graceful drapery tending their herds or wandering in peace, the horsemen who might have ridden straight out of the frieze of the Parthenon, are all arranged with the right feeling for their decorative value. They have the charm Ménard always brings to his poetic interpretation of nature. But mere size can add nothing to this charm; indeed, I am not sure that it does not take something away. Still, experiment will carry the artist further than perseverance in the old and easy grooves.

The methods and conventions of M. Aman-Jean, on the other hand, are adapted to decoration, no matter on what scale he works. He may go to nature for a motive, but never for models, and he finds a decorative formula even for his portraits. But languor of late has overtaken him, and he scarcely seems to have the vigor, or vitality, to cover so vast a space as his panel for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. It has already the faded look of an old fresco. Comédie is his subject. You remember what Watteau would have made of it, and then you look to the pale, formal garden where strolling players move like shadows through a listless performance for the pleasure, apparently, of three wan, weary ladies who have hardly the strength left to follow it with their heavy eyes, and you are inclined to see in conception and execution alike only the affectations of the painter. But Aman-Jean understands as well as Puvis de Chavannes the appropriateness of a pale color-scheme to the decoration

of a wall of which it becomes a part; he understands, too, that the suggestion of action in the group arranged across his foreground would have destroyed the decorative illusion, and that a less artificial setting would not have yielded lines as rhythmical. Ménard's panels may be robust in comparison, but set up in place, Aman-Jean's will probably tell with more effect.

His decorative treatment certainly is more in keeping than the pictorial tendency of Gaston La Touche in his rendering of a somewhat similar subject, Théâtre de Verdure, which is intended as a decoration of a stairway for the Mercier Frères, but which is little more than a picture that might be hung up in its frame anywhere. The panel by M. Besnard to complete his decoration for the cupola in the Petit Palais, as you see it in the new Salon, with its large nude Venus the centre of a disjointed composition, seems coarse and without structural coherence. But few modern artists have had more experience in decoration than Besnard, and it may very likely be that in the cupola the coarseness will become refinement and the design take its place as a logical part in the larger scheme. The only other work of the kind that I found of interest was M. Boutet de Monvel's series of Projets for his decoration of the basilica at Dourémy. For his treatment of these three events in the career of Joan of Arc, he has borrowed the method of the old illuminator, working in pure brilliant color, with the most minute attention to every detail, in the gorgeous ceremonial as in the intricate ornament of priestly robes and knightly armor, and yet managing to produce a broad and harmonious effect, and to prove that the artist of to-day may go to the past for inspiration without ceasing to be modern.

In the old Salon, the big designs amount to little more than the yearly *machins* manufactured to create a sensation and, if possible, make a *réclame*. One of the best and most scholarly is M. Gervais's Garden of the Hesperides. But while, with an artist like Besnard, you feel that he is absorbed in the artistic problem no matter how successful or unsuccessful he may be in his way of solving it, with Gervais, though he too deals with classic legend, you cannot help suspecting that a more important end is the popular success, to be had at the Salon only by a louder and more sensational bid for it than anybody's else. And so, for him the Garden of Hesperides becomes a dazzling spectacle, violent in light, hot in color, filled with nude figures and flowers and many-hued beasts, and birds—a place to be avoided by the poet in search of peace and beauty. From this, you descend to lower depths of sensationalism, until you can go no deeper than a huge interior of Notre Dame painted in theatrical perspective and hung where it can tell almost as well as on the stage, and so catch the eye of all the gaping crowd.

A decorative motive runs through much of the smaller work at the new Salon, even through pictures not intended definitely for such an end. It still struggles with the pictorial motive in all La Touche's canvases, though his fantasies begin to border close upon anecdote. It is felt in the four small paintings by Mr. Frieseke, who in them has left the boudoir for the open air. He evokes such cool and pleasant harmonies from so simple a fact in nature as the falling and filtering of sunlight through green leaves upon shady green pools and streams, that I regret the more the failure, as I cannot but think it, of his Femme nue à la Toilette, a large nude realistic study of a not too refined model. But in this, as most always in his work, the detail is rendered with great delicacy. The responsibilities of realism never weigh heavily upon Mr. Morrice. Whether he paints the snow in Canada, the sea in Brittany, the quays in Paris, nature is never for him a problem of planes and atmosphere and light, but exists solely to suggest inexhaustible arrangements of color and line. Mr. Barlow is another who sees, or tries to see, in the life around him nothing save harmonious and rhythmical combinations, the tone always low, the feeling always tender, the charm rarely absent. Chanson Rose he, this year, calls one of his usual gray interiors with the group of quiet, simple figures, and the title is expressive of his aims and methods in all.

It is because comparatively few pictures appear to have given their painters any pleasure at all that they produce such an effect of general dulness. Take the portraits, for instance; only one or two, here and there, seem to have been anything better than a task to the weary artist. The most brilliant exceptions are M. Boldini's two of women, one of a man and his wife. Whatever may be thought of them, it is as impossible to deny the vivacity with which they are painted as the fact that they are the work of a master of his trade. They are exaggerated in pose and movement; in the impossibly elongated figures, in the tight-clinging draperies, in the exuberant elegance of silks and satins and furs, in their truth to, or rather caricature of, the fashions of the moment; but they are alive, enormously accomplished, with a technical vigor and dash that no other portrait painter to-day can approach. They seem the more startling because the year otherwise is not remarkable in portraiture. M. Blanch had an interesting sitter in Henry James, but has failed, or so I cannot help thinking, to grasp his character: had it not been for the name in the catalogue, the portrait to me would have been unrecognizable. Another chance for a strong study of character has been lost by Mr. MacCameron (old Salon), who shows us a very colorless President in his portrait of Mr. Taft. Indeed, our statesmen fare rather ill at the hands of their painters, Mr. Charles Joseph Bonaparte figuring with as little distinction, or semblance of individuality, on the canvas of Mme. Cécile de Wentworth.

Most of the older men—Carolus-Duran, Roll, La Gandara—are poorly represented. Even M. Caro-Delvaille has no portrait that can compare with his fine group of a few years ago, now in the Luxembourg, and is much more interesting in his study of the nude, Groupe Païen, which, however, is not pagan at all. The figures of the man and woman both are modern in type and treatment, though he seems to have been haunted by memories of Michelangelo and to have sought, by giving them heroic dignity, to escape the commonplace of the mere Salon nude to which he condescended in his picture of last spring. Zorn, Zuloaga, Sargent, are not represented. But it is a year of absences, and Louis Legrand and Anglada are also among the many who send nothing. Unfortunately, if the two Spaniards, Zuloaga and Anglada, who have made the success of modern Spanish art, do not show, the Spanish picture is bigger and more in evidence than ever—especially in the old Salon—so much in evidence that one passes quickly by even the most cleverly painted Spanish gypsy or Spanisb peasant, Spanish bull-fighter or Spanish dwarf. In the few years since Zuloaga first took the new Salon by storm, his imitators in new and old have already made a hackneyed story of his subjects.

Individuality counts even in a big exhibition, and the man who has something to say for himself triumphs in the end. This is why M. Veber seems to have lost nothing of his gayety. Besides, this year he has had the intelligence to refrain from decoration on a large scale and to return to the small canvas to which his little figures more appropriately belong. He has one or two of the tavern scenes that have won him the name of the "modern Breughel," but his caricature, his satire, rather, of the people of to-day is so cruel in its truth that he is really amusing only in his comic versions of old myths or fairy tales. M. Hochard also conquers by sheer force of personality, though neither his way of looking at things nor of presenting them qualifies him best for the illustration of Flaubert, which he now undertakes. Walter Gay, by the personal touch he gives to the little interiors he loves to paint; Jean Béraud, by sheer literalness in his realism, on as minute a scale, command more attention than the painters who sprawl,

with nothing of their own to say, over colossal expanses of canvas. But the picture that attracted me most by its originality, at least in selection of subject, was Jules Adler's Hauts Fourneaux at Charleroi, exhibited in the old Salon. Here is a painter who has had the eyes to see the picturesqueness, the romance of work, to discover the splendor of gaunt, unlovely factories and chimneys when transformed by the magic of the smoke-laden atmosphere. The canvas is large, and evidently the painter has not known what to do with his foreground; the color is leaden, and the smoke is heavy, but, with all its faults, the picture comes as an eloquent reminder that beauty exists in the modern world as in the ancient.

I say less of the landscapes because, excellent as many are, the landscape painters are so apt to fall into repetition, or mannerism, that one year's picture is very like a copy of last year's. This certainly is the case with M. Lhermitte, who better than anyone else can give the effects of afternoon light shining on the stream with its lines of washerwomen bending over the bank, or on the field where harvesters are at work; and with M. Billotte who, by sheer sympathy and the tenderness of his scheme of gray, can fill the waste lands of the squalid suburb with poetry; and, in the old Salon, with Point elin, whose heath never loses its gentle melancholy; and Harpignies, whose composition never loses in stateliness; and Gosselin, whose trees rise with slim unerring grace from the ever-green countryside. M. Le Sidaner, wherever he goes, to London or the French provincial town, to Venice or the Italian lakes, takes the same technique with him, until even the silent hours of the night lose their repose in the restlessness of his system of dots or touches of color. Now and then a new note is struck, by Charles Warren Eaton, in the old Salon, or by M. Pôpesco, a Rumanian, in the new. But, for the rest, there is little to add, unless it is to say that the influence of the Plein-Air school and the Impressionists seem to grow less as time goes on, and Monet, for the moment any way, is not so much the prophet as Corot.

One improvement is to be noted at the new Salon. The prints have been brought from the lower rooms, where hardly anybody ever went to look at them, to the balcony upstairs where there is space to hang them so that they can be seen. To tell the truth, however, they do not include very much worth seeing. The huge color etching is now all the fashion, and it is used chiefly for the reproduction of pictures, to which the medium does not lend itself. But painter after painter, waking up to its success, has rushed in to profit by it, until one can only hope that this fashion, like so many others, will die from its very excess. Mr. McLaughlin's etchings and M. Warsquier's Japanese-like designs in the new Salon, Mr. Wolf's and M. Hoenemann's wood-engravings, and M. Belleroche's lithographs, in the old Salon, are among the most interesting prints of any kind that are shown.

Among the many drawings in many mediums, I saw nothing that interested me so much as M. Milcendeau's Jour de Marché à Ledesma, a pastel, in which he has managed to forget that any artist ever worked in Spain before him, and by depending entirely upon his own impressions has once more given freshness to a stale subject.

Of the smaller exhibitions within the large, I need only say that in the new Salon a room has been set apart for the drawings of M. Dagnan-Bouveret, and a wall in the decorative art section devoted to the illustrations and wall-papers of Walter Crane.

The French sculptor, like the French painter, enjoys the advantage of definite commissions. He is not reduced to appeal with his every work to the capricious fancy of the chance customer. The old Salon shows numerous examples of his technical skill and accomplishment, though of his genius there is less convincing proof. At the new Salon more space is now spared to sculpture than at first, but not even there does the genius appear in larger numbers with the larger opportunity to exhibit. M. Rodin has nothing save a marble bust of Mme. Elissieff, to which he has given greater charm than he usually seeks in his work, but also a greater degree of finish, with, it seems to me, a consequent loss of character. Of the character which one expects in any portrait, no matter what the medium, I find more in Prince Troubetzkoy's statuette of Baron Henri de Rothschild, standing in what evidently is the pose most natural to him, with no concession to beauty of finish, but, instead, a rugged vigor in the rendering of his heavy and not over graceful form and outlines.

Altogether, if the two Salons help to prove the long-suspected truth that the glory of the big exhibition is on the wane, they still succeed in attracting more of the interesting work done today than do any others. N. N.

There is a growing tendency in certain quarters to regard Aubrey Beardsley as a great master. The latest evidence of this is "Aubrey Beardsley," by Robert Ross (John Lane), in which that artist's slender if real talent is treated with portentous seriousness. At best he had a pretty feeling for long lines, and for the spotting of pure blacks. On the other hand, his sense of structure and his knowledge of the figure were nil, and his sentiment had an evident taint of corruption. He was distinctly *fin de siècle*, and the new century may hope for an art with robuster qualities.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts announces the award of its gold medal of honor, the highest award in the power of the institution to bestow upon an artist, to Thomas P. Anschutz. The present recipient was born in Newport, Ky., October 5, 1851. He was a student in the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and later in Paris, and has been an instructor in the academy schools since 1881. In the last annual exhibition in Philadelphia, where Mr. Anschutz received the Walter Lippincott prize, there were nearly one hundred representative American works by painters who had studied under him.

Ludwig Thiersch, an historical painter and for some years professor of painting at the Art School of Athens, has died at Munich in his eighty-fifth year. Among his notable paintings were a number done in the service of the Greek Church in the Byzantine style.

The death is announced from Paris of Guillaume Dubufe, the painter, on board a steamship bound for Buenos Ayres. He was born in 1853, the son of the well-known artist, Édouard Duhufe. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor, secretary-treasurer of the Société des Beaux-Arts, president of the Société des Aquarellistes Français, and honorary president of the Société des Décorateurs. M. Duhufe painted the mural decorations for the French building at the St. Louis Exposition. He took the gold medal at the exposition of 1889.

Finance.

THE QUESTION OF AN "INDUSTRIAL BOOM."

Last week's announcement of a $51,000,000 holding company, to own and operate certain dry-goods department stores in New York and other cities, has interested financial markets chiefly as a possible sign of the times. The new corporation does not, and in the nature of the case cannot, aspire to any such trade monopoly as has occasionally been discussed in connection with our great combinations of capital; and the capitalization in this instance cuts no such spectacular figure as the Steel Corporation and the Northern Securities amalgamations of 1901, or even the less startling combinations in the steel and copper trades during 1899. Nevertheless, it is a good while since applications at the rate even of fifty million dollars for outside capital have been witnessed on the market. Large offers of bonds by companies in high standing have been accepted readily enough, even in the doubtful days of 1908; but that is a familiar incident of the year or two following a financial panic. A shock to confidence, a formidable collapse in Stock Exchange speculation, invariably drive the investor into the market for high-grade securities. Uncertain or pessimistic over the immediate possibilities of engagements on a partnership basis,

he naturally takes refuge in engagements as a creditor.

But investment in new stock on an extensive scale, and especially the placing with the public of the shares of industrial combinations with enormous capital, point in a somewhat different direction. If the movement were to extend, it would at least indicate a change in the general public's attitude, for corporation stock has had a poor market ever since investment demand for that class of security shut down suddenly in the last months of 1906, to the great chagrin of railway managers who had already committed their companies to costly improvement plans. If the public were to show a genuine hunger for new stock of industrial amalgamations, we should presently hear talk of reviving the "flotation craze" of 1899 and 1901.

The question whether such a sequel is possible, may be worth considering. That the period which has elapsed since the panic of 1907 has differed in some important respects from the year or two following similar crises in our earlier history, most people are aware. The essential novelty in the present after-panic events has been the repeated display of the spirit of speculation, notably on the Stock Exchange. This is usually taken to mean confidence in speedy return to good times, or, at all events, confidence in return of former high values. The existence of such belief does not necessarily prove that the expectation is well-founded; it may be, and often has been, premature; but it usually indicates in the public's hands a substantial surplus of available capital, and it is this which would render interesting large new experiments in company promotion.

Comparison of this period with the "promotion era" of ten years ago, however, will in numerous respects fail to establish a parallel. The existence of a huge fund of ready money in the public's hands was an important factor in the outcome then; but the appeal to the public's imagination, through the visible trade conditions of the day, was at least equally important. Things were happening in our industrial history which astonished and excited even conservative observers. We were feeding Europe, for one thing; our wheat crops and our wheat exports had surpassed all precedent, while Europe's harvests had failed. Gold was pouring into America from abroad in unprecedented quantity. We were invading Europe's markets for manufactured goods, and had piled up an excess of $600,000,000 in merchandise exports over imports, where no previous year had achieved so much of an excess as $300,000,000. Our bankers were lending huge sums of money to the British government, and buying up control of British steamship lines on a scale which was thought at the time to threaten England's maritime supremacy. This was obvious material for arousing, not only the speculative instinct, but absolute confidence in any sort of incorporated enterprise put out under the auspices of important capitalists. Behind all this was the fact of the accumulation of capital, during the rigorous personal and business economies practised by the people as a whole for nearly half a dozen years.

It can hardly be said that the present period provides a parallel. Favorable considerations certainly exist, and they are for the most part those which existed, and which were pointed out, during the panic of 1907 itself—notably the sound condition of the currency, as distinguished from other periods of the sort, and the wealth and financial independence of the agricultural West. But we certainly have not with us the spectacular trade phenomena of a decade ago. We are not feeding Europe; our wheat exports are almost the smallest since the civil war, and our wheat crops are not running anywhere near the magnitude of 1901. Just now, our monthly excess of merchandise exports over imports has almost disappeared; for the year to date, it is the smallest in a dozen years. We are not importing gold, but have been exporting very heavily. The ventures of 1901 in foreign finance and in maritime acquisition have largely turn out illusion, and we have learned that ambitious experiments with capital, even at home, may go altogether too far.

All this does not mean that the country's present position is weak or precarious. Except for the more or less doubtful question of our grain crops, it may be that the present state of things is financially more wholesome than that of 1901, and that we are in a way to consolidate our economic strength on a sounder basis than in that feverish speculative era. But conditions of this sort have at least some bearing on the question of another "promotion craze." Conservative people are hoping that our financiers themselves will not lose their heads, as they have done on occasion heretofore, and attempt to force an unnatural movement of speculative inflation.

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"TONO-BUNGAY"

Narrative Lyrics

See *The Nation* for May 13th, 1909.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1909.

The Week.

It is positively unfeeling in President Taft to glory over the way in which the hot weather is using up Senators. You can hear something very like a chuckle in his reference to the fact that "the heat is a necessary element in working out our Constitutional government." After his own Philippine experience of tropic temperatures, he seems to think that he will be fresh after all the Senators have withered. As if to make a mock of their sufferings in the Senate chamber, superheated as it is by nature and oratory, the President goes out to play golf, on the theory which all enthusiastic golfers hold, that the higher the thermometer the lower will be his score. It may be, however, that Mr. Taft is not reckoning accurately upon the capacity of Senators to endure heat without light. Tariff bills have been debated before this throughout the sweltering days of a Washington summer. The date of enactment of the McKinley bill, October 1, 1890, as of the Wilson bill, August 13, 1894, is rather ominous. Of course, those measures were passed in the long session of Congress, and it might seem that a better argument, as well as a brighter augury, could be drawn from the Dingley bill. It, too, was the work of an extra session, called soon after McKinley's inauguration in 1897; but the tariff of that year was not passed and signed till July 24. President Taft will be lucky if he gets a bill to sign—or veto—by that day.

Mr. Bryan has often abjured the Presidency more explicitly than he did Monday, when he promised to begin political war upon the liquor interests; but never with such demonstrable evidence of good faith. He knows that the Democrats would sooner stand for excluding foreigners than pick a candidate in any wise committed to the prohibition of beer and whiskey. To his support in 1912, Messrs. Conners and Murphy could not muster a corporal's guard, even if they would. We take it as plain, therefore, that Mr. Bryan, if his words are not misreported, has reluctantly decided to seek his political fortune in a narrower field; and where that field is, one may easily guess. Nebraska likes the Great Commoner, the initiative and the referendum, and also prohibition. Nebraska will soon be casting about for a Senator. Given this situation and Mr. Bryan's voice, the outcome may be foretold even by so wretched a prophet as Mr. Bryan himself.

Saturday's primary election in Philadelphia brought out the largest vote ever cast in a primary in that city. The machine candidate for District Attorney, Samuel P. Rotan, won his renomination by the narrow margin of 5,004 over D. C. Gibboney, the reform candidate. Gibboney ran on three tickets, and won the nomination of the Democratic and William Penn parties. His total popular vote exceeded Rotan's by 25,100, a circumstance that can hardly be described as other than a severe jolt to the machine. Indeed, there are signs that it nominated Rotan only by desperate stratagems and the usual vote-stuffing in certain districts; and the William Penn party announces that it will contest the election and open the ballot-boxes. This popular uprising against the machine does not mean that Philadelphia is at last turning against its corrupt rulers as such, but, in the main, indicates the disgust of the public "with the stock-jobbing politicians who ran the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company for narrow personal ends, regardless of passengers, trolleymen, and the city, or even the sound business interests of the company itself"—as the Philadelphia *Press* describes it. And there can be no doubt that the Republican machine saved itself only by its surrender to the strikers on Thursday of last week. Had the election come then, or even on Friday, the machine would have gone down to defeat. The public regarded the demands of the strikers as just; they opposed the police, not as police, but as unwilling tools of the bosses, and they quickly saw the politics behind the obstinate and weak policy of the company.

The removal of the sheriff of Mobile County by the Alabama Supreme Court is a great triumph of justice, all the more welcome because it is one of a number of signs that the South is at last waking up to the real meaning of the lynching evil. "If the law is right, mob law is wrong, and must be stopped if there is to be maintained the institution of government in a free country"—so Justice Simpson is reported to have said in pronouncing the court's decision. The Mobile sheriff was shown to have been well warned the day before of the coming lynching; yet he made no preparations to resist a mob, and went to his home early. With the Supreme Court about to punish the delinquent Chattanooga sheriff and with a Texas county proceeding against its sheriff, obviously the time has come for that class of officers to take notice. Jailors, too, like the one who made ineffective resistance to a mob that lynched a negro in Frankfort, Kentucky, last week, should also take note and should be supplied with the admirable story of Sheriff Van Pelt of Pensacola, in the current *Sunday-School Times*. That officer went so far as to try to save a negro criminal last July by firing on his neighbors. He killed two and wounded three personal friends before being overpowered. Yet the public recognized that he was correct in his action by reëlecting him sheriff in November by 1,200 votes.

The proposed national committee on the advancement of the negro, advocated by the Conference which has just met in this city, suggests interesting possibilities. There can be no doubt that a great deal more light is needed on this problem than has hitherto been obtained. In New York, the Bureau of Municipal Research has much more than justified itself; but if the facts are needed in a city, how much more must they be of use with regard to a race? There is the lynching evil; the facts in every case ought to be given to the public—not the sensational charges of irresponsible country newspaper correspondents, nor the first hysterical outbursts of victims, real or feigned. The country ought to know the exact truth as to negro criminality; there are plenty of Southerners, like the Rev. Quincy Ewing, who maintain that it has a wrong impression. Still another suggested field for the national board is that of furnishing legal aid to colored people and of bring-

ing to justice those who commit crimes against them.

Last week the Wisconsin Legislature finally granted autonomy to Milwaukee. The provisions for the initiative under the new law give malcontents every chance to oust the "ins." Should 5 per cent. of all voters sign a petition calling for a vote on some issue, the Common Council may order a referendum; if 15 per cent. sign, the Council must. There is no denying that this might mean demagoguery. Thus, a majority ring of Aldermen and about 4,000 henchmen could put off until the next regular city election—the prescribed date of the referendum—any legislation which ought to be decided upon at once. The henchmen would send in their 5 per cent. petition, the Aldermen would bow to "popular will," and a foolish or corrupt practice would take a new lease of life. Nevertheless, those who have scented radicalism here do not attempt to show that this risk exceeds the usual one, under old-fashioned, boss-made charters. The system at least puts the honest citizen on equal terms with the professional politician. Whatever the latter can do, the former can; and so endurance of bad government becomes a greater offence than ever.

Possibly the liquor war has entered upon a new phase by the act of the United States Brewers' Association binding its members to sell no beer to dealers whom any brewer has placed under a ban. But we shall sound no dirge for the Anti-Saloon League until more is known about the ban, and the placing of it. Doubtless, a systematic and general weeding out of undesirable patrons is one of the moves needed to rehabilitate malt liquors, and all who traffic in them. Certainly, the gravest evils of alcohol, direct and indirect, are those of cheap spirituous beverages, "red eye," "black Joe," and less euphonious variants of fusel oil. Those brewers see clearly who have advocated separate licenses for the two classes of beverages, and also the issuing of but one sort of license to each saloon. Even with this arrangement, however, the beer saloon will not vindicate itself so long as the blacklisting of disreputable bars is left to individual brewers, as the Association seemingly leaves it. Free competition will operate in the future as in the past; each brewer, fighting hard for profits, will turn a lenient eye upon his own bartenders and customers. But once let a national or a State committee sit as moral judge, with power to restrict the sales of all Association members, and the "model saloon" would become a reality, if it ever can at all.

In its timely exploitation of Count Zeppelin's latest achievement, our War Department again displays the press agent's knack of turning current events to profit. But its fleet of dirigibles from Maine to Florida soars a little too high, overshooting wisdom. Doubtless, the Department is asking a reluctant Congress for twice as much as it dreams of getting; but such shrewdness is misplaced in the present case, inasmuch as Congress is wholly destitute of enthusiasm on the subject of aerial navigation. and is nosing so deeply in the tariff trough, moreover, that it cannot even turn one eye heavenward. And it would, in any case, frown upon this huge, costly scheme of coast defence. Astounding though the progress of aeronautics has been, the science is still in its infancy. The art of landing has yet to be learned. Air currents have not been charted. The most efficient size, shape, and degree of rigidity are unsettled points. To build a squadron of dirigibles before our experts have worked out and thoroughly tested a pattern that improves upon the best of to-day, would benefit neither the aeronaut nor the country.

The address of Judge Mulqueen of this city to William Darragh should be posted above the speedometer of every automobile. No chauffeur is quite safe without it. The law under which Darragh is sentenced is neither new nor obscure. A chauffeur's intent, like every other man's, can be known only through his voluntary acts; and, thus inferred, Darragh's wild drive up Morningside Avenue was manslaughter, to say the least. The seven years this reckless young man must spend in prison will, we think, impress other speed-maniacs even less than the court's warning that a rich or dissolute man, convicted under like circumstances, will probably be held guilty of murder. The prospect is by no means fanciful. Indeed, public and courts alike have almost reached the point of regarding the "joy ride" as *prima-facie* evidence that the riders are dissolute enemies of society. They do not aim at any wayfarer in particular, but no more does the cowboy who "shoots up" a town.

Mohammed never could have had so much trouble with his apostates and false prophets as does Mrs. Eddy. Simple and monotonous would be Mohammed's answer to a Mahdi who called the reporters to his suite in the hotel and announced that the founder of Islam was either dead or in his dotage. A swish of the scimitar would close the debate. But Mrs. Della M. Gilbert, the new prophetess of Christian Science in this city, cannot be dispatched so neatly. She avers that Mrs. Eddy is dead, or mindless. How can Mrs. Eddy prove herself neither? If her mind is gone, she exists no more, for "mind only is real." Let her swear, in the tongue of angels, that she has a mind; let her don a violet silk gown, drive past a committee of reporters, and wave a glove at them; she may persuade infidels who believe in matter and the senses, but how can all this win back readers of the *Sentinel?* If they think her off the earth, off she goes, unless her party can think her on it more strongly.

We should regret it very much if the report should be confirmed that Canada is to build a navy of her own. Even if it is only a coast-guard fleet, it is sure to be taken up by some of our navy-maniacs as reason for heavier American armaments, and there would begin at once that friction and suspicion which are such inevitable accompaniments of the appearance of new war-vessels. The latest example of this is Italy; recent dispatches reported a "perfect naval panic" in government circles and a determination to build ships at any cost to maintain control of the Adriatic. Why? Because Austria has suddenly gone in for Dreadnoughts. For years the two nations have been peaceful enough neighbors, so far as naval questions are concerned. But the instant Austria builds Dreadnoughts—purely for defence, of course, and without thought of aggression—Italy must hasten to impoverish herself by outdoing the Hapsburg building programme. Our relations with Canada, the absence of forts and warships on our northern frontier, have been an object lesson in peace and common-sense for the whole world.

Anything which changed those relations and caused doubt and distrust would be a world-misfortune.

Lord Rosebery, addressing the Imperial Press Congress in London last Saturday, spoke with solemn emphasis of his fear of war. Real causes for hostilities were absent, but preparation for hostilities was being pushed with fevered and frantic haste. To the perspicuous mind, this absorption in getting ready for war makes the outlook most ominous. Not for Lord Rosebery is the cheap fallacy that the wild rush into great armaments is along the path of peace. All the talk may be for peace, but if all the action is for war, the chances are tremendously in favor of war. The "just man armed" may all too easily become the self-confident bully aching to try his weapons. And when the murderous work begins, the aggressor will look to the big navy, as Macbeth to his dagger:

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.

All this was perfectly clear to Lord Rosebery. He declared plainly that fierce competition in guns and ships leads directly to war. Where it would end, short of a general lapse into barbarism, he could not say. One faint hope he saw if the workingmen of the world should find themselves so staggering under the burdens of militarism that they would say: "We will have no more of this madness and this foolery, which is grinding us to powder." Yet Lord Rosebery, with the customary and seemingly frenzied inconsistency of most public men who discuss this question, was ready to add that England would never draw back; she would "build Dreadnoughts as long as we have a shilling to spend or a man to put into them"; and if that were not enough, as he was afraid it might not be, she would call upon her colonies to save her. Not a word about any possible alternative. If the workingmen do not prevent outbreak of war, European statesmen can do nothing. Such is Lord Rosebery's counsel of despair!

"While he has preserved his quality as a thoroughly patriotic German, he has also been, under all circumstances, one of the truest friends that the United States has ever had in Europe; indeed, I should say the foremost friend since Bright, Goldwin Smith, De Gasparin, Laboulaye, and their compeers stood by the Union during our Civil War"—thus wrote Andrew D. White two years ago of Dr. Theodor Barth, whose unexpected death was announced last Thursday. No one was in a better position to value his services to this country than Mr. White, our Ambassador to the court of Berlin during the trying years of the Spanish-American war and of the Philippine insurrection. Throughout that period Dr. Barth was one of two German editors who stood up for the United States. Not that he believed in either the war with Spain or the conquest of the Philippines; he was too sincere a democrat, too loyal to our best American traditions, to approve those undertakings. But, as Mr. White has phrased it, Dr. Barth "could look beneath the surface of American affairs and understand the mass of good existing beneath the scum of evil." And because he was a believer in true democracy, he never for a moment lost faith in republican institutions or ceased to advocate the doctrines of Liberalism in his own land. He was indeed, not of Germany alone, but of the world. Those who have drunk such deep draughts of democracy as he, are no longer to be restrained in their sympathies or their influence by national boundaries. It is impossible to think of John Bright, of Richard Cobden, or of Gladstone as Englishmen alone, any more than we can claim Lincoln as exclusively our own. Such tribunes of the common people are common property wherever the word liberty is heard.

The annual meeting between the Czar and the Kaiser is an event of the near future. The usual professions concerning the historic friendship between the house of Hohenzollern and the house of Romanoff will be forthcoming. Meanwhile, the Russian military authorities are showing their concern over the reorganization of the Empire's defensive plans against Germany. Ever since the disposal of the Balkan question by the Kaiser's alleged threat of an invasion of Poland, Russia has become acutely conscious of the weakness of her western frontier. Gen. Kuropatkin, in his memoirs of the Russo-Japanese war, has laid particular stress upon Russia's need of concentrating her attention on that frontier. He has pointed out that with Russian Poland jutting out like a wedge between German Posen and Austrian Galicia, Poland might be a source of strength or weakness, according as the Russian army was powerful enough to use it as a starting-point of invasion or was compelled to hold it against a double attack from the north and south. To Kuropatkin's eye, the difficulties of the situation outweighed its advantages. When it came to mobilization, Germany, with seventeen lines of railway and twenty tracks running to the Russian frontier, could throw a million men into Poland in a short time. Against Germany's seventeen lines of railway, Russia has only five. Austria has eight lines, with ten tracks, against Russia's four. In case of war, therefore, the Czar's troops would be almost inevitably on the defensive.

For the third time, Alfred Deakin has become Premier of the Commonwealth of Australia. The Labor Ministry under Andrew Fisher has been defeated by a coalition of the Deakin Protectionists and the Liberals, in accordance with the swing of Australian politics during the last six years. Protectionists, Liberals, and Laborites are all too weak to rule by themselves, and in consequence Australia has been in a state sometimes described as a "triangular anarchy." But though Australian Cabinets have lacked stability, anarchy is an unfair term. Far from being hopelessly at variance, the three parties are sometimes desperately exercised to discover sufficient issues to fight over. Protectionism of some kind or other is accepted by all parties; there is no wide difference of opinion on the question of a White Australia; and there is virtual unanimity on the duty of the Commonwealth to contribute to the defence of the Empire. In what form such aid should be rendered, opinions differ. The Fisher Cabinet advocated the assumption by Australia of the defence of her own coasts, but this policy, approved by the best element, would seem to have been swamped in the recent outbreak of Dreadnought mania. On this issue, and on the question of a progressive federal land tax, the Fisher Ministry would seem to have been defeated. "Every man and every institution interested in land valued at more than £5,000," says one dispatch, "is intent on putting the Fisher Ministry out before the next general elections."

METHOD IN SENATORIAL MADNESS

It would be a very simple-minded Muse that would respond if called upon to sing the wrath of a tariff-making Senate. There appear to have been, it is true, some sublime exhibitions of celestial rage. Senatorial courtesy has taken on the odd form of "You're a liar!" and the exquisitely polite and witty retort has often been heard: "Yah! You're one yourself." There have been terrible "encounters" with the safe weapon of the tongue, and fearful "collisions" at the convenient distance of the width of the Senate chamber; but the attentive observer cannot help feeling that there is something very theatric about all this. He sees that Aldrich and his obedient followers, at all events, in the very torrent, tempest, and, as we may say, whirlwind of their passion, are able to make it "smooth" in a sense of that word unknown to Shakespeare.

What we mean is that behind the scene of all this petulance and flurry, Senator Aldrich, Senator Hale, and their aides and confederates are quietly perfecting in secret the bargains by which they hope to make the last tariff state of the American people worse than the first. Significant evidence of this came out the other day. Senator Brown of Nebraska asked when the Finance Committee was going to report its proposed duty on wood pulp and printing paper. Aldrich replied that the amendment was not quite ready. He could assure the Senate, however, that this schedule would be reported soon, and would contain duties somewhat higher than those of the Payne bill, but lower than those of the existing law. Now, why has this schedule been held back all these weeks? Why are the duties on coal and coke—products which the House voted to put on the free list—still held "subject to modification by the Senate"? Obviously, in order that the tariff-traders and log-rollers may have material with which to do their nefarious work. They have kept some of their cards under the table, to be produced when it is necessary in order to win the game. While the oratory and the anger have been displayed in the public sessions of the Senate, the real work of distributing tariff favors and ratifying tariff bargains has been done behind closed doors, in committee rooms, or hotels or clubs. That is the method in all this Senatorial madness.

Nowhere is there any pretence that the Senatorial cabal gives a moment's thought to either the interests or the desires of the whole people. The tariff is the private business of Senators. They will attend to that. They talk vaguely, it is true, about consulting the wishes of their constituents, but they mean only that handful of manufacturers or chiefs of corporations who are rich enough to spend weeks in Washington lobbying, who have financed party campaigns and Senatorial elections in the past, and stand ready to do it again if they are allowed to write the clauses of the tariff which mean money in their pockets. A good typical case is that of the New Jersey Senators. They are ever to be found among Aldrich's fine brute majority, voting for all the high and higher duties. Yet Messrs. Kean and Briggs know perfectly well that New Jersey is a low-tariff State. It gave its electoral vote to Cleveland three times, largely on that issue. The sentiment even of the Republicans of New Jersey is unquestionably in favor of President Taft's recommendation of a revision downwards. Yet the two Senators continue to misrepresent their party and affront their State by always counting with Aldrich's high-tariff cattle.

They furnish only one illustration of the way in which a powerful "hog combine" in the Senate has been scheming and plotting, and buying and selling votes, in order to defeat the House, thwart the President, and cheat the country. As the success of these Senators becomes more evident, their effrontery increases. The mask which they discreetly wore for a time, they are now throwing away. At first, they gave out that they were entirely with Mr. Taft. Then when they were found destroying the free list and going for outrageously high duties, they explained that they knew this was not what the President wanted, but that they would see that the conference between the two houses made a tariff to suit him. But now they are saying that, so far as they know, Mr. Taft is well pleased with their out-Dingleyed bill, and that there is no reason why he should not sign it. Evidently, somebody is deceiving or deceived. As the hero asks in Beaumarchais's play: "Qui trompe-t-on ici?" There are signs in the Washington dispatches that the President is awakening to the double game which certain Senators have been playing with him. Their protestation that, though they were working tooth and nail to make a very bad bill, they really intended to make it a very good one before they finished, was all along suspicious, and now plainly appears as a mere trick. To meet it, Mr. Taft's friends in Washington are saying that he will soon make his position known publicly—by speech or letter. The time is rapidly coming when he must do so if he would not see the extra session worse than wasted, his hopes dashed, and his promises flouted.

INTERNATIONAL BAD MANNERS.

We do not know which Germany will regard as more insulting—the attacks upon her by our high-tariff Senators, or their later eulogies of her. Either, we should say, would be pretty hard to put up with. That particular display of bad manners has no great importance in itself. Foreigners have, by this time, come pretty well to understand the playful ways of our Congressmen. And as they are more and more taking up with high tariffs themselves, they see better what a provocation of anger, malice, and all uncharitableness the system of protection is. Trade wars may be the bitterest of all; and in the matter of offensive epithet applied to foreign commercial rivals, neither the German nor the English pot can call the American kettle black. From laying a prohibitory tax on foreigners' goods to charging him with trickery and deceit, is but a natural and easy step.

The evil, however, does not stop with tariffs and taxes. In all the relations between countries, there persists a vast and wholly unreasonable amount of suspicion, dislike, and latent antagonism. The Prime Minister of England recently confessed that this kind of international exasperation appears to be growing. "We live," said Mr. Asquith, "in a scare-mongering age." And the scares, of course, are all concerning the wicked designs of unscrupulous foreigners. Frank Dr. Johnson said that all foreigners seemed to him to be fools. And knaves, we add to-day. They are all the while scheming to trick and cozen us; while we, of course, are merely seeking by lawful and honorable means to take our rightful place in the world—simply to "sit in the sun," as the Germans phrase it.

Two statesmen have recently borne striking testimony to the extent and

harmfulness of this spirit of international misunderstanding and animosity. Senator Root's speech at the Peace Dinner had a passage of manly protest at the ignorant and barbaric attitude of many in this country towards the Japanese. And the other day at Mohonk, Ambassador Bryce uttered some forcible words about the urgent duty of removing "the atmosphere of suspicion" which now seems to envelop all the great Powers of the world. It is commonly said that reckless and sensational newspapers are to blame. Doubtless, they have their share of the guilt to bear, and it is a grievous one, but Mr. Bryce affirmed truly that irresponsible editors vilify foreigners only because they think the public craves such attacks. The British Ambassador added:

> Thus we come back to the people—that is, to ourselves, the ordinary citizens who are the ultimate masters both of the government and of the press. Why do we like to have other nations placed in the worst light and their defects exaggerated? Why is it thought patriotic to defy other nations and unpatriotic to indicate any faults in ourselves, any weak points in our own case?

The answer to these questions is—"pure ignorance." Bad manners go with defective education. The boor would behave better if he only knew how. And these recurring displays of international ill breeding simply show that millions of people have not emerged from that sunk condition of ignorance when every tribe thought that the men over the river or across the mountain range were natural and inveterate enemies, always lying in wait to burn and kill. To that kind of barbarism, trade jealousies and the mad competition in armaments seem to be carrying the world back with a temporary lurch. But it will be only temporary. The means of spreading knowledge are too varied and invincible to permit the darkness to settle long upon us. There is no way of laying a protective tariff on ideas. Free trade in them will go on, and will in the end scatter the anarchs and Old Night.

In all this matter, we have to discriminate between the international bad manners of public men and of private citizens. If the former are more dangerous, the latter may be more nettling. Peace may be imperilled by the statesman, but by the traveller complacency is upset. The amount of ill-will created by English writers about the United States is proverbial. But that, too, is passing away. We are not so thin-skinned to foreign critics as we used to be. If they can teach us anything, so much the better; if we can catch them ludicrously tripping, that heightens our joy. The composure with which Ferrero's criticisms have been received, as compared with those of Mrs. Trollope and of Dickens, speaks much for our gain in good nature and in philosophic calm. To take in good part even the sharpest pen-thrusts of a foreigner, is getting to be a world-trait, a form of international good breeding. An American, Price Collier, has, for example, published recently a book on the English. It is filled with briery comment, but the English reviewers seem to write of it good-humoredly. Thus the *Westminster Gazette* quotes what the author says about the English diet:

> Meat, meat, meat, and no alleviation. The vegetables are few, and even they, as Heine phrased it, "are boiled in water, and then put upon the table just as God made them." . . . The eternal round of eggs, bacon, sole, beef, mutton, ham, tongue, and chicken, with potatoes, and cabbage, and cheese, is the familiar diet of the Englishman. Nor does he complain. He wants nothing else.

But it immediately adds:

> Of course, he does not!—especially when, together with his eternal round of eggs, etc., the gods occasionally send him, among his mental food, such books as Mr. Collier's. Then he complains less than ever, but rejoices exceedingly, and reads the book from beginning to end.

That is both good sense and good manners. If all international pin-pricks could be dealt with in like fashion, the peace of the world would be more secure.

MAKING SCHOLARSHIP RESPECTABLE.

President Lowell's address at Columbia University last week carries with it the interest that always attaches to the first pronouncement of policy under a new reign. What will the young King do? Will he follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, request his Cabinet to retain their portfolios, and declare his firm adhesion to the treaties and alliances entered into by the late monarch? Or will he dissolve Parliament, clap the Minister of Finance into jail under charges of defalcation, hang the chief groom of the bed-chamber, and announce his intention to make a radical change in his country's foreign relations? The latter course has been followed, but only by hot-headed young princes. The wise ruler, upon assuming the crown, will come out for no such open break with the past, however strong his determination to govern in accordance with his own ideas. He will promulgate his complete agreement with the policies of his predecessor, but will let it be known that no rough riders, heroes of the hunting-field, and famous halfbacks need apply. He will declare for the strict enforcement of the law, but will draw the line at brass bands. He will assume responsibility for the success or failure of his reign, but will refrain from calling up his ministers on the telephone at 2 A. M. And in the end he may have built up a fairly satisfactory policy of his own out of his slight exceptions to the policies of the preceding reign.

Some such procedure is forecasted in President Lowell's Phi Beta Kappa address. The development of the elective system is the policy with which Dr. Eliot's name is commonly connected. Of the elective system, Harvard's new president has drawn up a sharp arraignment. It is true that he approaches the subject from a single side, from the point of view of one who believes that it is a powerful function of the university to foster expert scholarship. Our graduate schools are not a success, if we compare the progress of scholarship in our country either with our advance in material welfare, or specifically with the excellent work done by our professional schools. And the trouble is not that our graduate schools are deficient in the machinery of specialized training, but that they are compelled to work with unpromising material. "The graduate school," he says, "can train scholars, it cannot create love of scholarship." Such love of scholarship should be imbibed and cherished in the college, but is not; and the fault lies in the lack of the stimulus of competition. In the preparatory school we have the stimulus of discipline, of a prescribed programme. In the professional school there is the powerful stimulus of fitting one's self for earning one's livelihood. But in the college, under the elective system, there is compulsion neither from without nor from within. There is none from within, because the elective system, in breaking up the uniformity of undergraduate training, has done away with the stimulus of rivalry

which should be quite as effective in the intellectual sphere as in athletics or business.

But Dr. Lowell perceives that the elective system cannot be done away with. "No saue man would propose to restore anything resembling a fixed curriculum in any of our larger colleges. We must not go backward; we could not if we would." Remains, therefore, the task of infusing the spirit of emulation into college work by other means. Dr. Lowell thinks it necessary to free the specially gifted student from the drag imposed upon him by a minimum of scholarship fixed in accordance with the needs of the average man, and sometimes even the dunce. Some such system of honor and pass-examinations as obtains in the English universities would be in line. For the essential point is to endow scholastic proficiency with some of the outward distinctions that are so effective in rousing the spirit of competition in the heart of youth. At present, exceptional proficiency in a college student is *prima-facie* evidence of guilt. He cannot stand high in his studies without being that most dreadful of all college species, a "grind." Let us accept this common prejudice as a fact, says Dr. Lowell. Let us devise some system of examinations and rewards that shall be closed to the mere "grind." Just as making the eleven or the eight is a testimonial to extraordinary physical powers, let there be a mark by which we can distinguish our intellectually select.

President Lowell's appeal ought to find a wide response. We are not oversanguine. We do not expect to see honor examinations in mathematics or Greek conducted in the Stadium amid the cheers of thirty thousand spectators. But we have little doubt that if college presidents were as interested in advertising the scholastic attainments of their honor men as they are in the success of the football team, men with brains would cease to be actually ashamed of the fact. The tyranny of college tradition is notorious, and the tyranny of the athletic tradition is as the iron caste laws of the Brahmins. The serious student and his teacher subscribe to it as meekly as the most devoted of rooters. The man who would rather spend an hour or two with Stevenson or the Arthurian romances feels that he is breaking the law which requires his presence at lacrosse practice. The man who is unfortunate enough to get an A in his English and history slinks about with a haugdog look. It does not matter that his lessons cost him almost as little time as they do the captain of the football team. It does not matter that he spends delightful hours in the book alcoves with Lecky or the wicked minor Latin poets. No. He gets along well in class; he shows interest in his books. Therefore he is a grind, something less than a man.

If President Lowell shall succeed in vindicating the claims of the bookman against the athlete, he will have done a memorable service. College tradition grows by sufferance. A sharp dig or two at muscle-worship, a word of praise for efficient brain-work, and the silly tradition will have lost much of its effectiveness. Nor does that mean that brains and sane indulgence in athletics are incompatible. It is quite the other way. Because of our present worship of the athlete-hero, the ordinary good scholar is so completely shut off from outdoor play that he feels himself a lamed being and ashamed, ashamed of what he can do as of what he cannot. When college athletics shall have learned to take care of every student, the undergraduate who can run a little, swim a little, and make a fair showing on the diamond, will not be ashamed to make an exceptional showing in the classroom.

"IN-BREEDING" IN COLLEGES.

Critics of American colleges and universities have had not a little to say about what they call "in-breeding" in the faculties. By this is meant a tendency, actual or fancied, to prefer local graduates for local appointments. The implication appears to be that inbreediug is, *per se*, a perilous practice, and that if only the authorities can be brought to see that they are doing the accursed thing, they will stop it forthwith, and return to a healthful and beneficent exogamy. It is possible to object, however, not only to this species of "reasoning from analogy," but also to the validity of the analogy itself as supporting the position advocated. Logically, the argument bears a strong family resemblance to the kind which once graced the discourses of the old-school political orator, the expounder of modern policy upon the basis of what passed for the experience of Imperial Rome. This sort of "reasoning" comes to jar on the nerves, if one feels obliged to take it seriously; for, after having been cozened a few times by some striking but really empty or misleading parallelism, one discovers that the bulk of this sort of argument is no more than a slurring over of real distinctions.

Even allowing aualogy its due—for it often has suggestions of high value—let us consider this one of in-breeding. The parallel is plainly with human consanguineous unions, for if it were made to refer to animal or plant-breeding, it would mean little to the non-specialist. It is manifestly an appeal to the folk-prejudice against the union of near kin, a prepossession which, along with other popular beliefs, has beeu accepted without verification. Now, any thinking man realizes that human beings carry about a number of these unverified group-ideas—unverified, because life is too short and the power of the mind too limited to test more than a few of them. But they ought to be identified early in the intellectual life as a species, and as a probable source of error.

As a matter of fact, the analogy, when critically examined, yields, in several of its phases, an exact opposite of the conclusion which it is cited to support. It is not certain that even human consanguineous unions are so disastrous as people have often supposed; in any case, who could maintain that they have had less desirable results than unions from which indiscriminate human mongreis have sprung? But expand the analogy so that it takes in plant and animal-breeding. The only way to procure an animal or plant type that has any special individuality or value is precisely through isolation; that is, strict inbreeding; the way to lose such a type is to mix up the strains. After a while, to be sure, it is well to introduce some fresh blood; but this must be done with discrimination. Perhaps, if it is desired to get a product that "never was on sea or land," it would be advisable to mix varieties to the uttermost. Now, if this interpretation of the analogy be applied to a college, the case would stand something like this: if your type seems to you to possess any special value, keep up a good degree of isolation, introducing fresh blood spar-

ingly and giving it time to become diffused; if you are disgusted with your type, break it all up and start over again, by thoroughly mixing the strain and awaiting variations from which to select a novel breed. The implication in the latter case is that anything is better than what you have, for nobody knows what bizarre forms you may succeed in producing by extensive mixture.

In short, seen aright, the analogy (neglecting its vagueness and its amusing side) reduces to this: faculty in-breeding may be bad or good, according to the circumstances. But policy in the matter ought not to be influenced by an unconsciously ignorant assumption that all organic in-breeding is bad. The issue is: Good for what? Bad for what? Some faculty types should not receive perpetuation in their existing form—that is freely granted. Let these out-breed. Other types are peculiarly and characteristically strong. They are impossible, apparently, of duplication, because of that indefinable something that might be called spirit. Let these in-breed as a policy, and out-breed only within the limit of the full preservation of their individuality. Let them out-breed enough to secure constant slight variations from which gradually to improve their stock; but let them beware of running to unpredictable mutations and "sports."

This argument by analogy is slippery in the extreme, however conscientiously it is used. At all events, educated men should not allow themselves to be taken in by careless reasoning from analogy on the part of others; and they should be properly humiliated if they detect themselves in the fallacy.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A bibliographical account of the very rare map of Kentucky made by John Filson for his "History," published in 1784, has been prepared by P. Lee Phillips, chief of the map division of the Library of Congress, to accompany a facsimile reproduction made from the map recently acquired by the library. The volume, a quarto of twenty-two pages, besides the map, is published by W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. of Washington. They announce that if sufficient encouragement is received, similar monographs will be published on other rare American maps, such as Romans's map of Florida (1774) and Hermann's map of Virginia (1673).

Of Filson's map with imprint "Philad'a. Engrav'd by Henry D. Pursell, & Printed by T. Rook, for the Author, 1784.", six copies are located by Mr. Phillips, three in public and three in private libraries. The public libraries possessing impressions are Harvard, Public Library of Philadelphia, and Library of Congress. The private collections are those of the late E. D. Church and Robert Hoe of this city, and Col. R. T. Durrett of Louisville, Ky. The late E. C. Bigmore of London, an astute and careful student, informed the present writer some years ago that he had seen two genuine impressions of the map in the archives at Salamanca in Spain. At the time we had before us the Kalbfleisch-Pope copy (now Mr. Hoe's), and there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Bigmore confused the original Philadelphia map with either the French reproduction of 1785 or the English one of 1793. The two copies are probably still in Spain. Mr. Phillips has discovered a number of variations between the Library of Congress and Harvard copies, showing that the latter is a later impression taken after some alterations had been made to the plate.

"The Library of Rameses the Great," a lecture by Dr. Charles L. Nichols, read April 15, 1908, has just been published by the Club of Odd Volumes of Boston, as a pretty little book, with frontispiece and vignette engraved by Sidney L. Smith. Eighty-seven copies only are printed. Iamblicus, writing in 325 A. D. of the Egyptian mysteries, said that there were 20,000 books in this famous library, probably papyrus rolls preserved in cylinders. Dr. Nichols refers to several manuscripts in the British Museum and elsewhere, which may have formed a part of it, but nothing definite can be identified. Four pillars only are still standing of this, the oldest of all public libraries.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will hold sales on June 14, 15, 16, and 17. Several specimens of early printing, books on the Indians, and early settlements of the West; first editions of James Fenimore Cooper; a book from Longfellow's library, with his autograph, and a twelve-line poem in the autograph of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, are included.

The American auction season is about over, and not much of importance will be included in the few remaining sales.

The library of Henry B. H. Beaujoy is being dispersed by Christie Manson & Woods in London. The first portion was sold on June 7, 8, 9, and 10, and the second is to be sold on June 15, 16, and 17. "La Mer des Histoires" (Paris, 1488); the first Virgil, with a commentary (Venice, 1475); a fine French manuscript Psalterium (14th Century); Purchas's "Pilgrimes," 5 vols. (1625-26); and the first edition of Walton's "Lives" (1670) are notable books of the second portion.

On June 25, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge will sell in London a collection of old books from the library of Col. Cotes. The first collected edition of Beaumont and Fetcher (1647), with "The Wild Goose Chase" (1652) bound in; "The Pilgrimes Progress," eighth edition (1682); Milton's "Paradise Regained," first edition (1671), in the original calf; a fourth folio Shakespeare (1685); Warner's "Albion's England," first edition (1586), and the first edition of the Sarum Missal, printed in England (1498), are notable books which are offered.

Correspondence.

WAS JOHN COTTON THE PRECEPTOR OF SIR HENRY VANE, JR.?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: J. Wingate Thornton ("The Historical Relation of New England to the English Commonwealth"), seeking to establish the influential relation of the Massachusetts Puritans to the leaders of the English Commonwealth, thinks that Vane was a principal channel of that influence, and goes so far as to assert that "Vane was trained in Cotton's study." Dr. J. K. Hosmer ("Life of Sir Henry Vane") says, "This is scarcely too much to say," and gives a beautiful imaginary picture of the relation of the two men, when Vane was Cotton's guest. No evidence of this training and education is brought forward. It seems to be a pure conjecture, without any substantial proof, from the fact of Vane's residence in Cotton's home. From what we know of the two men, the probabilities are all against the reasonableness of the conjecture. We know that Vane could teach Cotton on the subject of religious toleration: why not also on the subject of church independency and polity, of true democracy in church government? In those days the two subjects seemed to be indissolubly connected.

We have no means of knowing how definite and fully ripened Vane's views were when he arrived in Boston. Edwin D. Mead says (the *Nation*, May 13, 1909): "When he came to Boston to live with John Cotton he was not an Independent, and when he went back to England he was. The inference would seem to be simple," that is, as to the fact of his training under Cotton. Perhaps not so simple, after all. It might be replied: neither was Cotton an Independent when Vane came to Boston, and more than that, he never became one, and was hardly qualified to be a sympathetic and successful teacher. So far as we have any knowledge, Vane was an independent in sentiment when he reached New England, and his experience here simply confirmed him in views already accepted, instead of teaching him new and broader views which his supposed teacher never accepted. His "training in Cotton's study" was of the kind that establishes the views which are not taught; that is, a teaching by repulsion. It is made certain by abundant testimony that Vane was an outspoken and fully ripened Independent at once when he returned to England. He was elected to Parliament in 1640, and immediately, says Dr. Ireland, "the leaders of the Independent party in the Commons were the younger Vane and Oliver St. John." Baillie, speaking of the Parliamentary discussions at that time, praises naturally the orators on the Presbyterian side, that is, those who declaimed in defence of the narrow polity and intolerance of the Presbyterians, and adds significantly, "Yet Henry Vane went on violently," on the side of the Independents.

It ought not to be necessary to repeat what is so well known and universally acknowledged, that Independency in England and Puritanism in Massachusetts Bay were not synonymous. They did not stand for the same things, either in the matter of civil or ecclesiastical polity. Dr. Hosmer says:

The first hint at Independency is perhaps found in the writings of Zwingle. [A more accurate statement would be in the publications of the Swiss Anabaptists in the sixteenth century.] It *first took form in England*, however; then developed fully in America. [It should be said it was many years in developing.] While Prelacy was dominant in the time of Elizabeth and James, little congregations of Brownists or Separatists appeared here and there in England, some of which went to Holland.

As a proof of the lack of identity between Massachusetts Puritanism and English Independency it will be sufficient to quote Dr. Henry M. Dexter, a recognized authority, who says ("Congregationalism as Seen in its Literature," p. 463):

The early Congregationalism of this country was Barrowism and not Brownism—a Congregationalized Presbyterianism, or a Presbyterianized Congregationalism—which had its roots in the one system and its branches in the other.

This important distinction between the English Independents of that period and American Independents (?) is clearly brought out by J. A. Doyle ("The Puritan Colonies," I, 127):

To such an one as Vane life in New England must have been a continuous disenchantment. [This is a plain recognition of Vane's advanced position in Independency before he came to New England.] The more cultivated men among the political reformers valued and sympathized with Puritanism. But they valued it in its moral and political aspects, as a means for the regeneration of the individual, as an ally against corrupt courtiers and arbitrary statesmen, rather than a system of theological dogma. To them the Independent system meant one under which self-constituted societies, freely brought together by common beliefs and aspirations, might work out the problems of spiritual life. In New England it meant the arbitrary rule of a tyrannical public opinion. Moreover, to men familiar with those theories of human rights which were now asserting themselves, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Massachusetts must have seemed a violation of all sound principles.

The same fundamental distinction between Brownism or English Independency and so-called American Independency is recognized and set forth as follows by Prof. Herbert L. Osgood ("American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century"):

Not only was it [religious freedom] a fundamental tenet of Robert Browne, but it lay at the basis of true Independency. The Puritans of Massachusetts were in theory Independents, and had they remained true to the principle upon which their movement began, they must have welcomed the doctrine with which the name of Roger Williams is identified. But largely under the pressure of political necessity, the Massachusetts leaders had from the beginning committed themselves to a limited and Presbyterianized Independency. In order to secure unity and strength they had sacrificed freedom (I, 235).

Finally, the tendency toward democracy in ecclesiastical and civil government was counterbalanced by the necessity for the maintenance of order and authority. The more aristocratic phases of this system were reproduced by the Presbyterians of England and Scotland; the more democratic by Robert Browne and his followers, the Separatists. An intermediate position came to be occupied by the Puritans of New England (I, 203).

In 1634, the year after Cotton's arrival in Boston, he issued a publication entitled "Questions and Answers Upon Church Government." This publication was reissued in 1643. In it Cotton maintained, according to Dr. Dexter (p. 424), "that Christ has committed government partly to the body of the church, but principally to the Presbytery of Ruling Elders." The system of ruling elders was out and out Presbyterianism to that extent. Dr. Dexter declares (p. 699):

Our historic original New England Congregationalism was a purely Presbyterian polity, only that it was applied to, and stopped short with, the local assembly.

The system was more and more departed from as the years went by, to the regret of prominent leaders. John Wise writing in 1717 ("A Vindication of the Government of N. E. Churches," p. 88), "pleads for the old New England way, as he understands and advocates it, with Ruling Elders holding their place.

Of "The Way of the Churches of Christ in New England," Cotton's publication, which Mr. Mead thinks had influence on Vane, Dr. Dexter says (p. 434): "In this I think of nothing which requires mention as adding to, or especially modifying, the views already propounded." The Cambridge Platform distinctly declared, "The term Independent we approve not." Hugh Peters said (1643), "We are much charged with what we own not, viz.: Independency." There were undoubtably different shades of belief among the churches. It was a time of transition. Some of the leaders, including Cotton, were charged with inconsistent utterances. It is doubtful if among the early New England churches of "the standing order" there were any Independent churches in the English sense or any Congregational Churches in the modern sense anywhere, excepting in the Plymouth Colony. In its ripest stage for many years it was, to repeat Dr. Dexter's accurate phrase, "Presbyterianized Congregationalism." Dr. E. H. Byington says ("The Puritan in England and New England," p. 108):

The present Congregationalism is much nearer that of the Plymouth Church than that of the Cambridge Platform.

Under that Platform churches bearing the name Presbyterian, though of the Congregational sort, were organized for a century and more. An illustration is found in Providence, R. I. The First Congregational (now Unitarian) Society in Providence, organized as late as 1720, was called Presbyterian. In a discourse on the history of the church, delivered in 1836, by the pastor, Rev. Edward B. Hall, occur these words:

The first name given to this Society, Presbyterian, I know not how to explain. It is found in the earliest records and deeds, and was long the popular, if not the only, name. . . . It is still better known probably, at least to those in this vicinity, than any other name.

The land on which the first house of worship was erected, was conveyed in 1723 to "Feoffees in trust for the Presbyterian or Congregational Society in Providence." The terms were employed interchangeably or as mutually descriptive.

No fact in history is more incontrovertible than that the Independency of England was more advanced, and more consistent than the Congregationalism of New England. The extent of its diffusion is often underestimated. The Brownists or Separatists, and the Baptists were in harmony in their views of religious liberty and of church polity. They were all Independents or Congregationalists. The Independents did not become a political party until near the close of the first third of the seventeenth century. But they had long been a positive and increasing force to be reckoned with among the religious forces of the English people, and were so active and aggressive, in spite of bitter and persistent persecution, that they had not a little to do in bringing about the English Commonwealth. They were strong enough and numerous enough to become the dominant party in England under Cromwell. Fifty-five years had passed between Browne's movement at Norwich, and the emigration of Vane, and Browne's priority is disputed by some Baptist historians. A half-century and more is ample time for a harvest, when the soil is ready. It is stated by an opponent that the presses of the Baptists "did groan and sweat under the load of their publications," which scattered everywhere their leavening influence. Green, in his "Short History of the English People," calls attention to the fact that "at the beginning of the seventeenth century scores of Independent congregations existed in England and Wales." Thomas Erskine May ("Constitutional History of England" II, 296) says: "Before the death of Elizabeth (1603) the Independents had spread themselves widely through the country." Sir Walter Raleigh declared in Parliament, before the close of the sixteenth century, that "he was afraid that there were nearly twenty thousand Brownists in England." Evidently "the New England Way," so-called, was not a new way in old England, unless its modification made it such. Vane had a thousand better qualified teachers at home, and it is safe to say, had learned his lesson well, so that he had little need of Cotton as "preceptor" during his brief experience in Boston. This will easily account for the fact which Mr. Mead, who nevertheless advocates the claim for Cotton, acknowledges, when he says: "It is also certain that the learner advanced far beyond the [supposed] teacher." At any rate, we must accept Cotton's own testimony as to the position he held, viz., "Democracy I do not conceyve that ever God did ordeyne as a fitt government eyther for church or commonwealth."

HENRY M. KING.

Providence, R. I., May 14.

MAJOR WIRZ AT ANDERSONVILLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In support of the contention which has been recently made, that Major Wirz was not responsible for the conditions at Andersonville prison, I beg to submit the following evidence of an eye witness, who was clearly speaking with the utmost sincerity.

While a passenger on a train approaching Andersonville on last Saturday, I fell into conversation with an elderly man, who evinced great interest in the new monument to Major Wirz. A few questions disclosed the fact that he was for several weeks on guard duty at the prison in the summer of 1864, when conditions were at their worst. In reply to my questions, he said:

If they was badly treated, I didn't see it. They drawed their rations just like we drawed ours, and they was the same rations. We was just as much prisoners as they was, because if we went outside the lines we was court-martialled; and we had to work for our rations.

His description of the rations was quite enough to explain illness, but he had no complaint to make, as he said they knew they received the best the authorities could furnish.

I submit that evidence of this sort, given by a man whose speech showed that he was a Southerner, and without the least idea that it would ever be printed, should have great weight. If prisoners and guards received exactly the same rations, there can at least be no truth in the contention that the prisoners were starved. Any soldier in any of the Southern armies could explain why medicine was not to be had for the prisoners. W. D. HOOPER.

University of Georgia, Athens Ga., May 26.

SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your amusing dissertation (see *Nation*, May 27) on the parlor Socialist recalls a hectic warning against Socialism, entitled "The Coming Peril," which came to my notice a few days ago.

Socialism has truly lost much of its ancient barnyard ferocity, and tamed down to a suitable playfulness for the parlor. Its fangs have been drawn, its sting removed, and what was once honest, if forceful, protest, has degenerated into a species of windy discontent with oppression, monopoly, confiscation, etc., as maltreated bywords.

Though not disposed to apologize for the injustices of the economic system, I yet fail to see how the good of the cause is served by calling things out of their names. Monopoly and confiscation are relative terms, and applied indiscriminately promise no solution.

Specific gravity counts in the economic as in the physical world. Conditions cannot be overcome by theories, nor is virtue attained through vociferous condemnation of successful brigandage. W. S.

Philadelphia, June 2.

THE HANGING OF PLANTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may not be too late to submit the following quotation apropos of the recent discussion in your correspondence column in regard to the hanging of animals. The passage is found in the work attributed to one Meister Stolle (thirteenth or fourteenth century), reprinted in Von der Hagen's "Minnesinger," vol. III, p. 5:

A king rode before the house of a good man who dwelt by the forest, and who suffered many sorrows without desert. A garden lay by the house, in which he had erected a gallows. The king said: "Good man, tell me, why have you erected this?" He said: "Full many a day the tall weeds have destroyed my good crops; these I pull out with my hands and hang them upon the gallows, that they may wither there."

B. Q. MORGAN.

University of Wisconsin, May 26.

Notes.

After a silence of six years, James Lane Allen has written a new novel, "The Bride of the Mistletoe," which will be issued by the Macmillan Company at an early date.

Little, Brown & Co. have ready for immediate publication a new work by Admiral A. T. Mahan, entitled "The Harvest Within: Being Thoughts on the Life of a Christian." This is a striking departure from the topics usually considered by our naval writer.

Nathan Haskell Dole has made a translation of Baroness von Suttner's "Memoiren," which will be brought out by Ginn & Co. The book, in its German form, was noticed in the *Nation* of February 18.

Calmann-Lévy announce a new work by Anatole France, to be called "Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-Bleue, et autres contes merveilleux."

The Sturgis & Walton Co. announce what they describe as an important book of travel to be published in the autumn. It is an account of "The Great Wall of China," by Dr. William Edgar Geil.

Buxton Forman is editing a volume of letters of Edward John Trelawny. He would be glad to have any letters of Trelawny's sent to him for inspection, at No. 46 Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, London.

"Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" (the Scientific Press) comes to us for the year 1909, with its full statistics regarding English and Colonial charitable institutions, with a chapter on American hospitals. The expenditure tables have all been remodelled in order to bring them into line with the Revised Uniform System of Accounts. In its own field the book is indispensable.

One may fairly ask whether Alexander J. Philip did not fall between two stools when he refrained from making a Dickens encyclopædia or a Dickens concordance out of his "Dickens Dictionary" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The compiler himself laments the difficulty of separating the characters and places dealt with by the novelist from merely casual allusions. This will probably be felt still more keenly by the reader, who may be counted upon to consult the volume for just those less familiar scenes and persons which Mr. Philip omits. Barring this defect, the dictionary is admirably wrought. Under the leading titles appear the chapter reference, followed by a brief description which, in the case of more important characters, is amplified by a note about the plot and setting. When possible, conjectures are added as to the historical personages who may have served as models. Dickens's own descriptions are closely followed throughout. The synopses of his works, in the introduction, are not uniformly good, though doubtless serving well enough what little purpose they have. It is to be hoped that the work will soon grow into a Dickens encyclopædia, as Mr. Philip plans.

Prof. Eugen Kuehnemann of the University of Breslau, who was exchange professor at Harvard from 1906 to 1908, has written for the *Deutsche Rundschau* a study of ex-President Eliot, which has been translated by Dr. A. W. Boesche of Harvard University, and published by Houghton Mifflin Company in a thin volume of eighty-five pages. The writer has tempered his admiration for Harvard's great president with a sufficient measure of judgment. He is interpretative rather than critical, but will undoubtedly give his German public a very adequate idea of what Mr. Eliot stood for and accomplished. To us, naturally, the little essay brings little that is new. If Prof. Eugen Kuehnemann errs anywhere it is in laying somewhat exaggerated emphasis on President Eliot's devotion to the cause of American democracy. Mr. Eliot's influence on public life has undoubtedly been notable, but, after all, it is something of a commonplace that the speeches of university presidents shall insist upon the close connection between college and country. The German reader is a bit in danger of drawing wrong conclusions concerning the aristocratic tone of the average American university other than Harvard.

"Civics and Health" (Ginn & Co.), by William H. Allen, secretary of the Bureau of Municipal Research, is not the systematic treatise which the title might lead some readers to expect. It is, however, most interesting reading, well calculated to draw attention to the exceedingly varied efforts now making to bring about a general social betterment by beginning at the bottom. The central theme of the book may be said to be that health is a right which every member of the community may properly claim, and that the most important element in the health of the community in the broadest sense is the child. The preface, by Prof. W. T. Sedgwick, intimates that the author is a prophet, but of a very practical type, albeit crying in a social wilderness. Much of his message seems to us rather vague, as, perhaps, befits prophecy, and some of his views and suggestions, mostly little suited for quotation, will not bear rigid inspection at short range; but the book as a whole can hardly fail to awaken the sympathies of even an apathetic reader. Now and then he may feel that he hears too many of the pet phrases of the settlement worker, or he may find the trend of method altogether too socialistic, the system too paternal to be quite acceptable; but the more he reads the better he will recognize that the preacher sincerely desires to reduce these evils to the lowest possible limit. It is an unexpected pleasure to come upon a thoroughly rational attitude towards alcohol and tobacco, and the mere expression of such views will create confidence in the writer's position regarding other very debatable questions. The book is well printed, and has a number of excellent pictures, whose precise relation to the text is not always obvious.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have just issued the "New International Year Book" for 1908, the second in their new series of annual volumes edited by Frank Moore Colby. In 1902 both the "International Year Book" and its senior, "Appleton's Annual," suspended publication. Their simultaneous disappearance was presumptive evidence that there was no demand for works of that character. Yet it is hard to see why the journalist, the student of contemporary politics, and the large number of college teachers whose interests lie in the yearly progress of the social and natural sciences should fail to recognize the large utility of an annual cyclopædia, provided it shows tolerable fulness and a high standard of accuracy. If history, for instance, is to go on being written in large part from newspapers, as it has been done by Mr. Schouler and Mr. Rhodes, a reliable annual compendium is both a valuable guide and sub-

stitute. The latest "International Year Book" is a handsomely printed volume of 776 large pages. It appears exceptionally strong in gazetteer matter and politics. Perhaps as valuable a feature as any is the summary of events accompanying the separate articles on the States and Territories Local politics and legislation are badly neglected in nearly all books of reference, in spite of the fact that Alexander Johnston in "Lalor's Cyclopædia" showed what admirable work can be done in that field. In the present volume the State summaries have been intelligently prepared. Here, if anywhere, error by writer or proofreader should be rigidly guarded against. Those we have noticed are of the second kind. Under Louisiana, the difference between 63,000 votes and 12,000 votes should give a majority of about 50,000 and not 40,000 as stated. Under New York, Shearn's vote for Governor is given as 33,994. This was approximately Shearn's vote in New York city; in the State it was over 43,000. Foreign statistics and politics receive very satisfactory treatment. The biography strikes us as comprehensive, but overcondensed. About 1,400 words for Grover Cleveland is not enough; or if that is enough, 800 words for Senator Allison is too much. Campbell-Bannerman and Charles W. Eliot are treated very summarily. But as a whole, the book easily demonstrates its value as a work of reference.

"Woman Through the Ages," by Emil Reich (E. P. Dutton & Co.), may interest those who are in search of facts about women dissociated from the political, social, and literary movements of their times. The "gallons" of information, poured (to use the author's own figure) into the "pint measures" of two handsomely printed and illustrated volumes, include all types of "western" women from the mothers of Egypt and the matrons and commendable *hetaræ* of Greece to the "Amazons" of America, in whom is all guile, and who have not yet found their Theseus in the "American male Cinderella." The clearest thread in the maze of biographical and descriptive material is the author's theory, already advanced in a previous work, that imperialism affects disadvantageously the position and character of woman. Upon this thread are strung specimens as diverse as the women of Athens, Sparta, Rome, and England. Although first-hand sources have been drawn upon, readers familiar with other compendia of the history and literature of classical antiquity, the middle ages, and the renaissance, and of France and England in the following centuries, will find little that is new in this book. Dr. Reich's opinions, however, are often sufficiently unprecedented, as when he asserts (inconsistently with some of his other conclusions) that it was the failure of the Greeks to develop their women which proved their ruin, or that "in the renaissance the personality of women was as yet nebulous." His knowledge of sculptured beauty is less exact than his observation of the beauties of living women, if we may judge from his failure to distinguish from Pentelic the Parian marble of the Venus of Melos. His literary preferences may be seen from his attributing to Mrs. Browning a "beauteous power of song" and to George Eliot "feeble didacticism and verbosity." His moral preferences are not always so well defined, but in general they tend to exalt the mother of the Gracchi above George Sand. The feminism of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is always an abomination to him. Since Dr. Reich disclaims having written a "history of woman," we cannot perhaps complain of his special pleading and fitful arguments. But even those who agree with him will find his entire treatment vitiated by a style at once feverish and bloodless. It is not in this way that the "few Englishmen" at whom his preface is aimed will be disabused of a *chinoiserie d'idées* about "the rôle of woman in social and historical life."

Prof. Otto Ritschl has undertaken an exceptionally difficult task in a large history of Protestant theological thought, "Dogmengeschichte des Protestantismus: Grundlagen und Grundzüge der theologischen Gedanken- und Lehrbildung in den protestantischen Kirchen." Vol. I has the special title, "Prolegomena: Biblizismus und Traditionalismus in der altprotestantischen Theologie" (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs). The author correctly feels that he is supplying a desideratum, as the theology of the early Protestant fathers has been grossly neglected in favor of the theology of the middle ages and earlier periods; or, even worse, has been judged from a wrong point of view. Ritschl has undertaken to furnish a purely objective investigation.

A new book of unusual interest to students of German literature is volume xiv of Suphan's edition of Herder, recently published. This scholarly edition has been for years almost complete. The lack of this particular volume, however, has been felt as a serious gap in the series, as it was to contain the second half of the "Ideen," with the introduction and critical apparatus to the whole work. The first half of the "Ideen," volume xiii, appeared in 1887, and scholars were beginning to give up hope of seeing the work completed in Suphan's lifetime. His duties as director of the Goethe and Schiller Archives in Weimar and supervising editor of the Weimar edition of Goethe have occupied him to such an extent that it seemed as if he would be unable to complete the Herder. But the editing of Goethe's scientific writings has put him in possession of a rich fund of material bearing on Herder's relation to Goethe. The matter of chief importance is the manuscript material which Herder left, and which throws new light on the history of the composition of the work. Volume I of the edition, we may add, was published in 1877, and reviewed in the *Nation* of May 30, 1878. The concluding volume will probably appear in 1910.

That modern English literature interests the Germans more and more, keeping pace with their study of the current English language, may be shown by a new and voluminous work, "Die englische Literatur im Zeitalter der Königin Victoria," by Dr. Leon Kellner, professor in the University of Czernowitz (Leipzig: Tauchnitz). In the characteristic style of the *Forscher* who is determined to sweep the forest and thus overlook no tree, bush, fern, or even moss, Kellner begins with a general view of literature at the dawn of the Victorian era, seeks to outline the chief characteristics of English poetry, fiction, history, and drama, as they gradually developed, and treats the leading writers, one by one, beginning with Dickens, Bulwer, and Mill, and passing through Carlyle and Thackeray to Kipling, Yeats, and Bernard Shaw. About these he groups various persons of greater or less fame, in England and America, whose lives and work were influenced by the authors especially considered. Thus Emerson and Longfellow, in their relations to Carlyle and Tennyson, are noted. German criticism, as well as English, is presented in compendious footnotes, though the work, as a whole, is historical rather than critical. Bernard Shaw comes in for a disproportionate discussion, a bias that may be explained by the frequent presentation in Germany of Shaw's plays, and several translations into German of his leading works.

The latest addition to the series Der alte Orient, published for the Vorderasiatische Gesellschaft, by J. C. Hinrichs of Leipzig, is an instructive brochure by Dr. Arthur Ungnad, entitled "Die Deutung der Zukunft bei den Babyloniern und Assyrern." It is exceptionally rich in new material from cuneiform sources.

A valuable work on the same general subject, although of an entirely different character, is V. Unruh's "Leben mit den Tieren" (Stuttgart: Franckhsche Verlagshandlung). It is a thorough psychological study of the lower animals, with excellent suggestions as to man's relations to them, and his proper treatment of them in order to develop their most useful qualities through domestication.

One of the best studies of America published in Germany is Dr. Paul Darmstaedter's "Die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika: Ihre politische, wirthschaftliche und soziale Entwicklung" (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer). In less than 250 pages the author gives a clear and comprehensive survey of the subject, showing thorough knowledge and just appreciation.

Students of philology and of history, especially readers of Livy, will be interested in the new work of Wilhelm Soltau, entitled "Die Anfänge der römischen Geschichtschreibung" (Leipzig: H. Haesel). The special purpose of this book is to show that all vital and individual features in the oldest Roman history are based on literary invention, and not like myth and folkfore, on a foundation of facts. The author asserts that no credence can be given to reports except those written contemporaneously with the events themselves. The details of this rather radical claim are developed on the basis of the oldest records, such as the Roman dramas, Ennius's "Annals," etc. The same house has also published an interesting biographical work by Dr. O. Th. Schulz of the University of Leipzig, entitled "Der römische Kaiser Caracalla: Genie, Wahnsinn, oder Verbrechen?" The writer, who is already known as the author of several larger works dealing with the Empire, has here given the latest results of psychological and historical study. In general the outcome of his research is more favorable to the Emperor than had hitherto been his lot at the hands of modern historians. In this respect he follows largely the lines of research already pointed out by Leopold von Ranke. The work is written *sine ira et studio*.

The "Weltgeschichte seit der Völkerwanderung," by Dr. Theodor Lindner of the University of Leipzig, which is to be completed in nine volumes, has now reached the sixth. This volume treats of the Modern European System of States, of Absolutism and Mercantilism, of Emancipation and Independent Thought, and of Asia and Africa. The work is largely a history of civilization. Published by J. G. Cotta, Nachfolger, in Stuttgart und Berlin.

Notwithstanding the attitude of Germans toward the French, Napoleon continues to interest them, as is shown by the regular appearance of German publications. "Napoleons Schriften und Gespräche," gathered from French, German, and also English sources, and edited by Hans Landsberg (Berlin: Pan Verlag) is the latest volume in the Napoleon Bibliothek. The editor claims for the Emperor no considerable literary ability, but believes that many of his forgotten compositions and interviews are worth reprinting. This is at least true with the account of Napoleon's meeting with Goethe, described by Goethe himself briefly and unsatisfactorily.

Some years ago Eduard von Hartmann set himself to the task of writing a "System der Philosophie im Grundriss," and now he has finished the volume containing the "Grundriss der Religionsphilosophie" (Bad Sachsa im Harz: Hermann Haacke). The clear style and direct address of the author should commend themselves to the reader weary of wandering in the underbrush of German philosophical discussion.

The special value of the fifty-seventh annual report of the trustees of the Boston Public Library lies in the fact that it shows down to the minutest details the nature and extent of the work of the library force. For instance, to deliver a book to a reader in the central library requires the "service of six different persons." The intelligence needed in some positions is shown by a list of the inquiries for information by school-children, 158 of whom came into the rooms of a single branch one afternoon in December. There are kept on file about 375 newspapers in 20 different languages and "nearly 1,700 different periodicals are in daily use." The depreciation of the value of books is such that of the million volumes in the library about 150,000 "are not worth commercially more than ten cents apiece." One cannot read the report without being impressed with the great educational value of the library, not to the city alone, but to all the scholars living within fifty miles of Boston.

According to recently published statistics of higher education in Europe, the universities there number 135, with 224,740 students. Of these institutions, Germany has 22, with 50,432 students; France 16, with 32,211 students; Austria and Hungary 13, with 28,918; Great Britain 17, with 21,614; Switzerland 7, with 6,780; Russia 9, with 20,192; Belgium 5, with 6,207; Italy 20 (not counting the one just destroyed at Messina), with 22,794; Spain 9, with 12,180; Sweden 3, with 4,972; Holland 5, with 3,918; Rumania 3, with 5,007; Greece, the University of Athens, with 2,600; Denmark, the University of Copenhagen, with 1,607; Portugal, the University of Coimbra, with 1,840; Norway, the University of Christiania, with 1,700; Servia, the University of Belgrade, with 700; and Bulgaria, the University of Sofia, with 1,014. The ten universities with the largest bodies of students are: Berlin 14,203, Paris 13,420, Budapest 6,610, Vienna 6,308, Munich 6,109, Moscow 5,790, Naples 4,930, Petersburg 4,651, Leipzig 4,630 and Madrid 4,204.

The French Académie des Inscriptions has announced a number of prizes. The Grand Prix Gobert, 10,000 frs., is divided between M. Delachenal for his "Histoire de Charles V," and M. Caillet for his "Histoire de la Commune de Lyon au quinzième siècle." The Prix Saintour, 3 000 frs., is divided among four, the chief portion going to the Abbé Roussel for his translation of the Râmâyana. The Prix Bordin, 3,000 frs., is also divided, one part going to Edmond Dautté for his "Magie et religion dans l'Afrique du nord."

Dr. Theodor Barth, the eminent German publicist, died at Baden Baden unexpectedly June 2. He was born in Duderstadt, Hanover, July 16, 1849. From his thirteenth to his nineteenth year he studied at the Gymnasium Andrianum, in Hildesheim, and spent the next three years studying law at the universities of Heidelberg, Leipzig, and Berlin, passing his examination as "Doctor juris utriusque," at Leipzig, in 1870. In 1871 and 1872 he was practising law in Bremen, for the next four years was Amtsassessor at Bremerhaven, and from 1876 to 1883 syndic of the Chamber of Commerce in Bremen, bank commissioner of the German Reichsbank, and general secretary of the Deutsche Gesellschaft zur Rettung Schiffbrüchiger. He represented the three Hanscatic cities, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck, in the committee of the Bundesrat which prepared the protective tariff of 1879. Dr. Barth was a free trader, and all through his career he energetically opposed Bismarck's protective policy. He entered the Reichstag in 1881 as member for the constituency of Gotha, and the rest of his life was devoted to the cause of Liberalism. In 1883 he took up his residence in Berlin, where he founded *Die Nation*, a weekly paper, which existed under his editorship until 1907, when the publication was stopped. *Die Nation* was devoted to politics, political economy, literature, and art, and was the organ of the best writers of the Liberal party. Dr. Barth visited the United States in 1886, 1893, 1896, and 1907. In June, 1907, he received the honorary degree of Ltt.D. from Harvard University. He wrote freely and temperately of American affairs, and issued a study of "Amerikanisches Wirtschaftsleben" in 1887, and a book named "Amerikanische Eindrücke" in 1896. His other writings were mostly contributions to *Die Nation* and to German, French, and English reviews.

Col. Alexander Kelly McClure, an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, and a well-known figure in journalism, died suddenly June 6, at his home in Wallingford, Pa. He was born of Scotch-Irish stock in Sherman's Valley, Pa., January 9, 1828. His early life was spent on his father's farm. When fifteen years old, he was apprenticed to a tanner, but was dissatisfied, and in 1846 he left. He then drifted into journalism at Mifflin, Pa., and from there went to Chambersburg. From journalism it was an easy step to politics, and as a member of the Republican convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860, he suggested that the Pennsylvania delegates should break away from Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, and vote for Lincoln. This was done, and Lincoln's name stampeded the convention. In 1868 he went to Philadelphia to live, and took up the practice of law, having been admitted to the bar in 1853. He was chairman of the State delegation to the national convention that in 1872 nominated Horace Greeley for President. In 1873, with Frank McLaughlin, he established the Philadelphia *Times*, with a capital of $50,000. In less than ten years the property was worth more than $1,000,000. In 1900 he retired from the editorship of the *Times*, and, except for articles on politics, from active journalistic work.

From Leyden comes the report of the death of Professor de Goeje, the great Orientalist. He was seventy-three years old.

A GREAT STATE.

Historic Indiana. By Julia Henderson Levering. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

The historian of Indiana has a pleasant field. Mrs. Levering exploits it to excellent advantage, presenting in a handsomely printed and beautifully illustrated book of five hundred pages a series of well-written chapters relating the development of the State through all its stages. As to its natural aspect, few American commonwealths are so attractive as a home for men. Scarcely an acre of its area is unavailable for human uses. There are no deserts, no sterile moutain tracts, no irreclaimable swamps. Its sand and gravel are of value, if in no other way, for the making of roads: its water-soaked lowlands abound in peat and fertilizing muck; its stone can be turned into masonry for cities; coal, iron, and petroleum abound beneath its surface, while above thousands of square miles of the most fruitful soil respond to the "tickling of the hoe" with such "laughing harvests" as the farmer rarely sees elsewhere. With such an endowment, Indiana is well compensated for her lack of picturesqueness: if she has no cataracts or snow-capped ranges, she has something better.

The Algonquins of the primeval period appreciated the advantages of the region, clustering numerously both north and south; and the earliest white explorers found it directly in their path as they pushed from the valley of the St. Lawrence into that of the Mississippi. Short portages at the headwaters of the Wabash and the Kankakee, opened an easy way for them to the Great River, and the trading posts were among the earliest established. The French knew it well, and their English successors saw here no less a land of promise. No episode of the Revolution is more memorable than the winning upon Indiana soil, by George Rogers Clark, for Virginia and so for the United States, of the great Northwest. Then

followed the settlement, at first an immigration from Virginia and the Carolinas, across Kentucky into the southern area; then an influx from the East across Ohio and by Lake Erie; and last an inpouring of the best European elements—a commingling of various strains into a population now in the twentieth century compact, homogeneous, and organized according to the best Anglo-Saxon traditions. These men had a great and most honorable part in the civil war; and since then, in the Union which they did so much to preserve and confirm, are conspicuous in all the best elements of American civilization.

While in general Mrs. Levering only retells a well-known story, her narrative notes a number of matters which, if ever mentioned, have been forgotten or not sufficiently recognized. Will Kentucky acquiesce in the statement that the "blue grass," her most famous resource, the product which beyond all others has made her rich and attractive, is by no means indigenous, but borrowed from her northern neighbor? Here we are told that Kentucky soldiers, returning home from Tippecanoe, carried with them the seed of what their horses had fattened on in the campaign. It is disquieting to read that in 1811 Indiana, like the Central West in general, was shaken by a terrifying earthquake. Had there been cities built of masonry the catastrophe might have assumed almost Sicilian proportions. The scattered backwoodsmen, indeed, suffered little except from panic, but rivers were turned from their courses, bills were swallowed, and habitable fields transformed into morasses. It is startling to say that for a decade or more in the twenties and thirties of the nineteenth century the centre of light and leading in America was not in any Atlantic city, but in the little town of New Harmony on the Wabash. Here came Robert Owen, accompanied and followed by many of the best scientists, educators, artists, and sociologists of the time. McClure, Le Sueur, Say, Rafinesque, Fanny Wright, and the younger Owens were members of the community, while Audubon, Prince Maximilian, the painter Bodmer, and many a scientific traveller, went and came, finding at New Harmony their most congenial atmosphere. Extravagant though the socialism may have beeen into which the enterprise fell, and of which it finally perished, it is well to have the fact brought out that many of our best and most advanced ideas as to schools, industrial methods, social reforms, and, in general, the higher moral and intellectual life, were for the first time in America voiced and put into practice at New Harmony.

We have read with particular interest Mrs. Levering's portrayal of conditions in Indiana during the civil war. The State, though for the most part devotedly loyal, contained a reactionary element which, in 1863 and 1864, became powerful and dangerous. One reads with bated breath of the struggle in those dark days of Gov. Oliver P. Morton and his supporters against the opposition, bearing in mind what would have happened had the administration failed. The strait was greatest in May and June of 1863, during the despondency after Chancellorsville. The Georgian soldiers, Longstreet and E. P. Alexander, have criticised their great Virginia captain, Lee, because he did not at that time, instead of advancing into Pennsylvania, unite with Bragg in Tennessee and advance swiftly to the Ohio. Scarcely a day's journey from Richmond by a good unthreatened railway lay the troops of Bragg. Leaving a force in Richmond to face the disheartened Federals, Lee, by the middle of May, having combined with Bragg, might have rushed for Cincinnati or Louisville. Grant's hold, just then tightening around Vicksburg, could scarcely have been maintained: with fire and sword so threatening their homes, his Western troops would not have kept to their task. On the Federal side at the moment disaffection at the heart was not less a peril than the foe outside. While Vallandigham was a power in Ohio, Voorhees, as earnest and probably more eloquent and able, was a power in Indiana. Had Lee, after reaching the Ohio, which he might have done with small opposition, pushed with his usual swiftness and force for Lake Erie, thereby sundering the East from the West, crowds of dispirited men in the Central West would have opposed no hindrance, and many would have helped. As one reads Mrs. Levering's account of these gloomy days of the Copperhead majority in the Legislature, disloyal secret societies importing arms and drilling by night, a monotonous tale of humiliation coming in meantime from the Federal armies, one can see that the chance for success just before Vicksburg and Gettysburg had become very narrow. Had Lee's strategy been only a little better, or Grant and Meade only a little less able in the summer of 1863, the "Lost Cause" might have been that of the Union and not the Confederacy.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Cords of Vanity. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

We are prepared for something unusual by the legend upon the flyleaf: "All rights reserved, including that of translation into all foreign languages, including the Scandinavian"; and we close the book, which is—fortunately—a rather unusual work, with a disposition to ponder upon the singular perversity of Scandinavians and others, who need a trespass-warning to keep them from so sterile and malodorous a field. One is reminded of the time-honored characterization of this class of fiction as worse than immoral—dull. This high-attenuation of Don Juan is worse than a rake—a cad. It is strange that a practised writer like Mr. Cabell should have used the first person. This narrative, told by an outsider, would be sufficiently cheap and sickly; when the principal character complacently smirks his way through the recital of his own misdeeds, the effect is revolting. In the Epilogue, for example, Gillian Hardress, a past Incident in the career of young Mr. Townsend—he is only twenty-six, but he began early—in her dying delirium reveals to her husband the whole ugly story of their entanglement. When she recovers her senses at the last, she lies to shield the real culprit. Townsend hears Hardress's story, and lets him go out to kill an innocent man, Townsend's own close friend, while Townsend himself is left in the pleasant sunny garden, languidly debating whether he need tell his fiancée or no. "For it would make her so unhappy; and never in my life have I been able to endure the contact of unhappiness."

The Seven Who Were Hanged. By Leonid Andreyev. Translated from the Russian by Herman Bernstein. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.

The chieftainship of Russian letters is an office of precarious tenure. In a country where art bases itself so consistently on the temper and the opinions of the hour it is inevitable that, as temper and theories change, the reputation of the artist should change with them. For some time Andreyev has disputed first place among the younger Russian writers with Gorky. Our translator assures us that Andreyev is more popular now than Gorky or Tolstoy. If that is the fact, it is because Andreyev is so intensely preoccupied with the topics of disease, madness, and death which appeal particularly to a people that has recently passed from a state of high expectations into the relaxation of defeat and discouragement. It must be noted, however, that Andreyev's predilection for the abnormal and the horrible carries with it almost nothing of that delight in physical depravity which is the hall-mark of the naturalistic school. His concern is entirely with psychical processes.

Compared with Gorky's full-blooded people, Andreyev's figures hardly live. They are most often true, but only as the embodiment of true psychological states. He more than suggests Dostoievsky in his choice of subjects; he suggests Turgenieff in the minuteness of his vision. The girl Musya, arrested with four fellow-terrorists while plot-

ting the death of a Minister, is being tried for her life. The verdict is predetermined. Instead of looking at the judges, she watches a bit of blue sky visible through one of the windows of the gloomy courtroom:

When the sky had darkened, Musya calmly, without lowering her eyes to the ground, turned them to the corner where a small cobweb was quivering from the imperceptible radiations of the steam heat, and thus she remained until the sentence was pronounced.

Now, this is a method more adapted to the short story than the novel. What Andreyev tries to do in the present book, is to study the separate souls of five men and two women—the five terrorists are reinforced by two common assassins—who are being sentenced to be hanged, who are waiting to be hanged, who are being hanged. There are paragraphs and sentences that are so real as to be a torture; but there are long passages in which the pace is forced. The sense of the inevitable is absent. It is very likely that the thought of death may have affected this man in the manner described; but it would have been equally natural for him to have been affected in a dozen different ways. It is the case of a highly gifted artist drawing up a tentative list of psychological states, and then selecting one as best suited to his purpose. With this proviso, we can not deny Andreyev an exceptional talent for seeing the truth. The last chapter, which describes the midnight summons to execution, the ride in the dark, the mustering of the seven victims for the approach to the gallows, their removal two by two, is excruciating reality and high art in its kind.

Sebastian. By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Co.

If in her earlier novels Mrs. Frankan's realism came rather strong upon the palate, making a pretty deliberate appeal to the inquisitive, not to say prurient, mind, she seems now to have taken second thought. "Sebastian" is not in all respects a "pleasant" story, but it is perfectly wholesome. It opens a little ominously, with its novelist-heroine uncongenially married to a plain man. We reflect ruefully that we are once more to have the everlasting "temperament" analyzed, at the expense of all practical virtue and common sense. Once more we shall find ourselves called upon to admire or tenderly condone faults which would be pronounced gross in grosser natures. But nothing of the sort happens. The lady novelist is not a disagreeable idol set up for us to worship, but a rather pathetic figure. She is the daughter of a great English stylist whose memory she adores, and possesses a refined little talent of her own, which has its audience. The plain man whom circumstance has allotted to her loves her devotedly and unselfishly; but he has nothing in common with her, least of all love. She becomes a mother, but remains absorbed in the bookish life, and ignorant of all deep experience. In her son she sees only his grandfather; her ambition for him is a manifestation of personal vanity. But he has also something of his father in him. There is a bond between the two which the mother cannot understand, and of which she is meanly jealous. The action progresses toward her enlightenment. Gradually she learns her lesson, sees what it is she has lightly scorned, and what it is she has childishly pursued. She writes her finest novel, but its remarkable success no longer seems to her the final triumph. She has begun to live.

There are one or two curious locutions in the book, such as: "It struck him, that his mother had stood between him and at what he ought to look."

Irresolute Catherine. By Violet Jacob. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Black Heber" this might properly have been called, for it is the stark figure of a man which rescues the tale from its otherwise rather colorless character as a bit of English rustic *genre.* Catherine is a pale wraith of womanhood, and the three or four other human figures that count in the narrative, while clearly enough cut, are altogether subsidiary to that of the wild shepherd-sectary. The theme is the primeval one: the vying of two men of different character for the favor, or rather for the person, of one woman. The opening scene, with its picture of an open-air baptism in a remote county, is both striking and touching: the luckless Catherine, with so pure an intention, comes so sadly out of it. Sadly, indeed, she comes out of every situation for which her own feeble initiative is in any way responsible. But Black Heber makes a heroine of her by mating her with himself—a very proper hero. The flavor rather than the substance of the tale, gives it unique merit. Indeed, the work as a whole has a restraint, compactness, and finish which mark it for a bit of literary art, as distinguished from the amusing catchpenny fiction of the popular book-mart.

The Russian Army and the Japanese War. By Gen. Kuropatkin. Translated by Capt. A. B. Lindsay and edited by Major E. D. Swinton. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

Of the four volumes into which Gen. Kuropatkin has cast his narrative of the war with Japan, only the last has been drawn upon for the material which is now given to the English reader in an excellent translation by one British officer and under the editorial supervision of another. The first three volumes of the entire series deal in detail with the three great battles of Liao-Yang, the Sha River, and Mukden. In his final volume, Gen. Kuropatkin presents his apologia in the form of a comprehensive investigation into the causes that led to Russia's defeat. Books written by unlucky military commanders for their own vindication make, as a rule, unpleasant reading. They blend denial with recrimination, and after shifting the main responsibility for defeat on their opponents at home, attribute the rest to fortune. Enough has been made known of Gen. Kuropatkin's personality and of his previously expressed views on the Japanese war to prepare the reader for a different sort of defence. The Russian commander-in-chief has more than once admitted that he was unequal to the task imposed upon him. And he strikes the same note of manly frankness in his introduction to the present book, when he writes:

I have been so intimately connected with the important events in the Far East and have been so largely responsible for the failure of our military operations, that I can hardly hope to take an entirely dispassionate and objective view of the men and matters that I shall deal with in the present work.

But the author of these memoirs is something more than a plain, blunt man, devoid of wit or utterance. The first impression, indeed, is that Kuropatkin was too much of a philosopher and historian to have made a successful general. He begins with a long account of the history of Russian expansion, which at first sight would seem to be going rather far back for an explanation of the war with Japan, but which the writer, in fact, turns very cleverly to his own uses. He shows, and his contention is not far from the truth, that in every war of aggression that Russia has waged since the time of Peter the Great, she has begun hostilities with insufficient troops, with poor equipment, and under mediocre command; that she has been compelled to augment her forces and train her officers and men under fire, and that victory came to her only after years of defeat. In no war that Russia fought between Poltava in 1709 and Port Arthur in 1904, has the fleet been of service to her. The implication is obvious. The war with Japan ran its natural course—for Russia. When the General states, with a seeming interest in statistics as such, that Russia's efforts to reach the Black Sea cost her 750,000 lives out of 3,200,000 men put in the field against Turkey, and that the approach to the Baltic cost her 700,000 lives out of 1,800,000 men employed against Sweden, he creates the presumption that Russia had no reason to expect such important results as a victory over Japan would have brought, at so comparatively small an outlay as the fight-

ing had cost her when peace was signed in September, 1905. The conclusion of peace was a mistake, however threatening was the internal situation that really forced the Czar's hand. Only after Mukden was the Russian army numerically strong enough to meet the enemy with a fair chance of success. Had the war gone on after Mukden, the outcome would in all probability have been different from what it was.

When we come down to details, Kuropatkin's explanations are more or less familiar. He was opposed to the war. It was brought on by the foolish policy of Witte, whose insistence on building the Siberian railway through Chinese territory was the beginning of the fatal policy of Manchurian adventure. It was hastened by Viceroy Alexeieff, Privy Councillor Bezobrazoff, and the rest of the camarilla that went light-heartedly at the seizure of Manchuria in the belief that Japan would not dare to go to war. Kuropatkin, on the other hand, was so impressed with the possibility of war that he advocated the abandonment of Port Arthur, the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and the concentration of Russian interests in northern Manchuria, where Japan would not dare to antagonize them, and would not care. But Alexeieff, in spite of the Czar's repeatedly expressed desire for the maintenance of peace, persisted in his policy of unarmed bluff till the break came.

To the Japanese, Kuropatkin concedes pretty nearly all the virtues claimed for them by their admirers. They had prepared for a long time, and thoroughly; they entered the contest with an intimate knowledge of the terrain the war must be fought on, with full appreciation of the magnitude of the task that confronted them, and with a fanatical devotion that made the common soldier an ideal instrument in the hands of their highly-trained commanders. With the Russians it was all the other way. The men with the colors fought well, but the reserves were poor material as a whole. Many of them had been away from the colors for nearly twenty years, had forgotten their training, and did not even know how to use the new-pattern rifle. They were unsteady under fire, and broke ranks at the least excuse. The commander-in-chief frequently saw a wounded soldier escorted to the rear by ten sound fighting men. Partly responsible for this was the wretched auxiliary organization which forced combatants to do the work that should have been done by the medical corps. The officers showed lack of training and inability to preserve discipline.

But, above all, it was the utter lack of preparation that brought defeat. Russia began the war with a ludicrous conception of the actual and potential strength of the enemy. Kuropatkin admits that he himself, in estimating Japan's war strength, had failed to take into account her splendid facilities for developing her second line of battle; and it was the Japanese reserves who took Port Arthur and struck the decisive blows at Mukden. The General quotes from a report by a Russian military attaché, who was present at the manœuvres of the Japanese army shortly before the war. No less than fourteen capital defects were enumerated by this expert, among them being: a hard and fast, inelastic form of attack independent of local conditions; the absence of proper flank protection; the absence of a definite object in attack; the disbelief in cold steel; the inclination to avoid enclosed and, particularly, hilly ground; the inclination to use direct frontal attacks without turning movements; the tendency to retire too rapidly; the disinclination for night operations. Now, if a military critic were asked to enumerate the technical reasons for Japanese success in the war that followed, he would mention their excellence in precisely those features that the Russian expert found them so deficient in. This specific case symptomatizes Russia's general preparedness for the war.

Thus Kuropatkin illustrates in detail the general principles he lays down at the beginning. Russia should never have engaged in the Manchurian adventure; once engaged, she should have done her best to avoid war; with war unavoidable she should have prepared; forced into war without adequate preparation, she should have held the field till time and training and her immense resources in men turned the scale in her favor. None of these things she did.

Modern Accounting: Its Principles and Some of Its Problems. By Henry Rand Hatfield. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

Within the limits that he has marked out for himself, Professor Hatfield has produced the best treatise on accounting that has yet appeared in the United States, and it is difficult to find its superior in the English language. It is not a book on technical bookkeeping or auditing. Its pages are not filled with accounting forms, or with detailed instructions as to how to enter this item or that. Such statistical and accounting details as are found within its pages are designed to illustrate the argument, and all reference to the bookkeeping art has been relegated to one brief concluding chapter entitled, Technical Improvements in Accounting Practice.

Neither is this a book on the philosophy of accounts, which would be likely to carry the reader into endless and often fruitless speculation. It strikes a happy mean between the extremes of the theoretical and the practical, and presents what might be called a comparative study of accounting practice rather than any dogmatic scheme of the author's own. It is unusually free from newly invented terminology, and employs, in the main, designations that are current in the best accounting and business procedure.

The book is quite complete in its discussion of the unsettled problems of the science. Both sides of the case are clearly presented, and usually the author's own opinion concludes the discussion. Only occasionally does he dismiss the subject without comment after the evidence is all in. A characteristic feature of the work is the frequent quotation from decisions of English and American courts, from the commercial codes of Germany, France, and Austria, and from the commentaries of leading jurists. In fact, if one general criticism were to be passed upon the treatise as a whole, it would be that the author shows himself a little too ready to accept the best current practice and the decisions of the courts as final, instead of basing his conclusions upon fundamental financial and economic principles. Yet the book is written as a working manual, and this is possibly a sufficient justification of the method employed.

But the impression should not be created that the author always agrees with the courts or with the accountants. For example, in one of his best chapters, that on Depreciation, he comes out flatly in opposition to American court decisions, and demonstrates in a convincing manner that depreciation is properly an expense, and that profits are not correctly stated until an adequate charge against gross earnings has been made to cover wasting assets. This is significant in view of the hostile attitude assumed by the railways toward this identical theory when issued in the form of an order by the accounting division of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Furthermore, he urges accountants to transcend the limits under which courts labor, and says in connection with a discussion of profits:

> For a more perfect rationalization of the legal dicta concerning profits it will probably be necessary to await the day when the growing dignity of the profession of accounting shall cause its principles to permeate the ranks of bench and bar.

As for the accountants, he boldly risks the condemnation of the entire profession by taking the reasonable attitude that there is no objection, in the case of wasting properties, such as mines, to the distribution of the entire earnings in dividends without any reserve for depreciation, provided only there are no creditors to be injured.

But what impresses one most favorably with this book is the high ground it takes with reference to the function

of accounts, and the duty of the accountant—a constant reiteration in one form or another of the sound principle that the purpose of accounts is to reveal the truth, not to conceal it. This is the author's guiding principle in all the rulings he makes concerning disputed questions of practice. For example, he frowns upon the common practice of charging discount on bonds to construction or capital account; he insists, in the face of weighty accounting and legal authority, that undervaluation of assets, and the establishment thereby of a secret reserve, fall far short of the ideal standard of accounting; that goodwill may properly be included in the inventory only at its cost, and that if it costs nothing, it cannot be included at all; that if stock is paid for in property at an inflated value, the inflation should be clearly shown in the accounts. "Conscious misstatement," he says, "which exists all too often in corporation finance, which indeed has been characteristic of American finance, is an outrage to the principles of accounting."

The book begins with a lucid treatment in two chapters of the principles of double-entry bookkeeping. Then follows a chapter on the balance sheet, out of which grow the succeeding chapters which treat of the individual items of the balance sheet and the problems suggested by them. If any chapters were to be selected for special commendation, they would be those on Depreciation, Profits, and Surplus and Reserves.

The Poetical Works of John Dryden. Cambridge Edition. Edited by George R. Noyes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.

After Johnson, Malone, Scott, Lowell, Collins, Christie, and Beljame, it should seem that, without the discovery of new material or the possession of extraordinary critical powers, an editor of Dryden can scarcely hope to surpass previous accomplishment except in the matter of bibliographical and textual exactness. Herein, at any rate, lies the importance of the "Cambridge Dryden," which "seeks to justify its existence" by its volume, by its carefully collated text, by its chronological arrangement, and by its reproduction of many of Scott's notes. The basis of the book is a text which has cost years of labor and which deserves unqualified praise. In the case of the Virgil the textual improvements are particularly frequent and significant. The chronological arrangement is an advantage, although it is necessary to remember, in using the book, that the texts are arranged strictly by date of original printing, not by date of the corrected editions which very properly form the basis of the present text.

Scott's notes, although usually omitted when inaccurate, are often quoted (p. 521, l. 20; p. 751, l. 131, etc.), when they are in nowise distinctive. To many these notes will be most valuable when (as on p. 392, l. 417) they tell most about Scott. His inaccuracies, it may be remarked, have not always been so discreetly dealt with; for instance, Ker ("Essays of John Dryden," 1900, II, 244, l. 27) relies upon one of Scott's notes, which, in three lines, contains three outrageous blunders. The editor's own notes reveal an admirably thorough and even knowledge of various sources of illustration. Perhaps they are a trifle less full than usual in their explanations from contemporary events, and rather more helpful when they deal with Dryden's classical allusions and French sources. The classical allusions, indeed, are over-explained: the reader for whom it is necessary to translate "impar pugna" or "pondere, non numero," or to explain that "the Stagirite" is Aristotle, or that Leander is "the lover of Hero, drowned in swimming the Hellespont," will hardly be able to master the frequent quotations from French critics of the seventeenth century, upon whom, as might be expected from one of his earlier studies, Professor Noyes draws liberally. Most of the notes, however, are judicious as well as learned, and many are really contributory.

The bibliographical notes are admirably careful. For instance, upon a certain passage in the preface to the "Fables," Ker (II, 261, l. 21) has the note:

> James Drake wrote an answer to Collier. "The Ancient and Modern Stages Reviewed, or Mr. Collier's View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage set in a True Light," 1699.

Professor Noyes's note reads:

> Dr. James Drake wrote in answer to Collier a work called "The Antient and Modern Stages Survey'd; or, Mr. Collier's View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage set in a true light," published anonymously in 1699.

In seven points, two of them striking, Professor Noyes's quotation of this title is different from Professor Ker's; and in every instance the former is correct. The case is typical of the chief strength of the "Cambridge Dryden"—its enormous accumulation of minute improvements upon previous editions.

The Valley of Shadows: Recollections of the Lincoln Country, 1858-1863. By Francis Grierson. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

The author of this fascinating book of reminiscence, known to English readers by his volumes of essays entitled "Modern Mysticism" and "The Celtic Temperament," and to music-lovers of a former generation by his extraordinary singing and piano-playing in Paris and other European capitals, was born in England in 1848. When less than a year old, his father, a brother of Gen. B. H. Grierson, the noted Union cavalry officer, emigrated to America, and settled on the Illinois frontier; and there the boy, delicately sensitive and keenly observant, grew to manhood. What affected him most was not the material development of the country or its growth in population and wealth, but the spiritual and even mystical significance of the life there led. With a literary charm curiously suggestive of Charles Egbert Craddock and James Lane Allen, he describes for us the restless solitude and vastness of the prairies, its tall grass billowing like the sea; the hard, lonely lives of the settlers, buoyed up by neighborly kindnesses and a firm religious faith; the gloomy forebodings occasioned by the appearance of a comet; the preaching of the unlearned circuit rider and the emotional outbursts of the campmeeting; and the thrilling experiences of the men and women who, in the fear of God, aided the escape of fugitive slaves. No one who reads his pages will soon forget the figures of the author's mother, reading her prayer-book as the slave-hunters approach the cabin door; or of Kezia Jordan, the sweet singer; or of Zack Caverly, nicknamed "Socrates"; or of Elihu Gest, the "Load-Bearer"; while the account of the Lincoln-Douglas debate is a piece of description as valuable as it is altogether admirable.

Unfortunately, our measure of praise must be lessened by the fact that the book, as a whole, does not hang well together. The thread of incident running through the first two-thirds of the volume gives it somewhat the character of a novel, drawing the reader eagerly on to see how it is to turn out; then the story abruptly ends, and the remaining chapters deal for the most part with matters having but slight connection with what has gone before. The three chapters given to Fremont and his experiences, though interesting in themselves, have nothing to do with the rest of the book; and the same must be said of the chapter on Gen. Grierson and his raid. It is matter of sincere regret that a work which makes, in large part, so welcome an addition to autobiographical literature should not have been more consistently carried out.

Science.

The Interpretation of Radium. By Frederick Soddy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

The discovery of radium, with its extraordinary property of giving off energy spontaneously, following closely on the discovery of the Roentgen ray and other forms of radiation, has aroused

such a keen interest among the general public, that books on these subjects are eagerly welcomed. To find a parallel, we should probably have to go back to the early part of the last century, when the properties of current electricity were discovered, and wide-spread interest in them was soon awakened. The influence on civilization of the harnessing of the electric forces leads us to wonder whether this radiant energy may not, in turn, exert a profound effect on future conditions of life.

Books on the marvels of science are common enough, for the most part written by persons of unbounded imagination and small knowledge, who turn speculation into fact and hypothesis into theory. But this one is not of that sort. Mr. Soddy was for years associated with Prof. Ernest Rutherford in his important experiments, and with him elaborated the generally received theory of radio-activity. He has recently gone to the University of Glasgow, and now publishes the substance of a series of six popular lectures given there. Although the matter has been worked over and expanded, it still bears the impress of the lecture-room, and in consequence suffers somewhat when read in book form. Still the story of the discovery of the radio-active substances, of the rapid development of both our experimental and theoretical knowledge of the subject, with its momentous possibility of the transmutation of the elements and the existence of atomic energy, is well told. Indeed, the account is in such clear and simple terms that any educated person should be able to learn what has so far been done.

While approval should be given to this first and most important part of the book, not so much can be said of the latter portion where the broader relations of radio-activity to life and character are discussed. It is perhaps unavoidable that one, so immersed in a new and fascinating study, should feel that its possibilities are unlimited, but it is to be regretted when vague hopes are allowed to extend beyond the private study. Darwin has set us such an example of restraint in this matter, that we have little patience with those who give loose rein to wild speculations. And when we remember that Darwin's theory of natural selection has, for the most part, proved inadequate, while his doctrine of evolution has stood the test, we can have little doubt that the same fate is in store for the present theory of radio-activity, which supposes a regular and orderly explosion of the atoms of the elements. What if some atoms do explode with tremendous energy, does it follow that we shall be able to make them do so at our pleasure? Or when we have accomplished this, will the struggle for existence come to an end, as Mr. Soddy seems to believe? Such knowledge, leading "to physical power and dominion over nature," has, on the contrary, in the past, rather sharpened the struggle.

It is with a sensation of the gravest misgiving that we follow the writer, a man who has achieved distinction in the mastery of a difficult subject, when he suggests that the myths and legends of our unsophisticated ancestors are the traditions carried down to them from enormously more remote progenitors, who lived in a state of transcendant happiness and power due to a profound knowledge of radio-activity and the ability to explode atoms. "The mystic symbol of matter, known as Ouroboros —the tail devourer," the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, existence in the "Garden of Eden," may mean all this, and the "Fall of Man from the Garden of Eden" may symbolize what we quote:

> Possibly they [our happy demiurgic progenitors] could explore the outer realms of space, emigrating to more favorable worlds as the superfluous to-day emigrate to more favorable continents. One can see also that such dominance may well have been short-lived. By a single mistake, the relative positions of Nature and man as servant and master would, as now, become reversed, but with infinitely more disastrous consequences, so that even the whole world might be plunged back again under the undisputed sway of Nature, to begin once more its upward toilsome journey through the ages. The legend of the Fall of Man possibly may indeed be the story of such a past calamity.

A knowledge of radio-activity and the atom is apparently a very dangerous thing.

It is a pity that a book that is in other respects so good, should be marred by such crudities. Nor should we have dwelt so much on them, if there were not the urgent need of emphasizing the supreme importance of sobriety of thought in matters of science. An intelligent man can discount the statements of the made-for-sale books on the wonders of nature, but Mr. Soddy's work bears the stamp of the trained scientific thinker, and he should not permit himself to set so pernicious an example.

Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. By Frederick William Stack. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20.

In this attractive little volume there is condensed a large amount of information concerning the more common plants about which children are likely to ask questions. Here are the answers. The descriptions are accurate as well as readable, the nomenclature is free from caprice, and the illustrations are excellent. The general classification is based on color, like that of more than one popular treatise, and therefore makes a bid for all those who care to move in lines of least resistance. Having decided on the color of the open blossom, one turns to a group of species generally having this color, and then a desultory search begins. It is just at this point that a good many would find a series of simple keys helpful, because the grouping under color is not always free from confusion.

It seems to us a pity that some bold spirit does not go back to the most satisfactory artificial system yet devised, and allow the seeker to count stamens and stigmas, just as his grandfather did, and just as the amateur botanist in Germany or Switzerland can do to-day with his local botany. There seems to be on all hands a fear lest the restoration of the Linnæan system, as an aid, should be regarded as an unpardonable lapse into errors of the past. But we can say to those who dread this reproach, that Garcke and a host of others in Europe are good company in error, if indeed it be error. It may be necessary to state to all who will regard our suggestion as heretical, that in most of the local and general floras on the Linnæan plan there is also a good presentation of the natural system.

The volume which we now have before us was written by one who has studied his plants largely in the field. The descriptions are vivid and clear, and, so far as we have seen, are free from unnecessary prolixity and repetition. Here and there the author has used language which seems to us a trifle too strong, as, for instance, on page 268, in his account of poison ivy:

> Nearly every one is familiar with the unpleasant effects produced by contact with this treacherous and exceedingly poisonous vine, which has undoubtedly caused more harm to mankind than all other plants together.

One suspects that the writer of these lines must have been suffering from incautious handling of poison ivy at the time. Furthermore, some of the definitions would bear recasting: thus, bract is "a small modified leaf at the base of or upon the flower-stem" (p. 393), whereas the bract of Skunk-cabbage or of Jack-in-the-pulpit may fairly be called pretty large. Again, the definition of stigma carries with it a decided ambiguity—"The tip or side of a pistil, through which the pollen is received, by means of tiny tubes which penetrate the style and convey the minute grains to fertilize the seeds within the ovary." The sentence might well be reconstructed, especially the last clause.

But it is hardly right to call attention to the few blemishes in so good and useful a book. It is filled with interesting folklore and old-fashioned herbal hints. The reader will probably be surprised to learn how many of our common plants could be used as domestic remedies, especially in view of the fact that so very few of them are so used. Those to whom the author's medical hints will

come as a surprise, will be grateful that they have escaped so much in the disuse of the herbs.

According to the thirteenth annual report of the New York Zoölogical Society (1908) the society is in a flourishing condition, and is extending its operations in many new directions. The membership now numbers 1,673, and a new class of Fellows has been established to include members who are working zoölogists. The elephant house and the administration building are the latest additions to the Zoölogical Park, while a zebra house and eagles' aviary are planned for the near future. The total number of animals on exhibition exceeds that of any other zoölogical institution, there being 682 mammals, 2,615 birds, and 1,282 reptiles, a total of 4,579 living specimens. In the preservation of wild animals the officers of the society have been instrumental in establishing the reservations for bison in the West, which will probably result in the rescue of these splendid animals from extinction. The society is just entering upon its third field of work, that of zoölogical research. Among the notable results have been those from the experiments in the effect of the environment upon the plumage of birds carried on by C. William Beebe. Other lines of research are at present in full progress. A remarkable item in the report of the director of the aquarium is the attendance for 1908, which was 2,536,147. The national collection of heads and horns has received many valuable accessions, and will find a permanent home in the new administration building. The report of the veterinary shows that the death-rate among the larger animals has been very low. Pneumonia was the cause of death in twenty cases; gastro-enteritis in 15; 10 were killed by cage-mates, 9 died from tuberculosis, 8 from distemper, and 6 from rickets.

The salient feature of the *National Geographic Magazine* for May is the "Call of the West," a description of the work done by the government in reclaiming our arid lands through artificial irrigation. It is a wonderful story of progress and achievement which C. J. Blanchard, statistician of the Reclamation Service, tells, the emphasis being laid not so much on the rich crops raised as upon the development of an ideal condition of rural life and upon the fine types of men and women in these new Western homes. The article is profusely illustrated, as is the account by G. Shiras 3rd, of Frank M. Chapman's "Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist." Announcement is made that the National Geographic Society intends to prosecute geographical exploration and research, and also to award medals, society and special, for meritorious geographic work.

The death is announced of Bartholomäus von Carneri, author and critic, in his eighty-eighth year. He was a faithful follower of Darwin. Among his works are: "Moderne Faustrechte," "Demokratie, Nationalität, und Napoleonismus," "Sittlichkeit und Darwinismus," "Gefühl, Bewusstsein, Wille," and "Entwicklung und Glückseligkeit."

From Berlin the death is reported, at the age of sixty-five, of Wilhelm Engelmann, professor of physiology in the University. He wrote largely on the subject of muscular and nervous anatomy.

Drama.

Shakespeare and His Critics. By Charles F. Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., $1.50 net.

It is not only as a comprehensive review of Shakespearian criticism in English—a review rapid enough to show the configuration of the whole country without being so cursory as to blur its features—that Prof. Johnson's book is interesting. It is interesting also as a kind of review of English criticism and literary taste in general; for Shakespeare is after all a good deal of a critical touchstone, and in trying him criticism also tries itself.

As a matter of fact, the net result of such a development would seem from Prof. Johnson's survey to consist in a settled disposition to regard the characters of Shakespeare as independent realities in themselves, and to judge them by an application of the standards and criteria of actual life—in a word, to consider them as historic rather than artistic creatures. Such a consummation may not be an unmixed gain. Dramatically, remarks like the following would seem in one sense to be as much the result of a mental confusion as the scholastic objection to the authenticity of the Iliad because Helen calls the roll of the Greeks in the tenth year of the war:

> But Iago is shown plucking the gull Roderigo in a manner which evinces long practice. How is it possible that he can have robbed his victim for years without the knowledge of his fellow soldiers? Such a man soon earns his reputation, yet Iago is called "honest" by all. Again, how is it possible that Iago's malevolence was not called out till he was disappointed in his promotion?

But whether irrelevant or not, this is the sort of question that has come more and more to be put to Shakespeare in one form or another. It is thoroughly characteristic of Dr. Bradley's "Shakespearean Tragedy," which Professor Johnson esteems "the most notable piece of literary criticism that has appeared since the day of Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt." In short, there can be no doubt that the present position of criticism is fairly represented by the author's statement that "Shakespeare's characters are so much like natural products that a certain amount of scientific realism is necessary to their interpretation."

But while this, or something like it, is the upshot of his survey, his volume, though hardly pretending to be more than an outline of other people's opinions, is not without significance of its own. Shakespeare, no doubt, is a subject to kindle at moments even the dullest commentators. But unfortunately he is as heady as he is inspiring. And it is not the least of Prof. Johnson's merits that he should hold the balance of good sense so true, and should apply to each critic so justly his proper corrective. Nor, on the other hand, is there wanting a certain amount of independent criticism, though in accordance with the plan of the book it is necessarily incidental and scattered. Exceptionally consecutive and suggestive, however, is his comment on Hamlet, evidently a favorite subject. And although it is a little difficult to agree with his view that Hamlet at thirty "is a man paralyzed by elemental shame" of woman's frailty; it is impossible to dissent from his thoroughly sane conclusion that Hamlet's "mystery" is his own originality, and has only a speculative or analytic, not an artistic, reality, disappearing very largely in acting or in appreciative reading. "It is impossible to predict how a man of high intellectual qualities and a specially developed emotional nature will act in circumstances that try his soul. When he does act, it is impossible to explain why he did what he did. He did it because he was himself."

The weakest part of the volume is the treatment of eighteenth-century criticism, for whose ideals Professor Johnson has so little sympathy that he misses even the kernel of truth that was in it. Indeed he does the French or classic point of view rather meagre justice. In his sketch of Shakespeare's foreign critics—which is rather incidental to the main issue, to be sure—he dismisses the French, who in the person of men like Stapfer have deserved none so ill of us, in a manner which is hardly less than contemptuous in comparison with his treatment of the Germans. Within his proper English limits, however, his account, without being exhaustive, is thoroughly representative. And while such household names as Rolfe and Hudson are omitted from the roll of living commentators, it is presumably for the reason that they have declined to see Shakespeare steadily and see him whole.

There was practically a new play at the Empire Theatre in this city Monday night, when Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore interpreted "The Mollusc" with the atmosphere and characterization that made Mr. Davies's comedy such a success in London. The performance was at once a vindication of the author, a demonstration, by comparison, of the value of finished acting and a striking condemnation of that managerial obtuseness that gave this city an "olio" in place of a work of art. The comedy has already been seen here in the rough, and no story of its action is necessary. In many aspects it is a gem. In the first place, there are only four characters and one stage setting, a feat of

dramatic construction almost as rare from the author's point of view as it must he precious to the box-office. With this limited field of energy there are no dull moments, no merely theatrical sensations. The action runs along with the utmost simplicity, culminating in a delightfully natural manner at the close of each of the three acts, and the last act is as entertaining as the preceding two. The whole leaves an impression as wholesome and refreshing as the English country garden in which the retired Colorado rancher loved to walk at sunrise—with the charming governess, of course. It was a treat to hear pure English spoken with trained diction by melodious voices. Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore seemed to have discovered at least the signposts to Elysian Fields where heroes laugh at age. For, welcomed as Sir Charles was on hespangled Broadway with a crowded house and multiplied calls it must not he forgotten that here is a player who was at the front in days of long ago, when there were men of stature on the hoards who had traditions to maintain. The simplicity of his acting and the ahsence of apparent effort were a lesson much needed to-day. He was modestly impersonal in his little speech at the end of the second act. Miss Mary Moore proved a revelation that made many rub their eyes and ask if they could he mistaken in recalling her as the demure comédienne of the old Criterion Theatre more than twenty years ago. As an actress she has matured in her art. It was a charming revelation. The other players were Sam Sothern as the hushand, and Miss Lillias Waldegrave as the governess, both of the London company. Mr. Sothern's performance is notahle for what he refrains from doing that could so easily he done with disastrous effect hy a more self-conscious or less experienced player. Miss Waldegrave is a tall, typical English girl, with a pleasant voice and a sincere method of portrayal.

The withdrawal of "The Narrow Path" from the hoards of the Hackett Theatre, in this city, is not in itself a matter of much importance. The piece was too dull and silly to he very mischievous, and must, in any case, have fallen into quick ohlivion. But the attitude of the owner of the house is especially welcome as an indication of returning managerial common sense. He demanded the removal of the play on the ground that it was a nuisance which would damage his property. This is a point on which the *Nation* has often insisted. When other theatre-owners and directors fully realize that temporary gains derived from concessions to the coarser appetites of the vulgar will not compensate for the permanent alienation of the great hody of decent supporters of the theatre, the purification of the stage will be effected promptly. In matters of this kind the pocket is likely to he more sensitive than the conscience. The argument advanced against "The Narrow Path" applies with equal validity to several other realistic pieces of the current season. These may he making money now, but they will not prove profitahle in the long run, as their promoters will discover when the reaction that inevitahly follows after an intellectual and moral debauch once sets in.

Eugène Lintilhac continues his history of the theatre in France hy a fourth volume on comedy in the eighteenth century (Flammarion). This author is a member of the French Senate.

Music.

MUSICIANS AND MANAGERS.

The death last week of Henry Wolfsohn removes from the musical community of New York one of its most interesting and influential figures. The founder, some twenty-five years ago, of the first musical bureau to be established in this city after the model of foreign agencies, he had become so powerful as fairly to dominate, in the eyes of many persons, the concert field, not only in New York, but in the country. To say that almost all programmes of first-class concerts bore his name or were made up through his agency, would be an exaggeration. But the list of "stars" whom he managed, at one time or another, contains the bulk of the names most familiar to the concert-going public. Hundreds of music-lovers who never saw him have drawn from his bureau the artists who entertained their guests. Fritz Kreisler, Schumann-Heink, Josef Hofmann, Mischa Elman, Louise Homer, and Corinne Rider-Kelsey are a few of those who have made money through and for Mr. Wolfsohn. And, if rumor is correct, he reaped a wonderfully rich reward for his industry and ability.

Not that Mr. Wolfsohn was popular with the artists who came to him. Many would have preferred to give him a wide berth, and hated to pay his commissions. These were often superimposed upon those claimed by the German or English agent who had originally lured the musician into his net, so that even a well-established artist might have to pay out 40 per cent. or more of his earnings before receiving anything himself. But as Mr. Wolfsohn's influence grew it became more and more necessary for young and struggling artists to turn to him. What position is there more trying than that of a young musician who arrives in New York without much Continental fame and without having been heralded by skilful advance agents? We have in mind one who had made for herself an excellent place in Berlin. Arriving here practically friendless, so far as persons having large influence were concerned, she turned at once to Wolfsohn. He demanded $5,000 to launch her properly. As this was far beyond what remained of the sum she had left over after her education, she took the next steamer back to Germany—a land not without its music bureaus, but far more friendly to budding genius.

Indeed, in Berlin, advance advertising of a new prodigy seems to hurt the performer about to make his début. The critics resent being told in advance about his artistic ability; they are there to judge for themselves. So the advertisements of first appearances are merely brief notices. Later on, there may be greater publicity, but even then Germans have not reached the stage of advertising musical talent, as one does soap, or patent oats, or the newest automobile. That, said one of Mr. Wolfsohn's rivals recently, is the way to make sure of success—"It all depends on how much money you want to spend in advertising." But these advertising charges sometimes cover a multitude of sins. There have been cases where the entire sum has been wasted, or even pocketed, by the agent. Another trick of the dishonest manager is to tell the artist—when properly reduced to despair by a fruitless search for engagements—that if he pays, let us say, $150, he may appear with some soloist of established repute. The victim sometimes discovers that the $150 never reached the brother-performer, but stuck to the agent's fingers. Again, if a society in Waukesha engages an oratorio singer through a bureau, it has no means of knowing whether the $400 check it sends for a well-known soprano reaches the performer intact, or whether the agent turns over only a half.

It is this sort of experience which has led one violinist of international renown to fix his price at $150 an appearance and to insist upon its being paid to him entire. Whether his manager makes $200 on the side by a higher charge to the orchestra, does not interest him. He feels that $150 is reward enough, and does not care if the manager, and, as occasionally happens, the music committee or leader of the saengerfest gets a rake-off as well. For orchestras, too, even the longest established, have frequently drawn their soloists from Wolfsobn—to the despair of young performers who would not or could not meet Wolfsohn's terms, and of others who had no European experience to interest managers in their careers.

What, then, is the remedy? Mr. Wolfsohn's bureau is sure to go on as did its famous pattern, the Wolf agency in Berlin, after the death of its founder; and there will always be struggling artists without the common-sense, or means, or ability, or reputation, to manage themselves. No better way of bringing artists and public together has been suggested. A change for the better can only come through the raising of the tone of all the agencies and the checking of the too-powerful by able competition. There is now an effective remedy for the artist-employing class: make sure that your check for the fee agreed on reaches the artist, even when you hear of him through an agency, and, wherever possible, deal directly with the musician himself.

A notable movement to encourage the production of new opera is just announced in Germany, whereby every three years two prizes of 10,000 marks each and two prizes of 2,500 marks each will be given for the best works by "Young Germans." The contestants will be allowed to offer almost any kind of a musical composition known as operatic, but each piece must be at least an hour long. All compositions offered will be passed upon by two successive committees of eminent musicians in Germany, among whom is Richard Strauss, and the two first operas to receive the chief prizes will be produced in the Hamburg Theatre, in November, 1910, and in January, 1911.

Art.

"FAIR WOMEN" IN PARIS.

LONDON, May 29.

It may be because ours is the Age of Woman, as Édouard Rod makes one of his people say, but certainly it is only necessary to fill a gallery with the portraits of women to draw the crowd. Artists complain of hard times, many exhibitions scarcely pay their way, but the International Society in London has found it worth its while to give a show of "Fair Women" two winters running, and this spring in Paris two exhibitions of the kind, following others in previous years, are open at the same moment, both well attended though the price of admission is double that usually asked elsewhere.

However, in France, where there is some sense of order and logic, it is not quite enough to get together any chance collection of portraits of women —some reason must be found for it. At the Exposition de Cent Portraits de Femmes in the Salle du Jeu de Paume in the Garden of the Tuileries, all the portraits are of the eighteenth century, fifty by French painters, and fifty by English, so that a comparison may be made. At Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, the exhibition is of Portraits de Femmes Sous les Trois Républiques, and the result is that, in both cases, the collection has historic as well as artistic interest.

The exhibition in the Garden of the Tuileries is in every way the more interesting of the two. The period covered is, as a whole, finer, more care seems to have been taken in the selection of examples and in their arrangement, and the comparison between the French and English work is delightfully suggestive. It would be still more suggestive if the English pictures all reached the same level of excellence. I have heard it said that the recent exhibition of English pictures of the same date at Berlin, has discouraged some owners from parting with their treasures so soon again. But, however that may be, I have often seen a more splendid series at the Winter Exhibition of old masters in the Royal Academy, and even once in Paris in 1900. The principal British portrait-painters are all represented—Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, down to Lawrence and Raeburn. The portraits are frequently of people famous in their day—Peg Woffington, by Hogarth; Nelly O'Brien, Kitty Fisher, Maria Walpole (Countess Waldegrave), by Reynolds; royalty by Gainsborough; Lady Hamilton, by Romney; Countess Waldegrave again, by Hoppner. But the work is not always the artist's best, nor does the distinction or fame of the sitter always seem to have been a consideration.

There are five examples of Hogarth, with whom the series begins chronologically, but not one to rival the portrait of himself in the National Portrait Gallery, or the group of David Garrick and his wife at Windsor Castle, or the wonderful Shrimp Girl in the National Gallery; and only one that gives some idea of his insight into character and his power of rendering it. This is his Sarah Malcolm the murderess, a middle-aged woman, as he shows her, highly respectable in neat cap and quiet grays, with a face so placid in its hard cruelty that her crime seems all the more revolting. His Peg Woffington has less character, but a charm and a delicacy in the detail of lace and flower that are not usually associated with Hogarth, who, however, is so little known on the Continent that when he is represented there at all it should be at his strongest. It is the same with Reynolds. There is no painting by him that can rank with his masterpieces. But Reynolds is better known on the Continent than Hogarth, his six or seven portraits are more representative, and the subjects and methods alike would explain to those who had never seen his work before that he was the fashionable portrait painter of his day. They are representative, also, unfortunately, of his very defects, for in two or three, especially the Kitty Fisher, the color has faded until they are mere ghosts of their old rich beauty. Gainsborough was not apt to distinguish himself when he painted royalty, and two of his portraits here are of Queen Charlotte, less inspiring as sitter even than most royalties of her generation. Nor, with one exception, could his other portraits—seven in all—of themselves account for the greatness of his reputation. This exception, however, is a splendid Gainsborough—the half-length Anne, Duchess of Cumberland; the face full of charm and character, and the rose and white of the delicate bodice given with rare skill and subtlety, a piece of color that Nattier and Drouais could never have approached.

Romney, probably, was the most uncertain of painters, and nothing in the present collection would suggest that he could, at times, rise to the heights of his fine Mrs. Cawardine and Child. That he had a fancy for sentimental prettiness is seen well enough in the two familiar Lady Hamiltons, one as Euphrosyne, the other at prayer; in both, the sweetness is overdone, but in both at least a semblance of realism that makes them vigorous in comparison with the dull, wooden portrait of the same beauty, as Sybil, by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun.

Hoppner has recently enjoyed a success in the auction room that his work rarely justifies, certainly not as it is seen in the five portraits selected for Paris. The four by Lawrence fail no less to maintain his fame and popularity. The one British painter who triumphs, not only by his reputation at home, but by the work now shown, is Raeburn, though even at home he is only beginning to be honored as he should. He had his lapses; he, like the rest, painted an incredible number of portraits, and in some he is almost as feeble as Romney at his feeblest. But when Raeburn forgot the conventions of the day and painted people as he saw them, it is another matter; and not Reynolds, not Gainsborough, ever attained the mastery of character and technical skill of the Scotch painter who was "the pupil of Nature," as R. A. M. Stevenson described him, and who, as Louis Stevenson wrote, "looked people shrewdly between their eyes." As it happens, two of his finest portraits are here: his Mrs. James Campbell, the ugly, humorous, shrewd old woman, in the uncompromising cap and fichu and little shawl then in fashion, and his Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff, young and radiant in her beauty, with no need of a theatrical rôle, or a sentimental pose, to enhance it. The "most amazing" and "the loveliest" of his portraits these two have been pronounced, and in their truth and directness they stand out and seem to live in the midst of the portraits, both French and British, in which so often life disappears in the conventions of the time.

To pass from the room where all these pictures hang into the next, where the French collection is arranged, is to be struck with a contrast as vivid and complete as when one lands in Calais after crossing the channel from Dover. The French group is as representative: Boucher, Greuze, and Fragonard, Nattier, Largillière, Drouais, Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, and a few others of lesser note. The portraits often gain as much in interest from the women who sat for them. Here, the points of resemblance between the two collections come to an end. After the British portraits, the French seem at once more formal and more vivacious. The British painters

had their own conventions, inherited, through Kneller and Lely, from Van Dyck; many, with Reynolds, made no secret of their debt to the Italian masters; each brought some chance picturesqueness of his own. As a consequence there is in the British art of their day much the same variety, bordering on disorder, that you find in British architecture or almost all British design. The French carried out their conventions more strictly, more academically. Their painting is as correct in its classicism as their poetry, and it must be admitted that in this order there is, at times, a tendency to monotony, even frigidity. The sentiment of Greuze, in the Jeune Veuve or Jeune Fille en Vestale, for instance, has an almost classic dignity, so unerring is the knowledge that produced it, when compared to the sentiment, born of the emotion of the moment, in any one of Romney's Lady Hamiltons. The animation in the pose and gesture of Largillière's flamboyant ladies seems to belong less to the individuals than to the period, to be as much the outcome of the style in vogue as were the palaces and gardens and theatres where these ladies practised their arts. The flowers that Nattier's sitters hold and twine into garlands never soiled their slim hands in the picking, for they were of studio growth, to be used again and again, actually the same blossoms appearing and re-appearing, as the same hands appear and reappear in one portrait after another by Van Dyck. Drouais's ladies, in their grace and elaborate artlessness, are no less ruled by formula. Indeed, of all the fifty French portraits, only one has an air of realism, as if nature had been served, not dominated, by convention, and this is a very beautiful Jeune Fille Lisant by Fragonard: a half-length of a girl, seated, holding a book in her hands and leaning back against cushions, the face, pose, and color scheme full of character that belongs to the young girl herself, and not to an entire series.

And yet, all these pictures hung together are much more vivacious in effect than the British. They reflect the vivacity, the intellect, the wit, the elegance of the age in which they were painted, and are, therefore, so much truer to it than portraits where conventions are accepted but less rigidly enforced that they make the simplest work of the British painter seem artificial, and his most conscientious rendering of the sitter before him become dull and lifeless. No one portrait stands out with the force of Raeburn's Mrs. James Campbell and Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff, but the level of accomplishment is higher and more evenly maintained. In the French series the beauty is as much a matter of deliberate design as the architectural stateliness of Paris; in the British series, it is as much a matter of chance as the atmospheric picturesqueness of London.

A few drawings have been placed in a smaller room, and here, too, I found the same suggestive contrast.

At Bagatelle, the idea of the exhibition is more interesting than the exhibition itself. Certainly, I have come from it with nothing very definite added to my knowledge of, or interest in, the women of any one of the three Republics. This is not wholly because the expressiveness and elegance of the French convention weakened with the first inroads of Republicanism. Neither is it because women of as much note do not figure here as among the hundred portraits of the Salle du Jeu de Paume. But the trouble is that the portraits are not as representative and distinguished as they might be, and there are far too few to do justice to the First Republic. The Second and Third cover, between them, a vaster space of time, I know, but for this very reason not one portrait which is not specially typical of it should have been included. As it is, I can only suppose the collection was made in haste, so little attention has apparently been paid to this first essential.

However, the pictures at Bagatelle are a secondary consideration, an excuse for a visit to one of the most enchanting spots in the Bois, with its terraces and gardens all abloom in May, its wide vistas and shady walks, and the many associations that make it the place of all others for a show of the portraits of women.

N. N.

The advantage of a "one-man" show is that the artist can exhibit work done to please himself which, even if accepted, might be swamped in the large exhibitions of work done to attract the public. Certainly, it is in the quiet of M. Durand-Ruel's galleries, Rue Lafitte, Paris, that Monet's astonishing studies of water lilies can best be seen and enjoyed. There is no other painter to-day, probably, who would attempt such a series, and, if he did, could obtain such extraordinary results. As in Monet's paintings of Haystacks and of Rouen Cathedral, the object is to render the passing effects of light and atmosphere; but a new problem has been added, for Monet, in his later work, has watched and noted these effects in the reflections thrown by sun and cloud and foliage in the water of a little pool or stream. There are forty-eight paintings in the series, and they are fairly large. In almost all he shows merely the surface of the water with the lilies afloat upon it, so that it is only by the reflections you know whether the pool is wide or narrow, shaded or open to the sun; whether the sky is clear or clouded; whether it is midday, afternoon, or evening. Occasionally he gives also a portion of the wooded banks, but it is then scarcely more than a suggestion. The truth of these studies is not more remarkable than the beauty of the color he gets in many of them—lovely arrangements of pale blue and silver, of roses, or sometimes of more vivid golds and scarlets, of strong greens and grays. As in much of his later work, there is no design, no composition. Lilies float, clouds and trees are reflected, without any great rhythm of line. But it is needless to criticise him for not doing what he never set out to do. His object was to transfer certain of nature's most subtle effects to his canvas, and in this he has succeeded triumphantly, for, within his limits, Monet has no rival.

A new museum, the "Storico-Topografico," illustrating the changes which the appearance of Florence has undergone during the centuries, has been opened in the House of Michael Angelo. It fills eleven rooms hitherto closed to the public. The earliest known view of the city is reproduced from a fresco in the Bigallo, dating from the middle of the fourteenth century. Another very early panorama shows the ancient façade of the Pitti palace without the wings, attributed by Brockhaus to the *bottega* of Francesco Rosselli, now preserved in Berlin, while another is from Schedel's "Cronica," published in Nuremberg in 1493. A series of water-colors of the ancient gates and walls by Antonio Bargioni has been permanently lent by the Laurentian library. There is also a view of the chapter houses in the piazza of the Duomo, in which the famous sarcophagi of Guido Cavalcanti, now in the court of the Riccardi palace, are represented in their original places. But the scope and varied interest of this collection are better indicated by its classification. Different rooms are devoted to plans, maps, and panoramas; walls and gates; the Arno and its bridges; piazzas and loggias; public buildings, palaces, towers, and streets; the Mercato Vecchio; churches and shrines; festivals and ceremonies; suburbs and gardens. Nor is the collection lacking in artistic interest. There are, for instance, such characteristic original designs as the interior of Santo Spirito, by Gerolamo Genga, before the baldacchino was erected in the choir. Joseph Pennell's hand appears in two pen-and-ink drawings, and one charcoal. Corrado Ricci, to whom the museum owes its inception, justly claims that the collection is necessary for understanding the history of the city, helpful in the restoration of buildings altered during the centuries, and of interest to every author or artist who wishes to recall the past. The excellent descriptive catalogue containing over 1,300 entries, an index of subjects, and one of artists, is in itself a work of value.

Prof. Flinders Petrie, in a lecture at University College, London, May 20, gave an interesting account of his work at Memphis and Thebes during the past season. The chief discovery at Memphis was the palace of King Apries—the Pharaoh Hophra of the Bible—who was contemporary with Jeremiah. This palace was of impressive scale, about 400 feet long and half as wide. The middle court was over 100 feet square, with painted stone columns over forty feet high. A still larger court extended on the north side, in which lie capitals of columns which must have been about fifty feet high. The approach to the palace led up through a large mass of buildings, to a platform at a height of about sixty feet above the plain. The roofing of the halls was by cedar beams. Pieces of these were found, one of them with an inscription carved on it.

Among the ruins were also discovered a large number of scales and plates of iron and bronze, which originally belonged to scale armor. The scales are sometimes quite thin, under half an inch long, sometimes stout ribbed plates two inches long. Some good bronze figures of gods and sacred animals were also unearthed. But what gives an idea of the magnificence of the palace is a fitting of a palanquin, of solid silver, a pound in weight, decorated with a bust of the goddess Hathor. The workmanship is of great beauty, though it served merely as an attachment for a strap to a wooden beam. It was found buried in a hole in the floor of a hall used for a workshop. As this is a unique specimen it will remain in the Cairo Museum. In several places traces of still older buildings than the Apries palace were brought to light, such as the ruins of a large gateway of the Twelfth Dynasty. This was twenty feet high, and the greater part of six scenes which decorated it can still be put together. The sculpture is in low relief of much delicacy. The temple of King Proteus, Merenptah, which was discovered last year, has been partly cleared. It appears that, according to his usual habit, the King took his building materials from older works. Thus the capitals of columns found here are apparently of the Fifth Dynasty, like those seen in reliefs of that period.

Before Memphis was dry enough to work, two months were spent at Thebes, where the ruins on top of the mountain were explored. They were found to be a chapel for the apotheosis of King Sankh-ka-ra, of the Eleventh Dynasty; it contained the pieces of the cenotaph and the Osiris statue of the King. Two of the desert valleys were exhaustively searched for concealed burials, and one untouched group was found. The coffin was covered only by about a foot of earth and stones. Around it were offerings of furniture, food, vases, and personal ornaments. On the mummy were a gold collar of four rows of rings, four gold bangles, earrings, and a girdle of electrum. This is one of the most complete burials known. Other interesting discoveries at Thebes were the clearing of a new temple site, two fine stone figures, and an untouched burial of the Twenty-fifth Dynasty.

The Pope has appointed Prof. Luigi Canevaghi, in place of the late Ludovico Seitz, director of the new Pinacoteca, and curator of the other paintings of the pontifical palaces. Professor Canevaghi's work at Milan, especially his restoration of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, has been highly praised by competent judges, and his appointment to this responsible position is favorably received.

The fund for establishing an Italian School of Archæology at Athens, started a year ago by a few scholars in Florence, is now considered sufficient to permit opening next autumn. A villa has been rented. It is expected that the field work of the school will be limited for the present to supplementing the Italian excavations of the last two or three seasons in Crete.

The prizes of the Salon des Artistes Français have been announced: The Prix Lefebvre-Glaize (900 frs.) fell to Clovis Cazes; the Prix Rosa Bonheur (1,500 frs.) to Charles Fouqueray. No first medal was awarded in painting. In sculpture the five first medals were taken by Louis Couvers, A. Terroir, G. Verez, Roger-Bloche, and P. Roussel. In architecture the first medal went to Tony Garnier.

François Émile Michel has died at the age of eighty. He began his studies under Migette, an instructor of his native town, Metz, and afterwards worked at Paris, obtaining medals at the Salons of 1868, 1889, and 1900. Two of his pictures are in the Luxembourg. He also wrote much on art topics, including books on Rubens and Rembrandt and "Études sur l'histoire de l'art."

From Munich is reported the death at the age of forty of Ferdinand von Recnicek, best known for his satirical drawings in *Simplicissimus*.

Finance.

THE RISE IN STEEL STOCK.

A speculation for the rise, unusually violent and accompanied by transactions of uncommon magnitude, sprang up on the Stock Exchange two weeks or so ago. On two days of last week, the dealings were 1,400,000 and 1,600,000 shares, respectively, whereas a "million-share market" had been a rarity during many months. The higher of these two totals, that of last Friday, represented the largest daily record reached since November 13 last year—the culminating day of the "after-election bull market," at the time when speculators, great and small, were rushing into the market to participate in the "boom" which they had come to believe must inevitably follow Mr. Taft's election.

They had some serious disappointments before them; prices broke again at the close of the year, industrial unsettlement returned, a war of price-cutting broke out in the steel trade. Then came the upward turn, reaching at least its temporary climax last week. On this occasion it was not, as in last November's outlook, the speculating public which ran riot in the market. Wall Street had no illusions on the subject in the present case; the Stock Exchange commotion was the outcome of aggressive operations by a group of powerful millionaires. But their speculative plans were facilitated by the fact that the share-holding public apparently would not sell, and, within a little more than a week, such advance in prices had been scored as 6 points in Union Pacific stock, 7 in Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, 6 in Amalgamated Copper and New York Central, 12 in Southern Pacific—most of them running close to, or exceeding, the top prices of 1906.

Early in the movement, however, the speculative lead was taken by the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation. On Thursday of last week, this stock sold at 69⅜. A week before it had closed at 61¼; two weeks before, at 58⅞; a month before, at 56⅛. Until last Friday, it had reached a "new high record price" for its whole history on each successive business day since May 18. Its highest record, prior to that date, was the 58¾ touched on November 13, last year, the culminating day of the "after-election boom." Its highest price in the immensely prosperous steel trade year 1906 was 50¼; its highest in another year of great earnings, 1905, was 43¼; its top notch in the memorable speculation of April, 1901, was 55, and that was high record until last November. In 1901, the stock was paying twice as much in dividends as it pays to-day; in 1906, it reported net earnings 40 per cent. larger than what its statement for the first quarter of 1909 indicated. At present prices and the present dividend rate, the stock yields 2⅞ per cent. to the investor.

This is not all of the checkered history of the stock. After the price had risen to 55 in the famous three-million-share day of the April market of 1901, it dropped to 24 on the equally famous 9th of May. The public again resumed its buying. There followed the extraordinary plan of 1902 to turn $200,000,000 of the preferred stock into mortgage bonds, the litigation and injunctions, the 20-point break in the price of the new bonds "when issued," the abandonment of the conversion plan at the demand of large inside interests, the collapse of the company's earnings, the suspension of common stock dividends, and the fall of "Steel common's" price to 8⅜ in May, 1904. This series of events was such as might quite conceivably have shattered the faith of an outside investing public. Yet we have the longer sequel before us.

How is this season's extraordinary rise to be accounted for? There are four prevalent explanations which have been current on Wall Street, and which may be repeated as Wall Street habitually sets them forth. First, the steel trade is bound forthwith to reach a status of activity and profits never approached in history. Secondly, the stock has been indirectly listed on the Paris Bourse, and the rich French public will pay even higher than present prices, if it can get the shares. Thirdly, the American public and the American speculators have gone crazy over an idea and an illusion, and have lost all sense of values. Or, fourthly, the company's policy of the past five years will be reversed; it will be bonded for such expenditures as have hitherto been paid from earnings, and the surplus will be thrown into dividends, at some high rate, for the common stock.

Such basis as the first argument may have, would apply equally to most other stocks on the Wall Street list; it does

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not, taken by itself, explain the rise in "Steel." Furthermore, the remarkable fact must be taken into account that the products of the company are still selling 25 per cent. below last year's prices, and that the business of the corporation is barely three-fourths of its showing in the active pre-panic period. The "listing" on the Paris Bourse was an unusual achievement; the Steel shares were refused admission in 1901, and no one seems quite to understand what the assent on the present occasion means. It may mean that the French investor is determined to speculate in the stock, or that the Paris banks which handle his savings have resolved to make him do so. The French investor is a good deal of a mystery; yet he is rather noted for desiring a sure thing, with whose conditions and surroundings he is acquainted, and he does not know America. The American public's imaginative impulses can be appealed to with effect; it is not certain just how much of a part its beliefs or credulity may have played.

As to reversal of the policy of fiscal conservatism fixed on the property since its perilous experiences of 1903, that must be left to conjecture, however perplexed or reluctant it may be. Strange events certainly marked the first three years of the Steel Corporation's history, and the era of strange events may not have been ended in Wall Street, especially when some change is suspected to have occurred in the dominant influence in the company's finances, since the panic of 1907 and perhaps as a result of it. The statement of this array of possible factors in the case gives keen edge to interest in the part which the stock of this company, after all its vicissitudes of the past eight years, may yet be made to play as a pawn in the hands of the great speculators.

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Year Book of the Pennsylvania Society, 1909. Edited by Barr Ferree. The Pennsylvania Society.

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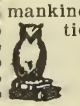

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Narrative Lyrics

See *The Nation* for May 13th, 1909.

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20 Vesey Street

NEW YORK CITY

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1909.

The Week.

We may well believe that President Taft has directed his Attorney General to make a thorough investigation of the Sugar Trust, with a view to criminal prosecution. The failure of the previous Administration to act in the premises had a bad look at the time, and appears even more a case of dereliction in the light of the event. The explanations which the former Attorney-General gave to the press, are themselves in need of explanation. Mr. Bonaparte declares that only "statements" were laid before him by Mr. Earle, not "evidence." But does he expect a complainant to prepare the whole case? What is the Department of Justice for, why are there Federal district attorneys and grand juries and a secret service, if not to run down the evidence of crime and bring the guilty to trial? That sort of work was done with great pains against the Standard Oil Company and timber thieves and the Beef Trust. Why was immunity given to the Sugar Trust? Perhaps, because it was in the category of the politically "good."

With brass buttons and epaulets becoming more plenty, with constant talk of fighting and inventions of new weapons, this country must watch to prevent its people drifting into dreams of empire that can only lead to disaster. Many wars are simply caused by the political ambitions of men and the love of military action, and we must be careful not to use our great and growing prosperity as an excuse for building new navies and increasing standing armies beyond the point where they are still a mere guard. . . .

These timely and excellent words of warning Justice David J. Brewer spoke last Saturday at Atlantic City, before the New Jersey Bar Association. His address was a plea for united action among the nations to put an end to war. He dwelt strongly upon the fact that "America is the logical nation to bring about universal peace throughout the world." There is no other so wonderfully situated to take the leadership. We wish that this highly honored Supreme Court Justice could influence Mr. Taft to take this overshadowing question under consideration. The Peace Congress in Chicago, the Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk, the local Peace Society, are but a few of the public bodies which have recently besought Mr. Taft to take the leadership in promoting international concord. Never was there a better time than the present; never was it more desirable to stop the growing drift to militarism in this country, and never was a greater opportunity offered to any statesman to achieve immortality than that which beckons across the oceans to William H. Taft.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed an interesting old-age pension bill affecting the Boston and Maine Railroad, at the request of both the company and its employees. So enlightened an action on the part of a great corporation deserves widespread recognition. The proposed pensions are to be supplied by equal contributions from employer and employees, the former to make up any deficiency if the joint payment falls short of $200, the minimum sum. The company has promised to make an additional contribution to meet the needs of those already advanced in years, and provision is made by which regular pensions may be eked out with annuities voluntarily purchased by employees. The pension system itself is to be managed by a board of trustees in which the railway and its employees are equally represented, and it cannot be put into operation until adopted by a vote of two-thirds of the employees. Once established, the scheme creates legal rights binding practically all of the 27,000 employees as well as the railway, while the State aids by supervising the system and exempting from all taxation the funds which are to be guarded by both the insurance commissioner and the State actuary. The great advantage of this whole scheme is that it secures obligatory contributions both from the railway and the employees by democratic methods; and it becomes of especial importance in view of the belief that it may be extended to include accident insurance and sick benefits. Indeed, there are some who think that it may be followed before long by a general law under which other public service and private corporations may put into operation a coöperative old-age pension system.

We are all firm advocates of economy, and look with horror upon governmental extravagance, yet if a single appropriation or salary in which we or any of our friends have a personal interest is reduced by one penny, we cry to heaven about penuriousness and injustice. Witness the present experience of Collector Loeb in New York. After consultation with the authorities at Washington, he has been reclassifying custom-house employees, and cutting down the salaries of many of them. But is this hailed as wise and economical administration? Well, hardly. The rush of protesting politicians and party leaders to the Collector's office is something terrific. He has lowered the pay of my man! At once the party appears endangered, grave doubts are entertained about the municipal election, and it looks as though there would be a Democratic House a year from now, with President Taft rebuked and embarrassed. All because Inspector John Smith has been made a weigher, and had his salary cut $10 a week. Such are the pains of political economizing—the truly dismal science. We may be sure that there will be the same political wailing over the proposed abolition of a useless bureau in the Interior Department, at a saving of $100,000, and the new system of paying employees in navy yards, by which there will be an economy of $125,000. All such reforms mean officers out of a job, and officers out of a job mean the ruin of the party. Everybody hurrahs for economy, but who touches a hair of yon gray salary, dies like a dog.

Judge George Gray's manly independence was never displayed to better advantage than when he spoke out at Scranton last week on the "cowardly and un-American" boycott by the labor union. He was sitting as arbitrator between the traction company and its employees, and was told that certain merchants dared not put their names to a statement about prices, lest they should be boycotted. This roused the judge's indignation. He said that if the facts were so, they ought to be proclaimed to

the country to the discredit of the labor unions. As for himself, he declared that he would die in his tracks before he would submit to a boycotting labor union. This is the kind of sturdy utterance which once passed as thoroughly American and patriotic. If it has seemed to be going out of fashion, this is probably because many find it so much easier to yell for the flag, and a big navy, and to talk about licking all creation, than to show any fight when labor leaders or corrupt politicians threaten to injure their private business.

While the New York Presbytery held its theological examination behind closed doors, there seems to be little doubt that the young men whom it voted to license to preach, though it had refused to do so on a former occasion, hold views much at variance with current Presbyterian orthodoxy. It appears to be certain, for example, that they do not accept the historical doctrine of the fall of man, or of the virgin-birth. We shall soon know, for it is inconceivable that these things can be left hidden in a corner. The Presbytery will have to make a report of its procedure to the higher judicatories of the church; if it does not, it will be called to book by either the Synod or the General Assembly. That was the course taken to bring Professor Briggs to trial. He had no difficulty with his own Presbytery in New York. It was the church at large which finally lost patience with the tolerance accorded his opinions, and insisted on settling the question whether they could lawfully be held within the Presbyterian Church. It was settled, for the time, by the withdrawal of Professor Briggs.

But his heresies, if such they were, could not be compared in gravity with those now imputed to these young men. They apparently stand ready to throw over a good part of the dogma based on the supernatural. This is their individual right; and, of course, one way in which the churches grow more liberal, and toleration for new views is gained, is by having ministers, or candidates for the ministry, frankly state their convictions and ask if there is room for them in the church. But the process must be open. The Presbytery may have been wise to sit in secret, but it must know that all the facts are bound to come out. The New York Presbytery has long been suspected of being theologically lax. The Western Presbyterians have been accustomed to account for this on the theory of the deceitfulness of riches. Clergymen who are wealthy, or who have rich wives, or who are in contact with luxurious parishioners, cannot be expected to be severely orthodox. All the more reason, then, why the country hammerers of heretics will demand from the New York Presbytery the reasons for its latest toleration of error.

The well-earned honors paid to Wilbur and Orville Wright in the White House by President Taft are in refreshing contrast to the lack of governmental interest in their work at its inception. It is true, that the President acted for the Aero Club in making the presentations, and not directly for the government. But it is not too much to hope that such a ceremony may lead to more frequent official recognition of men who confer honor upon their country by discoveries in the realm of science. We are of those benighted persons who believe that achievements of this kind are more to the renown of this Republic than the possession of a hundred battleships, or than a dozen world-cruises of our latest sea-monsters. This is not because the aeroplane or the dirigible balloon is thought to be a new and more formidable engine of war. If that were its only usefulness, the sole reason for its existence, we should take very little interest in it. Neither Germany nor the United States nor any other country can hope for a monopoly of aerial Dreadnoughts. As soon as a step forward is taken in one land, it will be followed in another. England's naval position, her statesmen say, is worse for the invention of the sea-Dreadnought than it was before. It is as impossible to hide or to patent new ideas in naval construction, as it is in airships. The inventor Hubert Latham, who is now experimenting with a monoplane in Paris, may have taken some of his ideas from the Wright experiments; he may devise something vastly superior to their aeroplane, for which, it is said, they have already booked no less than 200 orders. The real reason, then, for the White House ceremony is not that the Wrights have furnished us with a new weapon, but that they have won for the United States in a field of science an honor as great, or nearly as great, as that earned for Germany by Zeppelin with the dirigible balloon.

The case against the comic supplement was forcibly restated last week by Mr. Percival Chubb, before the Public School Kindergarten Association. The luridly tinted Sunday "kid" is without question one of the most potent factors for vulgarity in our national life. Just how the process of vulgarization runs was suggested by the speaker when he complained of "always the same violences of color, form, and interpretation." It is not alone in its violence, but in the eternal sameness of subject and treatment that the pernicious influence of the comic supplement lies. Conceive, for instance, the state of a mind that will go on year after year drawing delight from the adventures of Happy Hooligan or the Katzenjammer Kids. Change, growth, are the necessary conditions of life. The child's mind, especially, must expand or die. But here are children's minds clamped down to a dreadful monotony. The contents of the picture have long ceased to attract. It is the mere familiar aspect of the horrible reds and blues that stirs a kind of galvanized laughter. An essentially quick-minded and humorous people, we are bludgeoned into accepting the stupid and the stale, as humorous. The cheap vaudeville performer has only to rip out, "I love my wife, but, oh, you kid," and his audience dissolves in laughter. It's the old grouse in the gunroom raised to the *n*th power of vulgarity.

Almost a decade ago, Dr. Edward Everett Hale wrote his "Memories of a Hundred Years," and if his death last Thursday still found him considerably short of the centenarian's score, yet he was indeed to most of us a link with what begins to seem a remote past. He belonged to the epigones, so to speak, to the generation that succeeded the great New England writers, standing between them and the men of to-day. His reputation, no doubt, has suffered somewhat from this intermediary character. Compared with the work of Hawthorne and Poe, his stories lack individuality, and the classical mark of writing that comes from an age complete in itself and set apart by distinct ideals. At the same time they miss the

emphasis and the intimacy that make the appeal of our newest fiction. Yet if he lacks the modern tone, it must not be forgotten that he did as much as any other American writer to mould the short story to its present form, taking it out of the poetical field in which Hawthorne and Poe worked, and giving to it some of its commonest ideas. His "Man Without a Country," coming at the beginning of the civil war, was a strong incentive to patriotism; it has been, too, the source of much later-day jingoism. In another direction his "Ten Times One Is Ten" has given an impulse to a vast deal of humanitarian fiction of a sentimental sort. Probably these stories are only a name to most of those who are reading the magazines of to-day, and the writer himself had begun to be a name. His death is a sign to tell us how rapidly our heroic age is slipping into the past.

In withdrawing aid from George Washington University, the Carnegie Foundation helps along the panic through which, as Clarence F. Birdseye has said, the American college must pass for its regeneration. To lose a gift already in hand is a terrible misfortune. Academic benefactions have always been clinched by all the methods known to high finance, mortmain, and diplomacy. The most highly approved have been used by the George Washington University in its efforts to secure pensions for its professors. Paper prosperity and paper scholarship it could show in abundance. Its productive endowment was $219,832.96, if you would only reckon it in the desired manner. And it had over 1,000 "regular" students, provided you acquiesced in the college bookkeeper's standard of "regularity." But now it is going to lose its pensions, because $219,832.96 looks like $123,500, from a Fifth Avenue office; and because the only real entrance requirement seems to be the candidate's ability to pay an entrance fee. It is not the money loss that hurts; the professors will bear this, anyhow. No, it is the publicity. Not all its pensions will leave so deep an impress as the Carnegie Foundation's airing of the ways of college administrators. The Washington institution will not suffer alone. Dozens of other pretentious minor establishments are probably playing fast and loose with their books.

Mr. Balfour said nothing new when he declared the other day that the fate of the British Empire would have to be fought out in European waters, if it depended on one naval battle. On that supposition the British fleet was reorganized five years ago, and on that supposition the war-mongers have been busy ever since. But Mr. Balfour's formal statement of opinion suggests one reflection: how poor a prophet Rudyard Kipling has turned out to be. It is not Great Britain's far-flung battle line that needs divine protection now, but a battle-line concentrated within the close confines of the North Sea. In response to no far calls will Britain's navy melt away; for Australia or Canada or South Africa may in case of war shift for themselves, and not much harm done, but watch must be kept over Heligoland. Year after year the uncrowned poet of British imperialism went on chanting the adventures of Tommy Atkins among the lower breeds, as if between these two the fate of empire was finally to be decided. But India now is not England's greatest fear, and the Bear with whom Kipling counselled England to make no truce, is become part of England's hope. England and Germany facing each other across the North Sea feel very acutely that the white man's burden is still—himself.

The finance bill, which passed its second reading in the House of Commons last Thursday, is the technical measure for putting the budget into legal form. The long fight will come, of course, on the third reading. It will probably not be over before September, possibly later. But the new taxes are already being levied. This is one of the peculiarities—we may say, excellencies—of the English financial system. As soon as the budget has passed the report stage, it becomes operative. Only so can the Chancellor of the Exchequer balance his books. Of course, if the finance bill embodying his taxes were later to fail of passing Parliament, the taxes actually collected would have to be repaid. But consider what chaos would follow if the House of Lords were, say next November, to throw out the finance bill. The new taxes would have been paid for nearly nine months, and, supposing that they could be in all cases returned, neither the existing government, nor any that might be formed, could pay its way through the fiscal year. Herein lies a convincing reason for believing that the Lords will not attempt to reject the finance bill. If they would like to do it on political grounds, they would be deterred by cogent financial considerations. It is interesting to note that the official action of the Conservative party was confined to moving that the finance bill be "read a second time upon this day six months." This is the ordinary form of a motion to reject. But both in 1907 and 1908 a Conservative amendment was offered to the finance bill to "broaden the basis of taxation"—that is, to introduce protective taxes. It is at least significant that, this year, with a general election almost certain to come next, Mr. Balfour has not cared to invite a discussion of taxes on food.

The question of Crete which now turns up to plague Europe and the Young Turks, is all the more complicated because both claimants to King Minos's ancient island, Greece and Turkey, can cite legal and moral justification. After nearly three-quarters of a century of almost continuous revolution, Crete received autonomous government in 1898, under a High Commissioner who is now designated by the King of Greece, and under the protection of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia. It was understood that the island was held in trust for Greece, and that annexation would take place as soon as order had been reëstablished and the internal administration was reorganized. With the new Constitution of February, 1907, the work of reconstruction was completed, and in May, 1908. the Powers announced their intention to withdraw from the island. Evacuation was to be completed by the last day of July, 1909. Still, Crete was impatient; on October 7 last the Chamber voted for annexation to Greece, but, acting on the protest of the Turkish government, the protecting Powers promised to take up the question of Cretan independence with the Porte, if peace was maintained on the island. If the Powers had carried out their intention of evacuating Crete, a dangerous situation between Turkey and Greece would have immediately resulted. Recognition of this fact has induced the protecting nations to announce a prolongation of their stewardship.

INTER-PARTY ALLIANCES.

Senator Aldrich loses no occasion to taunt the Western Republican Senators who will not follow his lead, upon the fact that they are acting with Democrats. They use tariff arguments such as have been common in Democratic mouths; they vote on the Senate roll-calls with Democrats; they are just now entering into a hard-and-fast agreement with the Democratic minority to stand together on the income-tax. How could the proof of party treason be stronger? Was there ever an alliance which so well deserved the name of "unholy"? Of course, Aldrich does not refer to the fact that certain Democrats are found voting with him. The alliance works two ways; but we presume that the Rhode Islaud Senator would be able to make out a sharp difference. When Democrats forsake their party principles in order to side with the Republican leader, it is only a tribute to his skill and noble patriotism. When Republicans, however, repudiate the beneficent dictation of an Aldrich, they declare themselves at once traitors to their party and enemies of the republic.

The confusion of ideas on this whole subject rises partly from the fact that certain forms of combination between parties are unquestionably abhorrent and harmful. When men strike hands across the party fence to do the behest of politicians, to compass a union for plunder, to band together for the thwarting of good legislation, the grounds for suspicion and for denunciation are good. It was an inter-party alliance of this kind that opposed and harried Gov. Hughes at every step, last winter. Raines and Grady could not have been deeper in each other's confidence, or have played more deftly into each other's hands, if they had been party brothers instead of sworn enemies. But they became friends—just as Herod and Pilate did—out of a common enmity to the good. Such Tammany-Republican agreements have not a word to be said for them. They are based upon no conviction except that the spoils ought to be got for the worst men. In that respect, they are not unlike that other joining of forces between two parties which we have lately seen in Illinois. The Republican majority in the Legislature had long been deadlocked on the question of electing a United States Senator. Finally, enough Democrats abandoned their principles to vote for a high-tariff Republican Senator, who was besides a politician of low type, and the trick was done. No one can defend such inter-party junctious. They have bad faith and midnight bargaining stamped upon them. Yet the odium which properly rests upon such transactions ought not to be visited, as Aldrich would visit it, upon the kind of party cleavage now visible at Washington.

In the first place, no one can accuse those Republican Senators who have broken with the party orgauization in the Senate, of selfish or unworthy motives. They have nothing to gain except the approval of their constituents and their own consciences. All the sordid temptations are, for these Senators, in the other pan of the scales. They could have made their own terms with Aldrich and Hale. Anything in the way of recognition and promotion, or the right to legislate for their own pockets, they could doubtless have had if they had agreed meekly to follow the directions of the Finance Committee. But they have preferred to make their protest against a blind and ruthless leadership. The fact that this causes them to vote often with Democratic Senators is no indication whatever of an "unholy" alliance. The Democrats are, in this case, both standing by their party professions and doing the legitimate work of the Opposition. With them the dissident Republicans align themselves temporarily, because in no other way can they so emphatically express their sense of outrage at the foolish and obstinate leadership of their own party in the Senate.

Now, such an exhibition as that does not at all call for the hurling of Aldrich's epithets. The provocation ought, rather, to be considered, and the thing aimed at taken duly into the account. What we are seeing is only the historic process by which, under our system of party government, the majority is opposed and checked when it is rushing into wild extremes. Members of the majority, with clearer insight or cleaner conscience than the party leaders of the moment, break way. What happens then? Why, the bad leadership is discredited, as Aldrich's is before the country to-day. The Republican *Tribune* of New York reminds him that "the verdict of an almost united Republican press is against him." In such a plight, there is nothing to do but to make desperate bargains with a corrupt minority, or to prepare to capitulate. There are signs that Aldrich has done both. He has paid a few Democratic Senators their tariff price. Yet so long as the greater part of the minority cleave to their integrity, the tacit alliance between them and the rebelling Republicans is one purely on the basis of principle, and for the public interest. It is not an understanding, or working agreement, based upon the weakness or the treachery of the minority, as was the Grady-Raines combination at Albany. What we have is simply honorable men standing up, at great personal cost, for their convictions. That being so, this inter-party alliance will command respect, and is bound to have important political consequences, even though the heathen in the Senate rage and imagine vain things. The time may yet come when these Republican Senators who withstaud the madness of party leadership, will be held in as high honor, and will be judged to have done as great a public service, as those other Republican Senators who broke with their party to prevent the impeachment of President Johnson.

A TRUST HALTERED.

If any thing could further injure the standing of the Sugar Trust, after the revelation of its despicable thievery from the government by falsification of weights, it would be its confession last week in the matter of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company's suit for damages. That concern had asked for thirty millions of dollars for injury done to it in plain contravention of the Sherman Anti-Trust law; it had already begun an action in New Jersey which was to be argued on appeal this week. The Trust contended that a case had not been made out for submission to a jury; that no damages had been proved, and that the adverse decision in New Jersey was a bar to this suit. These contentions found no favor with the judge, and the Trust then decided to settle. The final terms have not yet been announced, but are stated to be $2,000,000, besides the cancelling of the loan and the returning of the securities. There can be no question that in this case settlement is confession of guilt, as Webster argued of suicide.

The closing of the Pennsylvania

Sugar Refinery by the Trust is as interesting a story of corporation trickery as has seen the light of day. Built in 1903 by Adolph Segal, the Philadelphia real-estate operator, it was at the time of its completion a model refinery, modern in every respect, and superior to any plant possessed by the Trust. Segal had erected it for the express purpose of competing with the Trust, and that he was in position to do so successfully appears from the great interest taken by the Havemeyer concern in the new rival. Segal himself is a remarkable character. Coming to this land twenty-five years ago an almost penniless immigrant, he quickly amassed a fortune, and aided materially the development of Philadelphia by his successful real estate speculations. In the course of time, however, Segal became too much involved, and came to grief financially with the sensational failure in 1906 of the Real Estate Trust Company of Philadelphia, now a party to the suit against the Sugar Trust. The president of the Trust Company committed suicide, and Segal, with two officers of the company, was indicted on forty-one counts for fraud and conspiracy. Not until two years later was Segal able to obtain justice and prove that he was guiltless of any wrongdoing. The receiver of the Trust Company, George H. Earle, jr., now its president, aided him to obtain this exoneration.

At the time when he first found himself in financial straits and needed a loan of $1,250,000 on his new refinery, he received an offer of accommodation from Gustav E. Kissel. Segal, not being aware that Kissel was an agent of the Sugar Trust, accepted the offer, to which was attached the condition that, during the pendency of the loan, the holder of the seven millions of collateral—mostly securities of the new refinery—should name the directors. He had tied up $2,600,000 of stock out of $5,000,000 in a voting trust, and he was in great need of the additional money. Mr. Kissel and three clerks of the Trust were elected directors, only to show at once the meaning of the whole trick. Instead of representing unaffiliated capital, Mr. Kissel was there to do the bidding of the Trust. Its orders were to shut down the plant, and its four dummy directors did its bidding; from that day to this no labor has been employed in the Segal refinery. Its magnificent machinery has lain idle; its buildings have stood silent and empty. But the Trust had been successful in its aim. At a cost of only $1,250,000 it ended all fear of trouble in that quarter, and the failure of the Real Estate Trust Company, with the consequent injury to Segal's reputation and the ensuing legal complications, helped to continue this satisfactory state of affairs.

But there are still courts in the United States, as the Trust has now learned. The much-discussed Sherman Anti-Trust law again proved its value, for it made possible a successful action, and properly defined the base scheme which trapped Segal as an illegal combination in restraint of trade. The outcome thus becomes of national importance; a most powerful concern built up and fortified by grace of the Republican party and its protective tariff—it was Mr. H. O. Havemeyer himself who dubbed the tariff "the mother of Trusts"—is yet amenable to the laws, by a procedure regularly brought without the aid or interference of the government. Not even the ablest legal talent to be obtained could avert the collapse in court, or prevent the Trust's paying heavy damages—its stockholders have had the pleasure of seeing four millions of dollars, or, if the Segal loan is also cancelled, $5,250,000, paid out of the treasury within two or three months to cover the wrongdoing of its officers, high and low.

We have dwelt upon this case because it is typical of the kind of business immorality which made the public accept Lawson's combinations of fact and fiction as unvarnished truths, gave rise to the recent bitter outburst against large corporations, and created for Mr. Roosevelt the opportunity, of which he so readily and skilfully took advantage, to make himself the champion of the people against corporation dishonesty. We confess to being extremely tired of hearing corporation managers blame politicians for the hard times they have been going through. The responsibility is theirs, and theirs alone. So long as the history of the Standard Oil exists, so long as this story of the Sugar Trust remains a written record, the public will believe that the crusaders of the last few years had the right on their side, however crude and mistaken their methods. But we feel almost like apologizing to the Standard Oil for connecting it with the Sugar Trust in any way. Can any other concern have sunk to quite such depths of baseness? It cheated, like the lowest greengrocer, with fraudulent scales; it knocked out a competitor by a low trick. It merits and will receive the contempt of the country.

ROBBING BY LAW.

Gratifying indignation has been displayed by even the high-tariff press at a tricky and thieving Sugar Trust. Cheating the Treasury by false weights, and so, in effect, filching money from every citizen, has been virtuously denounced. But while this robbery against the law has provoked wrath and scorn, open preparations to rob by means of the law stir these protectionist censors to no anger. Yet what is the real difference? How much worse is the moral standing of the man who steals from the public by lying scales, than that of the man who gets his hands into the pockets of his fellows by virtue of the tariff? For our part, we prefer the avowed burglary to sneak-thievery masquerading as patriotism. If a powerful corporation, by dint of political bribery and secret influence, is allowed a "differential," or some other form of special favor, by statute, enabling it to mulct consumers to the tune of $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 a year, we have rather less respect for it, and for the process by which it enriches itself, than for the acknowledged pickpocket or "second-story man."

Names cannot cover up facts or alter morals. If it is disreputable to hire a weigher to falsify records, it is just as disreputable to "see Aldrich" and get your tariff duties "fixed" so that you can lawfully collect tribute from all your countrymen. The latter method is being pursued at Washington amid general applause; but when an unlucky Trust is caught doing practically the same thing lawlessly, we all rise up in horror. But cheating and oppression are what they are, even if legalized. The moral quality of a transaction is not changed by the fact that the unfair appropriation of another man's property may be authorized by act of Congress, and may be called our glorious American system of protection.

There have been exposures in Congress of the knavery of the sugar schedules, really as crushing in their way as the revelations before Judge Holt in court, yet no one gets excited about

them. They are simply the time-honored ways of cheating the people and calling it protecting infant industries. There is, to the discerning mind, just as much material for moral indignation in the taxes proposed in the woollen schedules, now under debate in the Senate, as in any disclosure of Trust stealing and tyranny ever made. Note, for example, how coolly a discriminating tax is defended which will wipe out a certain class of woollen manufacture. What is the difference between this and shutting up a sugar refinery by financial manipulation? When Mr. Whitman obtained his famous rates on "tops and dress goods," in the tariff of 1897, and got them by subterranean and abhorrent means, in what did his conduct differ from any other form of tapping the Treasury till and robbing the public? It was not, indeed, against the law, but no legalization of fraud can do anything except make it doubly disgraceful.

Not only fraud but heartlessness is written all over the proposed woollen duties. This was glaringly put in evidence during the hearings before the Ways and Means Committee. It was shown that the duties on wool and woollen goods compel the American workingman to pay a needless tax of 35 to 50 per cent. on the clothes he wears, or else to be hoodwinked into buying a coat made of shoddy which will fall in pieces the first time he is caught out in a hard rainstorm. It was proved, moreover, that a great proportion of the people who believe that they are wearing woollen shirts in winter are really wearing garments mostly cotton. Thereupon up spake Representative Crumpacker, a mighty defender of the noble American system of protecting the workingman: "What is the difference if they don't know it?" He might just as well have asked: "What is the difference if the government doesn't know that the Sugar Trust is stealing $2,000,000 in unpaid duties?" The veriest ditcher in England is treated with more decency than our cherished laboring classes. When Reuben Shillabeer crawls out of the water and asks David Bowden for a dry wool shirt, he knows that he will not get a thing nine-tenths cotton. Protection against the weather, protection against pneumonia and tuberculosis—these things go for nothing with our unfeeling protectionist Congressmen. Clap on the prohibitory duties and let the poor go in patches or in cotton—provided "they don't know it"!

Well, they are beginning to "know it" as they never did before. There has been a more thorough showing up in Congress of the essential greed and dishonesty of a protective tariff than we have seen for many a year. The work of the Western Republican Senators who are in revolt against Aldrich, has been of immense value. They have had their constituents and their State newspapers behind them, and the knowledge about tariff iniquities which has been spread abroad in speeches and biting editorial comment and mordant cartoons, has carried new light and provoked new heat. The fundamental nature of the protectionist demand is now better understood than at any former time. That demand is simply that Congress issue to favored individuals or corporations a license to tax—that is, to rob by law. Wealth heaped up by tariff privileges is, indeed, as was declared by Prime Minister Asquith the other day in Parliament, the really offensive "unearned increment." Whatever may be done with the unearned increment in land, the only thing to do with the unearned increment got through protective taxes is to abolish it. Instead of laws to facilitate disguised robbery, it is time that we had some to extinguish it.

SCIENCE AND CULTURE.

The scientist is disappointing some of our humanists, who think him the implacable foe of culture. They have been ranking him but little lower than the crass utilitarian, the pseudo-educator bent on making business colleges out of our high schools. But the scientist will not keep step in that file. President Maclaurin of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology made it clear, the other day, in his inaugural address. Science and culture, he affirmed, must go hand in hand, "science being studied and taught in such a way as to make for that broad and liberal outlook in the world that is the mark of a really cultured man." Here is the humanist's ideal, at least; and if it still leaves undetermined the question whether science alone can effect this kind of culture, we must bear in mind that it was spoken to engineers in a school where the lathes leave scant time for Theocritus. Hearing a plea to such an audience for "an ideal broad enough to form the basis for a sane criticism of life," the humanist should forgive President Maclaurin's very mild thrust at tradition that followed. He did not really turn the phalanxes of science against Greek and Latin, when he said a man need not pursue the "so-called useless studies" for mental discipline and culture, "if he can gain these excellent things in studies that are useful to his calling." Surely, this heavily conditioned remark need make nobody fear for the classics or any of the humanities; they have still the chance to prove their usefulness in training the mind for technical studies. And if President Maclaurin did not choose to say that the classics lay the surest foundation for general culture and even for special technical studies, many of his colleagues in science have done it for him.

Thirty-five of them have sent to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, some significant estimates of the value of Greek and Latin to the nature-student. Their opinions, which Dr. Wiley publishes in the current *School Review*, do much more than support his conclusion that, even in the laboratory, "there is a decided opinion to the effect that a knowledge of the classics is more or less indispensable to one who claims to be a man of culture and education." If these views are at all representative, they disclose a majority sentiment favorable to the tongues of Homer and Horace as "a basis for scientific study and activity." Only seven of the thirty-five deliver an unqualified verdict of "worthless." Two charitably say that all knowledge has some value. Three others think that the languages do not offer a fair return for the time spent in mastering them. Over against these, an even score rate Latin as "valuable" or "essential," while sixteen say the same of Greek. Only fifteen, however, can name some service which the classical languages alone render the scientist; the other five champions apparently suspect that French or German, or, perhaps, mathematics, furnishes, when properly taught, the same useful information and discipline. "What effect," asks Dr. Wiley, "will a fair knowledge of them have upon the pleasures which may be enjoyed?" Five reply that the classics contribute no special pleasure, five others that modern

languages are more delightful, while fifteen give strong praise.

These verdicts leave the humanist little reason to fear lest wisdom and joy die in a test-tube. Of all ways to culture, the classical tongues are those at which men of modern research are most inclined to look askance. But, as a matter of fact, the outcry against languages, literature, and history is not what it was a few years ago. It may be quite as loud as then, and we fancy it is perhaps shriller; but only because it has been taken up by many self-appointed educational authorities and over-zealous champions of vocational training. The deeper voices are leaving the chorus. When they were struggling for recognition, men of science said many strong things which, having gained their place within the academic fold and having come to face the problem of training young men, they have learned to repent. Culture is not the bogey that it seemed when it stood in their way. If they will not say to-day with Baur, the distinguished chemist: "Give me a student who has been taught his Latin grammar, and I will answer for his chemistry," they will at least stand on the platform just laid down by Attorney-General Wickersham for Lehigh University graduates. With him they perceive that our masters of scientific technique have not been taking the rank they should in our social and political life, because they have locked their doors against the ideals, the imaginations, and even the vicissitudes of mankind; because, in a word, they have sometimes forgotten that the heart of education is still the knowledge of man and not of things. If those masters themselves see this, our humanist need not shudder over Dartmouth choosing a physicist for president.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

Interest in the country-life movement has recently borne fruit, particularly as concerns the country church. Christian forces have been stirred to activity in the work of its regeneration. Theirs is no mean task; for the problem of the rural church is, in a measure, that of the community. It must impress the population flowing into our great centres, and it must also aid in making country life attractive for its own sake. Said the *Outlook* recently: "In influencing the development of country life, no other institution has the opportunity of the country church."

Greatest progress has been made where perplexity is most acute. Though Western rural churches know the path of difficulty, staid New England faces peculiar complications. Long-standing denominational strife, old family prejudices, alien invaders upon historic farms, and all the frictions of New England village life must be overcome. This spring, in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire careful investigation has been completed under varied auspices into rural life, with special reference to the churches. In the New England Country Church Association we have a real move to solve the problem. Organized last August, this body has certain large objectives. Its avowed aim is "the social and economic improvement of the rural community through the agency of the rural church." It includes some of New England's best informed students of rural life, in its president, Professor Carver of Harvard, President Butterfield of Massachusetts Agricultural College, Dr. Wilbert L. Anderson, and others. With hopes of a unified Christianity and a peculiarly trained and adequately paid ministry, this new organization has started upon a campaign of education.

At the first public sessions in Boston recently, Professor Peabody declared that the problem was not to improve the country by measures imitative of city conditions, but to make the former desirable in itself. President Eliot unfolded a possible remedy for the discouraged churches in his plan of endowment, administered under a capable interdenominational commission. These two features, however, endowment and commission, have yet to be worked out; they present no small problem of their own. As a whole, the conference displayed a decided tendency to look upon sectarianism as the basic weakness of the country church, and to find that of the community as a whole in economic conditions.

The day has long since passed in which the country pastor was the village autocrat, and when the leading men in his church were the leaders in the town. The country pastorate has come to be regarded as "a convenient laboratory for the clerical novice or an asylum for the decrepit." The recent graduate from the seminary and the veteran pastor who must remain in harness even in declining years, will seek these lesser parishes. No wonder, then, that the Country Church Association should take up the cause of the country pastor. Last month, under its auspices, a four days' "institute" was held at St. Johnsbury, Vt., attended by representatives of six denominations: Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Universalist, and Unitarian. The speakers included officials from Harvard, Yale, and all the leading seminaries of the section. This and a similar gathering at Hartford indicate a realization of the necessity for progress and adaptiveness, even in the smallest communities.

These facts, however interesting, may seem to make little demand upon the average city dweller, but he has his place in the problem. Particularly is this true in the vacation days. In the change to cottage and colony, as distinguished from hotel life, has come an increasing tendency on the part of summer visitors to enter somewhat into the interests about them. In many country, hill, and seashore towns of New England the local church looks forward to the summer season as a time of special prosperity. For these vacation weeks the church rejoices in new faces and enlarged resources. Pews in the old white meeting-house long unused are occupied on Sunday by well-groomed city folk. Social events, the music, the collection-box, all witness to an unusual presence. Yet when the generous guests depart, comes the real test to the little churches. Only a small group is left to frequent these weather-beaten edifices. If the summer friendships could only be continued, it would mean encouragement in the rural routine. The summer visitor has here a real opportunity, not only in practical brotherhood, but in the solution of a national problem.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

We have become accustomed to look every year for a new volume from the veteran Paul Heyse. Age does not seem to impair his amazing productiveness, nor a certain youthful idealism. Compared with the spirit of his work, that of his young contemporaries appears like senile cynicism. "Die Geburt der Venus" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a fair illustration of what seems to be his creed, as it is that of Björnson's Parson Sang: the will to be-

lieve in what is best in mankind. Others have given us pictures of studio life that may fill the uninitiated with vague horror. Heyse chooses to present the clean rather than the seamy side. There will, of course, be no lack of critics and readers so sophisticated as to doubt the nobility of his hero and his heroine. Yet it is far more likely that an artist model could pose for the birth of Venus without loss of personal dignity than that a young woman deliberately seeking experiences in the maelstrom of modern Berlin could issue from them in stainless purity, as the creators of that much-favored type would have us believe. Yet the new novel of Heyse has its modern features. The sister of his hero is a thoroughly contemporary *Backfisch*, chafing under restraint, and eager to experiment. The question whether ignorance or knowledge of the realities of life is a better safeguard of virtue is touched upon, but the author wisely refrains from offering an answer. There are discussions of problems in art, of morals and religion, but they never interrupt the course of the narrative. The tragic end of the hero relieves the author from venturing upon the well-trodden field of marriage between artist and model. But, though he can be pardoned for making some of his characters faded reproductions of his early favorites, it does seem unpardonable that Heyse should share the chauvinism of his compatriots in making the villain and adventuress of his story foreigners.

The woman portrayed by Anna Reichert in her novel, "Der Roman der Marianne Vanmeer" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin), is a genuine type of an unsettled transition period. She is a character deflected from the line of her natural development through an unfortunate early experience, and doomed to stray on devious by-paths, until by renunciation she arrives at self-realization in art. A highly complex individuality is this Marianne, who, with a vague longing for the fulness of emotional life, couples a cold-blooded curiosity and self-analysis. The record of her experiences is as pathetic as it is repulsive. Set in the frame of modern Berlin, her story acquaints the reader with many fads and freaks affected by a prosperous and sophisticated nation whose natural rationalism has been reinforced by the materialistic tendencies of the age. As a direct transcription of such phases of real life, the book has a place in the history of the morals and manners of the German metropolis.

Hanns von Zobeltitz's "Der heilige Sebastian" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the story of a *mésalliance*, which did not greatly tax his inventive powers. The high-minded young nobleman is as familiar a figure in fiction as the fascinating though vulgar variety actress whom he marries, in spite of his family's opposition. By way of contrast, the author introduces the ideal affection which another woman cherishes for the hero; but the reader who believes that the just should be rewarded and the unjust punished in the world of books, is disappointed to learn that the whole-souled Marga dies of consumption before the ill-assorted couple are legally freed.

Paul Oskar Höcker's story, "Die verbotene Frucht" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), is a deviation from the type of fiction which he usually cultivates, and which in Germany is ambitiously styled *Kriminalroman*. There is no crime in this novel to be tracked down by the detective. But does not Emerson say that society resembles police in citizens' clothes? Society has prying eyes, and the compromising situation in which the impulsive heroine places herself by her sympathy for the scapegrace of her husband's family is sufficient to rouse that body of private detectives to feverish activity. They forge a chain of circumstantial evidence most disastrous for her reputation. One is reminded of Echegaray's "Galeotto," as the two people whose names gossip has coupled in the time of their trouble become dear to each other. When long after her divorce the heroine discovers that nothing can convince the world of her innocence, she opens a letter from her supposed lover that she had not intended to read, and the end of the story might lead our Mrs. Grundy to pronounce an emphatic "I told you so."

In their preference for pathological subjects, German authors are rapidly exhausting the ordinary ills of flesh and soul. Now, a newcomer among them has hit upon a disease which superstition was wont to invest with miraculous powers, and which has long baffled medical science. Josef Zytlaun's "Krescenz Bühler" (S. Fischer, Berlin) is a sufferer from catalepsy. As a delicate child she witnessed a brutal scene that left her nerves unstrung, and a fall from a hayloft has made her an invalid. In her rural home among strangers she becomes the object of morbid curiosity. The efforts of the doctor and the priest of the village to unravel the secret of her illness are interesting. Her apparent death and subsequent revival are treated with a certain element of mysticism, but the author has avoided the field of miracles. There is a delicate hint that the invalid, in her vegetative condition, may be possessed of second sight, but lacks the power to express her visions. The author suggests admirably the transcendental atmosphere which envelops his heroine, and makes the robust peasants feel at her death as if they had been delivered from an invisible burden.

It is a relief to turn to a story which presents life under normal conditions. Alfred Bock has the reputation of being one of Germany's best writers of provincial fiction. His new book, "Die Pariser" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), is the story of a peaceful vendetta. The usury of the burgomaster has forced a part of the population of a Hessian village to emigrate. They seek their fortune in Paris, and when by hard work and frugality they have saved considerable sums, they vow to return and have vengeance on the man who had ruined them. The scheme succeeds, but when the man dies, they do not hesitate to show that their hatred has been absorbed by the native kindness of their hearts. There is a delightful love-idyl interwoven with the main plot.

Richard Huldschiner's "Starkenberg" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is a story of mediæval life, full of the brutality and superstitions of a period when the Old World was swept by the scourge of pestilence. Huldschiner handles his material with the poet's imaginative insight and with great dramatic power. Whatever his sources for this story of brotherly feud, of the kidnapping of an innocent girl, and the ravages of the epidemic, he conveys the impression that he has lent a living voice to the old chronicles. Georg von der Gabelentz does not accomplish this end in his novel of Italian history, "Um eine Krone" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). We witness the outward manifestations of the will of the royal Joana of Naples and that forerunner of the Borgias, Durazzo, but we get scarcely a glimpse into their real character.

A story of immediate interest to the foreign immigrant in America is "Das grosse Tor," by Wilhelm Cremer (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The hero comes to this country unprepared for its life of strenuous labor, ignorant of the language, and undecided in his plans. His life in the steerage is painted with a bold realism. His experiences on landing in New York are those of the average newcomer, and are recorded with sincerity. But the inferences which the hero draws from the impressions gathered, mainly on the Bowery, are commonplace and incorrect, though they may express the sentiments of many hundreds of foreigners, who, when they have barely passed the big gate of the New World, are ready to formulate their opinions of America and Americans in terms of bitter disapproval. The hero returns to Germany after a brief stay, one more in the ranks of the type which Kürnberger portrayed in his "Amerikamüde." The redeeming feature of the story is the heroine, who remains, and is one of those foreign immigrants whom one would not like to miss in this conglomerate of nations.

The consummate art of Thomas Mann has set its stamp upon every one of the stories contained in the sixth volume of Fischer's Bibliothek Zeitgenössischer Romane. "Der kleine Herr Friede-

mann," a hunchback who lives a quiet and resigned life, respected by neighbors and business associates, until a sudden infatuation for a frivolous society woman drives him to suicide, gives the volume its title and its cue. The book deals with morbidly sensitive and morbidly passionate natures. Mann is a psychologist studying types, but his portrayal of them proves that his knowledge is tempered with sympathy. The characters in the book are convincing, with the exception of "Tobias"; to the soul of this solitary the author has failed to furnish the key, and the story is the only one in the volume that suggests a touch of the pathological.

Three volumes by Otto Julius Bierbaum, entitled "Sonderbare Geschichten" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), stand apart as representatives of the grotesque humor in which he reigns supreme. Though shocked by his coarse-grained language, the reader is whirled along by this bacchanalian and riotous fancy. But even in its most factitious exoticism and its most Rabelaisian moods, the humor of Bierbaum is sound at core. It is impossible to read much at a time in these curious stories; but they are a desirable protest against the pathological and the hyper-æsthetic tendencies of most German fiction.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The "Census of Caxtons," by Seymour de Ricci, just distributed to members of the Bibliographical Society, is an admirable piece of work. It is not merely a list of books from Caxton's press, with the names of their present owners, but is a record of the history, so far as traceable, of every existing volume or fragment, with references to examples described in early sales catalogues and elsewhere, which cannot now be located.

The names of early owners are taken chiefly from the fly-leaves of the books or from manuscript notes. No doubt, evidences of such ownership of many copies have been destroyed by modern binders. The subsequent owners are shown by references to sales catalogues, the page and lot number being generally given. The present owner's name is printed in small capitals. The imperfections, presence or absence of blank leaves, and the condition, are next given, then the binding and the size. Then comes the list, in some cases a long one, of untraced copies, many of which are probably identical with copies described more fully under the previous heading. Following is a list of fragments, or single leaves, though this is, admittedly, very incomplete. Preceding these lists and descriptions of copies, there is, for each book, a short general note, giving:

(1.) The exact title of the book, in Caxton's own words and spelling.
(2.) The collation, number of leaves, and signatures, size of the type-page, etc.
(3.) References to Blades's great work on Caxton and to other bibliographical works.

Besides the books printed by Caxton at Bruges and Westminster, there are described three books printed at Bruges after Caxton's return to England, but with his types, two books printed by Guillaume Maynyal at Paris for Caxton, five books printed after Caxton's death by Wynken de Worde, but with his types, and, finally, a single book, John Kay's "The Siege of Rhodes," by an unidentified printer, but with types which may have been Caxton's. In all, there are 111 books and broadsides described, of which exactly 100 were of Caxton's own printing. The frontispiece to the volume is a reproduction of the Flemish engraving prefixed to the Chatsworth copy of the "Recuyell of the Hystoryes of Troye," which is supposed to represent Caxton himself presenting a copy of his book to Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy. There are also ten full-page facsimiles, showing the different types used by Caxton.

In one respect only can we criticise the work. It is unfortunate that the proof-sheets recording the history of books in America (other than Mr. Morgan's, which have been fully described by E. Gordon Duff) were not submitted to some American for revision. Without taking the time to make a minute investigation, we can correct the following errors:

The list of copies of Higden's "Polycronicon," 1482, should be reduced by two, and possibly three others should be added. No. 3 and No. 8 are identical, as are No. 4 and No. 76. The three additional are Bishop Hurst's, but of these, later.

The Towneley-Sykes-Dent-Perkins-Ives copy (De Ricci's No. 8) was not bought at the Ives sale in 1891 by the Boston Public Library. It was bought by a firm of booksellers, by whom it was sold (in 1893) to the Lenox Library, and is identical with De Ricci's No. 3. It is still in the Lenox Library.

Lord Charlemont's copy (untraced by De Ricci, his No. 76) was bought at his sale in 1865 by a New York collector, Almon W. Griswold, for £477 15s. It lacked two leaves, which were supplied by Mr. Griswold, who then sent it to Bedford to bind, telling him not to spare expense in the work. Bedford's bill for £50 for the binding was formerly with the book. But what a pity! The "old oak boards with leather buckle," perhaps put upon the book in Caxton's own workshop, and the old fly leaves, which might have contained records of successive owners, were thrown away! Is there a collector who would do such a thing to-day? Griswold was one of the keenest and most eager collectors of his day. He had been the underbidder on the first folio Shakespeare at the sale of George Daniel's famous library in 1864, letting that book go to Miss (afterwards Baroness) Burdett-Courts for £716 2s, four times any previous record on the book, and a price that was not exceeded for more than a quarter century. We may presume that the price paid by him for this Caxton (lacking two leaves) was an equal surprise to his contemporaries. Lord Charlemont's books had been mostly destroyed in a fire at Sotheby's, after they had been catalogued for sale, but this fine Caxton survived. In 1888 Mr. Griswold sold the volume to a New York house, who priced it in a catalogue, dated October of that year, at $6,750. It was purchased by Robert Hoe, and is one of the most prized books in his great library. Its history seems to have been unknown to the compiler of the Hoe catalogue, who says: "Blades records five perfect copies only, some of which are made-up. This one appears to have escaped his notice." Although the Charlemont-Griswold-Hoe copy is a "made-up" copy, it is undoubtedly the finest copy known, having more than two hundred untrimmed leaves. The Hoe copy is De Ricci's No. 4.

There is another error in regard to the "Polycronicon"; the Astor Library copy (now at the Lenox Library building), described by Blades and De Ricci (his No. 6), as perfect, has several leaves in facsimile.

Three very large fragments of the "Polycronicon" were in Bishop John F. Hurst's library, Part IV, sold at Anderson's in March, 1905. Not counting blank leaves, one copy lacked 144 leaves, the second 151 leaves, and the third 239 leaves. A perfect copy has 450 leaves, of which five are blank. The best of the Hurst copies was again sold in one of the Poor sales the past winter.

The fine copy of Gower's "Confessio amantis," 1493, now in the Hoe library, was bought in the Earl of Jersey's sale in 1885 for Mrs. N. Q. Pope of Brooklyn, and passed with other books into Mr. Hoe's collection in 1895. Mr. De Ricci notes only one Caxton (the famous "Morte d'Arthur") as having belonged to Mrs. Pope. He gives the heading "Abby E. Pope," and, mistaking the sex of the owner, says, "His widow sold his library to Robert Hoe." It was shortly after Mrs. Pope's death that her husband sold the library. A somewhat similar error occurs under the heading "Locker-Lampson's collection, at Rowfant." De Ricci says, "Sold in 1905 (?) to Church, who resold part of it to Dodd, Mead & Co." The fact is that these booksellers purchased the library entire and sold it entire to the late Mr. Church, who selected the Shakespeares and such other books as he cared to retain, leaving the rest with them to be sold for his account.

As a contribution to that fascinating subject, the history of book-collecting, this "Census of Caxtons" is one of the most interesting books ever written.

Correspondence.

A NEW PARTY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial, "The People Losing a Weapon," in the issue of the *Nation* for May 20, clearly sets forth the unfortunate condition of our politics resulting from the practical disintegration of the Democratic party and the consequent loss to our political life of a true opposition.

It is evident to one who studies the signs that one of those upheavals that from time to time disturb the orderly course of events is imminent. This is presaged by the present state of affairs political, of which the most suggestive features are:

(1.) The apparently unassailable position of the Republican party.

(2.) The apparently hopelessly impotent condition of the Democratic party.

(3.) The abandonment by the Democratic party of its principles and its adoption of principles which it has been supposed to be opposing.

(4.) The fact that political and economic

lines are not drawn the same as party lines, and the existence of radical factions in both parties that are much closer to each other than they are to the conservative faction in their own party, and

(5.) The existence of conservative factions in each party which, while having less resemblance to each other than the radical wings have, are more sympathetic toward each other than to the other faction of their own party.

What is more probable than that a new political alignment will take place based on conservative and radical lines? This seems to be the natural division of parties. A little examination of conditions will show that a new party, or a reorganization of the Democratic party, can be made along such lines that will put new vigor into our political life.

I expect this movement to arise within the radical faction of the Democratic party, meaning those who believe in progressive legislation based on the old principles of Democratic faith, and not faddists, socialists, or mere opportunists, whose only idea is to regain or retain office. The cardinal Democratic principles which must be considered for the new party are:

Strict Construction of the Constitution.
States' Rights.
Economy and Efficiency in Government.
A Low Tariff, and
What may be termed broadly as Opposition to all Special Privileges.

(1.) The first of these principles has ceased to be sufficiently alive to cause dissension. But as it affects the policy of internal improvements, "imperialism," extension of Federal power, and some similar questions, it still has vitality.

(2.) States' rights under the old guise of State sovereignty has ceased to live, except in the hearts of a few irreconcilables. But as representing local self-government in opposition to extension of Federal control, it should be a cardinal principle of any new party that rises from the ashes of the Democracy.

(3.) Economy and efficiency of government are strictly in accord with Democratic principles, are not opposed to Republican principles, and will be a mighty factor if consistently upheld. It means a small and efficient army, all of whose members, officers as well as soldiers, are expected to attend to their strictly military duties; a small and effective navy; abandonment of expensive and useless outlying possessions; civil service reform carried to its ultimate bounds; a careful watch on our expenditures in a thousand and one ways such as those above outlined and in pension bills, river and harbor bills, and building canals.

(4.) A tariff for revenue is the true Democratic doctrine, but the protective principle has become so firmly established of late years, owing to the lack of an effective opposition, that it would unquestionably be more expedient to advocate a substantial reduction of tariff duties rather than an abandonment of the protective principle.

(5.) And the last tenet will command a very large support as the feeling is growing stronger every year that there are too many special privileges recognized and even protected by the government. The new party must oppose all forms of privilege. It must represent the people, not the common people or the uncommon people. The Republican party represents the rich, and there is growing up a Labor party and a party of the proletariat. The new party must take all the American people for its *clientèle*.

Direct primary elections and perhaps other similar or even more advanced methods, will doubtless appeal to the new party, since to develop its greatest strength it must keep close to the people.

If the above lines are followed it is believed by the writer that a live party can be created, which will create enthusiasm, attract adherents, and which will have a long and successful career, because it will be based on living principles. It will reanimate all politics by creating an effective opposition; it will cause its opponents to see the need of reforms that they have heretofore opposed; it will be the means of forcing its opponents to do many things it cannot itself accomplish.

There is nothing in the policy outlined above that would prevent progressive Republicans from supporting the party that adopts it. Indeed, it is nearer to the principles of those Republicans than is the policy of the Republican party itself.

WM. P. MALBURN.

Denver, Col., May 26.

A RETREAT FROM MARATHON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Χαίρετε, Νικᾶτε! The whole theory of pure Browningesque invention for the Marathon run falls breathless, as is clearly shown by the replies to my letter printed in the *Nation* of May 27.

Among the works of reference to be corrected or completed to this effect are apparently all the Browning hand books. See at least G. W. Cooke's, p. 290 ("This part of the poem is probably original"), where Mrs. Orr and Symons are cited as if in agreement. If the old Pauly Reallexikon knew anything of all this, the Smiths failed to "lift" it into English, and so excellent a school manual as Lübker was silent, down to 1882. The essay mentioned in my previous letter is reprinted in the "Boston Browning Book," and the present retraction covers the same error there (p. 386.).

It may still be worth noting, that only a probable surmise as yet identifies Philippides, the runner of Marathon so named first by Lucian, with Pheidippides, the courier to Sparta. The fatal run itself was apparently believed in as early as 300 B. C. (Heracleides Ponticus apud Plutarch), and there may be an earlier passage still to offer. The multiplicity of names may be partly because Philippides or Pheidippides looks like a mere patronymic (from which Nepos drops the ending) rather than a true individual name. Until further evidence is offered, Lucian, a very late author, is the first who in any way suggests that the two runners were the same person.

But as for Herodotus the *argumentum ex silentio* still seems safer than usual. If, sixty years after the battle, any such tale had been current, surely the chronicler would have heard it from his Athenian friends, and used it to gild his rather meagre record of the first Persian invasion. The late appearance of so picturesque a story stamps it as probably a poetic or mythic invention.

Browning apparently added the artistic and ethical link—uniting the two incidents. Pan promised the runner "A worthy reward . . . release from the racer's toil." But the god's prophetic word is as usual ill-understood. Not ease, long life, "children close to my knees," was meant, but instant death on the crest of supreme achievement. Herodotus puts into Solon's mouth a similar tale of Cleobis and Biton, which seems to have influenced Browning powerfully.

This is not properly a proof of a melancholy view of life. The early martial lyric also emphasizes the fitness of heroic death in youth for fatherland and honor's sake. Not that life is less, but victory more precious; and a supreme success is so rare that man may well be content with one such day, or even fear to mar its glory, as Miltiades so soon did, if he lives on. Yet even the Herodotean Solon had given the *first* prize of happiness not to the dutiful and short-lived youths, but to the patriarch Tellos, borne by sons and son's sons to a hero's grave.

And the prize must be worth the price. Once Pheidippides runs to save Athens, and again to bring exultation, before the dreaded night descends, to myriads of affrighted hearts, though his own should burst.

But—μηδὲν ἄγαν. For an ordinary test of speed the stadion was severe enough, and eight or ten furlongs was already a long-distance race. To send striplings or even young lads, on a nine-league race as a mere amusement, is most un-Hellenic. So much may still be maintained; our deadly "Marathon race" has no classical origin nor modern justification. W. C. LAWTON.

Scranton, Pa., June 7.

MR. BURBANK'S WORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* for May 27 mention is made of Jordan and Kellogg's "Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work," and the reviewer wonders that so unsatisfactory a story had been put forth, and asks why the real case is not more clearly stated.

The fact is, as Messrs. Jordan and Kellogg so well know, there is no "science" or "scientific aspect" to Mr. Burbank's work. They have made the best story that could be made in the case. Until the newspaper writers got hold of some of Burbank's accomplishments and exploited them reporter-like, neither Burbank nor any one for him had ever claimed he had anything to do with science. He was merely a selecter of what seemed to him best, and that was all. He would sow 100 or 1,000,000 seeds of a given sort, and when they grew he would select 1 or 10 or 50 of the plants that looked the best and most robust, and would then bring them into flower or fruit so as to get an article that was superior to the original. He called this cultivation "educating the plant," and had no idea that he was more than a simple selecter. (I am not referring to his hybrids; he did hybridize, as many others have, and by that means got crosses as hundreds of other people have done.) The newspaper reports took up the selective part of the work and on that have given him fictitious reputation. Mr. Burbank in the beginning was not to blame for this, as it was not only done without his consent but in despite of his protests. Now, however, he may be

to blame in so far as he has not publicly repudiated the error. He has suffered in the eyes of scientists for apparently endorsing what he and they know to be a fraud.

JACOB THOMPSON.

Chicago, June 1.

ONE PHASE OF IMPERIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At a meeting of the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, May 29, the subject of discussion appears to have been the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Gorham D. Gilman, according to a report in the Boston morning papers of Monday, May 31, said:

The most serious question now is, whether the Hawaiian people are capable of self-government. It is doubtful if a legislature composed of them would be able to enact proper laws at present; but I believe this problem can be worked out in time.

The Rev. C. F. Dole, the chief speaker of the evening, touched upon one phase of the Hawaiian question, being thus reported:

A serious difficulty noted by Dr. Dole was that concerning the liquor law. It had worked well for one year, but an attempt to change it in favor of the saloons was made in the Legislature last winter by white men. The Hawaiian native members of the House, however, stood together against the change, and it was defeated.

Are the white men in Hawaii yet fit for self-government?

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Clark University, Worcester, Mass., June 4.

Notes.

A fourth volume has been added to the works of George Eliot in The World's Classics (Henry Frowde), containing "Scenes of Clerical Life."

The excellent two-volume edition of the works of Charles and Mary Lamb, edited for the Oxford Press by Thomas Hutchinson, has now been issued within a single pair of covers, printed on thin paper. The type is clear and the general form agreeable.

B. W. Huebsch has secured the American rights of Sudermann's novel "Das hohe Lied," and will publish a translation of it in the autumn, under the title of "The Song of Songs."

Some time this summer the Scribners will bring out "Chateaubriand and His Court of Women," by Francis Gribble, a companion volume to his studies of Rousseau and George Sand.

Next month A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish a life of the inventor of the Harvester, under the title "Cyrus Hall McCormick, His Life and Work," written by Herbert N. Casson.

Grant Richards of London has ready a volume of "New Poems," by Madison Cawein of Kentucky. Mr. Cawein's poetry is probably better known in England than it is in this country.

We are to have, in the autumn, another library of selections from the great prose writers, to be called "The Best of the World's Classics." The editor-in-chief is Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and the work will be published in ten volumes, by Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces two historical works for publication next autumn, which promise to be interesting: "The Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," by Walter Sichel, based on a large amount of new material; and "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth, Told in Contemporary Letters," by Frank A. Mumby.

Lemcke & Buechner announce a new Propyläen-Ausgabe of Goethe's Sämtliche Werke to be completed in forty volumes of about 500 pages each, to be issued at the rate of seven volumes a year. All that Goethe meant to be printed will be included, together with a representative selection from his letters and diaries. The text, based on the Weimar edition, will be edited by competent scholars and arranged in chronological order.

The Arthur H. Clark Co. of Cleveland, O., announces for autumn publication a ten-volume series entitled "Documentary History of American Industrial Society," upon which the American Bureau of Industrial Research and the Carnegie Institution of Washington have been engaged for a number of years. The series will comprise a Preface by Prof. Richard T. Ely; an Introduction by Prof. John B. Clark; Vols. I-II, "Plantation and Frontier," by Prof. Ulrich B. Phillips; Vols. III-IV, "Labor Conspiracy Cases, 1806-1842," by Prof. John R. Commons and Prof. Eugene A. Gilmore; Vols. V-VI, "Labor Movement, 1820-1840," by Prof. Commons and Helen R. Sumner, Ph.D.; Vols. VII-VIII, "Labor Movement, 1840-1860," by Professor Commons; Vols. IX-X, "Labor Movement, 1860-1880," by Professor Commons and Dr. John B. Andrews. Volume X will also include an exhaustive Analytical Index.

The "Concordance to Wordsworth," which has been in preparation for the Concordance Society, is now virtually finished, though as yet no definite steps have been taken to secure its publication. The work has been done under the direction of Prof. Lane Cooper of Cornell University, with the help of over forty collaborators. The text is based upon that of Hutchinson's Oxford Wordsworth, supplemented by the editions of Nowell Smith and Knight. For the most part, the quotations have not been transcribed, but cut out and mounted from the printed page. This ought to insure a high degree of exactness in such matters as punctuation and the use of capital letters. Only the commonest words, particles and the like, have been omitted. In all, there are about 200,000 entries. It may surprise some persons to learn that in Wordsworth's poetry the references to *man*, and similarly to *mind*, are considerably more numerous than those to *nature*.

The Bibliographical Society will meet at Bretton Woods, N. H., July 3. Its programme is as follows: "Address of the President," William Coolidge Lane, librarian of Harvard University; "Some Bibliographical Puzzles in Elizabethan Quarto Plays," Prof. George P. Baker, Harvard University; "English Dictionaries before Webster," Percy W. Long, Springfield, Mass.; "Calendaring of Manuscripts," Worthington C. Ford, Massachusetts Historical Society; "Bibliographical Progress in Italy," A. Fanti, Library of Congress.

No. 4,000 of the Tauchnitz Edition is set apart in that series as a Memorial Volume, and is devoted to "American Literature." It has been prepared by Theodore Stanton in collaboration with members of the faculty of Cornell University, it is appropriately dedicated to Mr. Roosevelt, and an American edition has been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. As the title indicates, it is a "Manual," and, although some competent criticism is to be found in its pages, it will doubtless be chiefly used for purposes of occasional reference. Even for a book of its kind, it is exceptionally lavish in names, titles, and dates, which seem to be given with commendable accuracy. There is also a full index. The only purchaser who, we should think, might have a right to complain of the volume is a would-be student of our literary evolution. After Mr. Stanton has condensed in five sections the volumes on colonial and revolutionary literature by the late Moses Coit Tyler, the Cornell collaborators take up the nineteenth century in six sections, beginning with the historians and ending with the journalists. Thus one reads of Parkman before hearing of Cooper, and Henry James, jr., precedes his father—except in the index. Even within the sections themselves one's sense for chronology is occasionally shocked. For example, the treatment of Lanier as a poet precedes that of Longfellow. This seems to be due to some respect for the points of the compass, but not even those irreproachable guides are consistently followed. Such matters of arrangement do not, however, greatly disturb some readers, and they do not detract, thanks to the index, from the considerable value of the book as a work of reference. It should be added that a positive announcement is made in these pages that Henry Adams wrote the novel "Democracy," and that the late John Hay wrote "The Bread-Winners."

Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason has produced in "The Spell of Italy" (L. C. Page & Co.) an entertaining book. It is more than the travel notes of an enthusiastic foreigner; for Mrs. Mason had evidently prepared herself by reading to see and enjoy much. She stayed long enough in the chief places to get more than a hasty impression of them; she made interesting acquaintances from whom she drew information about present conditions; and she has a level head. Her book may be recommended to readers who desire something less impersonal than Baedeker, and less prolix than most of the histories. They will find told here briefly, for instance, the story of St. Francis and of St. Catherine of Siena, and of many more. A large number of well-chosen half-tones help the reader to visualize the text.

Oliver Maddox Hueffer has compiled a chatty collection of anecdotes about witches and the superstitions connected with them, which he entitles "The Book of Witches" (John McBride Co.). It has no pretensions to thoroughness, and is disfigured by a superficial introduction on the possible revival of witchcraft, mixing up "Leo Taxil's" inventions about the revival of Satanism in Paris with the much more significant survivals of belief in witches among the peasant-folk of to-day. The arrangement of the book is confusing. History and analysis have been mixed up in haphazard order,

while the rather pretentious bibliography includes works of fiction and Blackstone's commentaries, yet omits Soldan, the standard book on the subject. Altogether, the book cannot be commended for any thoroughness of treatment, but is fairly readable and amusing.

The need of an annual bibliography in which shall be registered all books and articles, of any value or importance, relating to American history and published in a given year, has been acutely felt by many investigators. Yet the effort to provide such a bibliography has met with many discouragements. Continental countries have little difficulty in providing such an apparatus for the use of students and readers, but publishers in America seem to feel that such an undertaking is likely to be most conspicuous on the wrong side of the balance sheet. Even the American Library Association and the Carnegie Institution of Washington failed to continue a work of this character which each had begun. Therefore, it has been left to private coöperation, a very uncertain form of support and only rarely permanent, to take up the matter. Six individuals and ten historical societies raised a fund sufficient to guarantee the publication of annual volumes for five years, from 1907 to 1911, inclusive. The first volume under the new management has already appeared, covering the output for 1906, and the second volume is announced for immediate publication. The chief editor is Miss Grace Gardiner Griffen, who has done her work admirably. The entries, nearly 3,500 in number, cover books, pamphlets, and articles in periodicals, and are frequently accompanied by notes and comments. There is ample room for a publication of this kind, and it should receive adequate popular support. ("Writings on American History," 1906, the Macmillan Co.).

Rather more than half of William P. Pickett's "The Negro Problem: Abraham Lincoln's Solution" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is taken up with a preliminary survey of the condition of the negro in the United States. Aside from its merits as an orderly and not too vehement presentation of facts and arguments, this part of the book may be dismissed without comment, further than to say that it expounds frankly, and without novelty, the radical Southern view of the negro as hopelessly inferior to the white, incapable of assimilation or even of satisfactory adjustment, and as the baleful source of political, social, and economic disturbance. For most of the numerous "solutions" thus far proposed, including that of industrial education, Mr. Pickett has but little respect, since, to his thinking, their main premises are erroneous. The remedy which he extracts from Lincoln's writings, and to the exposition and defence of which he consecrates more than two hundred and fifty solid pages, is colonization, preferably in South or Central America, San Domingo, or Africa, at the expense and under the protection of the United States. When a writer has thoroughly convinced himself, that the deportation of some ten millions of persons, at a cost to the nation of several hundred millions of dollars—Mr. Pickett proposes an initial appropriation of a hundred million as a "flyer"—is within the bounds of practicability, argument *contra* is obviously useless. What can be added to the century of discussion that has already been wasted? We venture only the remark that the American Colonization Society, though long in a state of innocuous desuetude, is still in existence and might well, perhaps, be consulted.

A commission connected with the Municipal Archives of Bordeaux is the patron of the new monumental edition of "Les Essais de Michel de Montaigne" (Paris, H. Champion). The editor is Prof. F. Strowski of the university faculty, famous for his great work on Pascal. The second volume of the Essays (668 pages, 25 francs) has appeared.

In handy editions of extracts from voluminous elder writers, of whom everybody should know something, we have "Pages choisies" of Fontenelle (Armand Colin), and "Helvétius" in the "Plus belles pages" collection (Mercure de France), both properly edited with introduction, notes, and bibliography.

Doris Gunnell, an Englishwoman, has done original work in her doctor's thesis at the Sorbonne—"Stendhal et l'Angleterre" (322 pages, Charles Bosse). The book chronicles all that can be ascertained, mainly from Stendhal's copious notes and letters, concerning his visits and friends, Byron and Brougham, Lady Morgan, and Miss Clarke and Sutton Sharpe, with his own curious views on people, politics, taste, and defects.

Auguste Filon, in his new edition of "Mérimée et ses amis," publishes a bibliography of his hero's complete work, drawn up by the late Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul and revised by F. Chambon, librarian of the University of Paris.

That inexhaustible author, Remy de Gourmont, publishes a third series of his "Promenades littéraires," with Huysmans (personal recollections), Chateaubriand, Brunetière, the Romantics, and others back to the *Libertins* and Cyrano de Bergerac (Mercure de France).

Count Joseph de Mailath, introduced by Professor René Henry of the École des Sciences politiques, publishes "La Hongrie rurale, sociale, et politique" (Alcan). The veteran Pacifist, Frédéric Passy, in his advanced old age, finds energy to prepare the notes and documents of yet another volume, "Pour la Paix" (Fasquelle).

Two handbooks of great value to students of French contemporary history are among the new publications. "Éléments et notions politiques de droit" is by Henri Michel, a Paris magistrate; he treats of the judicial organization of France, procedure, the jury, civil law, marriage and divorce, contracts, notarial acts, etc. (A. Colin). "L'Administration de la France" (Perrin), by Henri Chardon of the Conseil d'État, explains "functionaries"—in the public services, those attached to government, and 800,000 others—with the general regulation of the different administrations, and the necessity of a rational and democratic organization of all such services. The present year, with its postmen's strike, has shown how burning such questions are in France of to-day.

In "La Caverne," Ray Nyst, whom we take to be a Belgian scholar, has set out to depict, in a form approaching fiction, the beginnings of human society on the European continent. He has gone about his task conscientiously. His title page informs us that we are about to read the "picturesque story of a human family of twenty-nine persons, girls and boys, big and small, during the epoch of luxuriant tertiary forests and mild seasons in Central Europe." A formidable piece of scientific apparatus in the form of a critical introduction prepares us for the narrative proper, which is largely a re-statement of the facts in concrete and somewhat imaginative detail. For an amateur novelist M. Nyst does very well indeed. By emphasizing the close ties that bind his primitive man to brute creation, he succeeds only the more in concentrating our attention upon the process of human growth that went on in cavern and treetop. Something of the ancient sacred pity and wonder is stirred in us when our writer represents the she-bear and the human female so apparently close together, yet called by mysterious forces to such vastly separated destinies. What Becker did for the ancient world in "Gallus" and "Charicles," M. Nyst has done effectively for Eoanthropos. (London: David Nutt.).

Not since the publication of Haym's touching story of his long, hard struggle through poverty and revolution, up to his position of honor and influence at Halle, has there appeared in Germany a work of biographical interest equal to that of Friedrich Paulsen's "Aus meinem Leben" (Jena: Eugen Diedrichs). Unfortunately, it is but a fragment of the entire autobiography planned by the famous Berlin professor, covering only the period from birth through his first years as a docent. Two things make the work unusually valuable: the trying experiences of Paulsen, himself later a leading authority on German universities, with the formation of the higher educational system, and the frank and delightful narrative of a life begun in a peasant's cottage and continued, for a while, amid lowly but healthful country surroundings. There is no disposition to hide or tone down the past; Paulsen rejoices in his homely origin, and finds naïve pleasure in telling his readers all about it. "I grew up in a genuine peasant cottage," he says, "was taken into the school by an excellent teacher, and prospered in a light-hearted community and society." He describes his parents and grandparents, of good old Frisian stock, recalls the memories of early childhood, the games and companions and the first school he attended, and in two or three chapters gives a picture of the housekeeping of that time, with the work outside and within the peasant's cottage. All these reminiscences of the more personal side of Paulsen's life are made doubly interesting by the illustrations of his birthplace and home, with portraits of his parents in their Frisian garb, and of Paulsen himself as a boy, as a docent in 1877, and as he appeared near the end of his life. Paulsen was a good observer, and had a vein of rich humor; he deplored many of the changes going on in society to-day, and evidently wished, in this work, to raise up a monument to a past that is steadily fading away.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale died on Thursday of last week at his home in Roxbury, Mass. He was born in Boston, where the Parker House now stands, on April 3, 1822. His grandfather, Enoch Hale, was a brother of Capt. Nathan Hale of tragic Revolutionary fame. His father, Nathan

Hale, was a man of liberal education and great puhlic spirit; a civil engineer, and also the editor and proprietor of the Boston *Advertiser*. The story of Edward's childhood, youth, and early training is told in his "New England Boyhood." Something must certainly he deducted from his depreciation of hoth the Boston Latin School and Harvard College as he found them from 1831 to 1839, hut his account of them is interesting, and one that will serve to give the *laudator temporis acti* needful pause. For all marking systems and examinations he had great contempt. Clearly he was apt at learning, and, though not a Franklin-Medal boy at the Latin School, he entered Harvard without conditions midway of his fourteenth year. A distaste for regular studies and conventional methods which is strongly reflected in his "New England Boyhood," prevailed against his entering the Divinity School. From 1839 until 1846 he enjoyed a varied experience of work and study. In 1846 he became a minister of the Second Unitarian Church, in Worcester, Mass., then newly organized and called the Church of the Unity. He remained in Worcester ten years, and in 1856 accepted the charge of the South Congregational Church in Boston, and held it for the remainder of his life, availing himself of the services of an assistant minister from 1886 onward. Early in his ministry he took a high rank in the Unitarian fellowship. His presence was commanding; his guttural voice extremely powerful and impressive, with a wide range from the most gentle to the harshest notes; his sermons ethical in their substance, and vivid in their style. The theological differences among Unitarians had little interest for him except as endangering "the unity of the spirit," and his chosen part was to manifest a liberality which included both extremes. He was Dr. Bellows's right-hand man in the formation of the National Unitarian Conference in 1865, and was the first secretary of that organization, and more than once the president of its council, retiring finally in 1893, when the long controversy concerning the theological terms of the constitution came to an end. Neither to repudiate Christianity nor to define it was the position to which he held throughout the long dehate.

To the puhlic at large Dr. Hale was better known as a writer of general interest than as a clergyman. From first to last he published nearly fifty books of different kinds—volumes of sermons, novels, social, and historical works. In the realm of fiction his success was much greater with the short story than with the elahorate novel. Two of his shorter stories stand out from all others, "The Man Without a Country" and "My Douhle, and How He Undid Me." The former was probably the most popular short story written in America. It first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* of December, 1863, and gave effective expression to the patriotic temper of the time, but some have thought that it goes near to teaching the doctrine, "Our country, right or wrong." Many at first imagined the story to be a veritahle history, and several who had known the hero endeavored to set the author right in some of his details. "My Douhle, and How He Undid Me" was merely a piece of excellent fooling. Of books midway hetween stories and novels Dr. Hale's "Ten Times One Is Ten" (1870) and "In His Name" (1874), have been the most widely read. The former showed how fast a social henefit might spread if every individual should help ten others, or ally himself with them, and the ten do as they had been done hy. He was one of the preachers of Harvard and one of its Board of Overseers. He was at one time editor of the *Christian Examiner*, and he originated and edited the *Old and New Magazine* much to his own financial detriment, and that of those associated with him in the enterprise. He hecame chaplain of the Senate December 14, 1903. The selection was made at the instance of Senator Hoar, who had been his lifelong personal friend. During the greater time of his term of office Dr. Hale used Senator Frye's committee room as an office. As long as he was able to do so, Dr. Hale made it a practice to visit the Senators at their seats, and he was personally known to all of them.

Moses King, publisher and author of "King's Handhook of the United States," "King's Handhook of New York," and a dozen other similar publications, died in New York, June 12, at the age of fifty-six. He was born in London and came to America at the age of five years.

George Wehh Appleton, the dramatist and novelist, died on Saturday at his home in Highgate, London. He was born in New Jersey in 1845. He travelled extensively in Europe, was newspaper correspondent in Paris and Rome, and founded the lecture hureau system in England. "The Blue Diamond Mystery," a novel, and the plays "The Co-respondent" and "Zana" are among the better known of his productions.

Dr. Benjamin Lawton Wiggins, vice-chancellor of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., died at his home there Monday. Dr. Wiggins was horn in Sand Ridge, S. C., in 1861, and received his primary school education at the old Porter Academy in Charleston. After leaving there he went to the University of the South, where he was graduated with the degree of master of arts in 1882. After a post-graduate course of two years at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Wiggins returned to the University of the South, taking the position of associate professor of Greek, and later hecoming full professor. In 1893 he was elected vice-chancellor of the institution. He was active in the affairs of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association in securing safeguards against professionalism and in purifying student athletics.

The death is announced in his seventy-first year of George Robert Elsmie, at one time assistant commissioner in the Punjab, judge in the Chief Court, 1878-85, and financial commissioner, 1887-93. He puhlished a number of books, including: "Epitome of Cabul Correspondence" (1864), "Notes on Peshawar Crime" (1884), "Lumsden of the Guides" (1899), "Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart" (1903), and "Anne Shepherd of Elsmie" (1904).

From Sydney comes news of the death of the Rev. Dr. James Egan Moulton, the well-known Methodist apostle to Tonga, hrother of Dr. R. G. Moulton, professor of English literature at Chicago University, of the late Rev. Dr. William Fiddian Moulton, one of the revisers of the Bible, and of Sir J. Fletcher Moulton, late lord justice of appeal. His great work was the translation of the Bible into the Tongan language. He was born near Newcastle, England, on January 14, 1841, was educated at Kingswood, and went to Tonga about 1864. The translation of the Bihle occupied him some twenty-five years. He also compiled a hymnal in Tongan, and provided a voluminous literature in translations and original works. Dr. Moulton left Tonga in 1889, and went to Sydney, where he was for a long time president of Newington College.

Dr. Karl Lohmeyer, professor of history at the University of Königsberg, has died, at the age of sixty-six. He was a notahle example of success in life, despite a physical handicap, as he was born without arms. Among his publications are "Geschichte von Ost- und Westpreussen," "Herzog Albrecht von Preussen," and "Geschichte des Buchdrucks und des Buchhandwerks im Herzogtum Preussen."

From Munich comes the report of the death of the Catholic historian, Johannes Nepomuk Sepp, at the great age of ninety-two. He has to his credit a long list of works in German, Oriental, and religious history, hut was known to the wider public for his opposition to the influence of the famous Lola Montez in the Bavarian university in the time of Ludwig I.

THE WESTWARD PATH.

The Romance of American Expansion. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.75 net.

This book, the chapters of which were originally contributions to the *Outlook*, is, as might be expected, buoyant, vigorous, and optimistic. Mr. Bruce is well-satisfied with what we have done and very cheerful over our prospects, and to read him is an encouragement to hope; but his work shows lacks and lapses which disappoint, and we cannot altogether trust his guidance.

First, it is odd that, in treating the Romance of American Expansion, he makes no mention of what is the most picturesque circumstance connected with it, namely, that it is but an incident in a vast ethnic movement, beginning far back in prehistoric times, and having for its theatre the Eastern as well as the Western hemispheres. Fifty years ago, Max Müller and his fellow-scholars talked with great confidence of a primeval race, the Aryans, living among the highlands of central Asia, whose language it had been so far possible to recover that we could know with some definiteness the material civilization they had attained and the features of their intellectual and spiritual life. This primitive hive-swarming sent its multitudes southward into India, and also westward in successive swarms into Europe; at last, Greek, Latin, Celt, Teuton, and Slav, becoming fixed each in its European habitat, and history now beginning, the impulse westward, active since the days of the early

world, drives the Aryans across the Atlantic, to repeat in America the rude displacement of aboriginal tribes, a process going on throughout the entire long march from the original home at the feet of the Himalayas. While scholars at present talk with much less confidence than once of Aryan origins and relationships, dismissing as quite unascertained the position of the first Aryan home and holding as most shadowy all speculations as to early Aryan culture and migration, nevertheless the evidence is good of a migratory movement originating in the remotest past, in general a pouring westward, of which the European overflow into America beginning with Columbus is only a continuation. The march of Aryan empire has in later days been quickened by the subjugation of natural forces; it is, however, but a repeating of what has gone before—Latin, Teuton, Celt, and Slav, now under Anglo-Saxon leadership and organization, advancing to the possession of the continent, and later to the islands of the sea. This mighty prelude to American expansion is full of romance, and more. The story of it needs to be borne in mind in order to understand the inevitableness of the advance. It has been gathering momentum—as the result of an unrest that has prevailed since remote antiquity. Mr. Bruce should certainly have found room for some mention of this as making American expansion properly intelligible.

In Mr. Bruce's preface we find the statement: "From beginning to end there is little to regret and much to admire in the story of American expansion." As regards what we have come to possess, we think the country generally is well satisfied to have the gains made within North America securely in our hands; but will the national conscience allow the claim that in making these gains we have done little to regret? In our treatment of the Indians has there been no century of dishonor? or are we ready to accept the comfortable doctrine that the superior race may rightfully sweep away the inferior race, that what we have done has been done on other continents by our forebears from time immemorial, and that for the blackness of darkness we are substituting sweetness and light? It has been confidently asserted that the number of Indians has scarcely diminished since the coming of the whites, that however great their sufferings at the hands of the whites, the tribes inflicted upon each other far greater sufferings; that sparse handfuls of savage humanity, roaming over but by no means occupying a territory, had no rights which civilized newcomers were bound to respect. But can we rest quite easy in this view?

Coming to the acquisition of Louisiana, Mr. Bruce maintains the usual American conception. The central figure in the transaction was, in his opinion, Jefferson, a "nationalistic" statesman in a large sense. He declares it wrong to suppose that Jefferson's "share in the purchase was purely fortuitous, and that in acting as he did he merely pursued a policy of opportunism, founded upon what he perceived to be the will of the people. On the contrary, the Louisiana Purchase meant to him the realization of a long and ardently cherished desire." A more correct view of the acquisition of Louisiana is that it came about through French statesmanship; the initiative was with Napoleon, Jefferson and his negotiators being secondary figures in the transaction. So far from having labored for such an acquisition, no American, except possibly Livingston, had dreamed of it as a thing possible or desirable at that time. "There is nothing to show," says Mr. Bruce, speaking of the offer of Louisiana by Napoleon, "that it had been anticipated and that Monroe and Livingston carried secret instructions authorizing them to accept it." There is nothing to show, he might just as truly have said, that Jefferson or any other man had anything but vague ideas of a national expansion in some remote future and over territory quite undefined; or that Jefferson had at the moment any thought except of the mouth of the Mississippi and the country to the east. As a matter of fact, Jefferson, in his intercourse with the travellers Ledyard, Michaux, and Lewis, before 1803, thought of nothing more than scientific and commercial advantages; and when the news came of what Napoleon had led his envoys into, he was confounded and distressed, feeling that the Constitution sanctioned no such transaction, that a population was about to be turned over to the United States without being consulted, in violation of democratic right, and that, in general, calamity, rather than benefit, would very possibly result from it to the country at large. If ever in American affairs an event has been fortuitous, such was the acquisition of Louisiana; if ever an American statesman has played the rôle of an opportunist, that did Jefferson in 1803. When Thiers, in the "History of the Consulate and the Empire," considers the alienation of Louisiana from France, he remarks: "The United States are indebted for their birth and for their greatness to the long struggle between France and England." We are not concerned here to inquire whether or not the fact that she had France for an enemy made it impossible for England to subdue the Thirteen Colonies. Whoever ponders a book like Charlemagne Tower's "French Alliance" will see reason in the claim that without the French soldiers, fleets, and money, we never could have succeeded. As to the greatness of the United States, however, the doubling of our area by the western half of the Mississippi Valley was a Napoleonic *coup*, by which we profited, but in bringing about which we had no hand. To exalt Jefferson into a prominent place in the affair is, to use an adjective of Mr. Bruce's, a "rashfull" proceeding. Rashfull means, if it means anything, to be full of rash, and the rash we encounter here is an eruption of the American self-sufficiency that refuses to see how far our fate has been shaped on foreign shores, and by statesmen and potentates not of our own blood.

As to subsequent annexations, it is mainly at the expense of Spain, leaving out Hawaii and Alaska, that we have reaped advantage. Are we prepared to accept Mr. Bruce's statement that there is little in our methods which today we need to recall with regret? The claim of Spain to Mexico was based upon the robber expedition of Cortez directed against a people not savage, but which had made some steps toward culture. To Spain had succeeded a nominal republic whose right to inherit vast outlying regions was slender, indeed. Whether or not Texas might fairly be included in the Louisiana Purchase is not easy to decide; and as to the missions and their vague appanages in New Mexico and California, the Mexican right to possession becomes, under cool examination, attenuated to the last degree. We believe that Mr. Bruce might make out a plausible case, though many will feel that America has shown here colossal rapacity. At any rate, few will question that, however secured, it is for the general welfare of the world that Texas, California, and the territory of the Gadsden Purchase are now part of the American Union. Houston and the Austins will probably stand as worthy figures in the American Pantheon. The name of Frémont fell into sad discredit under the tests of the civil war; we should be glad that his earlier career, on which his rise into importance was based, is set forth in this book in the favorable light which it deserves; and we ought not to begrudge to James K. Polk the good word which Mr. Bruce now and then accords him, where the general tone toward him has been that of obloquy.

No one now speaks contemptuously of Alaska, regrets its incorporation, or finds fault with Seward for accomplishing it. The voices that denounce the annexation of Hawaii grow fainter as the years pass, however sore the nation's best conscience may still be over the deed. As to the Philippines, we are still in the thick of embarrassment and controversy. As Louisiana fell to the administration of Jefferson undesired and unlooked for, so the island empire of Spain dropped upon McKinley as a complete surprise. What statesman dreamed that a consequence

of interference in behalf of oppressed Cuba would be this bringing of our white elephant of the Orient into the fold! American expansion has its origin in far antiquity; its surprises are but repetitions of surprises that startled generations in the æons that are mute; there will be surprises in the future, for the venerable disquiet that has impelled the westward movement is still unwasted. Whither? Let us repose in the wisdom of Mr. Dooley: "We don't know, Hinnessy, where we're goin'. But we're on the way."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Third Circle. By Frank Norris. New York: John Lane Co.

However skeptical some of us may have been as to the absolute excellence of the late Frank Norris's young achievement, few can have doubted that he was on the way to excellence. There was a confident ardor about him that seemed almost a guarantee of success. "I am going to make you people sit up," he said to a friend at the very beginning of his career. The friend thought the remark in rather bad taste, but in due time found himself "sitting up." Norris was thinking in trilogies when death cut him off. His precocity was still manifesting itself, he was pushing a little ahead of his powers. "The Pit" and "The Octopus" must stand, after all, as astonishing exercises rather than as portions of an unfinished masterpiece, but there is no mistaking the power in them, or the promise.

The stories here collected are, says Mr. Irwin in his spirited introduction, "the longest and most important of his prentice products. . . . They are an incomparable study in the way a genius takes to find himself." This is putting it strong: the claim is scarcely borne out by the contents of the volume. They seem rather to show how a reporter with a realistic bent may become a writer of brilliant magazine stories. We do not gather that these exhibits are here reprinted in chronological order. As they stand, they display not so much growth as versatility. They are extremely clever, and, with three or four exceptions, patently "magazinable." The list of copyrights printed at the beginning of the book shows in what different markets Norris succeeded in placing his work. But it is the three or four exceptions which to our mind are most individual and striking. Three of them were, we gather from Mr. Irwin, written before the rest, and stand first in the book. The horror of the incident narrated in "The Third Circle" is intensified by the grim and pithy manner of its telling. The writer has no notion of commenting or enlarging upon his facts: it is enough to present them. "The House with the Blinds" and "Little Dramas of the Curbstone" are not properly stories at all, but sketches of certain chance-seen episodes of city life, each of them with its mystery over the solution of which the artist is perfectly non-committal. These vivid bits of romantic realism appeared in the San Francisco *Wave*, when Norris was sub-editor thereof—before the East had heard him and summoned him in its peremptory way to stand and deliver the fruits of his fresh talent.

He succeeded in transplanting that talent without destroying it; but we cannot help thinking that much of the matter in the present volume is reliquian of a temporary surrender, or semi-surrender. It would be interesting to know when the story called "Dying Fires" was written. Here we read of a Californian sub-editor, with a genius for comprehending the life about him, who writes a novel which has life and nature in it. An Eastern publisher accepts it, and the young Californian is presently called to the editorial staff of the publisher's magazine. He comes to New York, and falls in with a set of third-rate "authors," who, with their pretensions and affectations, so confuse, mislead, and altogether bedevil the young fellow that he turns from life to phrases. His second novel is as feeble as it is sophisticated. After a time he realizes his mistake, goes back to the Sierras, and "with such sapped and broken strength as New Bohemia had left him, strove to wrest some wreckage from the dying fire." But the last spark is quenched, and "there remains only a little heap of bitter ashes." Happily, there was no such end of the matter for Norris: his torch burned brighter, and he bore it with steadier hand, to the last.

The Mystery of Miss Motte. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The plan and scope of this little story are rather out of the usual. A girl with a touch of Parsee blood in her veins, figuring as amanuensis to an American clergyman, is not met every day, and is naturally predestined to mystery. Yet after all, the mystery lies more with the nature, acts, and testamentary dispositions of her forebears than with herself, and admits of satisfactory solution in the end. She herself is a nice, spirited girl, Oriental in little else besides her love for India and her susceptibility to the perfume of jasmine. In surveying the thickly peopled scene of the story, the reader is aware, a little uncomfortably, of the author's determination to make original characters at all hazards. The two really noteworthy figures are those of the clergymen, the rector and his curate; the religious epicure and the mystic; the man who is in a large sense a religion "promoter," sincere but cynical, and his junior, to whom religion is still "a reality, a passion, a life." The two are thoroughly alive as men and as representatives of contrasted currents of thought, which at the last bid fair to unite in one clarified stream. That both men are in love with the mysterious Miss Motte gives human zest to their spiritual contests, and affords a chance for one of them to turn defeat into moral victory.

The Bronze Bell. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

There are stories which one reads with full consciousness of how silly they are, but with the determination to see the absurd thing through. So far as the author is concerned, that is, undoubtedly, quite satisfactory. Mr. Vance's latest yarn harks back to the early Rider Haggard. A mysterious dark-faced gentleman, on a lonely sandbar off the south shore of Long Island, is sought out by creepy Babu messengers, who present him with the traditional token of a huge emerald in whose depths flash baleful shafts of light, etc. From Long Island we move on to Calcutta and Rajputana, and straight into the heart of dark bazaars, Indian palaces inhabited by wondrously beautiful, olive-skinned fiends in woman's form, subterranean water-passages, cobras, gates of swords, and mystic oaths. The hero and the heroine are, of course, Anglo-Saxon. Through the direst adventures, they keep immaculate the beautiful clothes in which Mr. Harrison Fisher has set off their magnificent physique. Persons of mature years will sit up to read Mr. Vance's story and prove how the heart of man never grows old.

Oh! Christina! By J. J. Bell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

The publishers confidently blazon forth this little story as "the laughing hit of the year." We suppose such a claim would have to be substantiated on a basis of number of copies sold, and we should say that unless the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch" exerts herself to some purpose, the prophecy may very likely come true. Christina is a feminine version of "Wee Macgreegor," with the precocious wit and the uncanny canniness of the Glasgow street arab. After a harum-scarum childhood, fate or her creator puts her in charge (the phrase may be left ambiguous) of a maiden aunt who keeps a toy-shop in the village of "Kilmabeg." The contrast in age, training, and temperament between these two furnishes the fun. It is good fun, and has the advantage of being obvious enough for that child-like audience, the Best-Buying public.

Miss Purvis, the aunt, is like the serious and literal-minded interlocutor who sets off the rollicking humorist of a double turn in vaudeville. Her lines are restricted chiefly to "Really,

Christina!" and "You are a very strange girl." She is three times as much surprised and shocked at everything Christina says or does as the audience can possibly be expected to be. But, in a way, she is necessary. Her simplicity gives the cue, keeps the ball of Christina's impishness busily rolling. Christina and her nonsense are likely to be much laughed at and quickly forgotten, which is, of course, laying more to her credit than to her discredit.

An Anarchist Woman. By Hutchins Hapgood. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25.

This is a book belonging to the same general order as Mr. Hapgood's "Autobiography of a Thief" and "The Spirit of Labor." It is a report of "low" life tinged with almost morbid sympathy. Mr. Hapgood is a Defoe who adores his Colonel Jack and his Moll Flanders. The very fact that other people are not likely to adore them, are even likely to find them contemptible objects, prepossesses him strongly in their favor. "When we are more accustomed to social thought," he says, "we shall not regard those who radically differ from us, as mad dogs or malevolent idiots." Per contra, we shall perceive that mad dogs and malevolent idiots are merely beings who differ from us, and probably for the better.

Mr. Hapgood's chief fault is lack of humor, and the effect of it in this instance is rather appalling. He is undertaking to study "the natural history of the anarchist" and chooses two persons as his exemplars. One is a woman who, when he met her at twenty-three, "had more completely translated her life into terms of thought than any other woman of my acquaintance." She had led a most dissolute life, in which drink and promiscuous relations with men played the chief parts. Then she met Terry, in the eyes of the world a drunken loafer, but really "a perfect type of the idealist. We shall see," promises the chronicler, "how in the midst of what the world calls immorality and sordidness, this quality in him was ever present." Marie becomes his mistress on terms which bind her to nothing; in fact, she maintains the utmost liberty of morals, and at one time deliberately takes to the street. But this is where Terry's idealism comes in: he considers prostitution better than marriage, and infinitely better than work. After a time she comes back to him. They are a cheerful pair. Mr. Hapgood's story is largely made up of letters to him, from one or the other of these two. They are extremely frank letters, but they have little beside frankness to recommend them. By her own testimony, the girl gives full play to her natural instinct for gross dissipation, and it is too evident that the man is a drunken loafer who worships his own image. He has the Irish fondness for eloquence, and is always spreading the eagle:

> To exchange the rack-rented but limitless fields of Irish landlordism for the rickety and equally rack-rented tenements, with the checkerboard streets, where all must keep moving, is only adding sordidness to spare sadness.

This is the kind of thing Mr. Hapgood calls "poetic." Terry, who is a good mechanic, thinks it a disgrace to work, but he is quite willing to live at the expense of hard-working friends, and once takes a job as barkeeper with a clear conscience on the ground that it is more graft than work, since the carelessness of his employer makes it easy for him to steal a large part of the takings. Under the tutelage of this moralist and thinker, Marie begins to develop her own profound intellectual powers. If it were not for a growing habit of throwing things at each other, they might still be helping each other onward and upward. But they are no longer together. Marie has lapsed into virtue and housework, and Terry, with the aid of cigarettes, whiskey, hashish, and despair of regenerating mankind, is near his logical end. We have no reason to doubt that these are real persons, but it is hard to understand Mr. Hapgood.

A Sister of Prince Rupert. Elizabeth Princess Palatine and Abbess of Herford. By Elizabeth Godfrey. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

Sometimes there meets us in the pages of history a personality that appeals to us, not by splendor or achievement, not by political importance, but in virtue of an intimate and familiar charm, or by some strange potency of self-revelation whereby we know him in his tastes and his idiosyncrasies as we know those we meet in everyday life, not as we image from afar the occupants of thrones or the dwellers in the distant arena of statecraft.

We quote the opening sentence of this book for a double purpose. It is, in the first place, a specimen of the untrained, if not execrable, taste into which the writers of biography seem to be yearly sinking deeper and deeper. The present biographer, as a matter of fact, writes for the most part in a simple, if not very refined, style, yet from sheer lack of literary discipline she can begin her work with a sentence that would bring a blush to a self-respecting sophomore. The lamentable fact is that the great mass of popular biographies turned out by the presses—and the *genre* is one of peculiar difficulties—are written by amateur penmen who have not acquired the first principles of composition. So much to relieve the spleen of a reviewer who reads biographical works by choice and is too often deceived in his expectations of pleasure.

The sentence is quoted also because, despite its foolish exaggeration, it indicates the real interest of the pages that follow. There was no "strange potency of self-revelation" about the Princess Elizabeth, but she was a charming, piquant person, and a writer of letters that admit us to formal acquaintance at least with an extraordinary circle of people. As the child of King James's ill-fated daughter, who, as Howell relates, was "called the Queen of Bohemia, and for her winning, princely comportment, the Queen of Hearts," she was born to a place in romance. The effort to reconstruct the child's life at the great palace of Heidelberg, where she was born, and during the disastrous expedition of her father into Bohemia, is a little too apparent. Our real knowledge of her begins with the school days at Leyden, and is taken from the Memoirs of her sister Sophie, afterward mother of George I, and from the correspondence among the members of the large family. Even here the reader is perhaps fretted at times by the effort to realize the child's state of mind from insufficient material. For these conjectures we should prefer to have fuller extracts from the letters that passed between Elizabeth and Descartes at The Hague, and a more ample account of the philosophy which played so important a part in the princess's life, and which, in its ethical aspects, was so largely developed under her influence. The chapter entitled "The Consolations of Philosophy" is fairly well written: the passages from the letters are wisely selected and agreeably translated; they fail only in being too few. "I have always," writes Elizabeth to her Mentor, "been in a condition which renders my life very useless to those whom I love, but I seek to preserve it with far more ease since I have had the happiness of knowing you, because you have shown me the means of living far more happily than I had done before." That lesson of philosophic calm is one of the oases in history, and we should love to linger over it, even if the journey through the rest of the princess's life, with her restored brother at Heidelberg, and as abbess at the Protestant nunnery of Herford, were proportionately hastened.

It cannot be denied that this biography has many of the crudities that mark this kind of writing to-day, but it is based on good knowledge of the sources, is, in general, despite its lapses, simply written, and has to its great advantage a thoroughly entertaining subject which is not much known to the ordinary English reader.

The Imperial Gazetteer of India. Vols. XXV-XXVI, Index, Atlas. New Edition. Published under the authority of His Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council. New York: Henry Frowde.

The two concluding volumes of the

new edition of the Gazetteer, just published, fully maintain the unique excellence of this monumental work. The Index, Vol. XXV, is not merely a list of references, but is a carefully prepared digest of the facts contained in the Gazetteer, and is accordingly of inestimable value to the student of any Indian subject. Under cotton, for instance, will be found, first, references to general statements as to its production, then alphabetical lists of places where it is cultivated and where there are ginning and pressing factories, followed by references to the manufacture from earliest times and to the location of two hundred and more mills. To the historical and biographical references dates are frequently added. It is interesting to note that the largest space is devoted to the enumeration of the places containing noted temples, and the next largest to the stations of the sixty-five Protestant missions, the American alone occupying nearly half of the five pages given to them. Of course, in a work of this magnitude omissions are inevitable, but we are surprised that we can find no mention of the famous Guides of the Indian army, especially when there is a reference to the nurse of Shah Jahan. The Atlas, Vol. XXVI, which can be purchased separately, contains sixty-four excellent maps, nearly half of which are general, showing among other things the surface features, density of population, the distribution of the different races, languages, and religions, the various products, military and political divisions, and railways. In addition to maps of the provinces, there are plans of thirteen cities.

The only error we have detected is that Bostan, a town near Quetta, is printed on map 47 Boston. It is correctly spelled on map 35 and in the index.

Science.

The Earth's Bounty. By Kate V. St. Maur. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

This is a practical book, a reminder (and one is occasionally needed) that women can write upon plants and animals without dissolving in sentiment. If Mrs. St. Maur's first book, "A Self-Supporting Home," sent, as has been asserted, more families to the country than any other book except "The Fat of the Land," then "The Earth's Bounty" should break the record of that amusing bit of fiction. For Mrs. St Maur shows that, even without the apparently unlimited capital of the gentleman who lived on the fat of his acres, it is possible to thrive upon a farm.

The book is a supplement to "A Self-Supporting Home," but except for a final "itinerary" of the year's work, the plan is different and better. In successive chapters Mrs. St. Maur takes up various farm topics, and treats each one thoroughly. The subjects come somewhat at haphazard—one would expect, perhaps, the chapters to be in groups covering animals, birds, and farming proper—but in this case the order is doubtless the natural one, as Mrs. St. Maur confesses that the various departments of her industry were frequently begun as the result of an accident. Her fortune led her to ventures as widely different as angora goats and apples, silos and toy dogs, but whether she is managing a violet house or making a manure pit her processes and conclusions seem sensible, and her profit reasonable. She reports no failures.

Her fondness for animals led her into adopting household pets, which afterward proved the nucleus of a flock, a herd, or a stud. From Rachel, bought "because without a cow a country home is incomplete," came a steady trade in butter. From a driving-mare, bought because she was cheap, and the temptation great, rose the beginnings of a small but good business in colts. Common goats, acquired for the purpose of clearing brush, led to a mixed trade in milk and cheese, and finally to a flock of angoras which, besides being efficient in sprout-land, produced saleable kids and the best mohair. Finally when Jack, wounded and half-strangled, hurled himself through a window and across Mrs. Maur's knees in the middle of a thunder storm, her dog kennel was begun. We shall expect, in her next book, to hear of her trade in squirrels and opossums. Hens appear to be with her a deliberate choice, but quail and wild duck she keeps because she cannot hold her hand from something new.

The lover of pets is not always the lover of inanimate nature, but Mrs. St. Maur seems almost to make pets of her trees, and it would not be difficult to imagine her sitting up nights with her violets. With both she has been successful. And when she reaches the subjects of rotations, silage, and manures, though denied the possibility of sympathy with her subject, she nevertheless manages to find the important problems, and to present them for examination.

It is doubtless possible to find fault with Mrs. St. Maur's facts, or with her advice. The Massachusetts farmer, for instance, will marvel greatly at her advice for asparagus, and will inquire if she has never heard of deep setting of one-year roots in loam of ordinary depth. She advises the shallow planting of seed, or the setting of two-year roots, in deeply prepared earth. Her methods here seem to be truly old-fashioned and foreign; few farmers in America can afford, even for the home garden, trenches or the hand-labor of cultivating shallow-set plants. Tested similarly, some few other of her recommendations may fail. But in general she is up-to-date, and the spirit of her book is modern, in that she is experimental. She is, besides, practical. At times her style savors of a farmer's bulletin; in fact, she quotes largely from experiment-station reports, often without quotation marks, so that it is sometimes a problem whether she is speaking or some one else.

Without pretending to a literary style, Mrs. St. Maur is able to get at the gist of the matter in hand, and to state it clearly. The farmer, as well as the man or woman who hopes for profit in pets, can gain much from this book.

T. Mellard Reade, a distinguished architect and surveyor of Liverpool, has died, at the age of seventy-seven. Mr. Reade was interested in physical geology and wrote several books on the subject, including "The Origin of Mountain Ranges," "The Evolution of Earth-Structure," and "Chemical Denudation in Relation to Geological Time."

From Berlin comes the report of the death, at the age of sixty-six, of Dr. Adolf Pinner, professor of chemistry in the University of that place. He wrote on both organic and inorganic chemistry. Among his books are "Lehrbuch der organischen Chemie," "Lehrbuch der anorganischen Chemie," and "Gesetze der Naturerscheinungen."

Drama.

THE BACON ACROSTIC.

Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon. By W. S. Booth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Booth's book has already made its converts, so painstaking, ingenious, and beguiling is it. He does not attempt in any sense to treat the whole Baconian theory, accepting, rather, most of the conclusions and evidence of Greenwood and Begley. He divides his royal octavo volume of some six hundred and twenty pages into two parts. The first part, after some preliminary treatment of Elizabethan cryptography, considers "The Uses of Ciphers," "Anonymity and Pseudonymity," "Method," and "Practical Specimens of Acrostical Signatures." In Part Two, in some fifteen chapters, he deciphers the signatures of Francis and Anthony Bacon in works originally published anonymously, or over the names of other men. Here he treats, with facsimile pages or titles from quartos and folios, the appearance of a Bacon cipher in poems and plays of Shakespeare, in "Tamburlaine," the "Jew of Malta," some poems which have usually been assigned to Edmund Spenser, and in other material which he believes needs reassignment on the basis of his cipher. The Appendix concerns itself with "Further Remarks on False Names and Pen Names," "The Use of Acrostics in Ancient

Times," "The Spelling of Francis Bacon's Names and Titles," and "Some Books on Ciphering and Deciphering."

This is the most thorough discussion we have yet had of concealed signatures in the work usually assigned to Shakespeare. Nevertheless, the argument breaks down; first, as to method, and, secondly, when tested by the printing customs of the Elizabethan age, by common human experience, and by facts in the history of the Elizabethan drama. There are grave dangers in Mr. Booth's logical method, both general and special. He is too fond of statements like the following:

> In each case [of the ciphers or acrostics which he has discovered] the acrostic is of secondary importance, and was put into the composition after it was written, and, so far as we can judge, for the purposes of identification, or for a personal satisfaction. Thus the writing was done free from all restraint, and with little thought of the name which was to be inserted, after its completion, or when it came to be printed (p. 43).

The words "In each case" and the final sentence absolutely beg the question, for Mr. Booth adduces no proof to show that the acrostic came or must come from reworking. Even if he retort that it makes little difference to him whether the acrostic was introduced into the original writing or later, this is not properly cautious statement for one who is trying to lay a logical foundation for a complicated theory of supposed large significance. When Mr. Booth adds (p. 44), "There is no need to suppose the poet himself inserted all the signatures. Any one of several competent servants could have done it for him," he enters upon three-fold assertion, for we need to know that there was reason for Bacon to wish to insert a cipher; that "servants" would be competent; and thirdly, that Bacon was likely to let them do such work for him. Mr. Booth believes so firmly in his conclusions that more than once he lays down premises which beg the entire question.

Again, when Mr. Booth in the chapter on Method gives the rules of the game we are to play with him, one is impressed by the extreme freedom he allows himself. He states some rule, only to admit in text, or footnote, or practice later, that he permits himself exceptions when necessary. For instance, he makes much of starting from the first right hand or left hand word in a poem, if it begin or end with B or N or O, and of landing on a similarly placed word in the last line, distinguished initially by one of these letters. Yet he allows himself great freedom in starting from words or letters in headings, signatures, or words in the second or the next to last line. Moreover, when he asserts that "for acrostic purposes, the abbreviated names of characters are not used in the acrostic spelling, except in certain very few well defined instances, to which I have called attention in their places" (p. 42), and, "for acrostic purposes, the stage directions are not used," adding in a footnote "with the few exceptions noted in their places," he leaves a reader wondering how he is to distinguish exceptions. Just here Mr. Booth's theories break down. He shows clearly enough that two kinds of cipher were common: first, those intended to display the ingenuity of the writer, such as the spelling of the name "Volpone" by the initial letters of the Argument prefixed to that play (p. 77); secondly, carefully concealed ciphers used as a means of communication between two persons holding a key. He then asks that we should believe a cipher was carefully concealed in the so-called Shakespeare plays, and other manuscripts and printed matter, by Bacon and his friends, when the people for whom the message was meant held no key, and the method could be discovered only after three centuries. Moreover, what is characteristic of nearly all the ciphers illustrated by him, except his own, is their simplicity and regularity. They follow the initial or final letters of each line; they are formed on the letters running from the first of the first line to perhaps the fifteenth of the last line; or they take the initial letter of every other word, etc. In his own cipher, Mr. Booth in the first place allows himself great freedom in his spelling of Bacon's name; it may read Francis Bacon, Fran Bacon, Franciscus Bacon with one or two f's, Francisco Bacono, and in many other combinations; and one may read either both names backward, or one name forward and the other backward, etc., etc. Though his favorite method is to start with the initial word in the first or last line, and work backward or forward moving from right to left in an orderly sequence, by initial letters or as if the words were strung on a string, yet he allows himself great freedom both as to his point of beginning, and his method of search. Now he uses only initial letters; now he uses all the letters; now he goes but once round a set of verses, and again he makes a second journey. The fact is, that when one takes a group of such common letters as occur in the name of Francis Bacon, and searches with great freedom of movement in a page of manuscript or text, allowing one's self much liberty in spelling the name in question, it is more difficult not to find acrostics than to find them. This is proved true by the acrostics of all kinds discovered, since the appearance of Mr. Booth's book, by eager contributors to the press. The very latitude on which Mr. Booth prides himself in his acrostic system seems likely to be its ruin. Probably it will soon be shown by this cipher that Bacon set his mark on most of our literature.

In another respect the book is oddly unsatisfactory. On page 42 Mr. Booth quotes two lines from "Antony and Cleopatra" and comments thus:

> *Ant.* Favours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou *Thid.* One that but performes. (Fellow?
>
> Tho word which is carried over belongs to the line on which it stands typographically; and in reading for the acrostic it must be read with that line.

Now, the acrostics were inserted either in the original manuscript or in proof. If they were inserted in the manuscript, this regulation just quoted would again and again have rendered them null. Any one who has collated Elizabethan or Jacobean plays knows that nothing is more erratic than the division of the lines. Not only is verse set as prose, and prose as verse, but in successive editions the lines will be spaced so differently that, in each, different words, or groups of words, will be dropped below the line. No author could possibly foresee just where this would happen, yet when his lines were broken up by the printer, the cipher would, by the ruling of Mr. Booth, inevitably disappear.

But let us look for a moment at this whole question of inserting ciphers in manuscript plays. A play was sold to a dramatic company. Very often it never came to publication, and the author had no reason to suppose it would come. In other words, it was not at all sure the play would ever be printed, or would ever go beyond the hands of the company. Why, then, trouble about a cipher, especially one which is so free in its movement that it has been overlooked for some three hundred years? Again, why trouble with a cipher, unless one place it on almost every page, when the mere vagaries of the printer may completely destroy that cipher? We have evidence enough that surreptitious and unauthorized publication of plays was exceedingly common. Nor have we good proof, except in rare cases like Ben Jonson's, that the dramatists supervised the printing of their plays. We have direct proof to the contrary in some cases. Indeed, surreptitious publications involved another chance of error. Plays were often taken down in the theatre by hacks sent by the publishers. This is held by some students to be in part the history of the First Quarto "Hamlet." The copious errors such a process might produce would play havoc with a cipher. Indeed, when dealing with the two quartos of "Hamlet," Mr. Booth is forced, because the cipher in the first has disappeared in the second, to find a new cipher in Q2, and to argue that Bacon or some "servant" inserted it when the second quarto was going through the press. But there is another chance that a printer might destroy a cipher, or several ciphers. The present reviewer has seen, among five differing issues of

the same edition of a play of Barnabe Barnes, one in which parts were more correct than the other issues, yet other parts were as corrupt as the worst. In this the printer corrected or not as he pleased, or the binder picked up at random corrected and uncorrected sheets. In such copies, containing both errors in plenty and unauthorized corrections, what would become of ciphers which the author desired to be inserted by "servants" in the proof?

Is it in accord with ordinary human experience that these ciphers were inserted by "servants"? Does Mr. Booth show that it is wholly easy in dramatic composition to substitute one word for another and yet keep the full desired effect? Does he believe that "servants" —a word badly in need of definition as used in this book—would be competent for such skilful editing? Is the dramatist or author usually complacent under such tampering with his MSS.? A theory must conform to the usual and probable in human conduct, and this theory strains one's accepted idea of one's fellows.

For Mr. Booth it is enough to illustrate his findings in cipher and to state his conclusions. He does not often consider to what extent his cipher is offset by the body of known or supposed fact in regard to authors, plays, or poems considered. When, for instance, he asks us, on the basis of the cipher, to accept "Tamburlaine" and the "Jew of Malta" as Bacon's, a student of the Elizabethan drama revolts. Surely Marlowe's mighty line, general spirit, and individual technical methods are recognizable, and should more than offset finding by this freely moving system Bacon's name in some title page or series of lines. If we grant that Bacon was Marlowe, that Bacon was Shakespeare, and that Bacon was also the Bacon of the "Essays" and scientific work, what refuge is there for us, facing these three distinct personalities, except in Dr. Morton Prince and his theories of the multiple personality!

The purpose of the book is serious, its method is painstaking, and it aims to be judicial, but can a theory which proves too much, and which calls for belief in an extraordinary manifestation of multiple personality, be taken with entire seriousness?

Jacob Gordin, the Yiddish playwright, died in Brooklyn, June 11, after a long illness. He was born in 1853, at Mivgorod, Poltava, Russia. He came to this country in 1891, and until then had never written a play. His first drama, "Siberia," composed for Jacob P. Adler in 1892, met with no success; but by perseverance and talent he succeeded in making himself a power in the East Side, and in raising the Yiddish theatre to honor. His strongest play, "God, Man, and the Devil," modelled on the Faust idea, has been translated into classic German and performed in Europe.

Music.

Grieg and His Music. By Henry T. Finck. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50.

No reader of this journal needs to be told that Mr. Finck is a fervent admirer of Edvard Grieg, or that, as a critic, he has the courage of his opinions. This book—an amplification of a former volume which appeared in the series of Living Masters of Music—is practically a new work, and may be briefly described as an enthusiastic appreciation of the Norwegian Master, as composer, executant, conductor, and man. To musicians it will be welcome and valuable on account of its comprehensive analytical studies of different phases of Grieg's genius, while the general reader will find much to interest him in the biographcal and descriptive passages, which are uncommonly rich in personal anecdote, in the observation possible only to intimate friendship, and to the revelations of private correspondence. Mr. Finck has been particularly fortunate in being able to quote the letters of the composer to Dr. Röntgen and Mr. Frants Beyer. By means of these, and other similar documents, he projects a vital image of his subject, and his work will take its place at once as a standard authority.

Remotely, Grieg was of Scottish ancestry on the paternal side, but, practically, the Scandinavian blood in his veins was free from foreign taint. To all intents and purposes he was a product of that Norseland of whose spirit and characteristics he was to become so inspired an interpreter. One of the commonest of the charges preferred against him by his critical detractors is that he was an imitator, that he borrowed his melodies chiefly from the Norwegian folk-songs, with which he was necessarily familiar. As a matter of fact, his borrowings from this source were so rare as to be wholly insignificant, compared with the bulk of his original output. Moreover, he took nothing that he did not transform and glorify. He himself is authority for the statement that of all his songs only one, "Solvejg's Lied," is based on a theme not of his own creation. Of the fertility of his invention the proof is abundant and indisputable. On no point is Mr. Finck more emphatic than he is in defending Grieg from the accusation of plagiarism, and his position may be pronounced impregnable. So strenuous a defence, perhaps, was scarcely necessary. Genius has always assumed, and is generally allowed, the right of appropriating what material it chooses, but only on condition of improving it.

The genius of Grieg, coming to him by legitimate inheritance, manifested itself almost from infancy, and was developed in an ideally congenial atmosphere. His mother, a great pianist, a worshipper of Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber, and an appreciative student of Chopin, was also a conscientious teacher, and applied the needed stimulus to her imaginative lad, who often preferred indolent dreaming to the rigors of practice. It was Ole Bull who first recognized the latent power in his boyish improvisations and persuaded his parents to send him to Leipzig. There, too, in the beginning, he exhibited the waywardness of a soul conscious of inspiration but uncertain of its tendency. Rigid courses of instruction were irksome to him, and he found his chief happiness in abandoning himself to flights of musical fancy. But when he once perceived the necessity of discipline, he worked so assiduously that he suffered nervous and physical collapse. An attack of pleurisy followed, which left him but one serviceable lung, and doomed him to lifelong delicacy. Nevertheless, in his final examinations, he won honors both as a composer and as an instrumentalist.

In the critical days that followed, Ole Bull and the short-lived Rikard Nordraak gave him invaluable encouragement to follow the bent of his individual genius and to break through the shackles of classical tradition. Thus it came about that the Euterpe Society was founded for the production of works of young northern composers, and that, as long ago as 1866, he was able to give a concert in Christiania, with a programme of Norwegian music only, Nordraak, Kjerulf, and himself being the composers. The success of the experiment exceeded all expectation, and from that time on his star was in the ascendant.

By 1874 his fame and popularity had so increased that the government awarded him a pension, upon which he retired to Bergen to work upon the "Peer Gynt" music, by which he is, perhaps, best known to the world at large. He undertook the task at the suggestion of Ibsen himself, and his success in accomplishing it is all the more remarkable, when the embarrassing theatrical conditions imposed upon him are taken into consideration. It is not necessary to discuss here the extraordinary felicity of this achievement upon which Mr. Finck enlarges with characteristic fervor, but we may point out that it has done more to popularize the name of Ibsen than the play itself. That it has been largely instrumental also in spreading abroad the fame of Grieg, and in attracting public attention to his other works, is unquestionable. Thirty years ago his reputation as composer, conductor, and pianist had been firmly established in all musical centres, and since then his popularity has been growing steadily over all the civilized world. His orchestral and chamber music, his piano pieces, and his songs, in

which his genius often finds its most characteristic national expression, have extorted the enthusiastic admiration of the most eminent connoisseurs. Mr. Finck, after an elaborate survey of all his works, vocal and instrumental, assigns him unhesitatingly to the first "rank of composers, on the ground that none of the great masters has contributed more unique and charming melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic ideas in the same number of pages, and none has succeeded better in expressing his thoughts in the most fitting manner."

Much space in this substantial volume is devoted to Grieg's personality—in which mental vigor and physical weakness were in perpetual conflict—to his manner of work, his characteristics as a pianist and conductor, his domestic habits, and his artistic views. The book is a full and satisfying one, whether considered in its critical or biographical aspect, and certainly does full justice to its subject.

Art.

The Acropolis of Athens. By Martin L d'Ooge. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A history of the Athenian Acropolis from the earliest historic period down to our times presents many difficulties to the conscientious writer who proposes to deal with the subject at all adequately. The importance of the various buildings gathered on the Acropolis, their chequered career, and above all the conflicting theories regarding them held by modern archæologists, make a clear exposition not an easy matter. A successful handling of the material, as given in Professor d'Ooge's volume, is therefore the more to be appreciated, especially since a book of the kind has been much in request, not only by the archæological student, but by every intelligent visitor to Athens. "Ancient Athens," by E. A. Gardner, "Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens," by Jane E. Harrison, and J. G. Frazer's "Pausanias," Vol. II, are the English books which have somewhat supplied the need hitherto. But the last two deal with the subject from a specific aspect, as their titles imply, and the first is only a handbook which does not profess to treat exhaustively any of the problems involved. Professor d'Ooge's book, on the other hand, takes up the subject systematically, views it from its varied aspects, historical, religious, and artistic, and patiently sets forth all the information we possess concerning it—material that has been gathered from many books and articles. Moreover, the whole presents a readable, though perhaps rather matter-of-fact, account. In a work of this sort, we do not expect much original matter. Professor d'Ooge, though he has studied both the actual monuments and their literature carefully, is not one of the investigators whose discoveries make up our present knowledge. At the same time, he does not blindly follow any one authority, but gives a clear, dispassionate statement of the case, criticising the weak points in various theories and then selecting the most probable solution of the question in hand. It is in this open-mindedness and wide acquaintance of the subject that the chief value of the book lies.

The material comprises not only the buildings on the summit of the Acropolis, but all the ruins discovered on its slopes, such as the various caves, the Pelargicon, the Asclepieum, the sanctuary and theatre of Dionysus, etc., as well as the more important sculptural works that have come to light during the excavations on these sites. The order adopted is mainly but not entirely historical; for instance, to avoid confusion, the buildings on the southern slope are dealt with consecutively in one chapter. The appendix on the Pelargicon and that on the old temple of Athena, which gives a full account of the widely divergent views held on this subject, will be welcomed by every student.

Such a consecutive history of the Acropolis cannot fail to impress us with the varied changes which have befallen the site, and the manner in which fate again and again brought about, first the circumstances which created the splendor of its buildings and then the catastrophes which destroyed them. But, though the hill has suffered many visitations, it has, at least, been spared that of the incompetent excavator. During the systematic excavations carried on between 1885 and 1889, the whole surface of the Acropolis was carefully dug up down to the bedrock, and every inch of soil was turned over and examined, so that the minutest fragment was not allowed to escape. The result is that all the data attainable have been brought safely into our possession, to be illumined by such investigators as Dörpfeld, Furtwängler, Wiegand, and others. Indeed, the patient "detective" work of discovering clues, of building up a chain of evidence, and thus reconstructing the monuments of the past has rarely been done so brilliantly and so successfully as on the Acropolis hill. To the importance of this detailed work Professor d'Ooge gives due prominence.

The least successful part of the book is that which deals with the sculptural remains. It does not show the same careful study, the information being clearly taken from general books. Thus, in many instances, the author is content to quote freely from Gardner's "Handbook of Greek Sculpture." This lack of first-hand knowledge comes out in some curious mistakes, such as assigning the originals of the Naples group of tyrannicides to Antenor instead of Kritios and Nesiotes, in whose favor the discovery of the dated vase fragment representing the group (now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston) has finally decided the question of authorship.

There is a very rich series of illustrations consisting both of plates and cuts in the text. Their selection and variety show that the author has spared no pains to add to the clearness of his text. His system, however, of putting notes and references at the end of the volume, instead of at the foot of each page, is cumbrous.

The *Burlington Magazine* for May is a number of unusually varied contents, containing several articles which should attract a wider circle of readers than that habitually appealed to by this publication. The first of these is on the newly discovered David with the Head of Goliath by Rembrandt, by no means a great picture, but very interesting as being, apparently, the earliest of that master's compositions of many figures. The date, as now read, is 1627, the year of the Money Changer of Berlin and the St. Paul of Stuttgart, hitherto the earliest known paintings by Rembrandt, each of which represents a single figure only. Another recent discovery, the Settala Leonardo, is disposed of in an illustrated article which reproduces three of the ten variants known to exist of this Leonardesque motive—a nude Gioconda—of which the presumable original is a cartoon at Chantilly. The new discovery is quite the poorest of the three, and the flowery background is unmistakably Flemish. The note of contemporaneity is struck by Prof. C. J. Holmes in an article on "Two Modern Pictures," in which he calls attention to the element of personality subtly pervading a good landscape by Harpignies and rather aggressively announced in A. E. John's Woman Smiling. Americans will be especially interested in Kenyon Cox's attempt to characterize the work of that admirable artist J. Alden Weir, and in the editorial "Thoughts on the American Tariff." The editor considers the retention of a duty on works of art less than twenty years old as "a sop to American painters," and gravely assures these gentlemen that they are making a mistake because American collectors will, in any case, only buy pictures by artists of great reputation, which they will buy, duty or no duty, the payment of the duty rather serving to keep such pictures in America, "since they cannot be re-exported without loss until the twenty-year limit is passed." Therefore our painters will "escape general competition only at the cost of having to face competition with the picked work of Europe." All this may be true, but it entirely fails in comprehension of the attitude of American artists. Our best artists are not seeking to avoid competition, and are not in favor of the twenty-year limitation. All they ask is a fair field and no favor, and the doing away with the presumption in favor of imported work, because of the duty paid upon it. If foreign work is good, they wish to learn from it; if it is bad, they wish the

public to learn how bad it is. They are profoundly convinced that the more good pictures people buy the more they will want, and, as they intend to go on producing good pictures themselves, they would willingly see Europe despoiled in our favor of the best contemporary work as it is already being despoiled of the old.

The excavations at Sparta, carried on by the director and students of the British School of Archæology in Athens, have again yielded important results. In excavating the "Menelaon," the reputed tomb of Menelaos and Helen, there have been found remains of the Mycenæan age, such as bricks coated with plaster, on which in some cases are traces of fresco painting, and fragments of Mycenæan pottery of a local type, which were unearthed both below the monument and in an adjoining building. Similar remains were found near by. The importance of these discoveries lies in the fact that they are the first Mycenæan remnants that have come to light in Sparta and it is possible that the site may prove to be that of the Mycenæan Sparta. The monument called the Menelaon, which is built of large conglomerate blocks, appears to date from the fifth century B. C. At the foot of a slope, a little below it, a number of bronze and lead votive offerings, apparently of the seventh century, have been found, including beads, axes, fibulæ, and plaques, as well as a large number of terra-cottas, some of exceptional workmanship. The pottery found in the immediate neighborhood of the monument ranges from Mycenæan in the lowest stratum to about 400 B. C. The complete excavation of the whole site will be reserved for next year.

The results of other excavations in Greek lands this season are also now coming in. In digging at Triphylia, near the village of Kakovatos, domed tombs were discovered of the Mycenæan age, unfortunately quite ruined and despoiled except for the foundations and some objects which help to certify their early date. The excavations at Pergamos, carried on by the German school for the last thirty years, have been chiefly concentrated on the large gymnasium and the neighboring area. This gymnasium is shown to have been the largest building of the kind so far known to us from antiquity. To the east of it baths have been unearthed comprising eight rooms; to the west a temple which was apparently originally of the Doric style, but was afterwards converted into Ionic; above on a terrace were discovered two sanctuaries, one dedicated to Hera, the other to Demeter.

Finance.

LENDING TO CHINA.

According to London dispatches and interviews with our own State Department, our foreign legations have insisted that an American syndicate be allowed to participate in a $27,500,000 loan to the so-called Hankow-Sze-Chuen Railway in China. As stated in these advices, the Chinese government, as far back as 1904, had expressed to our Minister at Peking its willingness that, in case the contemplated enterprise could not be financed with Chinese capital, American capital should participate. A few days ago, certain English, German, and French banking houses signed an agreement for a "tripartite participation" in the loan; the present diplomatic demonstration appears to amount to a demand for the right of American participation.

There are several points of view from which this incident may be regarded. The first is clearly political. The much-worn maxim that "trade follows the flag" has of recent years given place to another maxim, whose truth has as yet been imperfectly tested, that "trade follows the lending of money." In one sense, the second maxim is confirmed by experience. Certainly, England's export of merchandise to new foreign fields has in the past gone hand in hand with its exports in the form of capital for investment in the same fields. Not to mention the British colonies, the case of Argentina and Egypt is much in point. But in these admitted instances, there was some doubt whether export trade or investment capital went first. The familiar English plan of building up trade in a foreign locality, sending out younger sons of a mercantile house to represent on the spot the home establishment, and thus establishing a British colony at Buenos Ayres or Alexandria, would of itself lead to, rather than follow in, the path of investment in railway and industrial enterprises.

This is not the consideration on which the more modern reasoning is based. During the fifteen years or so in which the so-called "colonial expansion movement" has been active among all the European Powers, two other principles seem to have been the basis of action of investment markets—one, that the good-will of a foreign state could be surely gained by providing funds for its public or private enterprises; the other, that existence of such investments in a country like Egypt or China would give a certain right to political intervention by the government whose markets put up the necessary funds.

It is in China that this mingling of diplomacy and finance has from the first assumed the most extraordinary form. Disastrously beaten by Japan in the war of 1894, and with most of its public revenues already pledged as security for earlier loans, the Chinese government had to face the problem of paying a war indemnity of 200,000,000 taels, or, roughly, $130,000,000. One might have pictured unfortunate China going, hat in hand, to the various market-places to negotiate a loan. Not at all. A scramble occurred among all the important European Powers to secure the prior right to lend the money. England was China's old acquaintance; Germany was her new acquaintance; Russia would not only lend part, but would guarantee personally the whole of the loan. Throughout 1895, these assurances that Codlin's your friend, not Short, were urged on the government at Peking—which, in the end, succeeded in raising $80,000,000 on terms which Japan, in the days of her military success and well-organized finance of ten years later, was not able to command. Even the London *Economist* could not help describing the episode as "somewhat ludicrous"; although it talked very gravely of the political issues in the case.

Apparently, we are seeing now another and a similar international competition. The case, purely from a financial point of view, is all the more singular from the fact that a Chinese railway loan, even granting its entire soundness, offers no greater inducements than many excellent bond investments already on the markets. The popular notion that enormous interest rates are paid is erroneous. The $80,000,000 Chinese loan of 1896 paid 5 per cent., its issue price was 98¾, and it has lately sold in London around 104. The more recent Hankow-Shanghai railway loan paid interest at 5 per cent. and sold at 99. The question is not of the wisdom of offering such a price; the point is, that investment finance has apparently acted with a curious mixture of motives in the matter.

This conclusion is the more difficult to escape when we come to our own diplomatic demand that American capital be allowed to participate. American capital has of recent years been impressed with the fact that it has a good deal to do in financing its own investment interests. In 1906, our markets were declared to have borrowed $500,000,000 European capital for the purpose, and, even so, our new railway bond proposals failed to find a market. Only two weeks ago, it was announced as a timely and welcome achievement that we had obtained the assent of the Paris Bourse to an effort at interesting French capital in our one-half-billion dollars United States Steel stock—the apparent

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purpose being to get foreign capital to take part of it off our hands.

It is quite true that in 1901 we got in the way of talking about "overflowing capital," and of New York as the money centre of the world. We invested in British consols and German treasury bonds; not to mention the handsome contributions made by our markets to the Japanese war loans. But these very investment undertakings have demonstrated the real nature of the situation. The American allotments of the British Exchequer loans have practically all been re-sold to London; so have the German bonds; so, in very large measure, have been the Japanese issues. This is not because of doubt about any of these investments; but, in the main, because American capital can do better at home, or in immediately contiguous states which naturally depend upon our markets. But if the lending to China is —as the State Department's intervention seems to indicate—primarily a diplomatic move, it opens up interesting considerations as to the longer future of both finance and diplomacy.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Balmer, Edwin. Waylaid by Wireless. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

Collins, F. Howard. Authors' and Printers' Dictionary. Henry Frowde.

Deutsche Gedichte zum Auswendiglernen. Edited by W. P. Chalmers. Crowell & Co. 40 cents net.

Du Cerceau, Jacques Androuet. French Châteaux and Gardens in the XVI Century. Scribners.

Dumas, Alexandre. Memoirs, translated by E. M. Waller. Vol. VI. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Dunning, James Edmund. The Master Builders. Appleton.

Eden, F. S. School History of the County Palatine of Durham. London: Oxford University Press.

First Lessons in French. By P. Bauderet and Pr. Reinhard. Adapted for school use by Grace Sandwith. Crowell & Co 50 cents net.

Foster, William. The English Factories in India. Henry Frowde.

Friedländer, Ludwig. Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire. Vol. II. Translated by J. H. Freese and Leonard A. Magnus. Dutton & Co.

Galsworthy, John. Plays: The Silver Box, Joy, Strife. Putnams. $1.35 net.

Griffin, Grace Gardner. Writings on American History, 1907: A Bibliography of Books and Articles on United States and Canadian History. Macmillan Co.

Harker, Alfred. The Natural History of Igneous Rocks. Macmillan. $3 net.

James, Henry. The Ambassadors. 2 vols. Scribners.

Krüger, Gustav. The Papacy. Putnams. $1.50 net.

Kuhn, Walt. A Little Bird Told Me. Life Pub. Co.

Levi, Hedwig. Easy German Stories. Crowell & Co. 40 cents net.

Maartens, Maarten. Brothers All: More Stories of Dutch Peasant Life. Appleton.

Maude, Col. F. N. The Jena Campaign, 1806. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

M. Tulli Ciceronis Orationes. Edited by Albertus Curtis Clark. Henry Frowde.

Nascher, I. L. The Wretches of Povertyville: A Sociological Study of the Bowery. Chicago: Jos. J. Lanzit.

Norton, Roy. The Toll of the Sea. Appleton.

Oakley, E. Clarence. Dyke's Corners. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Packard, Winthrop. Wild Pastures. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.20 net.

Perry, Ralph Barton. The Moral Economy. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Poebel, Arno. The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Edited by H. V. Hilprecht. Vol. VI, Part II. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania.

Reichenbach, Mathilde. Das Rothkäppchen: A Play in five scenes. Crowell & Co. 25 cents net.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for Year Ended June 30, 1908. Vol. II. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Rye, Edgar. The Quirt and the Spur: Vanishing Shadows of the Texas Frontier. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co.

Shakespeare, William. Descriptive Catalogue of Early Editions in the Library of Eton College. Henry Frowde.

Thucydides: Histories: Book IV. Edited by T. R. Mills. Henry Frowde.

Warming, Eng. Œcology of Plants. Henry Frowde.

Waterton, Charles. Wandering in South America, The Northwest of the United States, and the Antilles, in the years 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824. Sturgis & Walton Co.

Weston, Jessie L. The Legend of Sir Perceval: Studies upon its Origin, Development, and Position in the Arthurian Cycle. Vol. II. London: David Nutt.

The French Revolution
A Short History
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"Alles was für die Erklärung der Gathas nothwendig ist."—(so Dr. West in J.R.A.S.) "Immer wird es die Grundlage bilden, auf der sich jede weitere Forschung aufbauen muss. . . . einen hervorragenden Dienst."—*Zeitschrift der deutschen M. G.*, 1896 (the late) R. Pischel (first Sanskritist of Germany). A new edition has been inquired for, and a renewed Government subvention is expected from an antiquated engagement. A few copies are still to be had, upon exceptional request, and for Libraries, at £3. BROCKHAUS.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1909.

The Week.

Congress seems destined to round out its character as a body that neither was born to issues nor achieved issues, but had issues thrust upon it. Congress is chiefly being called upon to do things which it does not particularly care for, but which it is willing to take as the lesser evil. A Republican Congress has taken up tariff revision because of the possibility that there might be a Democratic House if it did not do something. To avert the peril of too much tariff revision, the idea of an income tax was brought forward. To avert the danger of an income tax, Mr. Aldrich has laid hold of the corporation tax. Tariff, income tax, corporation tax bear the vice of their origin. Tariff revision extorted from the Republican party under the threat of punishment at the polls has become in Congress a travesty of revision. The income tax brought forward in the past by those who had not the heart to wrestle with the tariff earnestly, is in danger of being abandoned as soon as an easier alternative presents itself. The corporation tax brought forward as an eleventh-hour remedy bears on its face the strong suspicion of being a temporary stratagem.

Attorney-General Wickersham displays great temerity in actually setting the machinery of justice in operation against the Sugar Trust. Mr. Earle of Philadelphia, and his counsel, have been subpœnaed to appear before a Federal grand jury, and bring with them all the evidence they have that the Sugar Trust had entered into a criminal conspiracy. But this evidence is precisely the same as that which Mr. Bonaparte, when Attorney-General, declared to be entirely insufficient to make out a case. True, Mr. Bonaparte had never seen the evidence, while Mr. Wickersham apparently has; but any Attorney-General who is able to decide by the light of his own inner consciousness that an indictment will not lie, must be so great a lawyer that his successor might well tremble at the thought of differing with him. Meanwhile, the sugar weighers are asking that their trial be deferred until autumn, on the ground that popular anger against the Sugar Trust is dangerously hot just now. The earlier they appear in court, the calmer may the verdict on them be. It is not as if the whole truth were out and waiting only for judgment. Only a few opening chapters of the sickening story of corporation thievery have been deciphered; the rest President Taft and the Attorney-General will surely grub out. Their discoveries about the leading criminals can scarcely whitewash the seven little mercenaries. Should one of the men higher up turn State's evidence—an event not altogether unlikely—what fuel might then be added to the fires of indignation! Big knave and little knave would probably fare alike.

It is a highly commendable move to try to keep open the door of diplomatic preferment to capable American citizens who do not happen to be rich. Of recent years, the expenditure required to support the social status of an ambassadorship abroad has made the official salary seem exceedingly meagre. The American Embassy Association, whose object is the correction of this anomaly, is therefore engaged in a good cause. One can not, however, quite escape envying E. Clarence Jones, the president of this organization, his pleasant task of making a "personal investigation" of the way our diplomats are housed abroad, the cost of living in foreign capitals, and the allowances made by other governments to their diplomats. It is possible that Mr. Jones, after having been fêted at such unpretentious establishments as that on Park Lane, London, may at least alter the wording of his propaganda, and abandon the idea of finding "more fitting abodes" for our diplomatic representatives. The abodes are "fitting" enough, if the salary were commensurate. Meanwhile Frederick A. Delano, president of the Wabash Railroad, announces his intention of sticking to railroading rather than take the Chinese mission. It is a bit odd to hear that he regards railroading as affording "no schooling in diplomacy." He must be a man with unusual definitions.

The business-like proceedings of the Direct Primary Association at Albany last week augur well for the early success of the movement in this State. The interest in some effective plan for giving political initiative to the party rank and file is too pervasive and emphatic to tolerate much longer the boss system of nomination. The Association is alive to the practical necessities of its propaganda, and shrewdly proposes to interrogate every candidate for the Assembly upon his attitude toward this question. Equally sagacious is the Association's project to organize in every county of the State a local league to forward this legislation. Gov. Hughes's letter to the Association disposes of the objection, if the machine dares longer to raise it, that direct primaries signify the abandonment of the party system. Its advocates intend that party leadership shall be a real and responsible leadership, not a subterranean manipulation of those who hold power without just title to power. It must cause searchings of heart to some of the advocates of the old régime to canvass the names upon the Association's roster of officers, so unquestioned has been their stanch party loyalty in the past, and so unassailable is their representative character. The advisory council is headed by Oscar M. Straus. It is all very well to scout at a lot of unpractical idealists, but when the practical men of affairs of unimpeachable standing in party councils declare their abhorrence of the present workings of the nominating machine, even the hidebound spoilsman may well think it good politics to "pander to the moral element."

With the enactment of the bill prohibiting race-track gambling in Florida, the year's campaign in State Legislatures came to an end. This movement has had the backing of no general organization whatever. Following the passage of Gov. Hughes's measure in New York, the idea has been taken up on individual initiative elsewhere. In Louisiana, the Locke bill went through with an incident recalling the dramatic action of Senator Foelker in this State. At Baton Rouge, a Senator so ill that he was hardly able to stand turned the tide in favor of the measure. In Cali-

fornia and Washington the race-track interests, seemingly strong at first, crumbled at the test; while Texas fell in line soon after. When it is recalled that knowing persons predicted Gov. Hughes's defeat last autumn solely on account of his anti-gambling campaign, there is food for study in the fact not only that he was elected, but that five States have followed with legislation patterned after his.

The trial of Patrick Calhoun in San Francisco came to have a national interest, and it is a national disappointment that the jury could not reach a verdict. That a defendant whose case in court had occupied nearly five months could be neither convicted nor acquitted in the end, is, as the presiding judge remarked, a deplorable event which should lead Americans everywhere to look to their methods of criminal prosecution. This San Francisco trial was, to be sure, hedged about by unusual difficulties. Public feeling had been inflamed; there were the sharpest differences of opinion in the community, making the selection of an impartial and competent jury almost impossible; and the whole contest had too much resolved itself into a battle between powerful interests. The long weeks spent in sifting the talesmen showed how general was the belief that getting the jury "right" was more important than the presentation of evidence. But over and above all this, was the ominous fact that, as Judge Lawlor said, the criminal statutes and judicial decisions of California had been made an intricate maze of subtleties and uncertainties, directly inviting such a fiasco as has now followed. The lesson is one that should be taken to heart in all the States. Until our criminal procedure is simplified and purified, there is little chance of convicting a rich and resourceful man "higher up," or even of making sure that, in ordinary cases, there shall not be a miscarriage of justice.

The new Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who had already shown his quality in dealing with the Director of the Census, has now applied a cold douche of common sense to a group of labor leaders. These worthy gentlemen have demanded the abolition of the "division of information," in the Bureau of Immigration. Their complaint was that it had been far too serviceable to intending and actual immigrants. Especially did they object to its aiding newcomers to find work. This was to take bread from the children's mouths and give it unto dogs—that is, to make it appear that workingmen could get along without unions. Unexpressed was the charge that immigrants had been told where men were wanted to take the place of strikers, this being, of course, the unpardonable sin. But Secretary Nagel has refused to accept the reasoning of Gompers and Mitchell, Chief Stone, and Commissioner-General Keefe. To their urgent representations, he replies that he will not make the change they desire; that he believes in giving immigrants all the assistance possible; and that, in fact, the distribution of these new workers has been made with great care, most of them having been sent out to farms and other places where there was a "shortage of labor." But that phrase will only heighten Secretary Nagel's offence, in the eyes of trades unionists. He seeks to relieve a shortage of labor. They would make it chronic. And the fact that the Secretary has both reason and humanity on his side, will not alter their opinion of his decision.

The social rebel's trade-mark and countersign is the straight line, which, being the shortest distance between two points, symbolizes all his aspirations. He sees a broker wolf devouring a lamb; the beast must be strangled on the spot. A drunkard jostles him; the saloon must go. Children are not being taught to earn their bread; close the mediæval schools and colleges! If our rebel makes a business of his rebellion, he again drives in a straight line across our civilization. There is in this directness an intellectual vigor, as well as an unwavering honesty, which forces admiration. It outdoes Nature's own blind gropings toward a better order; no gunner ever drives so true to his mark, for even cannon-balls move in a curve. Nevertheless, a straight line has its serious disadvantages, one among which our uncompromising reformers have, we fear, overlooked to their own eventual grief. This one the geometer points out when he declares that the line meets itself at infinity. In terms of reform this means that, if you push straight on to the limit in any direction, you will land in the very region you fled.

We see the working of this law oftenest nowadays in the remodelling of our social institutions. The Socialist, hating capital and classes, prays to be ruled by despots in an aristocracy whose leaders have more substantial power than mere stocks or bonds could ever bestow. From Chicago comes *Correct Thinking*, a new magazine devoted to the immediate enthronement of uncompromising common sense in school, church, and town hall. It demands that we employ a teacher for every ten pupils, evict all preachers, close every court and law school, and ostracize physicians—to say nothing of expunging from literature all ideas that occurred to anybody before Darwin wrote. If common sense, moving in a straight line, brings up there, one understands why it is that the most successful reformer often moves in a circle.

In the statistical debate over the relative growth of Eastern and Western colleges only one striking fact has appeared; that is the slight advance the latter have made over the former. So slight is it that, figuring one way you see it, and, figuring another way, you don't. All things considered, the situation must mildly disappoint the West. Foreign educators have been extolling its universities above the cis-Appalachian; one English critic rating Wisconsin as the first of the land. Home educators have shown the same preference. Particularly the great State universities of the Mississippi Valley now offer the undergraduate every fancy course, every patent rowing machine, and every social delight known to the most effete East. Only in their graduate schools do their bids fall short; but, in compensation, they are catching more utilitarians than does the East with their lectures on cheese-making and hog cholera. At the same time, "atmosphere" has been slowly gathering about the Western campus, local pride has added an ell to its girth, and the whole countryside has grown mightily in self-sufficiency. Finally, West has outstripped East in the rate of increasing population. We might expect, then, to see the star of our educational empire taking

its way toward the sunset at a meteor's speed. But it is not; and the only reason is that tradition and sentiment still overrule college boomers.

A five-foot shelf of books very frequently does represent a wide and lofty culture—for the friends of the owner of the shelf. To be the owner of only five feet of books means only too often that the other fifteen or twenty feet are in the parcelled possession of people who wanted a particular volume merely for a day or two, or for a tedious railway trip, or only to read to a sick friend. Lists have been drawn up of the hundred best books and the hundred worst books. But neither Sir John Lubbock nor Lord Acton nor Dr. Eliot has really met the point. The hundred best books are the books our friends lug away or send back with fingermarks on the margin. The hundred worst books are the books they leave us. We say this with all due consciousness of the fact that humanity shows itself at its very lowest in the man who locks his book-case and makes it a principle not to lend. Some golden mean must be found between being miserly and being ruined. Might not some enterprising publisher put on the market a library of a hundred selected books intended exclusively for being given away?

The effect abroad of the English wave of war hysteria, has not been exactly flattering to English pride. The world in general has wondered. German newspapers have made jokes about the imperturbable Briton. But perhaps the most unwelcome comment has come from the side of France. Some of the most serious French newspapers are now asking what value the Anglo-French *entente* can have, if England is in such a blue funk about her military helplessness. The readiness of Great Britain to come to the aid of France, in case of war, has been understood to be a part of the agreement between the two nations. Mr. Strachey writes incidentally in his recent book of "the knowledge that we should stand by France in case of any attack upon her by Germany." But the Paris *Temps* has been reading the confessions made for sentimental or partisan effect at the recent Press Conference, and discovers that a British expeditionary force would not probably exceed three or four divisions. But that will never do, declares the *Temps*, for an offensive alliance. If England is not able to launch sixteen or eighteen divisions, she had better keep out of the coil of Continental politics, and be once more peaceable John Bull at home in his tight little island.

It's a different Von Bülow who handed out cuffs and compliments last week, from the man who less than a year ago seemed in imminent peril of being ground to fragments between an infuriated Reichstag and a disconsolate Emperor. But the habit of loyalty is very strong in Germany, and after the Kaiser's diplomatic *coup* in the matter of the Balkans, William II and his man are firm in the saddle again. From the indifferent way in which Von Bülow has taken to speaking of his possible retirement from office, it may be gathered, first, that such an event would not quite overwhelm him, and, secondly, that such an event is not very probable before the adjustment of the difficult financial question. And when a man isn't afraid, and, in any case, doesn't care, he is eminently in the mood to have a little fun with his enemies. Von Bülow has been Chancellor since 1900—longer by five years than Caprivi, and by three years than Prince Hohenlohe. Ruling a Reichstag must be pleasant, but taking orders from the Kaiser is rather wearing, and the Chancellor's health is not what it used to be. If, after giving Germany a great navy, he should succeed in finding the money to pay for it, he might leave office with an enviable record.

The Federation of American Zionists has gone through its twelfth annual convention with no signs of wavering from its original aim, the establishment of a Jewish national state in Palestine. All over the world the Zionist party, in a strict sense, has held firm to the old programme. By contrast, the party led by Israel Zangwill has wandered pretty nearly over all the five continents and the seven seas without fixing upon any one location for more than a couple of months. Believing that any region which is fit for colonization would make a suitable second Palestine, they have found nothing that suits. The latest field of inquiry has been Mesopotamia, about which much talk is still under way. But already it is becoming evident that the economic difficulties of the project are enormous. Before the land can be occupied, it must be largely created anew by a vast system of irrigation. The Mesopotamian project is chiefly interesting because it shows that in the long run Mr. Zangwill and his followers here have been forced to perceive that sentiment is a very important factor indeed in Zionism. Mesopotamia is Biblical soil, and the distance to Holy Land is short. But the Zionists who have held fast to Palestine have their difficulties. That region, too, is not at present a land with milk and money blest. If it is to support a much larger population than it counts at present, large stretches of desert and waste must be reclaimed. The task that thus confronts the architects of a new Jewish state is a double one. They must make farmers out of the Jews, and they must make a land for them to cultivate. What has taken years and large expense on the fertile soil of Argentina, will call for greater labors still in the sun-baked territories about the Jordan.

No doubt, the Chinese railway loan, in which so many Powers are determined to have a part, is a serious affair, with important commercial and international relations, but the various steps taken in the matter seem irresistibly comic. The rush of the nations up to bewildered China with the announcement that she really must borrow some money from each of them, scarcely appears like a scene from real life; and the sudden awakening of the United States to the fact that this country, too, had a right to force some of its hard-earned dollars upon the Chinese, looked strangely artificial in a thrifty and close-fisted Uncle Sam. Now comes one more touch of the comic spirit in the pathetic appeal of England that, having kept out of the loan so long, we keep out altogether. Admitting our right, under the convention with China, the English Foreign Office begs us not to insist upon it, and thereby imperil an agreement which has been long and difficult in the drafting. To complete the humorous aspect of the whole transaction, the Washington dispatches say that our Government is more determined than ever to go ahead. We should like to oblige England, but a loan is thicker than water.

THE CORPORATION TAX.

Mr. Taft's quiet message to Congress last week deserves quiet study. The wrathful explosions which it has provoked in certain quarters are disturbing to the calm inquiry which ought to be made into the political and financial and social aspects of the measure which the President recommends. Beginning with the first, it is obvious that Mr. Taft has made this public intervention in the tariff debate, mainly to come to the help of Aldrich against the mighty. It is, primarily, a political move. Taxation is secondary. The Republican organization in the Senate was in danger of disruption. Aldrich and his phalanx had discovered that they would be outvoted on the amendment providing for an income tax. In their despair, they appealed to the White House, and the message is the result.

Its immediate political effect will doubtless be what was designed. The income-tax amendment will be beaten. When the President declares against enacting it at present, and urges the passage of a Constitutional amendment giving Congress, what it has not now, the undoubted power to levy an income tax of the broadest kind, party pressure is certain to bring over enough wavering Republican Senators to give Aldrich a narrow but sufficient majority. Indeed, the Washington dispatches make it clear that this result has already been secured. The inter-party alliance for the income tax confesses itself beaten. It will continue to fight, but acknowledges that the other side will win. Yet this does not mean that the whole tariff controversy will now come to a speedy end. Instead of cutting short the debate, we think it will be found that President Taft's message has greatly prolonged it. The new topic will precipitate new Senatorial *longueurs* and fury. On the merits both of the proposed corporation tax and of the income tax, many a Senator will desire to speak nine times the space that measures day and night to mortal men. The Democrats will wish to make party capital by showing that the new President is as skilled as the former in stealing their clothes—for he is now recommending what the Denver platform advocated, while his own party passed it over in silence. Hence we fear that Mr. Taft's plans to get away to his summer home by July 10 will be interfered with. He may go, or he may come, but the Senate debate will flow on.

In favor of a corporation tax as a fiscal measure, there is much to be said. It is a direct tax upon wealth. Moreover, it is a tax which cannot, except in very small part, be shifted to the consumer. This is challenged in the statement put out by the rump of the insurgent Republican Senators. They say: "It is well known that corporations, especially the larger ones, can in most instances shift the burden of the tax to the public by imposing upon the people increased charges and prices." But these amateur economists can scarcely have looked at the scientific discussions of the incidence and shifting of taxation, nor studied the actual facts of business. A tax on net earnings which exceed ordinary savings bank interest is one of the few taxes which are tardily if ever shifted. The case would be different if the tax were on gross earnings or gross product or on dividends or capital. But to tax net receipts is to tax a surplus. It does not heighten the cost of production, so that, under competitive conditions, no corporation could in consequence exact more for its goods or services. Even a monopoly could not do so, for even a monopoly would probably find that steady prices and large business would be more profitable than increased prices and lower gross returns. The tax on parlor-car tickets, during the Spanish war, was paid by the corporations. It is pretty safe to conclude that nearly every corporation would in like manner pay a tax on its net income. Considered merely as a means of raising revenue from those who can best afford to contribute, the corporation tax if it affected all securities alike, must rank high among those which come nearest meeting the canons of just taxation.

This fact, however, does not do away with the unhappy impression caused by this eleventh-hour throwing of the corporation tax into the Senatorial witches' caldron. Urged in the name of revenue, there is no certainty what the resulting revenue will be, nor whether it will be needed. Senator Aldrich has stoutly declared that it will not be; yet now he is meekly accepting an additional tax to raise indefinite millions. The President says: "I am informed that a 2 per cent. tax of this character would bring into the Treasury not less than $25,000,000." He does not state who informed him. No detailed estimates are offered. But it seems plain that the figures given to Mr. Taft put the returns from the tax far too low. The net earnings of the railways for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, were $833,000,000, thus alone yielding a revenue under the proposed tax of more than $16,000,000. It is hard to believe that the same tax on all the other corporations would not bring in a total largely outrunning the President's estimate. In any event, we have here one more hap-hazard experiment in taxation, vaguely undertaken, in a way that can only add to our national reputation for financial hugger-mugger.

Nor does it appear that the remoter consequences have been so carefully studied as they should have been. It is not certain that some corporations could not safely contest the constitutionality of the tax. Any of them whose earnings came in whole, or in part, from land, could apparently claim exemption under the decision of the Supreme Court that to tax the revenue from land, is to tax the land itself, thus making it a direct tax such as is forbidden to Congress, without apportionment. Even the choice of the corporation tax, therefore, may be, no less than would be the voting of an income tax, the "enacting of a lawsuit." And when we add the complexities and dubieties sure to arise from putting a swarm of Federal inspectors and bookkeepers into the offices of all corporations, great and small, we see reason enough for regretting the time and manner of bringing this vast project before a fatigued and fretted Congress.

NEGOTIATING A TARIFF.

A political philosopher of sufficient experience and detachment of view could readily find in the present activities of Congress an analogy to what biologists call reversion to type. Prior to the adoption of the Constitution, our national Congresses had been virtually nothing more than advisory conventions or diplomatic assemblies of sovereign colonies. The Constitution contemplated the creation of a national Legislature. What has resulted is an essentially diplomatic body whose statutes in their making bear more resemblance to the negotiating of a treaty than to the framing of a law. As a result, the na-

tion as a whole is represented in reality by the Chief Executive, not by Congress. It falls to him to impose upon provincial leaders the power of national opinion. By virtue of his office, and of his practically direct election thereto, he alone is the recognized Attorney of the People.

It is true that the framers of the Constitution foresaw divergent local interests that would conflict in the arena of Federal legislation. But they bad been mindful of the equality of the States in assigning two Senators to each and every commonwealth. And a lower house, constituted upon the basis of population, was supposed to guarantee directly an adequate reflection of popular sentiment. The Fathers did not, in all probability, enter very deeply into the philosophic distinction between the delegate and the representative, between the man who simply counted numerically as the index of local sentiment, and the man who undertook the responsibility of determining what was for the interest of his constituents. But having secured, as they supposed, a Federal Legislature, they seem to have had no misgivings that it might degenerate into an essentially non-representative body.

There never have failed to be clashings of petty local interests in Congress. But the issues of the Civil War and the subsequent problems of reconstruction had a solidifying effect that erased most regional differences. In 1861 the M. C. was for the Union and the war, or was a "copperhead." Up to 1876 the reconstruction acts and the war amendments to the Constitution kept party affiliations intact. With the subsidence of these issues, a new set of interests began to manifest themselves. These were essentially pecuniary, not political. But as they were to be served by the control of the tax machinery, these interests found it convenient to mask, so long as they could, in partisan disguises.

It is true that, on a relatively small scale, national economy, and sometimes even national solvency, had been endangered by what Congressmen now regard as the rather primitive process of "log-rolling." Localities have been able in the past to secure costly public buildings and disbursements for harbors and rivers by an alliance of representatives who conspired to promote their mutual inroads on the Treasury. But the growth of the Speaker's power converted this individualistic system of coöperative robbery into a method of collective "conversion" (as the wise call it), which required the party sanction. The real trellis-work upon which the parasitic form of degenerate legislation has climbed is found in the rules of the Senate. The right of unlimited debate means, at the limit, the right of individual veto of legislation. Of course, this right has to be exercised under such limitations as may be imposed by human capacity to keep talking. There is the equally efficacious check of not offending opponents overmuch. But in the last resort, as Senator Tillman has demonstrated, a determined, persistent, and aggressive individual Senator can foist an appropriation upon a general bill by simply holding up supplies for the entire government.

It is this situation which makes the tariff legislation of the United States to all intents and purposes a treaty between the great industrial interests whose ambassadors, under the title of Senators, raise or lower rates of duty in contemptuous disregard of the interests of the entire body of consumers. Senator Lodge has even declared the consumer to be only "a myth." At all events, the consumer's influence upon the great schedules of taxation is purely mythical. The Senate rules are practically those of international law. The equal sovereignty of all nations, *alias* Senators, is the cornerstone of all peaceful negotiation.

A pertinent illustration is furnished in Senator Bulkeley's recent intervention in tariff-making, not in his capacity as Senator from Connecticut, but as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the tobacco-growers. The action of the Concert of the Powers in Crete, for example, is not different in kind, but is presumably more laudable in character and intent, than the Bismarckian way in which Baron Aldrich is seeking to secure the maximum benefit for the protected interests. With a tariff policy such as we have long pursued, this perversion of the essential character of Congress is inevitable. It will not be until the people as a whole recognize the unmistakable usurpation of Constitutional function for sordid interests, tbat we can expect to recover a national Legislature imbued with real concern for national interests.

THE REAL STRENGTH OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

English opinion, it is reported, looks upon the meeting between Kaiser and Czar with equanimity. England nowadays is so disinclined to look upon anything with equanimity that her refusal to shape a new scare out of the periodical meeting between the two Emperors, may be taken as a sign of returning common sense in Albion. It would have been so easy to show how the interview in the Gulf of Finland was another staggering heart-blow at the Empire; how William II's purpose was to win Russia away from her friendly understanding with Great Britain; how Russia would be incited to antagonize British interests in Persia and persuaded to join hands with Japan against her present ally; how the dominions beyond the seas would thus be put in mortal peril as a preparation for Armageddon in the North Sea; how anything and everything else a nation's panic fostered by a yellow press can render conceivable, is bound to come. But instead the English nation has chosen to believe that the Imperial interview will actually assure the peace of Europe. The ruin of the Empire is perceptibly no nearer than it was on the afternoon before the interview, though, of course, it is much more imminent than before Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour delivered their speeches at the Imperial Press Conference. After all, it is possible that Parliament will close and Englishmen will enter the grouse season in a fairly composed state of mind.

Throughout her present sharp attack of nerves, nothing has been more striking than Great Britain's omission to find encouragement in any reserves of moral strength she might honestly claim to possess. She has weighed her chances against Germany's in terms exclusively of reeking tube and iron shard. When men have predicted the dismemberment of the Empire and the destruction of London by a German army corps, it seemingly has occurred to no one to inquire whether the British Empire and the German Empire do not embody certain diverse ideals which might have some influence in throwing victory to one side or the other. Moral issues, we admit, have no interest for the experts who balance broadside against broadside and battalion against battalion, and love to forecast the fate of battles by

the narrowest of arithmetical margins. Yet it is these same experts who, after the event, explain away their sad miscalculations by that despised moral factor. It was the superior moral weight of the Japanese cause that, by common confession, contributed as much as anything to the defeat of Russia. It was the moral superiority of the Boer cause that gave it two years of victory against tremendous odds. It may have been the needle gun and Moltke's genius that brought about the downfall of France, but Germany's moral right to make herself into a united nation played a sufficiently important part. Men and guns are not everything if they are arrayed against the trend of civilization and the spirit of the age.

When the British fire-eaters picture Germany as pouncing upon the Empire and seizing it for herself, it is pertinent to ask whether Germany's strength is such as to make her a fit ruler of dependencies. We may go further and ask if even that fear of a great Germanic empire in all Europe, can be anything but an empty fear. To exaggerate the power of the German army is only to indicate the limitations of German expansion. Prussian militarism may be justified in the eyes of most Germans today by the unity, the prestige, and the assurance of peace it has brought them. To the extent that the Prussian army has worked towards such ends, it has been a moral agent. But Prussian militarism will not retain its effectiveness when it sets out to conquer and keep down foreign nationalities. By so much as the Prussian element in the Hohenzollern dominions dwindles to a minority, by so much will it become more difficult to maintain a Hohenzollern empire that shall be at the same time a great hive of industry and an armed camp. All over Europe and the world the current runs away from war-lord and autocracy to democracy and self-government, and Hohenzollern ideals cannot in the end make head against it.

English rule, with all that can be cited against it in India and Egypt, still carries with it the fundamental principle of democracy. England is still the mother of parliaments and the inspiration for oppressed nationalities. Her Empire is mainly based on self-government; and even in India, where the problem is so immensely difficult, the English instinct for progress with prudence is now manifesting itself. Would it be foolhardy in an English statesman to declare that until Germany had thoroughly learned the lesson of democracy and the supremacy of the civil over the military authority, the British Empire has, in the long run, nothing to fear? It is hard to imagine Canada, Australia, or South Africa overrun by German troops. But even if we imagine the conquest as effected, it is quite impossible to think of Germany ruling these colonies. The process of sergeant's drill is not the right preparation for world-empire. The spirit of German government and administration must grow more supple and more modern before the war-lord can look toward domination over non-Germanic Europe, or dominions beyond the seas.

Not all the moral weight is on the side of Great Britain. The German nation has discipline, loyalty, laboriousness, enterprise, and method. British statesmen have conceded the Germans the palm for efficiency. Germany has no such internal sores as England's pauperism to weaken her. Her laborers work harder and fare worse than the English, but they have a greater assurance of immunity from starvation, or the poorhouse, in their old age. We may enumerate every fine quality that has contributed to Germany's leading place among the nations, and yet question whether expansion along undemocratic lines can go much further than it has gone with her.

THE TASK OF PRESIDENT ANGELL'S SUCCESSOR.

A recent visitor to the United States is reported as remarking that we Americans are no less excited over the choice of a president for one of our universities than over that of the President for the nation. The election of President Eliot's successor, which occasioned the remark, is safely over. President Angell's successor is still to be appointed—another appointment involving much more than local interest. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that in educational importance—which with us almost spells national importance—this choice is second only to that of the president of Harvard. In each case, the new president takes direction of a university grown great under his predecessor; in each case his problem is, not to destroy, or even to recast, but to restrain the excesses and to develop the strength of a valuable type of education. The incoming administration at Harvard promises changes of this progressive kind: the encouragement of scholarship by outward as well as inward sanctions, and the more philosophic control of the elective system. The successor of President Angell will have a task of great delicacy if he is to do likewise for the fine type of education represented by the State universities of the West.

Under President Angell, the University of Michigan grew, as it were, to manhood. And as a young man "feels his life in every limb," without as yet feeling the need of conscious control from the centres of brain and heart and will, so this university has come to live a life instinctive and peripheral rather than deliberate and central. There is room for doubt as to how far power should be concentrated in the hands of a university president; there can be no doubt that actual conditions at Ann Arbor call for change. Power has slipped from the president's hands, upward into the hands of the regents, sideways or downward into the hands of the deans. The regents have come to interfere in faculty appointments, promotions, and dismissals, and in the regulation of student activities; the deans, each intrenched in his own school or "department," have grown to be virtually autonomous. At the faculty meetings of schools other than the college proper—the "literary department"—the president has been of late not so much a controlling force as an honored guest.

The presidency has thus shrunk to the Headship of the College. Other "departments" of the university, each under its dean, have been walled off, each in its corner of the campus. The whole has been subject to irresponsible interference from without. This system has not been altogether justified of its children. Upon the wire-pulling, the "seeing" of high personages, the undignified procedure of university politics, in some cases barely stopping short of scandal, it is better not to enlarge. More important educationally is the fact that this system has compelled the university to leave unused much of the spontaneous energy of its teachers. More than one scholar, for instance, whose appointment has happened to land him in a "department" where only preparatory drill-work is done in his subject, has

not been permitted to offer advanced courses in another "department." There has been, we believe, no marshalling of the forces from the whole university—such as has recently been effected in certain studies at Harvard and Columbia. On the whole, there has been a scattering and a waste of energy, a failure to give employment to enthusiasm. Who shall say that the student has not suffered, as well as the teacher?

Hope appears in at least two directions. Michigan has so far foregone a large and costly graduate school. Many of its teachers, probably a majority, despite the promotion and consideration that have been made the rewards of "research," have given their best energies to "mere teaching." A president who, like Dr. Angell, should be himself a man of broad ideas in education, who should map out the whole province, who should allot to research and to teaching each its proper field, and who at the same time should offer a new *Lehrfreiheit* transcending department walls—would gain at once, we venture to predict, the enthusiastic support both of the "productive scholars" and of the teachers. Under such a president we might behold once more—despite the enormous numbers and the enormous "plant" of our larger colleges—a university whose basis would lie in the contact between a teacher and a student: "a boy at one end of a log and Mark Hopkins at the other."

Again, there is hope in the very growth which has brought about present conditions. The University of Michigan, unlike many a university in the West and the South—and, for that matter, the East—need make no concession or compromise for the sake of numbers. It has always at its doors an eager throng, waiting to enter and ready to work. The pose, too common at Eastern colleges, that study is rather discreditable—something to avoid if you can, to dissemble if you must—is refreshingly absent from student life at Ann Arbor. On such a body of learners as a foundation, the natural superstructure is a high standard of teaching, a free and flexible organization, and a rational, a central yet widespread, conception of what all this educational activity is about. After all, deans and regents are "almost human." Jealous of power as they may be, the more public-spirited of them cannot but acknowledge the better way; and the others must follow. The delicacy of his task will not appal the new president if he possesses anything like President Angell's tact and insight. He will perceive that for the material and the spiritual bases which make possible the changes he finds necessary, thanks are due to President Angell. At the same time he will realize that the opportunity is his own to make of the University of Michigan a leader among our State institutions.

ON STUDYING SEVERAL LITERATURES.

A Columbia professor has written a book which he calls "Studies in Several Literatures." It is rather too earnestly named. The author chats about Greek, Latin, Russian, French, English, and American writers; but the fifteen papers in his volume are in no wise reminiscent of the lamp, nor are they addressed to pondering readers. Neither is it quite accurate to speak of the "studies" as *in* several literatures. They are all in one. The writer is a faithful friend to the modern man with but one literature, and not very much of that. The aspects of foreign literatures which attract him, modern or ancient, are those which are most closely parallel to the most familiar aspects of contemporary life—and contemporary life in America. Thackeray is little read outside of England, he thinks, because, to enjoy him, we must know English life and London life." We enjoy Longfellow, because he always writes of women like a native-born American—as, witness the arch-Americanism of his "Trust her not, she's fooling thee." The professor seems to have forgotten for the moment that the line is a literal translation of "Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich," in the old German folksong. If he had thought of the fact, it would only have strengthened his conviction that all interesting people are exactly like ourselves. For he points out with pleasure that the letters of the Athenian Alciphron reveal a sister to the inconsequential and slangy miss who lives just around the corner. He declares that Nausicaa is as "sweet as though we had just met her playing tennis." If she is no sweeter than so, we are tempted to ask, why learn Greek—especially if one has access to a tennis-court?

If Mr. Carnegie had been fortunate enough to hit upon some of the passages in which Homer or Virgil anticipated the ideas of the Twentieth-Century American, he would not have deemed hoar antiquity so dull and profitless. He would have learned that there were paint and powder in the days of Pericles, political rings in Rome, and monopolistic enterprises on the banks of the Tiber. In reading that Cæsar combined interests in finance, libraries, and the general improvement of the state, his bosom might have felt the fraternal throb. If he had tarried long enough to discover that even the Homeric Greeks washed their linen, that Plutarch's countrymen used bait for catching fish, and the guests of Petronius sometimes suffered from indigestion, he, too, might have cried, "Why, this is life! This stuff is immortal!" At any rate, such seems to be the prevailing fashion among historians, critics, and novelists, of interesting us in our foreign neighbors, living and dead. They would end the feud between the ancients and the moderns by the simple process of proving there were no ancients. Or, rather, they would consign the differences of the ancients to the grave-digging "classicist, the antiquarian, the philologist," and consecrate their resemblances to immortality along with our own imperishable transcripts of life. For, as our professor declares in his praise of Zola:

> The centuries of dreaminess have gone by perhaps forever, and to-day man looks with keen, unclouded vision into the verities of his existence, asking no one to prophesy smooth things, but banishing illusions, uncovering nakedness, and facing with a certain hard composure, born of cynicism, the ghastly facts that render human life so terrible.

That final insight into the facts of life is exactly what philosophers from Plato to William James have yearned for; and now at last they have it, or at least "man" has it, which, we suppose, means Tom, Dick, and Harry have it. If such be the case, man may well leave the cemetery of dreams to the literary sextons and go about his great task of uncovering nakedness. Embrace the sovereign assurance that 1909 is the measure of all things, and the study of several literatures will be much simplified. Discard from the literature of the world everything which does not prove that we have gained the ultimate conception of things, and the problem

of universal culture will be solved. In fact, it is not clear what profit there is in going abroad in time or space at all, if we may safely ignore everything but what we have seen or heard at home. If everything of durable value for the spirit is represented in our modern life and translated into the terms of the hour, why read anything but the newspaper? Such reading will furnish us our heart's desire of the "ghastly facts that render human life so terrible," and those are the facts most worth holding in the keen unclouded vision of the modern man. We cannot be humble in these days; for we possess the truth for which former generations travailed. The finality of our vision is what exalts our pride. We do not think that the ultimate insight of which we are the unique possessors is exhilarating; on the contrary, it leaves us breathless, thunderblasted. Yet, after all, this thought, as we look back over the waste "centuries of dreaminess," sustains us: We are the people; we have banished illusions.

No doubt it is instructive to read Euripides in the light of Shaw, Propertius in the light of Alfred de Musset, and the New Testament in the light of M. B. Eddy. But there are some pretty magnificent things in heaven and earth which cannot be illuminated by such modern tapers. Milton reads best in his own light; so does Virgil; so do Sophocles and Homer. They refuse to be dragged into the light of our common day. They refuse to reveal themselves to the unclouded vision of the man with one literature. They must be sought out where they may be found and read under the light of the inextinguishable dream which the composed cynic at the centre of his Ptolemaic universe thinks he has banished. The illusion that "man" has banished illusions is the rampant egotism of the hour. The right study of several literatures does not end in a proud assurance that we have fixed the sense of life for all time but in a humble conviction that in ten thousand years our notion of the verities of existence will be as obsolete as Homer's or Professor Peck's.

SAINTE-BEUVE.

I.

Professor Harper has the distinction of writing the first book on Sainte-Beuve in English.* He gives evidence of long and careful study of Sainte-Beuve himself, and of most that has been written about him, but should have reserved space for a more systematic discussion of Sainte-Beuve's ideas and his place in criticism. As it is, his work strikes one as a rather loosely written biography, mainly devoted to Sainte-Beuve's youth, or at least to the period before 1848. Professor Harper would no doubt justify this emphasis on biography by the example of Sainte-Beuve himself; but he has also been unduly influenced, perhaps, by recent French writers on Sainte-Beuve—notably M. Léon Séché—and their tendency toward somewhat petty and prying personal details.

Sainte-Beuve is being made the victim of his own method. His biographers are following with a vengeance his advice to examine the seamy side as well as the right side of the tapestry, and to eschew the academic bust. It has become almost the fashion of late in interpreting Sainte-Beuve's behavior to look for the mean, and even the Machiavellian motive. Examples in Professor Harper's book are his assertion that Sainte-Beuve deliberately used the incident of the hundred francs and the smoking chimney in 1848 to attract attention to himself; his insinuation that even in his small acts of charity Sainte-Beuve was merely draping himself for posterity. As a matter of fact, Sainte-Beuve joined a genuine kindliness to a very great irritability. In determining points of this kind, Professor Harper should have given at least as much weight to the testimony of the men who came closest to Sainte-Beuve toward the end—Taine, Renan, Scherer, Jules Troubat—as he has to the spiteful allusions in the Journal of the Goncourts. It is true, as Professor Harper says, that Sainte-Beuve's life was pitched low; but this lack of elevation in him should interest us mainly in so far as it images a philosophy. In other words, biography in a subject of this kind should be put into the service of ideas, if it is not to degenerate into gossip. The side of Sainte-Beuve's life that was pitched lowest has perhaps been made too much of by the biographers, for the simple reason that Sainte-Beuve kept it so completely out of his writings. He is in this respect at the very opposite pole from writers like Herrick, who boasted, as Martial had boasted before him, that, though his "muse was jocund, his life was chaste." But there is a larger aspect to the subject that should not be passed over in silence; and this appears in Sainte-Beuve's strange claim that he had attained to wisdom "like Solomon and Epicurus," through pleasure. Wisdom worthy of the name must be, it should seem, positive rather than negative—an insight and not a mere disillusion. In one passage Sainte-Beuve actually asserts that the truest vision of life is that attained *sous le jour pâli du lendemain des plaisirs*, or as the American comic writer has expressed it, in "the cold gray dawn of the morning after."

II.

There is also a larger aspect to what seems the most purely personal of Sainte-Beuve's feuds and animosities. It is only by seizing on this larger aspect, as recent students have on the whole failed to do, that we can raise the discussion of Sainte-Beuve's attitude toward his contemporaries from the region of gossip into the region of ideas. The point of departure for any such discussion should be Sainte-Beuve's own words:

> Parties and sects have a deadly grudge against any one who, having passed through them, has refused to bind himself to them irrevocably.
>
> I have given no one the right to say "He is one of us." I have certainly had my vices and weaknesses, but it is for what is good in me, for my love of integrity and truth and my independence of judgment, that I have irritated so many people in my life and aroused so much wrath.

To take a concrete instance, Sainte-Beuve, in breaking away from Lamennais and his group, incurred the wrath of the ultra-democrats. Lamennais seems to Professor Harper a sort of saint of democracy. As for Sainte-Beuve's later utterances on Lamennais, says Professor Harper, there is scarcely a single one of them which is not a "shadow on his own memory." But for the impartial observer, Lamennais is simply a fanatic who suddenly abandons one violent extreme, leap-frogs over the heads of his moderate friends, as Sainte-Beuve puts it, and lands in an opposite but equally violent extreme. Why was it becoming increasingly difficult for Sainte-Beuve in the years from 1835 to 1840 to espouse the humanitarian enthusiasms of a man like Lamennais, his faith in the regeneration of society through the principle of brotherly love? If Professor Harper had found the right answer to this question, he would not have been so puzzled by Sainte-Beuve's assertion that the article on La Rochefoucauld (written in 1840) marks an epoch in his inner life. Sainte-Beuve had simply come to feel with La Rochefoucauld that when in ordinary human nature, human nature that has not accepted allegiance to something higher than itself, there is a conflict between egoistic and altruistic motives, it is the egoistic motives that will prevail. Criticism comes to consist more and more for Sainte-Beuve in searching out this triumphant self-love under the thousand specious disguises that it is wont to assume. In his last article on La Rochefoucauld (1863), Sainte-Beuve speaks of the "subtilized and quintessentiated ego" he often detects

*Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve. By C. M. Harper. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

even in utterances and points of view that seem most sublime and impersonal. Man, the everlasting prisoner of his self-love, "cuts and carves everything he encounters on his own pattern." He continues:

> And I myself, first of all, I, who am writing this, if I force myself to love what I am not, or even the contrary of what I am, it is not through detachment from the ego; it is perhaps because I take pride in being nothing in particular, and like myself better apparently, under this broken, fugitive, and multiple form, than under any other. No, no, honest folk, La Rochefoucauld, rightly understood, is not so easy to refute as you suppose.

Passages of this kind should make clear why Sainte-Beuve was at best but a half-hearted humanitarian; why he did not feel sure, like Professor Harper and so many other educated persons of the present time who are drifting more or less consciously toward Socialism, that "in the Revolutionary doctrines of equality and fraternity there is an ideal, a religion, capable of filling the soul and occupying the energy of society"; why he looked so doubtfully on the attempt of man to set up his own image for worship in the sanctuary left vacant by *la grande absence de Dieu*. Professor Harper says that Sainte-Beuve "strangely avoids Molière." In reality, Sainte-Beuve has written better things about Molière than has any other nineteenth century critic; and in one of the best of his Molière passages, he tells us that to "love Molière is to make sure of not falling into a smug and limitless admiration for a humanity that idolizes itself, and forgets of what stuff it is made and that it is always, try as it may, only puny human nature." This humanitarian infatuation and the conception of progress that goes with it has especially impaired Professor Harper's treatment of "Port Royal." Apparently neither the Port Royalists themselves nor Sainte-Beuve could hope so long ago to arrive at any clear notion of Christianity. "It was no doubt easier in 1840, than it is now," says Professor Harper, "to overlook the advantages and even the existence of what might be called the religion of Jesus." What a pity Pascal came too soon to be a true Christian!

III.

As in Sainte-Beuve's relations to Lamennais, so in his relations to other contemporaries—Chateaubriand, Hugo, Balzac—there is a larger aspect that must be emphasized if we are to rise above the level of gossip. The romanticists also bore Sainte-Beuve a deadly grudge for having refused to bind himself to them irrevocably, and ascribed to mere jealousy and rancor opinions that really contained a serious judgment. What concerns us, after all, is not the degree of indelicacy Sainte-Beuve displayed in the time and mode of his attack on Chateaubriand, but the truth or falsity of the attack itself: the charge, namely, that Chateaubriand was the first great writer of the decadence, the writer who changed the capital of French prose from Rome to Byzantium, who substituted for a literature of thought a literature of images and sensations. Like Goethe, Sainte-Beuve, as he grew older, tended more and more to side with the Olympians against the Titans. It is as a humanist that he protests against the violence and excess of Hugo's romanticism, against the violence and excess of the naturalism of Balzac. Later, under the compliments he lavishes on his friend and admirer Taine, one can distinguish the same note of protest against the dehumanizing tendencies of an excessive naturalism. This protest did not keep Taine from asserting shortly after Sainte-Beuve's death that Sainte-Beuve was a thorough-going naturalist, as complete and consistent in his method as Taine himself, only somewhat less systematic; and of course Sainte-Beuve writes that his ambition was to be a *naturaliste des esprits*, and in the third volume of the "Nouveaux Lundis" he outlines a naturalistic method that tends toward scientific determinism; but in practice this naturalism is always tempered by humanism. Nothing is more essential in the study of Sainte-Beuve than to bring out the interplay, not to say the conflict, between his naturalistic method and his humanistic standards. No previous critic carried into his work so keen a sense of relativity. With an almost unparalleled fineness of shading and feeling for the *nuance*, Sainte-Beuve establishes the relation between a work and its author, between the author in turn and his family, race, and age; and then between the age and the preceding age, and so on in widening circles; but he does not take the last step and look on the living individual, especially the superior individual, as a mere link in the chain of phenomena. Just as in "Port Royal" there is a point where he pauses and refuses to apply his naturalistic dissection to the ultimate raptures of religion.

The rôle of Sainte-Beuve's humanism in tempering his naturalism may perhaps best be studied if we compare him with Taine in his treatment of a particular topic, such as the theory of the "master faculty." Of course, Sainte-Beuve differs most obviously from Taine in loving to particularize rather than to generalize, to deal with men singly rather than "in zones and layers," to feel life in its infinite complexity rather than to impose upon it logical formulæ. Yet Sainte-Beuve for once comes near being dogmatic in his assertion that man is determined in his aptitudes, not by any choice of his own, but by nature. Thus of Horace Vernet he writes:

> Everything on both his father's and mother's side had contributed to make of him a man of the brush—involuntarily and irresistibly a painter; his hand, delicate, slender, long, and elegant, was born ready formed and fitted to paint, as the foot of the Arab horse is to run.

Piron, again, he describes as a "pure piece of organized matter, an admirable automaton formed and set up by nature to launch sallies and epigrams." "Somebody has said: La Fontaine grew fables, Tallemant bore anecdotes, Petrarch distilled sonnets, Piron *sneezed* epigrams. *Sneeze* was Piron's own word. Well, you can't hold back a sneeze." Indeed, man is so little a free agent, there is a "strange fatality that puts such a deep and distinct mark upon him from birth and childhood," that, according to Sainte-Beuve, only two hypotheses are logically possible. One may note in passing that Sainte-Beuve overlooks a third hypothesis: that embodied in the Oriental doctrine of Karma, and recently discussed by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson in his address on immortality, without any giving of credit. If we are religious, says Sainte-Beuve, we should believe that man is supernaturally determined, that is, accept in some form the doctrine of divine grace or predestination. If we are not religious, we should admit that man is determined by nature. "But, after all," Sainte-Beuve concludes, "most minds are neither religious nor the contrary. They float around in the intermediary space, and shrink from consequences; they remain at the half-way house in everything. This is what is called common sense—that is to say, the average degree of illusion."

IV.

As a matter of fact, Sainte-Beuve refused to be impaled on the horns of his own dilemma. He left it for Taine to rise superior to the average degree of illusion known as common-sense and assert that the "human spirit is constructed as mathematically as a watch" (the master faculty being, of course, the main-spring that imparts a "fatal and irresistible movement" to all the rest). For, if Sainte-Beuve as a naturalist believed in the master faculty, as a humanist he demanded the balanced faculty, the faculty that is kept under control and tempered by its opposite. He was ready enough to grant that a Piron was a mere machine for making epigrams, but not that the really great writers of the world have been nothing more than "sublime automatons and monomaniacs of genius." The contrast is striking between the "gentle" and humane Shakespeare of Sainte-Beuve and the Shakespeare of Taine, who is a mere unchained force of nature, the "most immoderate of all violators of language." Skeptical as he was of man's power to put a check upon himself, and

yet believing as a humanist that art requires restraint, Sainte-Beuve was led to exalt a critic like Boileau, who was a visible principle of authority, and supplied a Molière and a La Fontaine with the curb that they might not have found in themselves. It was through the lack of an outer curb of this kind that the writers of his own time, notably Hugo and Balzac, seemed to Sainte-Beuve to have fallen into Titanic unrestraint, or, as he expresses it, to have become "drunk with their own wine."

At bottom, in his attitude toward the master faculty, toward what he calls the "battle between the naturalistic and Christian moralists," Sainte-Beuve remains, as in other respects, a skeptic:

> The irreligious excess consists in the negation of free will and in a sort of predestination, but purely physical and material. . . . How many contrasts and oppositions! Before this sea of human opinions, as on the brink of an ocean, I wonder at the ebb and flow. Who will tell me the law of it all?

Sainte-Beuve saw all that was implied in the weakening of traditional standards in literature and religion, he saw the approach of the "great confusion"; at the same time he was too clear-sighted really to warm up to the new religions that were being offered as substitutes for the disciplines of the past. The underlying method in all these nineteenth century attempts at religion —whether it be the religion of Passion, or the religion of Beauty, or the religion of Science, or the religion of Humanity—is always the same: to take some element of human nature that is immensely important, indeed, but still secondary, and then try to exalt it to the supreme and central place. We must realize the completeness of Sainte-Beuve's detachment from every form of faith, new or old, if we are to penetrate to the last desolate depth of his inner life (*jusqu'au fond désolé du gouffre intérieur*). "The only unity I am ambitious of," he writes, "is that of comprehending everything." But mere comprehension is not in itself a principle of unity at all, but rather of dispersion. In aiming at nothing beyond comprehension, Sainte-Beuve was destined to become, as some one called him, the Wandering Jew of the intellectual world. Naturally enough, he complains in his letters of suffering from the "absence of fixed pole and centre," and seeks an escape from the "void that mined his breast" in unremitting toil.

V.

It is evidently as a *naturaliste des esprits*, and not as a humanist, that Sainte-Beuve has been influential. For his successors he has been above all, as some one says, a great doctor of relativity. "He has, even more than Sainte-Beuve, from whom we are all sprung," writes Anatole France of M. Lamaître, "the sense of the relative." With the growth of this sense of the relative, masculine judgment and the feeling for standards have tended to weaken and disappear. Sainte-Beuve himself is more concerned in arriving at horizontality, if we may be allowed the word, than in determining altitudes. There is an element of truth in the saying that in Sainte-Beuve all men are six feet tall. He exercises that instinct for literary portrait-painting, the incomparable gift for psychological biography that is his own master faculty, with at least as much complacency on second-rate as on first-rate writers. He says it is a part of his method to study the faults of the master enlarged and exaggerated in the disciples. Now, the fault of Sainte-Beuve that his own disciples have exaggerated is the tendency to abound in biographical small-talk, and at the same time lose sight of the eternal values. The moment would therefore seem opportune to exalt Sainte-Beuve's individual achievement, but to react against his influence and method. What is most needed just now is not a great doctor of relativity, but rather a critic who, without being at all rigid or reactionary, can yet carry into his work the sense of standards that are set above individual caprice and the flux of phenomena; who can, in short, oppose a genuine humanism to the pseudo-humanism of the pragmatists. The world has been giving a large share of its attention of late to M. Bergson and his philosophy of vital impulse (*élan vital*). A critic of the kind we have described might be counted on to proclaim a philosophy, not of vital impulse, but of vital unity and vital restraint—restraint felt as an inner living law, and not merely as a dead and mechanical outer rule. We may venture the paradox that criticism would derive more benefit at present from a second Boileau than from another Sainte-Beuve; from a critic concerned, above all, with making keen and crisp discriminations between different degrees of merit or demerit. In other words, the age offers an opening for satire; but it must be constructive satire, satire that implies standards, and is "purified," as Boileau claims of his own, "by a ray of good sense." Nothing could be more inspiriting than some twentieth-century equivalent for those first satires of Boileau, when the bad authors went down before his epigrams like the suitors before the shafts of Odysseus.

In the meanwhile, Sainte-Beuve will come to be looked on more and more, in Anatole France's phrase, as the universal doctor, the Saint Thomas Aquinas of the nineteenth century; not as the greatest man of the century, but possibly as the most representative, the one who embodied most completely its aspiration toward horizontality, its magnificent widening out of knowledge and sympathy, and, some would add, its lack of adequate central aim. If Professor Harper's book, in spite of considerable psychological finesse and grasp on ideas, is inadequate, it is in part because the subject is one of the most difficult and complex in modern literature. If the book is readable after all, it is because Sainte-Beuve, though one of the most difficult of subjects, is also one of the most fascinating.

Irving Babbitt.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The appearance of Vol. VII of the "Catalogue of Books in the Library of the late E. D. Church," edited by George Watson Cole, marks the completion of the most important catalogue of a library of its size which has ever appeared in this or (so far as we know) any other country. The title page of almost every book is reproduced in facsimile, and, except in the case of the very largest books, the reproduction is the size of the original. The collations are full, and copious references are made to other bibliographical works. A general sketch of the author's writings in many cases precedes the descriptions of the books.

The most important portion of this volume, and the glory of the library, is the Shakespeare collection. The ninety-one numbers filling 206 pages of the Catalogue, with ninety-one facsimiles, forms what is, as far as it goes, the best bibliography of the early editions of Shakespeare yet prepared. All early editions of the poems and plays, even though they are not in the library, are mentioned in the comment, though not fully described. Mr. Cole has submitted check lists to the owners or custodians of all the important Shakespeare collections here or abroad, and, with three notable exceptions, his queries have been answered fully and freely. In a table he exhibits the relative richness of various libraries in editions before 1700, showing the issues before 1623 separately, and showing also the number of duplicates. In editions before 1623, the date of the first folio, the Bodleian Library possesses eighty-three different books, the British Museum eighty, and the Capell collection in the University of Cambridge sixty-seven. These are the three great public collections in England. The most important private collection is the Duke of Devonshire's with sixty-one different books before 1623. Then comes the Church collection, the fifth in order of completeness, with fifty-four different editions, followed by the Huth collection in England, with forty-three early editions, and William Augustus White's collection in Brooklyn, with forty. If editions up to 1700 are included, Mr. White's collection stands third, with 100 different editions, being surpassed only by the British Museum, with 169, and the Bodleian Library, with 156. The Church collection of the four folios with the various imprints is the most complete known, surpassing those of the British Museum and the Lenox collection.

The early editions of "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece" are so rare that one early edition of either would make any library notable. Unfortunately Mr. Church never had the opportunity to

secure any one of the earlier editions of the "Venus and Adonis." Of the thirteen known copies of the eight editions issued before 1623 not one is to be found in America. Robert Hoe has the ninth (1627), Marsden J. Perry has the twelfth (1636), and William Augustus White and H. C. Folger, jr., each have the thirteenth (1675).

Of "Lucrece" Mr. Church was fortunate enough to secure the Locker-Lampson copies of the first edition (1594) and the fifth edition (1616). The library contains also the sixth edition (1624) and the eighth (1655). Mr. Church's copy of the first edition of the "Sonnets" (1609) is doubtless the finest known, having been George Daniel's, and bought at his sale in 1861 by Almon W. Griswold. An earlier owner was Narcissus Luttrell, whose initials and "pretium IS." are on the title page.

The Spenser collection in the Church library is the most complete in this country, including, as it does, the first edition of "The Shepheardes Calender" (1579), the Gott copy, imperfect, but the only one in America.

For the first time (so far as we know) accurate leaf by leaf collations of the first editions of the Waverley novels are given. These books contain an unusual number of half titles, and in almost all bound copies some leaves are lacking. These collations will therefore prove most useful.

The Milton, Lamb, Thackeray, and Lever collections are other notable series described in the present volume.

Correspondence.

SHAKESPEAREAN NOTES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letters that appeared recently in the *Nation*, and those that I have received from correspondents in this country and abroad, prove that there is abundant literary matter on the subject of mediæval trial and execution of animals. Professor Dowden writes that he has somewhere a French book on trials of animals, but cannot at the time lay his hands upon it; and Prof. Byron Rees of Williams College refers me to William Jones's "Credulities Past and Present" (1880). To what I said (see the *Nation* of February 18) of Baring-Gould's "Curiosities of Olden Times" (1896) I might have added that he cites authorities in Latin, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian on this and kindred topics, in his interesting and amusing chapter on "Queer Culprits" (pp. 57-73); illustrating the trial and execution of cocks, assumed to be in league with the devil, for laying eggs from which were hatched *basilisks*, or terrible winged serpents—mentioned six times in Shakespeare ("Winter's Tale," i. 2, 388; "Henry V." v. 2, 17, etc.), and four times as the synonymous *cockatrice* ("Lucrece," 540; "Twelfth Night," iii, 4, 215, etc.); and not unknown in poetical and rhetorical zoology (in Pope, Southey, Carlyle, *et al.*) down to the present day. These old writers also tell us of the ecclesiastical proceedings against snails, flies, mice, ants, caterpillars, etc. Some of the legal questions raised in these trials by Bartholomew de Chasseneux, a noted lawyer of the sixteenth century, and other eminent authorities of those and earlier times, were almost as profoundly ridiculous as certain that are urged to impede the course of justice in our day; as, for instance, whether ants and other insects could be legally cited to appear before the court, and whether, in default of their so doing, the prosecution could lawfully be carried on. Chasseneux satisfied himself that this was in strict accordance with law, adducing sundry examples and precedents. He asserted, indeed, that a priest once excommunicated an orchard, to which children resorted to steal and eat apples when they ought to have been at church, and the penitent trees produced no fruit until the inhibition was removed! The same erudite functionary, in 1510, was appointed by the authorities of Autun to be advocate for the rats when tried for their devastation of the harvests in Burgundy; and when the rodents, after due summons, failed to appear on a fixed day, he pleaded that they had been delayed because the roads were infested with cats, and the trial was adjourned to another date. In 1487, snails were sentenced to excommunication at Mâcon, as caterpillars were in 1585 at Valence; and in the sixteenth century a Spanish bishop ordered all rats and mice to leave his diocese, whereupon they betook themselves to an island which he surrendered to their occupancy. Even as late as the eighteenth century similar proceedings were taken against caterpillars by a grand vicar of Pont-du-Château, in Auvergne.

A case even more curious than that of the condemned apple trees is recorded in Benoît's "Histoire de l'Édit de Nantes." A Protestant chapel at La Rochelle was demolished by church authority in 1685. The bell was whipped for having served the heretics, and was then buried. Later it was disinterred for Catholic use, was catechized, compelled to recant, and promise never again to relapse into sin, after which it was duly baptized and given to the parish of St. Bartholomew.

When hundreds of facts like these had been recorded in print for centuries, it is remarkable that all the editors of Shakespeare appear to have overlooked them, and that Dr. Furness, in his encyclopædic edition of "The Merchant of Venice," could find no note on Gratiano's hanging of the wolf, except the absurdly irrelevant one by Steevens, to which the most accomplished scholar and critic of our day could add nothing but the suggestion that the passage might be an "actor's addition" to the play. He amply makes amends now for this injustice to the dramatist by his extremely interesting letter concerning Count Mümpdelgart (in the *Nation* for March 4), with the quotation from "the honest Jacob's" journal of his master's travels in England.

It is to be noted, however, that the animals there mentioned as being "hung on a gallows as they do wolves" were not tried and executed by hanging, but were killed without judge or jury, and "skinned" before being thus exposed, apparently as a warning to their predatory kindred, or, perhaps, in clownish imitation of the judicial trial and punishment to which domestic animals guilty of similar offences were subjected. So far as I can find, wild beasts were never accorded the right of trial. The only law for them was that of the modern Judge Lynch. If Gratiano's wolf was "hanged for human slaughter," such was the case with him, and Shakespeare gives us no hint to the contrary. I suspect, indeed, that the reference to hanging is purely rhetorical, as all those quoted by Professor Feipel, in the same number of the *Nation*, certainly are. Shakespeare emphasizes the Pythagorean allusion to the wolf by adding what Dr. Furness at first suspected to be an interpolation: Shylock's "currish spirit" was not the "fell soul" of an ordinary wolf, but of one that had been guilty of "human slaughter," such as the Jew meditates, and had been hanged for it, as the Jew deserves to be.

It is quite in Shakespeare's manner to intensify a figurative expression by thus "piling it on," so to speak; as—to take the first example that occurs to me—in "Lear" (iv. 7, 36), where Cordelia, referring to the turning of her father out of doors in the storm, says—not simply, "I would not have treated a dog so!" but—

> Mine enemy's dog,
> Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
> Against my fire!

By the way, all the passages cited by Professor Feipel allude to the dog, and those from Shakespeare illustrate his many contemptuous references to the animal, which have led more than one good critic to assert that the dramatist never has a good word for the dog. An article that I cut from a literary journal ten or more years ago remarks:

> Nearly everybody loves or at least admires a dog; but Shakespeare, if one may judge by his writings, does neither. Dogs are treated by him with contempt; not a word has he to throw to them but words of obloquy and shame. . . . This startling fact is called to mind by Sir Henry Holland's "Recollections of Past Life," when he states that "Lord Nugent, the greatest Shakespearean of the day, affirmed at a dinner that there was not in all Shakespeare's plays a single passage commending, directly or indirectly, the moral qualities of the dog." Thinking this to be impossible, the literary physician accepted a wager which Lord Nugent offered him on the subject with the concession of a year to make the research. Even with the aid of several friends, he failed to find any such passage; and at the end of the year Sir Henry paid the guinea which he had lost.

The writer adds that no Concordance was then in existence, or the question might have been settled in a quarter of an hour. He himself looks up the word dog, and finds that it "occurs 174 times; hound, 31; greyhound, 13; spaniel, 8; mastiff, 5; cur, 45, and a few others bring the number up to about 300. True enough, they are generally mentioned with contempt, never with commendation."

If Lord Nugent was "the greatest Shakespearean of the day" (who ever heard of him as such?), he should not have needed a concordance to find out that the dramatist loved dogs and has paid them many a tribute. See, for instance, the description of hounds by Theseus in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (iv, i, 108-132), and the talk of the hunters about their dogs in "The Taming of the Shrew" (ind. i, 16-29), both too long for quotation here. In the "Merry Wives" (i, i, 96-104), Page defends his "fallow greyhound" against the criticisms of Slender, and Shallow takes his part. In "Macbeth" (iii, i, 92—101), when the 1st Murderer says, "We are men, my liege," Macbeth replies in substance (I need not quote the ten lines)

that there are dogs and dogs, as there are men and men, good, bad, and indifferent, but "the valued file"—the list that distinguishes them according to their natural gifts or qualities—gives to each "the particular addition" (title or denomination) he deserves; the "house-keeper" (watch dog), and "hunter" being superior to the "common cry of curs," etc. Launce's praise of his dog Crab—a poor thing but his own—the only brute beast in the plays that fairly might be counted as one of the *dramatis personæ*—could only have been written by a man who loved dogs himself. In all these passages, to say nothing of minor references to dogs in the plays and poems, Shakespeare speaks in a way for himself, as he certainly does *not* in the many contemptuous allusions to them that he puts into the mouths of his characters. It is the Christians in the play, not he, who again and again call Shylock "dog," but it is he, personally in a significant sense, that makes the Jew turn the metaphor against the Christians in "Hath a dog money?" and "Since I am a dog, beware my fangs!"

The vulgar figurative illusions to the dog are often absurd enough—like "as dank as a dog" (to which the Carrier, in "1 Henry IV," ii, 1, 9, compares the "peas and beans" in the stable), a simile which has comically bothered some of the critics, who have soberly suggested "bog" and "dock" in place of "dog." Taylor, the Water Poet, in his "Dogge of Wars," with more sense of humor, makes fun of these canine comparisons:

> Many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast upon Dogges, so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and understand them. As I have heard a man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or as cold as a Dogge, I sweate like a Dogge (when a Dogge never sweates), as drunke as a Dogge, hee swore like a Dogge, and one told a man once, that his Wife was not to be believ'd, for she would lye like a Dogge, etc.

W. J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, June 17.

A LATER BACONIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. W. S. Booth, in his ingenious book on "Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon," gives a neat illustration of the exact character of these so-called signatures. "It is," he says, "as if a log of wood were found in the way of an express train two miles out of Boston. This might be regarded as an accident. But a similar log found in a corresponding place two miles out of every important station between Boston and New York would, by many observers, be regarded as evidence of intention." In the light of Mr. Booth's own illustration, other observers might ask: "Are these logs really on the track? or are they mere sleepers, part of the roadbed? Is not the real evidence of intention in Mr. Booth's peculiar methods for seeing peculiarities in the normal position of things? If he calls attention to one of these sleepers two miles out of every station, it is surely a harmless amusement, a sort of traveller's whist. Let each sleeper count fifty like the black cat on the doorstep, but remember a log is not really a black cat. Now we can mark and count sleepers with a certain amount of readiness ourselves."

Let us take the most popular poem in the English language, a poem probably written by Thomas Gray, called "An Elegy In a Country Churchyard." There are, it is true, suspicious circumstances about its composition, for Gray kept it in his portfolio many years before sending it to be printed. It is said he was polishing it. On the contrary, there is every evidence in the poem itself that he must have been engaged in inserting a multifarious acrostic. Why should Gray do this? In order to assign the poem to Francisco Bacono, to Francis Bacon, to Fran Bacon, to F. Bacon, to Bacon, or to Nocab. For Gray uses all these acrobatic signatures just as Mr. Booth and Bacon do, and he uses them all in a single significant stanza, a stanza of evident *double atteinte*.

The way to find this stanza is to hunt through the poem for one where the first line begins with F, and the last line begins with N. There are four lines in a stanza, and you may be able to spell Francis Bacon or any of the above mentioned aliases, by starting with the F and reading to the right on the first line, backward to the left on the second, and so on, weaving in and out through the stanza until you land pat on the N. Of course, the chances are that you will complete the name before you reach the N, for it is composed of common letters. But if so, then spell only on terminal letters of words, or else only on initial letters, and you will find that where Bacon or one of his "servants," like Gray, is at work, you can strike that N every time.

As you hunt through the poem for such a stanza, note that five stanzas begin propitiously with capital F's, but that only one of these has the last line beginning with N. The fact is significant. Rivet your attention, then, on this stanza till the full force and hidden meaning of the first and last lines sink in on you:

> For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

The first line looks suspicious. "Dumb Forgetfulness!" and a capital F in the middle of a line! Personification? Personification of Francis, then, you may be sure. The last line is even more suspicious. "Look behind!" Also remark the foot of the page of this old edition we are using. You see a detached "B," a printer's sign, and next to it the word "For," placed there to show what word begins the next page, as in so many old books. But may they not well mean something else here, this B F in capitals? this "B For"? Keep this in mind. Meanwhile observe the stanza itself.

> FoR who, to dumb forgetfulness A prey,
> This pleasing anxious being e'er resigN'd,
> Left the warm preCIncts of the cheerful day,
> NOr CAst one longing ling'ring look Behind?

First note how the letters have been RELIEFED, and then: (1) Spelling on all letters from F in For, spell FRANCIS BACON to N in Nor, by taking the next required letter as you read along the first line to the right and backward along the second line to the left, and so on.

Now, I haven't the patience to make a reliefed draft for each of the eleven acrostics in this same stanza, but they follow thus: (2) Start with the F of For, and spelling only on *initial* letters, go to the right, and spell F. BACON to that N in Nor. (3) Similarly spell FRAN BACON, using only terminal letters (the first and last letters), and weaving back and forth through the stanza thrice—thus (if you are painfully stupid and can't see it by yourself), FoR A Nor Being A Chearful One Nor—those are the words where the secret letters lie, in order; that is, where they lie in order to tell the truth. (4) Next see how NOCAB stares at you from the last line alone—Bacon often spelled his name backwards. Of course this is very convenient, but a mere bagatelle to what is coming. (5) What is the most significant phrase in the whole stanza? "Dumb Forgetfulness," without a doubt! Remember that B F which I spoke of, at the foot of the page? Clearly, a signal to the wary; for "dumb Forgetfulness" is the only place in the stanza where B and F come together. Propitious, then, for Bacon might be left to dumb forgetfulness did not the acrostic here speak for him. Start with the B of dumb (significant for being itself a silent letter), and spelling on *terminal* letters, go to the left, and spell BACON to the N of Nor. (6) Start with the B of dumb, and spelling on *terminal* letters, go to the right, and spell BACON to the N of Nor. (7) Start with the F of Forgetfulness, and spelling on *terminal* letters, go to the left, and spell F. BACON to the N of Nor. (8) Start with the F of Forgetfulness, and spelling on *terminal* letters, go to the right, and spell F. BACON to the N of Nor. Note the perfect symmetry of these last four acrostics. (9) Now start with the B of dumb, and spelling on all letters, go to the right, and spell BACONBACON, thus twice over, to the N of Nor. (10) Start with the F of Forgetfulness, and spelling on all letters, go to the right, and spell FRANCIS BACON to the N of Nor. (11) And, finally, start with the F of Forgetfulness, and spelling on all letters, go to the left, and, weaving through the stanza thrice, down and up and down again, spell FRANCISCO BACONO to the O in the key-word Nor.

Other acrostics may be read from the isolated B and F, at the foot of the page, through an intervening stanza, on initial letters of words, to the key-word. On the whole, it seems to be a more multifarious and significant acrostic than any which Mr. Booth has been able to discover in Shakespeare.

For Baconians the question now arises: Did not Bacon really write the famous Elegy?

R. A. RICE.

Cambridge, Mass., June 10.

JACKSON AT THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 27, referring to Mrs. Stonewall Jackson's greeting of President Taft as the "harmonizer of all our hearts," you say:

> Next to Lee, no one is more enshrined in the hearts of Southerners than the sturdy general who paraded the Virginia Military Institute Cadets at the hanging of John Brown, and later fought so magnificently from Bull Run until his death, on the field of Chancellorsville, at the age of forty.

By such readers as are accustomed to rely upon the *Nation* for uncolored state-

ments of fact, it may be inferred that Jackson took the cadets under his charge to the execution of Brown, so that they might have the opportunity of witnessing an instructive and entertaining spectacle.

According to the statement of Prof. R. L. Dabney of Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, the biographer of Jackson, the cadets of the Institute, with their officers, were ordered to Charlestown, the place of execution, to do duty in preventing the rescue of Brown, which was threatened. (Dabney: "Life and Campaigns of Lieut.-Gen. Thomas J. Jackson," pp. 143, 144).

Whether or not apprehensions of the rescue of Brown were justified, it is plain that the presence of Jackson and the cadets, coming from Lexington to a remote part of the State, was in obedience to orders, as Professor Dabney states.

R. L. TULLIS.

Baton Rouge, La., June 14.

[We were quite aware that the Institute Cadets were under orders from the State, and we meant to convey no other impression.—ED. NATION.]

FILLING OUT HISTORICAL RECORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A paragraph in the *Nation* of February 25 called attention to the many gaps in the historical record of our country, especially of its colonization period, owing to the fact that an enormous number of original documents have never been printed. It is perhaps known to comparatively few even of the *Nation's* readers that a movement of no small importance has been lately begun for the express purpose of filling up these "gaps," and as its original impetus came from a quarter whence such inspiration is little looked for, it surely deserves brief mention.

From the time that Dr. Dunbar Rowland, director of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, began his work in 1902, he cherished the hope of bringing the earliest records of the settlement of the Mississippi valley—records known to exist only in the archives of Europe—within the reach of historical students of his State. Having obtained in 1907 from his State Legislature an appropriation to cover the cost of transcribing such Colonial documents as he could find, this gentleman went to Europe at his own expense, investigated the great repositories in England, France, and Spain, and made arrangements for copying a large number of records bearing on the provincial history of his State. This task has since been steadily progressing. At present the series of English transcripts is completed, and includes sixteen large volumes covering the English occupation of West Florida, from 1763 to the conquest of the country by Spain in 1781. From the Paris Ministry of Colonies seven large bound volumes have been received, covering the period of 1678 to 1716, and as many more will be sent later. Of Spanish archives, the department now has thirteen volumes dealing with events beginning with the occupation of West Florida by Spain, and ending with the taking of Pensacola by Andrew Jackson. Five additional volumes will probably complete the series called for.

But these accomplished gains of the Mississippi Department are of far less importance than the results they are likely to bring about. At the meeting of the American Historical Association at Madison, Wis., December 27-31, 1907, Dr. Rowland read a paper on "The Coöperation of State Historical Societies and Departments in the Gathering of Material in Foreign Archives." The discussion of this paper led to the appointment of a committee of seven, charged with the duty of formulating a plan for the work of coöperation suggested, and of reporting it to the next annual meeting of the association. This committee met in Washington, D. C., April 16, 1908. After going over the ground, it decided that the most promising field for coöperative effort was offered by the States of the Mississippi valley, and that the richest return for work would be found in the French archives.

In offering the report of the committee's deliberations to the meeting of the American Historical Association at Richmond, in December, 1908, its chairman (Dr. Rowland) pointed out that at least fifteen States were directly interested in this historical material, a sufficient number to meet with comparative ease the great expense involved in the selection and transcribing of such material.

The recommendations of the committee were, in brief, that the historical agencies of the Mississippi valley should join in a coöperative search of the French archives, that a complete working calendar of all material there relating to the Mississippi basin should be made by a competent man sent by these agencies, this calendar to be printed and published as soon as prepared, and that the necessary money for the preparation and publication of this calendar should be raised by voluntary contributions from historical societies. To these recommendations the association fully agreed, and this important work is to be begun during the present year.

C.

Jackson, Miss., June 15.

WILLIAM SHIRLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As to William Shirley, Governor, and William Shirley, dramatist (differentiated by Mr. Matthews in your issue of May 27), is there any evidence at hand to show which, if either of them was the author of "The Antigonian and Bostonian Beauties; a Poem. Occasioned by seeing the Assembly, at St. John's, Antigua, on Thursday, the 7th of July, and afterwards at Boston, in King-street. By W. S., A.B.," Boston, [1754]?

This rare piece of American poetry has been accredited to one William Shirley, but this statement is undoubtedly a pure surmise on the part of some one making the initials "W. S." stand for that name. The authorship has also been seriously ascribed to the Rev. Charles Chauncy of Boston. But is it fair to suppose a sedate and orthodox New England minister to have written these amorous verses "after seeing the Assembly" of dancers in Antigua and Boston? Perhaps some bibliographer can furnish information on the point.

ALFRED B. PAGE.

Boston, June 17.

Notes.

The Index of the *Nation*, January 1 to June 30, will be printed with the issue of July 1.

A fifth, corresponding to the eighth French, edition appears of Baedeker's "Nortbern France" (imported by Scribners), in time for this season's travellers. The country included extends from Belgium and the English Channel to the Loire, with the omission of Paris and its environs, which have a separate volume to themselves.

Since 1866, when Motley finished the concluding volumes of his "United Netherlands," that work with its predecessor, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," has maintained its place as a standard history. We are glad to see that Harper & Bros. have now issued a popular edition of the later work complete in two volumes. The type and paper are excellent.

Those who have not read G. Lowes Dickinson's Ingersoll Lecture "Is Immortality Desirable?" in the May *Atlantic* will be glad to know that it has been issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. in a separate small volume. Like all of Mr. Dickinson's work, this essay has a grace of language and a subtlety of procedure that few other writers to-day, if any, can command. But it cannot be said that the discussion carries one far or is very persuasive. It scarcely needs Mr. Dickinson's art to convince us that immortality is desirable, and to convince us that it is true he has no stronger argument than a plea to await the conclusions of the Society for Psychical Research. A few notes, in which Goethe's and Lorenzo de' Medici's names are both given wrong, are added to the text as it appeared in the magazine.

"Modern Golf," by P. A. Vaile (London: A. & C. Black), is a really original book on a now hackneyed subject. The author has brought a fresh mind and clear eye to the study of the game, and urges something like revolutionary ideas both as to teaching and practice. Many of these commend themselves as presumptively reasonable, though one would like to see them many times down in the black and white of the links before giving implicit assent. The chief innovation of the volume is the application of mechanical principles to the structure and use of clubs and the flight of the ball. Mr. Vaile's insistence that the rotation of a golf ball is as vital to the player as is the cut on a tennis ball, is certainly a fruitful conception, which he follows out with satisfactory demonstrations of the true cause of imperfect strokes and of the glory of successful ones. Even blasé golfers will find his discussions stimulating and often correcting.

"A Book of Hours," by Ellen Thompson (The Forest Press), is a posthumous volume of rambling papers on books, authors, and places. The preface informs us that the discourses here assembled were originally delivered to large audiences in Boston and vicinity, and that they were "one of the instituted charms of culture in the city." The dear-old-Charles Lamb and dear-old-England vein, in which they are written, would seem eminently suitable, we should think, in the clubroom of ladies

in quest of sweetness and light. There is no apparent reason why those who liked the spoken lectures should not enjoy them in book form.

"The People at Play," by Rollin Lynde Hartt (Houghton, Mifflin Co.), is a fairly comprehensive account of the ways in which men, women, and children of the cities with from ten to twenty-five cents in their pockets amuse themselves. There are treatises on the burlesque, the dime museum, the amusement park, the melodrama, society, the biograph-show, the "Muses in the Back Street," and baseball. The author's copious illustrations, inside the cover and out, portray the humors of popular gayety from the bill-board to the grand-stand. The spirit of the work, Mr. Hartt informs us, is that of the student of comparative ethics. From a first-hand acquaintance with the proletariat he has come to the conclusion that we (the well-washed and educated class) look too superciliously upon the recreations of the poor. When we try to refine their taste we should begin by recognizing its soundness in many essentials. The melodrama, for example, is really the "Ten Commandments in red fire." The residents in the back streets have a liking for color and vigor in the field of art; it is usually a mistake to hang a Botticelli over the kitchen sink. There are a good many suggestive hints of this character thrown out in passing; but on the whole the book does not carry a very deep philosophical keel. Its chief value lies in its record of things which few writers have thought worthy of record. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the author has steadily handled his material with kid gloves. With some apprehension addressing a very polite audience, he has sought to elevate his subject by stiltifying his style. Speaking, for instance, of the possible "passing" of the biograph, he writes, "That eventuality is not unforeseen, especially by our clairvoyant moralists, who storm the Legislature with demands for restrictions upon celluloid liberties." Such Henry Jacobean periphrasis—to parody our author—is ill-calculated to communicate to the higher classes any very intimate or quickening sense of the recreative activities of the lowly.

I. L. Nascher, M.D., certainly knows the Bowery, as it was before the sight-seeing automobile made of it a well-managed side show. Its rum-shops, opium dens, dance halls, and their blasted habitués he can call by names and by history. Nothing that is diseased, repulsive, or criminal in that region has escaped his eye. But not all thorough knowledge is scientific or useful. We see neither fairness nor clear purpose in the sub-title, "a sociological study," with which Dr. Nascher describes his book, "The Wretches of Povertyville" (Chicago: Jos. J. Lanzit). His information is useful only to the police and social workers, all of whom already possess it ten times over. For everybody else it is either revolting or viciously attractive. The "Practical Measures" suggested in the closing chapter are loosely thought out. They suggest a smattering knowledge of criminology blended with a great deal of shrewd but one-sided observation.

"The Third French Republic' (Lippincott) scarcely justifies Frederick Lawton's claim that it represents the result of a long personal experience of French life. Even under the most favorable interpretation the work never rises above ordinary journalistic standards. The author's plan involves more than a review of political history; there are several chapters on literature, science, art, education, and the Mutualist or friendly society movement. In spite of this ambitious scheme the work lacks proportion, and bears evidence of hasty writing and superficial knowledge. Superior to the rest of the book are the chapters which notice various phases of the literary movement in France. But even here Mr. Lawton's criticism is not always trustworthy, nor is his reading wide. M. Muntz is set down as an historian of Tuscany, but no mention is made of his important contributions to the study of Italian art. It is surprising also to find Lavisse's "History of France" criticised as partisan. No one who has seen the book could fail to observe that it is a series of monographs. One would like to know just what portions Mr. Lawton thinks are unsatisfactory, or whether he holds that none of the distinguished writers who contributed to Lavisse has reached his own standards of historic excellence. The chapters on the successive governments and Presidents of the third Republic contain many mistakes of detail. There is, too, a singular inability to appreciate the essential elements in French constitutional development. Little or no attention is given to the genesis, growth, and decline of various French political parties. Even the account of the composition of the French Senate is not correct. In place of reliable information on important questions there are innumerable anecdotes about public men; their epigrammatic sayings are repeated, and the book is burdened with trivial items of personal gossip. In following out his method of lumping together without discrimination, the subordinate and the main details of recent French history, Mr. Lawton manages to cover a great deal of ground, and his book does embody some useful material that might be left unnoticed by a more careful historian. But this way of writing history produces curious and unexpected results. The reader gets an account of the Charity Bazaar fire, but is left in almost complete ignorance of some important factors in the struggle between the state and the church which led up to the Separation Act.

Dr. William Elliot Griffis is a veteran bookmaker, and upon all that relates to Dutch history and institutions is an unquestioned authority. In many of his earlier writings he betrayed a strong Dutch bias, and, since the death of Douglas Campbell, has been the chief exponent of Dutch influence in American history. In his latest work ("The Story of New Netherland," Houghton Mifflin Co.) he is less concerned with the Dutch as the authors of our institutional being, and more with the effort to rescue this worthy people from the grasp of Diedrich Knickerbocker. In this task he has succeeded, and his book has value for old and young alike. He carries the subject beyond 1664, devoting nearly half his book to the later history of the Dutch in America. The defects of the work are patent: excessive stress is everywhere laid on the place of the Dutch in American life; dislike is manifested toward all things British; and ignorance of other phases of colonial history is unfortunately all too evident. To speak of the Navigation Acts as the cause of the Revolution is to ignore facts; to call life in the South before the war a "belated feudalism" is to admit an historical anachronism; to say that the Angles and Saxons were Dutch before they were English is to employ a catch-penny phrase that is meaningless to historian and philologist alike. It is a pity that so good a book is marred by these amateurish touches.

"Toujours perdrix!" exclaimed the French gourmand. "Toujours Touraine!" one is inclined to reply, as book after book on the favorite tourist section of France issues from the press. The latest, "A Summer in Touraine," by Frederic Lees (A. C. McClurg), is one of the most attractive. Mr. Lees is not a pictorial writer, and occasionally he trips up in his syntax, but he tells his story without affectation, and he strikes a fair balance between description and history. Prospective tourists, especially if they be motorists, can learn from him how to reach one château after another, and what to look for, inside and out. Then the past is conjured up, and gives that bowing acquaintance, which seems to be so much coveted with the great barons of medieval France, with royal and other mistresses, and with the modern nobility (or Parisian plutocrats) who own or occupy these historic places. The hundred illustrations are truly admirable, not excepting the dozen colored plates by Maxwell Armfield, which, with their Boutet de Monvel tints, suggest the tone in landscape and sky of the Elysium of the Loire. The book should be a delight to Tourainists on their travels, and a pleasure to dip into afterwards.

The curator of the Musée Carnavalet, *i. e.*, the man who, by profession, ought to know most about historic Paris, is just the guide intelligent tourists were looking for; nor does George Cain disappoint them. In the twenty-six chapters of this book ("Walks in Paris," translated by Alfred Allinson; the Macmillan Co.), all the spots of the city that have any association with heroes of history and romance are passed in review, so that, behind the Haussmanized Paris of to-day, we can evoke the Paris of Philippe Auguste, Charles V, Henri IV, Louis XIV, and Napoleon. The ancient and the modern mingle at will in these chatty pages, all the way from the thirteenth century down to the reign of M. Fallières. Thus one street, the narrow rue Visconti, on the left bank, brings back to memory the duels of the Pré aux Clercs, the meetings of the persecuted Huguenots, the sojourn of Racine, the death of Adrienne Lecouvreur, the brilliant career of the actress Clairon, the unfortunate printing house of Balzac, and the abode of one of the numerous men who attempted to kill Louis-Philippe. All streets are not so rich in historical associations. But be it the Rue de Sèvres with its Abbaye-aux-Bois graced by Mme. Récamier, the mysterious and quiet streets around St. Sulpice, the romantic Place des Vosges, the Boulevard du Temple, the Bastille, or the Place Vendôme, there does not seem to be a commonplace-looking thoroughfare, crossed a hundred times a day by indifferent feet, that may not evoke some dramatic incident of history, or have some association with a man

of letters. M. Cain knows the Paris of to-day as well as the Paris of former times, and tourists who are accused of seeking in Paris resorts that they would dare visit in their own country will take delight in following their guide in the rue des Innocents and around the rue Maubert and the Halles, where cutthroats and "Apaches" hold their headquarters. The value of the book is enhanced by ten maps and plans of old Paris, and by more than a hundred well-chosen pictures. The translator was obviously interested in his translation and tries to supplement in his notes the information of the text.

Prof. Lawrence H. Mills, the eminent Zend scholar of the University of Oxford, is about to issue, in his seventy-third year, a continuation of the study of the Avesta Yasna, which he began nearly two decades ago in his monumental edition of the Gathas, the earliest portion of the Yasna. This work is now practically in the binder's hands. It will contain not only a reconstructional edition of the Avesta text with copious notes, but also the Pahlavi or Middle Persian commentary (both in the original character and in transliteration) with full translation, the Sanskrit version of Neryosangh newly collated from five manuscripts and translated for the first time, and a Parsi-Persian version already used in part by Professor Mills in his edition of the Gathas. There will also be an appendix containing the accented Sanskrit equivalent of the Avesta text, as well as four photographic plates of Avesta, Pahlavi, and Sanskrit manuscripts, and other illustrative material. The work will maintain the same high standard as that set by the same editor's Gathas, which has long been out of print and of which a reissue is urgently needed. Professor Mills is also continuing his work on the "Dictionary of the Gathic Language," of which 120 pages will soon be issued; and a number of his lectures at Oxford have recently been translated into Italian by a Turin barrister, their appearance in print being promised in the near future.

The Papal Commissione per la Revisione della Volgata has recently published a report of the present status and purposes of their work, the document appearing in several languages, issued by the Tipographia Pontificia dell' Instituto Pio IX. In this official utterance the Catholic savants in charge of the work state explicitly that "the business of the commission is merely to restore the text of Jerome in a critical way, that it is not to prepare a new text, and that the testing of Jerome's text as to its correctness will be left to another commission to be appointed at a later time." The work is to be done in the International St. Anselmo College of the Benedictines on the Aventine in Rome. Of this building the report gives two fine pictures, to which are added a number of other illustrations, chiefly of manuscripts. Fifteen collaborators are at work in different countries examining the Vulgate manuscripts, and a catalogue of all of the European documents on the Jerome version is in preparation. It is estimated that the cost of the work will be about 25,000 francs per annum, and that from eight to ten years will see its completion. The commission believes that the 250,000 francs needed should be readily given by Catholics and the *primus clenchus contribuentium* is headed by the Holy Father himself with a subscription of 12,000 francs. So far the total subscriptions have been 44,900 francs and the expenses 20,000. The report is unfortunately not free from vexatious errata.

The approaching quater-centennial of Calvin's birth, which is to be celebrated in Geneva on July 10 with academic and ecclesiastical impressiveness, has led the professor of ecclesiastical history at the University of Berne, Dr. Fritz Barth, to a reconsideration of the famous Servetus case. The outcome of these studies, which has just appeared under the title "Calvin und Servet" (A. Francke, Berne), is a pamphlet of more than ordinary interest. It presents minutely the events and transactions which brought about the arrest and trial of the daring free-thinker, who had deserved a better fate than being put to death by the man who should have been his protector. Professor Barth shows conclusively that Calvin sacrificed Servetus for reasons of state. Calvin's own faith in the doctrine of Trinity had openly been called in question by the French theologian Caroli. Melancthon, Capito, and other leaders of German Protestantism had expressed alarm at his free utterances concerning the Nicæan creed. The council of the city of Berne had made protestations on that subject to the Genevese government. It seemed a matter of high political importance that the Calvinistic wing of the Reformed Church should declare in no uncertain sounds its solidarity with the other adherents of organized Protestantism in upholding the one fundamental doctrine in which there was no dividing line between the Protestant and the Catholic Churches. This could be accomplished by making a scapegoat of an indiscreet enthusiast and ardent radical like Servetus. And not for a moment did Calvin shrink from improving this opportunity, even though doing so implied the violation of the most fundamental laws of honorable conduct. This thesis Professor Barth states with great lucidity.

Unaffected and simple in style—reminding one at times of Frenssen's "Peter Moor"—and very sincere and touching in sentiment are the autobiographic records of a trained nurse given in "Dornenpfade der Barmherzigkeit: Aus Schwester Gerda's Tagebuch," edited by Sister Henriette Arendt, a well-known nurse of Berlin, and published at Stuttgart by the Deutsch Verlags-Anstalt. The difference is, however, that while "Peter Moor" may be only realistic fiction, based on fact, these leaves from a nurse's diary were actually written by a young woman, who had no thought of ever printing them. The object in now giving them to the public is merely to warn many from entering on a difficult career, and to arouse those who, directly or indirectly, are responsible for much of the experience of the average overworked and unappreciated nurse. That the book will affect most readers there is little doubt, for it is largely a series of shadow pictures of depressing realism. Nor are the incidents German or local for the most part, but probably such as may happen any day in any large city of the New World. Even the absence of literary touch in parts of the volume, due to the youth of the writer or the conditions of the midnight watch when, beside some dying patient, the notes were jotted down, adds to the force of this tragedy of a humble life.

The "Tagebuch des Grafen P.-L. Röderer," minister and councillor under Napoleon, by Gen. von Pfaff (Berlin: Karl Sigismund), is a work, whose interest is much increased by a compendious introduction and notes from French archives by Maurice Vitrac. Perhaps the chief value of this work is that it brings forth new matter, of a gossipy value, from private diaries.

The "Grundfragen der Homerkritik," by Paul Cauer, which has been brought out in a second edition by S. Hirzel of Leipzig, has been so entirely changed and enlarged that it is practically a new work. It discusses critically all the Homeric problems of the times under the three heads of Textkritik und Sprachwissenschaft, Zur Analyse des Inhalts, and Der Dichter und sein Werk.

Dana Estes, publisher, traveller, and writer of note, died suddenly in Brookline, Mass., on Wednesday of last week, at the age of sixty-nine. He was born in Gorham, Me. In 1859 he went to Boston and entered the book trade. At the outbreak of the civil war Mr. Estes enlisted in the Union army, and served until the second battle of Bull Run, where he was wounded three times. Being disabled for further service, he returned to Boston and reëntered the book business. He was a member of various firms until 1898, when he organized the house of Dana Estes & Co. Only a few months ago Mr. Estes returned from a trip through the African jungle now being traversed by Mr. Roosevelt. He was the first American to penetrate the Nile country to Uganda and the Congo State. He was a member of the Bostonian Society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and other societies. He organized the International Copyright Association and was its first secretary.

Prof. Frederick de Martens, formerly professor of international law in the University of St. Petersburg, a permanent member of the Council of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and one of the most distinguished jurists of his day, died on Sunday of this week. Professor de Martens was born in the Russian Baltic provinces in 1845. He studied law at the Universities of St. Petersburg, Vienna, Heidelberg, and Leipzig. He was attached to the person of the chancellor of the Russian Empire, Prince Gortchakoff, for special missions in 1876. The diplomatic congresses which he attended as Russia's representative included important gatherings at Brussels, Paris, The Hague, Geneva, and Vienna. He is known best to the American public, perhaps, through having served as one of the Russian delegates at the peace negotiations between Russia and Japan in this country in 1905. He was also prominent in the public mind here through serving at the peace conferences of The Hague. At the conference of 1899 he was the second Russian plenipotentiary, and he was chosen president of the Second Commission. Since 1874 he had been selected several times by European and American Powers as an international arbitrator. He was president of the Court of Arbitration in Paris in 1899 which considered the differences between Great Britain and Venezuela. He also served as arbitra-

tor between France and England; England and Holland, and the United States and Mexico. When he died he was a member of the Permanent International Court of Arbitration at The Hague. In 1906 he represented his country at the Geneva Conference for the revision of the Geneva Convention of 1867. He attended the Peace Conference at The Hague in 1907 for the third time. He wrote many books. One, "De Martens on International Law," has been translated into German, French, Spanish, Japanese, Persian, Servian, and other languages. Other works are: "La paix et la guerre," "On Consular Jurisdiction in the East," "Recueil des traités et conventions conclus par la Russie avec les Puissances étrangères," and "Le Conflit entre la Russie et la Chine."

BRÜCKNER'S RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

A Literary History of Russia. By A. Brückner, Professor of Slavonic Languages and Literature in the University of Berlin. Edited by Ellis H. Minns; translated by H. Havelock. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $4

This volume is beyond all question the best—and the most unreadable—account of Russian literature accessible in English. Of former attempts, that of Miss Hapgood is a primer, compiled from Russian critical authorities; that of Waliszewski is a light, hasty sketch, clever and superficial; that of Kropotkin, though full of excellent criticism, is rather a panegyric on the liberation movement, as expressed in Russian writers, than a treatment of the national literature in all its aspects. Professor Brückner has a wider acquaintance with his subject, and a more catholic sympathy, than any of his predecessors. His point of view is that of a professional student of literature. Though he does not strive for an impossible freedom from personal bias, his own political views never blind him to the merits of writers who belong to opposite parties.

Unfortunately, this valuable work is clothed in a style that will frighten away any but determined students of literature. In German, though at times he rises to a sombre eloquence, Professor Brückner usually writes in lumbering, involved, often obscure sentences, sometimes marred by Polonisms. To these sentences Mr. Havelock usually adheres with bulldog tenacity, producing a result that is tenfold worse than the original. An English reader can hardly expect a translation from contorted German periods to be light and graceful; he may, however, demand a plain, straightforward, idiomatic rendering that shall not continually distract his attention from the subject of which it treats. Instead of this, Mr. Havelock gives us uncouth diction like the following:

> The most respectable performances still remain those of Tolstóy, Count Alexêy of the name, the youthful playmate of Alexander II, subsequently for many years Master of the Hunt—sport was his ruling passion—grew up from his early youth among impressions, of beautiful scenery in Little Russia, of Art during Italian journeys—with the inevitable visit to Weimar and Goethe, whose majestic language impressed the boy—of literature, a love for and cultivation of which he found among his nearest relatives, into an admirer of Pushkin, and a contemner of modern didactic literature (p. 493). [The misprint of a comma instead of a period after Tolstóy has made a bad matter much worse.]

On the other hand, absolute errors in translation are infrequent. The versions from Russian poets, which have been made by Mr. Minns directly from the Russian, are accurate and simple, though of small literary merit. The index is careless and unsatisfactory.

Of early Russian literature Professor Brückner gives but the briefest sketch (89 out of 545 pages), beginning his fuller treatment with the reign of Catherine the Great. One may regret this choice, and still more his neglect of the remarkable folk-lore of Russia. Most readers would gladly sacrifice many pages of discussion of minor writers of the eighteenth, and even of the nineteenth century, in exchange for an ampler account of the early chronicles, of the apocryphal legends, of the "Tale of the Raid of Igor," and, above all, of the Russian popular ballads. As a Pole, Professor Brückner may be prejudiced against Russian mediæval culture, dominated as it is by Eastern Orthodoxy. Be this as it may, he has acted with his eyes open, deliberately sacrificing the earlier periods in order to give a more adequate account of the origin and development of modern Russian literature. He must be judged by his success in carrying out his own plan, the reasons for which he well states in his opening paragraph:

> The history of Russian literature must claim full attention in a special degree. Not by its age, for it is the youngest of the great literatures; not by its perfection, for it often foregoes æsthetic effects; but certainly by its peculiar character, the high humanity of its content, its naturalness and sincerity, its soaring idealism, the depth and pathos of its effects, and lastly, the significance it claims in the mental life of the nation. To Englishmen or Frenchmen, Germans or Italians, polite literature is only one form for the expression of national feeling and thought: to the intelligent Russian, without a free press, without the liberty of assembly, without the right to free expression of opinion, literature became the last refuge of his freedom of thought, the only means of propagating higher ideas. He expected and demanded of his country's literature not merely æsthetic recreation: he placed it at the service of everything noble and good, of his aspirations, of the enlightening and emancipation of the spirit. Hence the striking partiality, nay unfairness, displayed by the Russians towards the most perfect works of their own literature where they did not answer to the aims or the expectations of their party or their day. A purely æsthetic handling of the subject would not gain it full acceptance.

Accordingly, Professor Brückner adopts primarily the sociological point of view. He makes us understand the great controversy between the Slavophiles and the Westerners, so important for any proper appreciation of the novels of Dostoévsky and Turgénev. He gives an idea, somewhat fragmentary, to be sure, of the radical and materialistic movement of the sixties, and notes the part played in it by different writers. He shows how Ostrovsky's dramas form a protest against the ignorance and brutality of the Russian merchant class, displaying, in Dobrolúbov's phrase, a veritable "kingdom of darkness." He explains how the "poets of pure art," Máikov, Tyutchev, and others, were valued only by a small number of expert judges, while the bitterness and indignation of Nekrásov's verse-pamphlets made him the idol of all young men. In this way the author makes his literary history a running commentary on the social aspirations and speculations of the Russian educated public.

Yet, unlike many Russian critics, Professor Brückner does not allow himself to be dominated by one method of attack. He is careful to give an estimate of the merits of each writer as an artist, and to make us feel at every step that Russian literature is a part of European literature, and follows the same general course of development. He is perhaps at his best in his general criticism of periods or movements, such as this of the romantic poets:

> Whoever, leaving the exotic and mystical blooms of German, French, and English romanticism, approaches the Russian, remains disappointed. The longing for the *fleur bleue*, the fantastic ride into wonderland, allegories heavy with meaning, pantheistic or social dreams, mystical transports, are all essentially alien to Russian literature as to the Russian temperament. Both are by nature very sober, clinging to the clod of reality, and do not roam among the stars. Sound sense—how rich Pushkin was in it!—a mind tinged with skepticism, for the Russian only laughs at German enthusiasm and exaggeration; a very moderate feeling for nature, for only men interest the Russian—his landscapes are much too lacking in variety and charm; a direct aversion for abstractions, for hitherto Russia has produced no noteworthy philosopher, though it has theologians and moralists. Such conditions, I say, are most unfavorable to the flourishing of flowers of romance. How soon Pushkin came to his senses, how few Russian poems there are that move in the flaunting garb of romanticism, with all its lilies and stars! At this day we see that the re-birth of poetry, symbolical, dependent, or philosophical, is in Russia a most difficult matter, and reaps rather cheap ridicule than serious consideration (p. 211).

Yet here the author, in giving an excellent verdict upon Russian poetry, betrays himself into too broad a generalization upon Russian literature as a whole. His own analysis (pp. 423, 424) of Chernyshévsky's novel (or, to use Brückner's word, his *phantasia*), "What Is to Be Done?" which had more influence than any other one book upon young Russians of the sixties, proves that he realizes that "social dreams" are by no means absent from Russian literature. Indeed, utopian speculation is almost as characteristic of the Russian temperament as is realistic satire. To explain why it has never found expression in Russian poetry is a problem that, though in itself not difficult, has unfortunately not attracted Professor Brückner's attention.

The critic's æsthetic judgments, though not specially individual or penetrating, are nearly always sound and judicious. His general estimate of Pushkin, for example, is the best with which the present writer is acquainted:

> Pushkin founded a school; even in the older writers, who were once his teachers, one sees his influence. It is essentially one of form; not wealth of ideas, but the mastery of "Pushkin's verse," which has become simply an æsthetic definition, is aimed at, mostly to no purpose, by his successors. The indescribable music of verse, its full sensuousness, plasticity, too, with nothing blurred or indistinct, are coupled with genuine and deep feeling, sincere melancholy, and lively whims; if he lacks the passionate glow of love as of hate, yet in his creations he always achieves that balance which he so painfully missed in life. He gives quite the impression of a classical poet, and especially in his later work one forgets his romantic antecedents, and throughout it is the perfection of his form which begets these illusions. It seems to us a natural expression, as if it had been born with the matter or the idea; but behind the apparent ease and absence of effort lurks conscientious, untiring work, polishing and shaping, above all shortening and compressing of the diction, which now drapes the body like a heavy rustling dress of state, now floats about like a loose wrapping (p. 206).

In his opinions on the great Russian novelists Professor Brückner will not always command the assent of Anglo-Saxon readers, brought up in a world of commerce and industry, with its emphasis on the strenuous life. The average American reader of Russian fiction will heartily applaud his praises of Tolstoy's artistic genius; but may demur, whether justly or no need not be argued here, at his description of the great novelist as "physical and moral strength incarnate." Reading further, he will be inclined to vigorous protest when he finds that the critic reserves his most glowing enthusiasm for the diseased, epileptic Dostoévsky. After a comprehensive analysis of that writer's work, he concludes:

> As long as metaphysical questions—questions of good and evil or of the darker side of the human spirit—are raised, so long will Dostoévsky be read. He is one of the few in the world's literature who can never be forgotten: he leaves behind him the profoundest impressions, which can never be effaced, and he stirs the innermost fibres of our spirit. . . . Perhaps there are in the world's literature figures of greater talent, or, rather, more repute; a warmer, more feeling heart there certainly never was. Not in "Faust," but rather in "Crime and Punishment," does the "whole woe of mankind" take hold of us (p. 416).

The critic is right only if sentiment, Chauvinism, and pathological psychology are the sole—or the most essential—materials of a novelist's art.

Of minor defects in Professor Brückner's work nothing need be said here. Professor Veselovsky, in a review of the German edition (*Archiv für Slavische Philologie*, xxviii, 128), has pointed out various errors in matters of fact, none of which will trouble the general reader. The book as a whole may be recommended almost without reserve as the one thorough, comprehensive, and scholarly account of Russian literature in any of the languages of Western Europe.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Planter. By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Bros.

There are moments in the reading of this powerful story of the rubber industry in Mexico, when, like the Abolitionists who demanded "free sugar" of their grocers, one is tempted to forswear forever the use of any article made of rubber. No tale of ante-bellum slavery days could disclose greater horrors than this narrative of tropical labor, contemporaneous, we may suppose from its allusions. The worst treated slaves of the darkest South endured no more cruelty than that here shown as visited upon the contract laborers of Mexico.

The masters varied in their ways of meeting the situation. Thus the American Ewing took his wife with him, established a domestic hearth, and treated his riff-raff laborers as well as he could. The Englishman fell into the usages of the country as he found them, and did his small-souled best from that point of view. The Austrian Jew added to the highly available, ready-made bad, something that was still worse, in the shape of devilish inventions of his own. To this group of planter neighbors is added, presently, David Mann, a Maine boy, with Puritan ideals and the aspirations of a reformer. From a narrowly orthodox mother and a successful lumberman father he derives the qualities that make him a good fighter for his own morals and for his people's improvement—a young David against Goliaths of rascal rubber companies at home and barbarities on the plantations. The story leads him through terrible predicaments, though not unaided by friendly sympathy from his American neighbors and from the best Mexican attitude, personified in a charming girl. She shares his longings to secure freedom for his slaves and justice for all his workers, whether jail scourings or captive Indians. The book ends with the beginning of a better day for masters and servants up and down the river.

The spell of the tropics, the feel of the jungle, the pride of the planter, the problems of race, have an eloquent showing. One must accept the Roman in a story of Rome. Otherwise it would be easy to object not only to the luxuriant length of the novel—five hundred and thirty-odd pages—but to excess of tropical epithet and description, and of the tropically explicit. The characters are defined with more than usual force. It is unquestionably a book of great power, stamping in its sharp-bitten impressions with mighty blows.

Marriage à La Mode. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A book dealing indignantly with the untoward possibilities of American divorce is not what we should have expected from Mrs. Ward. We have so long been accustomed to receive from her some treatment of what might be called the grandinsular theme—the great world of little England—that it is surprising at first thought to find her concerning herself with our relatively trifling affairs. But we are presently reassured by the discovery that the paramount consideration is still the same. She inveighs against American divorce, not as a mere transatlantic monster which the world may behold preying upon the misguided inhabitants of that part of the globe, but as a foe which (thanks to the now prevalent habit of international marriages) threatens the peace and integrity of the British fireside. There is a note of panic, consequently, in her performance. She is afraid: no wonder her voice reaches an unaccustomed pitch; no wonder the horrid instance she cites is a bit strained. The disconcerting thing to the American reader is that she apparently regards her Daphne as in some sense typical of our womankind. Poor Daphne has great wealth, much physical charm, and an immeasurable egoism. Her accomplishments are hollow, her connoisseurship a sham, her manners a game which she is able to play while things go to please her. But she is capable of browbeating a husband, riding roughshod over the sensibilities of a mother-in-law, and, if you please, outbidding a duchess to her face for the possession of a costly knick-knack.

The young Englishman whose fireside she blasts is not unduly idealized by his

creator. "Roger Barnes's good looks had been from his childhood upward the distinguishing and remarkable feature about him." He has, besides, good blood, good breeding, and good humor to recommend him. He has been reared under the advantages of a seeming-solid English wealth which has unexpectedly vanished, shortly before we begin to hear about him, with the death of his father. His mother, who believes in the divine right of the British elect to inherit the earth, presently dispatches him to America "to make," as he ingenuously puts it, "some friends over here who might be useful to me. . . . In this country there are always openings—things turning up—chances—you can't get at home." He seems really innocent as to the purpose of his mission, and, after some delay, the mother is constrained to put the fact in black and white: he is to marry some rich American. That is his chance, the only chance, indeed, really open to a person of his kind of distinction. He does not like the notion, but he does not loathe it, and when the rich American presents herself, he loses no time in securing her.

After a somewhat prolonged honeymoon abroad, they wing homeward at last to the ancestral domain of the Barneses, or, rather, of the Trescoes, for "Heston Park" has belonged to the family of Lady Barnes. There Daphne, by virtue of her wealth and habit of power, at once takes command. She makes matters very disagreeable for her sufficiently disagreeable mother-in-law, her husband, and various friends of theirs —especially a former and unconfessed flame of the handsome Roger. This person is a siren of vulgar motive, but always mindful of the laws of her caste: it is Daphne who makes herself out a bounder, or its feminine equivalent. Hence the divorce, and the ensuing calamities.

The story has its striking episodes: the opening scene at Mount Vernon, the closing scene on the Isle of Wight. As a whole, it lacks poise and dignity. It is not quite amiable, its note of perturbation, of grievance, is too plainly audible. In Gen. Hobson, Roger's uncle, Mrs. Ward holds up the irascible Britisher for our amusement, and the Admirable Crichton of the story is an American officer. Nevertheless, the picture as a whole falls short of good humor. We must hope that the Canadian story, which is promised as the second fruit of her recent journey westward, will inspire in Mrs. Ward a gentler and juster strain of interpretation.

A Year Out of Life. By Mary E. Waller. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

From the author of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus" one looks, and not in vain, for originality of plan and grace of manner; for a deep-reaching insight equally into the constancies and vagaries of human nature, which makes at times for vagueness; and for a steadfast faith in the beneficence of the "something not ourselves." In portraying the encounter of girl-nature with man-nature, of emotional fastidiousness with the unconscious involuntary passion for converting experience into success, the author plays on so many strings that the reader is left pondering over the indeterminateness—not of the story, for that ends conclusively—but of the ways and motives of life itself.

An American girl living in Germany enters into correspondence with a German novel-writer in relation to making translations of his books. She falls greatly in love with his letters, and somewhat less in love with the man himself later on. Naturally, she does not at once discriminate between the two sentiments. He, on the other hand, is compact of German sentiment and German practicality, and contrives to be fascinating, insistent, brusque, tender, and cruel, each at the moment best calculated to torment a girl's feelings. There is no tragedy, but there is a palpable ache. Your true novel-lover will almost regret the triumph of wisdom over sentiment as he reads on, fancying that he is about to slide along the well-worn ways of "The First Violin" into a cheerful international alliance.

The Origins of the British Colonial System, 1578-1660. By George Louis Beer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

In 1893, Mr. Beer, then of Columbia University, published as his doctor's thesis an essay of one hundred and fifty pages on the commercial policy of England toward the American colonies. This essay, though brief and in many ways inadequate, was then and is now the only study in existence of this important phase of colonial history, if we leave out of account such works as Macpherson's "Annals of Commerce." Aware of the incompleteness of his former treatment, Mr. Beer has now returned to the subject, and after spending two years among the documents in English archives has begun the issue of a series of volumes dealing with the period from 1578 to 1765. The first volume, really the last of the series, since it concerns British policy from 1754 to 1765, appeared in 1907, and now the second volume, which is really the first, treating the origins of British policy, is before us.

In method Mr. Beer's work leaves little to be desired. His research has been exhaustive, his point of view is that of the scientific historian, his grasp of the larger aspects of world-history is firm and comprehensive. He sees the colonies as factors in the growth and expansion of the British empire, and he approaches them from the standpoint of the past. He makes it clear that the origins of British colonial policy are to be sought in the customs and practices of mediæval life, and that it was a composite of principles and methods that were partly feudal and partly commercial—representative of the fief, the staple, and the monopolistic trading company. In forming her policy England invented nothing new. She took from what she had and applied the old ideas to new conditions. She was obliged to face the competition of other growing monarchies in the seventeenth century, and viewed her colonies as aids to that end. She kept them entirely within her control, since it would have been contrary to her interest to permit her strength to be weakened by the emigration of men who would set up communities of their own and trade with whomsoever they pleased. England had no surplus population; she promoted the founding of colonies in order to obtain products which could not be supplied at home and for which she had been obliged to pay foreign and competing countries in coin. The decay of foreign trade made it necessary to find new sources of supply under the flag. To have allowed these supplies to be diverted to other countries would have aided her rivals and defeated her purpose in encouraging colonial settlement.

From 1578 to 1660 the English government was engaged in defining her attitude toward colonial trade. England endeavored to restrict this trade to herself, to exclude foreigners from any commercial relations with her possessions, and to confine the carrying trade to British and colonial vessels. That the colonies might supply her with everything that she needed, she sought to induce them to produce those staples that she could not raise at home—spices, corn, wine, silk, cotton, salt, flax, hemp, indigo, wood, madder, pitch, tar, turpentine, and the like; and the persistent refusal of the colonists to do so is one of the most striking features of our early history. The southern colonies at first would raise nothing but tobacco, while the northern colonies spent no time on silk and spices, and little time on naval stores. In truth, as Mr. Beer most admirably shows, it was tobacco that shaped England's policy before 1640. There was something grimly ironical in this fact, since tobacco was deemed by the Englishman of that day an obnoxious weed, and colonies "built wholly on smoke" were as little desired then as would be colonies today whose output was only opium.

Mr. Beer also proves that all the chief features of the later navigation acts were in full operation under the early Stuarts, although not embodied in statutory form. This conclusion has never been demonstrated before, and is the most important contribution made in

this volume. He further shows that the policy of restriction was accompanied by a policy of colonial favoritism, in that the production of tobacco was forbidden in England, and the importation of the tobacco of Spanish America was limited by means of a heavier customs duty than that on the tobacco from Virginia and Maryland. It was manifestly to England's interest to do all that she could to encourage the colonies and to build up their trade. If the colonies were restricted to the English market, they at least enjoyed a monopoly of that market, and so were assured an opportunity to sell their staple products. These were the main purposes that England set before herself in shaping her relations with the colonies, and these purposes underwent few changes in later years. Unfortunately, this policy took no account of the possible development of the colonies in the direction of greater independence in their economic needs and interests.

Mr. Beer's style lacks grace and charm of presentation, and his treatment is rendered heavy by excessive detail and by a lack of clearness of exposition. His book would have been more readable if he had introduced more summaries and generalizations to show the bearing of his facts and statistics. He has, however, performed a very important work, and future volumes will be awaited with interest.

The Empire of the East: A Simple Account of Japan as It Was, Is, and Will Be. With nineteen illustrations. By H. B. Montgomery. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50 net.

Drugging a Nation: The Story of China and the Opium Curse. By Samuel Merwin. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.

Sidelights on Chinese Life. By the Rev. J. MacGowan. With twelve illustrations in color, by Montague Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

Letters from China. With particular reference to the Empress Dowager and the Women of China. By Sarah P. Conger. Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co. $2.75 net.

The present crop of books on Japan falls far short of the average of other years, but this, Mr. Montgomery seems to think, is of advantage in understanding the country and people. Too many hasty visitors and perfunctory penmen have looked only on the outside. He has set out to tell the story from the inside, giving little attention to politics or statistics. He deals rather with ethics, art, religion, the Constitution, the home life of the people, the army and navy, and the financial position of the country, with glances at literature and the drama. We miss, however, the firmness of touch and accuracy of perspective belonging to the long resident. He persists in calling the Ainu "Ainos," thus perpetrating a double solecism. The Japanese term of contempt, "Aino," suggests semi-bestial origins, and to give an English plural to a Japanese word is undesirable. Furthermore, his subjective notions about the sure outcome of the native and foreign scholarship of the last decade or two darken rather than illuminate the subject. He shows very clearly that he has not mastered the results of the archæology and philology of Munro or Batchelor. The general style of the work is commonplace, and it cannot be said that Mr. Montgomery has added greatly to our knowledge of the people or country. Nevertheless, we have here the clear impressions of a keen observer and straightforward narrator, and the text shows warmth of heart and an honest sympathy with an aspiring people. The illustrations, both in taste and execution, are unusually fine, being, as a rule, by native artists, or copied from their prints. The concluding two chapters make a bold, if not rash, forecast of the future. He thinks "the world is destined to see a nation, not only morally, but mentally, great." The coming Japan will have "a pronounced, a well-defined character, and an intellectual greatness superior to that of ancient Greece and Rome, because restrained and illumined by the predominance and potency of moral characteristics which those great nations did not possess."

An unusually frank statement of facts, made after a searching investigation into both the literature of the subject and actual conditions in China, may be found in the book of Mr. Merwin, a journalist who went to China to study the subject of opium in all its relations to the human consumer. His pages furnish vivid pictures of the steady deterioration of Chinese physique and British morality. He gives all the information needed to show that the Chinese are sincere in their desire to get rid of what they believe to be a curse. The recent negative results, if not positive failure, of the international opium conference furnish a startling commentary upon the author's predictions. He discriminates between the aroused moral sentiments of Great Britain's people, and the diplomatic adroitness of budget-makers in London. "The British government is yielding to a tremendous popular clamor at home, but nothing more."

If the Rev. J. MacGowan be kin or descendant of the Rev. Dr. David J. MacGowan, who, a generation ago, furnished us with so many delightful titbits of information concerning nature and life in China, then this author has come well into his inheritance. He has drawn lively pictures of the Chinese way of thinking, working, dressing, eating, and playing. Evidently, it is the average man, rather than the scholar, whom he describes as having a turbid mind, as given over to oblique methods, having no love of truth in the abstract, and as being in general a bundle of contradictions. Nevertheless, all alien judgments must be taken with generous reservation. Throughout, the tone of criticism, verging at times on the cynical, prevails over the sympathetic and truly interpretative. The author spares no realism in his description of Chinese houses and city streets, and in his judgments of the wife, who, "after a few weeks of married life, loses the trim, neat appearance she had as a young girl. She drops naturally into the slattern ways of the women who are her neighbors." In spite of the absence of soap and bathtubs, the Chinese are a laughter-loving race, fond of jokes, and too gay to grieve over poverty. His chapter on Shady Professions in Chinese Life is decidedly amusing. He describes the story-teller, popularly called the Narrator of Ancient Things, who is the historian of the common people, supplying the place of books and libraries. The story-teller is also responsible for firing the blood and heating the passions of the mob, by picturing the great deeds of the past. Another chapter, on the Seamy Side of Chinese Life, furnishes the clearest argument we have yet seen against the use of opium. He shows that there is no such thing as temperance in opium, as there is in the use of intoxicating liquors, for after six months of indulgence, the devotee can no longer call his life his own. He cannot let a single day pass without taking the amount of opium smoke necessary to relieve his agony of oppression. There are a dozen handsome illustrations in color, rich and striking, but there is no index.

Not least in the literature relating to the Far East is the contribution of women in recent years. Fully as valuable as Mrs. Fraser's "Letters from Japan" are Mrs. Conger's "Letters from China." They take us into the Chinese court, showing how Manchu and Chinese ladies of high rank think and feel. Mrs. Conger not only enjoyed many a private conversation with the Empress Dowager and secured the painting of her picture by Miss Carl, but she also had the Manchu princesses and Chinese ladies of rank in her home and at her table as unhurried guests. Rigidly observing Chinese etiquette in all its imperative forms, she was all the more able to win concessions along lines where advance was possible. Once out of their bigotry and reserve, these genuine daughters of Eve showed a real and a winsome humanity. One feels that, judged by her own standards of light and knowledge, the late Empress Dowager was another Queen Elizabeth in her devotion to what she believed to

be the good of her people. Certainly, the vulgar notions and most foreign representations of this forceful woman are caricatures. Mrs. Conger arrived in Peking in 1898, and remained seven years. Her narrative of the Boxer outbreak and of life within the legation grounds during the siege is clear and vigorous; her richly illustrated and well-indexed book is vivid and fascinating, and as a whole is likely to hold its own as a permanent contribution to our knowledge, not only of China, but of the less known half of it, the Chinese woman.

England and the English from the American Point of View. By Price Collier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

It would be rather hard to write on such a topic as Mr. Collier's out of reasonably full knowledge, and be uninteresting—unless, indeed, one should attempt thoroughness and get too painstaking, or else dip too deeply into philosophy. Mr. Collier evidently knows his England pretty well, and he has not tried either to be encyclopædic or to produce a rival to Emerson's "English Traits." He is, moreover, decidedly contemporaneous. His historical excursions are too brief, and too superficial, to affect the quality of his book. The England he discusses is the England one will find if one goes across this summer. Most Americans should therefore find the book rather readable—and not less so because it has no particular distinction or profundity.

To Mr. Collier's general view of the state and prospects of English civilization the German terror gives considerable interest. The military and naval situation is one of the things he does not treat. But on the broad question of England's rivalry and competition with other modern nations he does give his opinion, and so pointedly that it commands more attention than anything else in the book. This, for instance, is rather strong language:

> Personally, I believe we stand at the parting of the ways, and that the student of England and the English is looking on to-day at the first indications of the decay of, in many respects, the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. The sun that never sets is setting. Nothing but a tremendous, almost miraculous, wrench can turn our stout, red-cheeked, honest, sport-loving John Bull away from his habits of centuries, to compete with his virile body against the nervous intelligence of a scientific age. . . . Though one may praise, and praise honestly, the game he has played, and the manly way, upon the whole, he has played it, this need not interfere in the least with the conviction that he is being caught up with—which means, of course, ere long left behind—in the far more scientific game that Germany, Japan, and America are playing.

Mr. Collier probably does not believe, as one might infer he does, that the English have nothing but stout bodies to oppose to the intelligence of other peoples. Here, as throughout the book, his phrasing is far from happy, and he indulges in great looseness of expression. In a whole chapter given over to the query, "Are the English dull?" he finds it at least debatable. His theory would seem to be, not precisely that the English are falling behind from sheer lack of intelligence, but that their pronounced racial characteristics and tendencies, which have enabled them to hold their own so well in past competitions, do not meet the demands of the competition they are facing to-day. It is hardly a new reflection; but we do not remember to have seen it advanced by any other writer quite so confidently as by this one.

It is not, however, the main contention of the book. In fact, there is no main contention. It is merely observation and criticism, various in tone and topic, but bringing out rather clearly an impression of England and the English as a whole, a mass. There is less of gossip and anecdote than one expects. The specific instance is usually lacking, and there is much carelessness in statement. But we think the general impression would probably strike the average American who has been to England as fairly correct. Particular observations would also commend themselves—as that England is decidedly a man's country, the women distinctly subordinating themselves to their husbands and fathers and brothers, and demanding for themselves far less than their American sisters; that it is also a land of tips, the usage prevailing in far higher walks of life than with us; that the men in England, so far from being as a rule morose and surly in their intercourse with one another, are rather more cheerful and boyish than Americans; that the reading habit is less common and widespread than on this side, although the scholar class may surpass ours in thoroughness; and that the density of the lowest-class English exceeds any conception the untravelled American can possibly have of it.

The Philosophy of Long Life. By Jean Finot. Translated from the French by Harry Roberts. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

The French people, no less than their dashing journalist who gives us this book, evidently agree with H. G. Wells that self-deception is the anæsthetic of life. They have bought out fourteen editions of "The Philosophy of Long Life," and their reviewers have lauded it profusely as a death-bed consolation. M. Finot is the smiling philosopher who has dispelled the terrors of old age and dissolution by invoking against them the "rigorous" teachings of modern science. It shatters one's inherited faith in French astuteness to discover that the chapters thus extolled are, in reality, neither philosophical nor scientific nor yet brighteners of life.

M. Finot first shows that some people live longer than others; that temperance and out-of-door life better one's chances of filling out a century; and that public hygiene, assisted by medical research, is slowly lengthening the average span. His proofs are a strange jumble of newspaper clippings, old wives' tales, and even less trustworthy legends. Roger Bacon's nonacentenarian and Niemens of Cugua, the 370-year-old Bengalese, are cited along with the longevity cases from contemporary insurance records. The tales of extreme age among our Southern negroes are accepted as confidingly as Metchnikoff's masterly studies. And, at the end, we are left with nothing richer than the oft-repeated hope of the Pasteur Institute, that old age *may* prove to be a disease whose onslaught can be postponed.

Turning to the mystery of death, M. Finot puts a guess in the place of every wanting fact. His attempt to take away its imaginary sting results in a grotesque play upon Claude Bernard's hackneyed thought that life is death and death life:

> The laugh which makes our faces beam, the thought which wrinkles our forehead . . . are always accompanied by a death of the cells.

On the other hand, death is the beginning of a new life:

> The body still lives under ground. Its life, though of a different nature, does not cease to be life in the biological sense. . . . Putrefaction is a modification of the molecular balance of a substance.

And this decomposing matter itself is animate; has not "the new physics," with its evolution of atoms, proved Hylozoism?

In short, M. Finot glosses over the difference between the two states by dwelling on their chemical resemblances and by pretending that the wearing out of a living cell (catabolism) is identical with the suspension of the cell's function (death). His "gospel of love and kindness" finds its deepest solace in the joy of the worms over man's last discomfiture. A more hideous caricature of optimism was never drawn. Its alleged popularity is only fresh evidence of the blight cast by pseudo-science on many minds.

Science.

Artificial and Natural Flight. By Sir Hiram Maxim. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Sir Hiram Maxim is one of the most distinguished of the more recent pioneers in aviation. Like Ader, Kress, and Langley, he failed to produce the first

really practical flying machine because he undertook too much at once, *i. e.*, to build a full fledged dynamic flyer, carrying a man, before he thoroughly knew how it was to be managed and to preserve its balance in the turmoils of the wind. He did, however, greatly advance the art and furnished important data to others. He now gives a résumé of his work in this little book of 165 pages, so that a more accurate title would be: "My Experiments in Artificial Flight." Sir Hiram is a very ingenious and able engineer, intensely practical and scornful of theories. The reader will frequently be amused with his flings at the mathematicians who undertake to solve the problem of flight by formulæ based upon insufficient data. He believes in experiment and observation and gives some interesting remarks upon air currents and the flight of sailing birds as well as kites, and also a chapter on balloons, the day of which he believes to be past.

Sir Hiram began his principal experiments in 1889. He first ascertained the efficiency of aeroplanes, screws, condensers, etc., and the resistance of various shapes attached to a rotating arm or "whirling table," and then built from his own designs a very large aeroplane flyer, weighing some 8,000 pounds, with 4,000 or more square feet of sustaining surfaces, carrying three men and equipped with driving screws, condenser, and a compound steam engine (363 horse-power) of marvellous lightness. This was tested many times in captive flight to ascertain its general behavior. It finally burst through its retaining track, entering upon free flight for a few hundred feet, but proving so unstable in the wind that it soon fell and was broken on alighting. It has not been rebuilt, for various reasons, but we hope Sir Hiram will find leisure to carry out the suggestions which he offers in his chapter, "Hints as to the Building of Flying Machines."

The greater part of the book appears to have been written early in 1908, for doubts are expressed as to the reported performances of the Wright brothers, while credence is given them in the appendix. Mr. Maxim holds that all machines that have met with any success have been made on the same general lines, which do not differ greatly from those of the large machine which he made at Baldwyn's Park many years ago.

Dr. A. T. Schofield, who has already written at length on functional nerve diseases, seeks in "Nervousness," a little book of eighty pages (Moffat, Yard & Co.), to encourage the moral treatment of such troubles. He aims apparently at the layman, although many physicians might well heed the lesson. The doctrine of the subconscious mind and that the troubles of the neurasthenic or the neuromimetic are by no means imaginary diseases, although due to the imagination, is the basis of his argument. In the matter of treatment Dr. Schofield holds that some form of suggestion acting on the unconscious mind is the true therapy, drugs being commonly of little or no value. For hypnotism in this connection he has only condemnation. The personality of the physician seems to him the important thing and he looks favorably upon the "Emmanuel Movement." Little is said of diagnosis, already elsewhere fully treated by him, but somewhat more emphasis might well be laid on the importance of carefully determining that the disease really is functional, a work which cannot be undertaken by a layman, however good his intentions. The fact that quacks—not the blatant quacks that seek to persuade people to be ill, but well meaning, even pious quacks—are successful practitioners of medicine seems to escape the author's attention. And what of the possibility that an unconscious mind may act on another unconscious mind in a beneficial manner?

From Neustadt comes the report of the death of Dr. Georg von Neumayer, at the age of eighty-two. As early as 1857 he came to the conclusion that Melbourne was the best place for physical observation, and established a station there which was afterward taken over by the British government. In 1864 he returned to Germany, and in 1872 was made head of the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty. Among his publications are: "Magnetical, Meteorological, and Nautical Observations," "Discussion of Magnetic and Meteorological Observations Made in Melbourne, 1857-64," "Anleitung zu wissenschaftlichen Beobachtungen auf Reisen," and "Die Beobachtungen der deutschen Stationen im System der internationalen Polarforschung."

Drama.

The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years. By M. and S. Bancroft. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

These reminiscences of Squire Bancroft and his wife, Marie Wilton, although, like most theatrical autobiographies, they contain much that is superfluous and trivial, and bear the familiar marks of that naïve egoism which seems to be the inevitable consequence of life before the footlights, make pleasant reading, and really constitute a valuable record. Few stage performers of modern times have had more reputable or more successful careers; few have contributed more to the honor of their profession; few have more thoroughly deserved the rewards which fortune showered upon them. Unendowed with the supreme gift of genius, both fought their way to the front rank by dint of hard work, aided by sound natural intelligence, and, when once united in matrimony and management, they faithfully strove together for the best artistic results.

Marie Wilton's earliest experience was in the legitimate. She was Fleance to the Macbeth of Macready. Later she played Arthur to the Constance of Miss Glyn, a pupil of Charles Kemble and a tragic actress of rare intuition and power. After that she drifted into the company of the Bristol Theatre, then famous under the rule of Chute, a capable man and exacting teacher. Kate and Ellen Terry, Madge Robertson, Henrietta Hodson, Charles Coghlan, and many another notable performer were graduates of his school. Soon she made so marked a hit as the boy in "Belphegor" that Charles Dillon took her to London, where she at once attracted attention, especially as Perdita in a burlesque of "The Winter's Tale" by William Brough. Her next triumph was as a boy in one of Byron's extravaganzas, and so she reached the Strand Theatre, of which she was one of the leading attractions in boys' parts for years. Dickens, no mean judge, was almost extravagant in her praise. But she never got more than $45 a week in those days, public favorite as she was.

As for Brancroft, he too learned his trade in a severe apprenticeship in the provinces. In four years he played 350 parts, of every imaginable description. Much of his experience was gained in Birmingham, Dublin, and Liverpool, and it was in the last named city that he first met Marie Wilton, who induced him to go to London. There he soon became a member of the company which his future wife and H. J. Byron organized for the now famous experiment with the despised old Queen's Theatre, then contemptuously called the dust-hole. Marie Wilton's capital was $5,000, of which only $750 remained when the dilapidated structure had been transformed into the dainty Prince of Wales's Theatre. It is unnecessary now to rehearse the details of that famous campaign, of which the whole world knows the history. But it is worth while to glance at some of the results. Doubtless the Bancrofts owed much to Tom Robertson's plays, which—whatever their defects, according to some of the canons of latter-day criticism—unquestionably opened up what was at that time a new and rich dramatic field. But it must not be forgotten that they gave Robertson his chance and backed him with all the resources of a most liberal and enlightened policy. Illustrious French critics admitted that their representations were worthy of the best Parisian stage. They did actually found a new school, and wrought something like a revolution in the degenerate early Victorian Theatre. The public appreciation of their work was instant and permanent, and their profits, for that period, were enormous. But from the first they shared their prosperity with their company. To meet their increasing expenses they

were obliged to raise the prices of admission. They were the first managers in London to charge $2.50 for an orchestra stall.

The value of their system, that of the ideal stock company, was manifested in the most striking way, when the Robertson series of comedies was at last exhausted. A common criticism was that they could excel only in "teacup and saucer comedy," but one of their most brilliant successes was in "The School for Scandal," and from this they proceeded, in due course, with equally good results, to "The Rivals," "Money," "Diplomacy"—in which Marie Wilton, the former burlesquer, proved herself fully equal to the difficult part of Zicka, and many other memorable achievements.

They were able to return to dignified ease after twenty years of almost unprecedented prosperity. They abandoned management, Mr. Bancroft says, simply because they saw that it would be impossible to keep their company up to its high level in the face of the commercial competition of the star and syndicate system. Undoubtedly Mr. Bancroft was a manager of extraordinary capacity and astuteness. It was he who suggested to Harry Irving, in the Bateman days, that a policy similar to that which he had observed at the Prince of Wales's would pay at the Lyceum. But, he adds, "spending is one thing and waste another."

In this rapid sketch many interesting incidents in the notable careers of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, as they are now known, have been necessarily omitted. They are worthy pillars of the modern stage, and their book is full of interesting and often pregnant matter.

We regret to report the death at Llandridnod Wells, Wales, of the well-known dramatic author, St. John Hankin. Mr. Hankin was born in 1869. His first literary work was done for the *Saturday Review*. Since then he has written largely for the *Times* and *Punch*. His publications are as follows: "Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels" (1901), "The Two Mr. Wetherbys" (1902), "Lost Masterpieces" (1904), "The Return of the Prodigal" (1905), "The Charity That Began at Home" (1906), "The Cassilis Engagement" (1907), and translation of "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont," by Brieux, for presentation before the Stage Society, 1905.

Art.

The most interesting thing in the June Burlington is the frontispiece—a photogravure reproduction of a portrait of a lady, supposed to be Margaret Wyatt, Lady Lee, attributed to Holbein. The only reason for doubt in the attribution seems to be an "unusual redness of tone," which is, of course, invisible in the reproduction. Perhaps the drawing of the arms and hands is a little below Holbein's best standard, but the perfection of spacing within the frame, the beautiful arrangement of dark and light masses, the delicate and masterly drawing of the head, and its subtlety of modelling are surely above the attainments of any contemporary. One has only to look at the other illustrations of the article on "Some Portraits of Tudor Times" to see the gulf which separates their authors from a great painter like Holbein. As the editor remarks in a foot-note:

> If we do not accept the attribution to Holbein, we must apparently presume the existence of some other remarkable master, of whom no precisely similar example is known.

It is easier to believe that Holbein, for once, painted in an unusually red tone than that some other, and quite unknown, master was capable of this exquisite work. Other interesting illustrations are of a dignified portrait of an elderly lady (Comtesse de Verrue?) supposed to be an early work of Watteau, and of two pictures by Wilson Steer which, together with a third by the same artist, have been given by Mrs. Lionel Phillips to Johannesburg as the foundation of an art gallery for that city. As well as one may judge by black-and-white translations, the pictures go some way toward justifying the profuse, not to say extravagant, praise of the writer of the accompanying article. The landscape, Corfe Castle, shows the same mingling of the influences of Constable and Monet which marks the example recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum, but has a fine sweep of line and a largeness of composition; the figure piece, The Balcony, looks not unworthy of comparison with our own Tarbell's treatment of similar subjects of *genre*.

George P. Bankart, "architect and craftsman," as he denominates himself on the title-page of his work on "The Art of the Plasterer" (imported by Scribners), has vindicated his right to this designation by the skill, taste, and erudition displayed in this handsome book. He has furthermore rendered a real service to architects and decorators on both sides of the ocean by setting before them, through actual examples, the possibilities of a beautiful, but sadly neglected, form of decorative art. While chiefly concerned with English examples, which he illustrates and describes in surprising number and variety, the author has given a concise but admirably handled sketch of the history of decoration in stucco and plaster, particularly of the ancient Roman and the renaissance Italian developments of the art; and the treatment of British plaster work, from the middle ages down to the present time, is also historical in arrangement. But while Mr. Bankart displays the fruits of wide and careful historical research, he writes throughout in the spirit of the artist and craftsman, and with intimate knowledge of the works he describes. The technical side of the subject is not ignored, but it is not obtruded, and might well have received somewhat more prominence. The illustrations are numerous and of a remarkably high average quality, mostly photographic, but with a sufficient number of plans, sections, and details interspersed. American architects and decorators would do well to make the acquaintance of this book. There is no reason why the art it treats of should not be revived in our own modern work. It should be, moreover, interesting to study what examples remain of our own eighteenth-century plaster work before it wholly disappears. There is a good index.

From A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago comes an anonymous essay of fifty pages called "What Is a Picture?" followed by twelve pages of art aphorisms, which turn out to be a collection of what the author considers the most pregnant sentences of the essay, divorced from their context, and rearranged in a new disorder. There is nothing in the aphorisms or in the essay that needed to be printed.

A. M. Robertson of San Francisco publishes a thin volume of letters and notes on painting by Arthur Atkins, a young artist, who died in 1899 at the age of twenty-six. The little book also contains a portrait and half a dozen reproductions of landscape sketches in a vein apparently reminiscent of Whistler. The work is a memorial of friendship, and one can believe that the subject was a man of promise, but there is little in picture or text to appeal to a wide public.

The necessity for more stringent laws for the protection against theft of Italian works of art exposed in public places is made evident by the report of a Parliamentary committee which has just published a list of generally successful robberies made during the past five years in Tuscany alone. This list includes no less than fifty-five towns, reporting from one to twelve cases. Churches, especially their exteriors, and street shrines seem most to invite aggression. While paintings, bronzes, church silver, and marble bas-reliefs have had their attractions, Della Robbias and other terra-cottas most frequently tempt these purveyors to collectors. In one instance a modern copy was substituted for the original marble bas-relief.

The death is announced of Eugène Bourgeois, the French decorative artist. He is well known for his work on the Orléans and Invalides stations in Paris, and also for small pictures of scenes in Normandy and Brittany.

Edward John Gregory, R.A., president of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, died at Great Marlow, Eng., June 22. He was born in 1850, and learned his art at the South Kensington Museum. "Boulter's Lock" at Maidenhead on the Thames was the most popular of his paintings.

Finance.

THE REPORT ON THE EXCHANGES.

The wisdom of Gov. Hughes, in referring to a committee of private citizens the question of reform legislation for financial and commercial exchanges in this State, is as fully vindicated in the result as was his similar expedient regarding reform of the trust-company laws.

The popular indictment, out of which rose the investigation of the exchanges, was partly based on close and intimate

knowledge of Stock Exchange procedure; partly, on complete ignorance of the mechanism of exchanges. It is quite certain that a good part of the complaint against the Stock Exchange, in particular, was a complaint against speculation itself. The evils of speculation by the ignorant and credulous portion of the community were manifest. It was on the Stock Exchange that this speculation was principally carried out. Therefore, let the Stock Exchange be regulated so as to put an end to speculation. Along with this more or less vague demand came a very different criticism, based on assertions that part of the actual daily transactions on the Stock Exchange, whereby volume of business is determined and movement of prices regulated, was in reality a collusive and deceptive business, in which the same people, acting indirectly both as buyers and sellers, were using the Exchange to mislead its legitimate investment customers.

With the first of these demands the White committee deals effectively and conclusively. It does not deny that ignorant speculation is an evil. Even as to outsiders with capital, experience, and knowledge of business conditions, the committee states, as a result of its long and thorough hearings that on the average, with commissions and interest charges always running against them, and with good luck and bad luck necessarily alternating, speculation on borrowed money pretty surely ends in "forcing them out of the Street." As to the inexperienced speculators, "almost without exception they eventually lose." Nevertheless, to intervene by law with a sweeping prohibition will hardly meet the situation. "Trading on margin" has been freely and indiscriminately denounced. But the committee points out that "purchasing securities on margin is as legitimate a transaction as a purchase of any other property in which part payment is deferred." This conclusion is, in principle, hardly open to dispute, unless the buying of real estate with a 60 per cent. mortgage on it is also to be proscribed. The committee recommends, however, that no purchase of stocks ought to be allowed on less than a 20 per cent. margin of cash payment; a provision which would at least do away with the most seductive temptation and surest guarantee of loss to the ignorant speculator.

Another of the more hap-hazard demands for reform has taken the shape of proposed abolition of "short selling." It has been seriously argued that something ethically wrong is involved in selling what one does not at the time possess, and that "short sales" are a species of conspiracy to destroy legitimate values. The committee shows with great clearness, not only that the entering on a contract to deliver hereafter what the contractor does not at the moment own is a perfectly normal and proper undertaking, common to all business, but that, on the Stock Exchange particularly, it is the strongest restraining influence against fictitious and unwarranted marking-up of prices.

By far the most difficult part of the committee's labors had to do with alleged improper and illegitimate manipulation of prices, under the shelter of the Stock Exchange. This is a question which deeply affects the interests, not only of the general public, but of the Stock Exchange itself. It is an evil which, if it exists, is bound to grow to especially dangerous proportions at times when powerful capitalists and institutions are engaged in the work of fostering "bull movements." To tempt the outside public in, a semblance of violent activity and a show of already advancing prices are notoriously the readiest means, and it has been freely alleged that both these achievements have been accomplished without the awkward necessity of buying from some one else, and paying for, the mass of securities involved.

If in this matter the committee's findings and recommendations are less conclusive, that is because the matter was peculiarly complicated. Manipulation with a view to creating a market for new securities, the committee holds, "when not accompanied by 'matched orders,' is unobjectionable *per se*," and "has certain advantages" in establishing regular quotations at which investors, at the very start, may buy and sell. But manipulation "in order to draw in the public as buyers and unload upon them the holdings of the operators, or to depress the prices and induce the public to sell," is declared to be an unmixed evil. The remedy, however, is exceedingly difficult to find, save in the discipline of the Stock Exchange itself. Such is the necessary machinery of the Exchange, that distribution, even of "matched orders," may be arranged by an outside party, through the medium of brokers wholly innocent of complicity. The committee, therefore, lays the duty of restraint and reform squarely at the door of the Stock Exchange authorities themselves. "Instances of continuous manipulation," it concludes, "are patent to every experienced observer, and could without difficulty be discouraged, if not prevented, by prompt action on the part of the Exchange authorities." This is a finding which places definite public responsibility on the shoulders of the institution.

Space is lacking to take up the numerous further recommendations of the report—some of them highly important—regarding not only the Stock Exchange, but the other similar organizations in other markets. What is reviewed above is the part of the committee's task which has chiefly occupied the public mind. The report as a whole is worthy the careful study and consideration of every business man.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbey, George. The Balance of Nature: A Practical Manual of Animal Foes and Friends. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

American Bar Association: Report of the Thirty-first annual meeting. Baltimore: The Lord Baltimore Press.

Auvergne, Edmund B. d'. Lola Montez: An Adventuress of the Forties. John Lane Co. $4 net.

Bagot, Richard. Anthony Cuthbert Brentano's.

Bailey, John C. The Claims of French Poetry: Nine Studies in the Greater French Poets. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

Barber, Edwin Atlee. The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States: An Historical Review of American Ceramic Art from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. (Third Edition.) Putnams.

Belleli, L. An Independent Examination of the Assuan and Elephantine Aramaic Papyri. London: Luzac & Co.

Blom, Ada. The Biography of a New York Hotel Scrub. New York: Ada Blom. 25 cents.

Bradley, A. C. Oxford Lectures on Poetry. Macmillan. $3 net.

Browning, Captain. Auction Bridge and How to Play It. Dutton & Co. 75 cents.

Carotti, Dr. G. A History of Art. Vol. II (Part I). Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Collier, James. Sir George Grey, Governor, High Commissioner, and Premier: an Historical Biography. London: Whitcombe and Tombs.

Count Lützow. The Life and Times of Master John Hus. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Davis, Foxcroft. The Whirl: A Romance of Washington Society. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Day, Sarah J. Mayflowers to Mistletoe: A Year with the Flower Folk. (Second Edition.) Putnams.

Ditchfield, P. H. The Old-Time Parson. Second edition. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Eliot, Charles W. Education for Efficiency and the New Definition of the Cultivated Man. Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents.

Francis, John Collins. Notes by the Way. With Memoirs of Joseph Knight, F.S.A. London: G. Fisher Unwin.

Frizell, William G. Out of the Way Places. Dayton: United Brethren Publishing House. $1.20 net.

Fulton, Robert I., and Trueblood, Thomas C. Essentials of Public Speaking. Ginn & Co. 90 cents.

Green, Olive. How to Cook Vegetables. Putnams.

Grenfell, Wilfred Thomason. Adrift on an Ice-Pan. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

Hall, Arthur Graham, and Frink, Fred Goodrich. Trigonometry. Henry Holt & Co. $1.40.

Hall, Bolton. Life and Love and Peace. New York: Arcadia Press.

Hoogvliet, Dr. J. M. Elements of Dutch. (Seventh Edition.) The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.

Hughes, James L. Teaching to Read. Barnes & Co. 50 cents.

Jewett, John Howard. Friends of the Hunted. Dodge Publishing Co. $1.

Knight, E. F. The Awakening of Turkey. Philadelphia: Lippincott Co.

Kottas, Dr. Karl. Thomas Randolph: Sein Leben und Seine Werke. Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller.

Law, Frederick Houk. Ad Miriam. Putnams.

Lester, Oliver Clarence. The Integrals of Mechanics. Ginn & Co 80 cents.

Letts, W. M. Diana Dethroned. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Lewis, Lawrence. The Advertisements of The Spectator: Being a study of the Literature, History and Manners of Queen Anne's England, as well as an Illustration of the Origins of the Art of Advertising. Houghton Mifflin Co $2 net.

Lucy, Henry W. Sixty Years in the Wilderness. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Lyman, William Denison. The Columbia River: Its History, its Myths, its Scenery, its Commerce. Putnams.

Mackail, J. W. Swinburne: A Lecture Delivered Before the University on April 30, 1909. Henry Frowde.
Oestéren, Friedrich Werner van. Armes Kalabrien. Wien: Verlag Lumen.
Pemberton, Max. The Show Girl. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.50.
Pickering, William H. A Search for a Planet Beyond Neptune. Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. LXI, Part ii. Cambridge, Mass.
Picton, J. Allanson. Man and the Bible: A Review of the Place of the Bible in Human History. Henry Holt & Co. $2.
Pierce, William. An Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts: A Chapter in the Evolution of Religious and Civil Liberty in England. Dutton & Co. $3 net.
Religion and Life: Chapel Addresses by Members of the Faculty of the Meadville Theological School. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.10 net.
Shaw, Joseph Thompson. Spain of To-day: a Narrative Guide to the Country of the Dons. The Grafton Press.
Smith, Goldwin. No Refuge but in Truth. (Second Edition. Enlarged.) Putnams.
Sophocles. The Trachinian Maidens. Translated into English verse by Hugo Sharpley. London: David Nutt.
Stanard, Mary Newton. The Dreamer: a Romantic Rendering of the Life-story of Edgar Allan Poe. Richmond, Va.: Bell Book & Statiouery Co.
Synge, John M. Poems and Translations. Churchtown, Dundrum, Cuala Press.
Taxation of Corporations. Report on the System of Taxing in New England. Part I. Washington: Governmeut Printing Office.
The Autobiography of Nathaniel Southgate Shaler: With a Supplementary Memoir by His Wife. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
The History of the Seal of the United States. Washington: Government Printing Office.
The Rise and Progress of the British Explosives Industry. Macmillan. $5.25 net.
The Smokeless Combustion of Coal in Boiler Plauts. Washington: Government Printing Office.
The Statesman's Year-Book. Forty-sixth Annual Publication. Macmillan. $3 net.
The Water-Colours of J. M. W. Turner. Text by W. G. Rawlinson and A. G. Finberg. John Lane Co. $3 net.
Thorold, Algar. Six Masters in Disillusion. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
Thwing, Charles F. Education in the Far East. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.
Tower, Walter Sheldon. The Story of Oil. Appleton & Co.
Trenholme, Rev. Edward Craig. The Story of Iona. Edinburgh: David Douglas.
Verrier, Paul. Essai sur les Principes de la Métrique Anglaise. Two parts. Paris: Librairie Universitaire.
Wenzlaff, Gustav Gottlieb. The Mental Man: an outline of the Fundamentals of Psychology. Merrill Co. $1.10.
Winslow, Helen M. A Woman for Mayor: a Novel of To-day. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. $1.50.
Witkowski, Dr. Georg. The German Drama of the Nineteenth Century: Authorized translation from the second German edition by L. E. Horning. Henry Holt & Co.
Wood, H. G. Ideal Metrology in Nature, Art, Religion, and History. Dorchester, Mass.. H. G. Wood.

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